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By WILLIAM CLOWES

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LONDON MAGAZINE.

THIRD SERIES.

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THE
LONDON MAGAZINE.

No. X.—JANUARY, 1829.

THE SILK QUESTION.

WE are disposed to make every allowance for persons who imagine, however erroneously, that their interests are suffering from any particular measures that may be adopted with reference to them; and if their pertinacity in the defence of what they conceive to be a vital object be often carried far beyond the point of sober reasoning, we are inclined to overlook the ridicule that may justly apply to all querulousness founded upon prejudice and blind self-love. But the pertinacity of the party fancying himself aggrieved, and the patience of the other party that is doomed to hear assertions that have been successfully controverted as often as they have been put forth, must, like every thing else, have their limits. The patience of the patient man of old, had silk-weavers struggling for a monopoly been in fashion in his days, would have been worn out. However, we are compelled again to "slay the slain;" which we will do as concisely as the subject will admit of.

The restrictionists of the silk trade have for some time had their *guerillas* in motion carrying on a desultory warfare, which we now understand is to be turned into a regular campaign, and their grievances brought up in array to frighten the Cabinet and the Parliament. At present the light troops are only in array, and with them we will deal as summarily as may be. We would have waited till all the forces were in the field, but we do not choose that even a beaten enemy should steal a march upon us. We understand that a great effort is to be made during the next Session of Parliament in order to show that the new commercial code will destroy the silk manufacture, and that it must be immediately abandoned; that all the leading places connected with it are under the severest depression; and nothing short of prohibition—protection will not do—will restore this trade to its former prosperity. The decrease of spindles at work, and the increase of poor-rates, are calculated with arithmetical nicety; and the year 1824, a period of the wildest speculations and, we may add, the most dishonest adventures, (in which many persons connected

JANUARY, 1829.

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with the silk trade led the way,) and consequently one of almost unprecedented activity, is to be compared with the year 1826, a season when the result of these adventures was felt in its full force, and the most distressing embarrassment was experienced in every branch of commerce. But it is convenient to select this year, because it was the first for the introduction of the new system upon the silk manufacture; and we take it for granted that those engaged in that trade are prepared to assert that it has been getting worse and worse ever since, because that *unimportant* part of the English community, the public, is no longer obliged to pander to the inactivity and avarice of monopolists, but is allowed to purchase under a wholesome competition. A stranger to the subject would believe, if he were now to converse with the silk-weavers, that they never complained before, and that their trade was always prosperous, subject to no vicissitudes and no jealousies. But what is the fact? Why that the inhabitants of Spitalfields more especially, when they were entrenched up to their eyes in restrictions, were always pestering the Legislature for more protection even against their fellow-subjects; and their folly at times has been carried to such an extreme upon this point that, had it been listened to, they would have lost the manufacture altogether. Restriction was their only hope; they thought of it by day and dreamt of it by night; and were as anxious formerly to be protected against Macclesfield, as they now are against Lyons. This is at once presumptive evidence of their want of knowledge in their own affairs. But when we have positive, we need not refer to less certain testimony, in proof of the little attention that ought to be paid to the remonstrances of these complainants, whose text is, that they cannot compete with the foreigner at the rate of duties now in existence, under the present circumstances of the country, and the condition of their trade.

Depression is always in some degree experienced between Michaelmas and Christmas in commercial affairs; and it is certainly unfortunate that no law can be framed to protect the silk-weavers and throwsters from the bad effects of two or three gloomy months. In furtherance of the object to give a false impression as to the present inactivity in this department of commerce, it is stated, that, in Macclesfield and various other places, mills are untenanted in many instances, and in all that they are only partially employed. But the extension of the trade to localities that before did not partake of it, is studiously kept out of view; and the improvement in machinery in these localities is with equal care avoided. The fact is, great improvement has taken place in many instances by active and enterprising individuals, but it has not been fairly followed up; and all inquiries upon this important subject are met by the question, is it reasonable to suppose that if improvements could take place in machinery to enable silk-weavers and throwsters to compete with foreigners, they would not be adopted?—Mr. Pitt, one night, in the House of Commons, upon being told by a country gentleman, that his ideas failed him when he endeavoured to contemplate the mischief that some measure of the government would produce, replied, “I thank God that, amidst all my arduous duties, it is not one of them to find ideas for the Honourable Gentleman opposite.” We are equally

grateful that having to find rational motives for the conduct of our arduous duties are not increased by that most arduous one of prohibitionists.

The machinery for the manufacture of silk goods may not be so susceptible of improvement as that employed in the cotton fabric; but that it is susceptible of improvement to a great extent is admitted by the best authorities that we have been enabled to consult. Indeed, Mr. Badnall's 'Treatise on the Silk Trade,' which we shall presently notice more at large, (but even in this our first allusion to it, we feel bound to offer him our thanks for the perspicuity with which he has given his details, and the general information he has afforded,) states the fact clearly, and shews the improvement that has taken place, but which has not been generally adopted either by throwsters or weavers. The fact is, these dupes to their own prejudices and misconceived interests have at present only one object in view, that of throwing dust in the eyes of the ministers.

The persons connected with the silk trade say, they cannot compete with foreigners;—and if they cannot, we say it is their own fault. But we will now inquire what this fearful competition is? The English manufacturer obtains the raw material frequently below the cost to the importer, and for the most part as cheap as the French manufacturer. The East India Company is constantly in the habit of putting up silk for sale at prices not remunerative; and the catalogue of sales at the India House shows the competition that exists amongst manufacturers to purchase. This catalogue is an open document, and therefore we will only quote two instances in the last October sale, in proof of this competition; but let the books be turned over from beginning to end, and the same will appear throughout. We have promiscuously taken Lot 8437, which was put up at 15s. and bought at 22s. 2d.—Lot 7125 was put up at 10s. and bought at 16s. 10d. We recommend a perusal of these catalogues to such parties as fancy that the silk manufacturer is ruined. An advance of 6s. 9d. in one instance, and of 7s. 1d. in the other, upon the original bidding, is some proof of anxiety to possess this raw material, for which these declaimers of Spitalfields and their coadjutors in the country would feign make us believe that there is no demand. These are not, we repeat, solitary instances; the catalogue is full of them: the competition among manufacturers to purchase the raw material is always apparent.

Again, the capital of the Frenchman is worth 6 per cent.; that of the Englishman 4 per cent. The former trades upon a small capital, the latter upon a large one, which only maintains one family, whilst the same amount in France maintains half a dozen. But then come the corn laws and the national debt, which are the *Torres Vedras* of the heroes of Spitalfields to retire upon whenever they are hard pressed.—Upon the corn-laws we have frequently had occasion to give our opinion, and we have never shrunk from the broadest censure of them. They are unjust, and impolitic as regards the end that they are intended to answer; but they must not be brought to bear upon a question to which they have no reference. The debt and these laws can only affect wages; and the wages of skilful manufacturers in France are

rather higher than in England. The ordinary rate of wages we admit is apparently lower in France than in England: that is, a workman of moderate skill in the former country would receive a smaller sum for his nominal labour than in the latter; but if the real labour be calculated, the English master manufacturer has the advantage, even among ordinary workmen; because the industry of the English operative, assisted by machinery, greatly surpasses that of the French. In point of fact, the master gets more good labour here than he does in France. Then again, with respect to machinery, the advantage that the Englishman possesses over his French competitor, is beyond comparison. Iron, coals, and all the ingredients that can facilitate the making of iron, are to be met with here in abundance; and orders are now actually executing in this country for the French Government for marine steam-engines, although it is most anxious to encourage the manufacture in France. The superior skill of engineers in this country is also an extraordinary assistance to the English manufacturer, in the adaptation of his machinery to the work he requires it to perform; and incessant improvement in it is the consequence of this superior skill. It was stated repeatedly in the House of Commons, in the debates relative to the exportation of machinery, not by theorists but by well-informed practical men, that such was the constant improvement going on in every branch of it in Great Britain, that there could be no danger of any evil results occurring from its exportation; inasmuch as before it could arrive at its destination and be fairly in work, further new inventions would take place here that would deprive the foreigner of that benefit that he might expect to derive from the use of British machinery. This is a pretty strong proof of the pre-eminence of this country as to her mechanical power, when in a grave parliamentary discussion this assertion was made and only met by a counter opinion, that improvement did not proceed so rapidly as the advocates for exportation insisted upon. No one doubted its existence to an immense extent; the point at issue was the pace it was proceeding at. If it were necessary, we could give plenty of cases that would prove the inefficiency of foreign engineers and mechanists. We have known them to be months upon a piece of machinery, that the same number of English workmen would render perfect in as many weeks; and when it has been turned out of hand, it has been totally unfit for the use for which it was designed.

We have just been dealing with some of the details that belong to this question; but are there no generalities that also attach to it? Are the capital, the character, and the confidence that the British Empire is surrounded with, and that make her citizens feel a pride in, and her competitors a respect for her, as the first commercial nation in the world, of no avail in meeting rivals? Is a well-balanced Constitution that secures property, and has known no political convulsion that has materially interfered with the commercial energies of the country for nearly two centuries, nothing in the scale of advantage? Are the settled habits of industry and enterprise among all grades of society here, consequent upon this uninterrupted tranquillity, nothing? Is the rapidity of communication that we enjoy here of no value? If this

question is to be fairly dealt with, it must be taken out of the pettifogging sphere that restrictionists would place it in. England is still rich in resources; mighty in political and commercial power; but she has difficulties of no mean order to grapple with, and it will require all her energies to overcome them.

¶ If the National Debt be that hydra-headed monster that the silk-weavers represent it, when they are crying out for protection, it is desirable to deal with it in such a manner as will most readily reduce its influence; and is cramped or extended commerce the more likely to effect this? The principles of free trade are to be defended; first upon the facilities they afford to the extension of commerce, and secondly by rendering it more independent and equal in its operations. It has an especial tendency to provide for itself, and it is certain to find those points, and fall into the hands of those persons where it will thrive the best; accommodating itself to events, and compelling circumstances into its service, in a manner quite impossible for legislative interference ever to accomplish. We hope and believe that these principles, sanctioned as they are by the opinion of the great majority of the most enlightened and commercial nation in the world, are out of the reach of the unworthy efforts that are made to shake them; and that, like the oak of Virgil, they have shot roots as deep below as they have spread branches high above the surface.

There are two points that all the chicanery and misrepresentations of the monopolists in the silk trade will not enable them to get over. The increased deliveries of raw and thrown silks in this country, and the advance of price in the raw material, (upon Chinas, for instance,) that have taken place since the reduction of the duty on the importation of foreign wrought silks. Chinas have advanced from 15s. and 16s. per lb. to 20s. and 21s. per lb., and the consumption upon raw and thrown silks has increased 70 per cent. (We shall give some tables in proof of this at the end of the article.)

With regard to the rise in price of some sorts of the raw material in this market, we are not aware of any particular reason being assigned by the complainants, although we have no doubt they are prepared with one quite as satisfactory as many others they have sent forth. Upon the other point, however, (the increased demand) we have a very long story told; that the silk is consigned by the Italian grower to the merchant here, who advances two-thirds of its value upon it, and that he has kept it in his warehouse, and that circumstance causes an apparent demand for raw silks, when, in fact there is none in reality; and a great deal more in the same strain. We assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that the demand has increased to the amount we have stated, and that the article is in the hands of throwsters and manufacturers for the purposes of their respective preparations. The Italian merchants, for aught we know or care, may have their warehouses choked up with the raw material; arguing hypothetically, if they choose to advance money on an article coming to an overcharged market, they must take the consequences, and wait for their return until the market gets lighter. All we intend to assert is, *that the real bonâ fide demand for raw and thrown*

silks has increased in this country since the reduction of the duty. In some branches of the trade there is great temporary depression, as there always has been at particular seasons; but we would ask whether at Macclesfield, at this moment, the demand for children to be employed in this *ruined* manufacture is not very great,—so great that it cannot be met? And we would also ask whether many of the mills that are mourned over by silk manufacturers as *untenanted* were ever *tenanted*, and whether they were not the result of the wild speculations of 1824, and not completed when the bubble burst? We will here notice the probability of a decline in the value of raw silks, by reason of the rapid increase in its production, which, within a very few years, has amounted to twenty-five per cent. in Italy. We merely allude to this now to guard the country against any false assertion that may hereafter be founded upon this fact; as the reduction of price will, in all likelihood, be attributed to a reduction of demand.

But as the English silk manufacture is ruined by reason of the comparatively low rate of duty now levied upon the importation of foreign wrought silks, it is natural to infer that French goods are constantly inquired after in this market, and that scarcely any others meet with a sale. But what is the fact? Why, that French goods are, in a great degree, without a demand in the English market; in some instances they are unsaleable, in some they are sacrificed at two-thirds less than their value; and there are goods in the docks, the proprietors of which do not choose to pay the duty upon them. In Lyons, the silk operatives are in a state of great distress, and the manufacture generally under severe depression; but it is admitted on all hands that silks were never so universally worn as they have been of late, and if English goods are not purchased, foreign ones must be. The fact is, circumstances have led to an immense number of goods being made, and the manufacture of each country is under a passing cloud.

We have before alluded to Mr. Badnall's book which throws so much information upon this subject. It emanates from an individual who is thoroughly acquainted with all the details of it, which he has given with perfect clearness; and one of the best proofs of its excellence is, the sortness with which it is received by the weavers and throwsters. They have not even the address to conceal, with the most flimsy veil, their mortification at its appearance. They pronounce it to be a tissue of overcharged statements and misrepresentations. We shall be curious to see the attempt at a reply to it; and as they say that it is full of mistatements, of course it must be answered.

Sound as is Mr. Badnall's reasoning throughout the whole of his pamphlet, there are two points particularly valuable. The one where he satisfactorily proves the advantage that would be derived from a further reduction of duty upon foreign thrown silk; and the other, where he shews the quantity of foreign thrown and raw silk upon which duty has been paid from the year 1821 to Nov. 1, 1828. The two years that are the most important to refer to are 1823 and 1827, the year preceding any alteration in the commercial code, and the one

subsequent to that in which its full operation commenced regarding the silk trade. In 1823, the duty paid was on 351,988*lbs.* of Organzine; on 630,886*lbs.* of Italian raw; on 36,079*lbs.* Italian waste; on 192,510*lbs.* of Turkey; and on 1,206,578 Bengal and China, making a total of 2,418,041*lbs.* In 1827, the duty paid was on 440,024*lbs.* Organzine; on 1,278,709*lbs.* Italian raw; on 129,758*lbs.* Italian waste; on 354,092*lbs.* Turkey; on 1,872,625*lbs.* Bengal and China; making a total of 4,088,703*lbs.* We had intended to have given further tables in proof of the increased consumption of raw and thrown silk since the commencement of the new system; but this we think sufficient for our present purpose: and if we should find it necessary in defence of the public interest to return to this subject on a future occasion (which we trust we shall not), and to take a wider range of argument, we shall then give the documents in question.

The proximity of the raw material to the French and Italian throwsters is an advantage that they enjoy over the English throwsters, inasmuch as the amount of waste and loss is reduced by the short distance the silk has to travel from the filanda to the throwing mill. This is clearly pointed out by Mr. Badnall, who indeed appears to lose no opportunity of shewing the disadvantages his countrymen labour under in their competition with foreigners. From all the inquiries that we have made upon the subject, it seems to us that this gentleman believes smuggling to be carried on to a greater extent than is really the case, and in the variety of his details, valuable as they are, he has passed over some general advantages that we have glanced at in this article, that are possessed by those connected with the English silk trade: several of the advantages of their competitors we think he has overrated.

Since we have been writing, the Coventry memorial has arrived to throw a new light upon the distress of those connected with the silk trade. These memorialists explain the increased consumption in a manner that is not quite in accordance with the account given by the London complainants; which is, that the Italian houses here make advances to the manufacturer in Italy, and that in consequence of these advances the article is consigned to the London merchant who is holding it *because there is no demand for it*, and that such is the cause of the apparent increase. They say that doubtless there is an increased consumption of silk; but then it arises from the necessity that exists of making a heavier sort of goods, by which reason more of the raw material is consumed without any advantage to the manufacturer. They say that the French have the privilege of making the description of goods that answer their purpose the best, and they prefer manufacturing light ones as the more profitable; but these suitors for restriction forget at the same time that they enjoy the same privilege of selection, and they have chosen to make a description of goods in which the Italian thrown silk is not an ingredient. They are induced to do that because they see that the French have an advantage in those articles, and, consequently, the English have very prudently chosen that branch of trade where they are upon a par, and can make a profitable

competition with the foreign manufacturer. This acknowledgment on the part of the Coventry ribbon weavers clearly proves that there is but one article in which the English have to apprehend competition,—that where Italian thrown silk is used; and, consequently, if the duty were reduced upon it, the manufacturer of each country would be upon equal terms. Is not this policy of the English manufacturer, of selecting the goods in which he can defy competition, driving the East Indian Bandanas out of the market?

If the manufacturers are so dreadfully oppressed by this heavy sort of goods as they represent, why do they not buy their raw material at the East India House sales, at 10s. 1d. and 15s. 1d. per pound, and proportionably, according to the degrees of value of the different descriptions, instead of running them up by competition to an advance on these prices of 6s. and 7s. per pound. Notwithstanding the lamentations of the Coventry memorialists over their ruined manufacture, the ribbon trade has extended itself more than any other branch of the silk manufacture.

We shall conclude this article with a few extracts from Mr. Charles Grant's unanswerable speech at the close of the last session of parliament, upon the state of the silk trade:—

The Right Honourable Gentleman, having shewn the increased consumption of the raw material, observes—"It is notorious to all who have any acquaintance with manufactures, that none has ever been so nursed or bolstered up by protecting duties as the silk manufacture generally, but especially the branch of it connected with thrown-silk. The throwing of silk may, in some sort, be looked upon as a separate manufacture, and the whole trade long exhibited a singular exception to the activity and animation of other British manufactures; there has been no improvement, and contented mediocrity was all that it ever, attained without the display of that genius and invention which usually accompany the enterprise of our traders. It affords a most remarkable and humiliating proof of the paralyzing effect of protecting taxes, that in this department we were below foreign nations. While in other manufactures we feared lest the advantage of our machinery should be communicated to foreigners, in this we ostentatiously avow our inferiority. It was an argument used both in and out of Parliament, that in respect to the machinery employed in the silk trade, it was impossible for Great Britain to compete with France. What then has been the consequence of pursuing that course, which it was said at the time would throw the nation prostrate at the feet of its rivals? In proportion as the ordinary motives of human actions have been allowed to operate upon this branch as upon others, in proportion has a spirit of competition been encouraged; in that proportion has a new spirit been breathed into the silk trade, and new improvements adopted of which there had been no anticipation. These are not my sentiments only, but the sentiments of those best qualified to judge; even of the silk throwsters themselves, who candidly confess that the measures of Mr. Huskisson have not so much improved an old, as created a new trade. The price of throwing silk has been reduced from 8s. and 10s.

per lb., to 3s. and 5s. per lb., and one throwster in London has lowered it even to 1s. 6d. per lb. The effect of the change in the law has been to produce a spirit of exertion and economy of labour.

"It has been admitted on all hands that if the old machinery were adhered to, it would be impossible to compete with rivals; and very recently only the spirit of enterprise and improvement that marks our other manufactures has exercised its influence upon that of silk. New establishments have started up in different parts of the kingdom; at Cardiff and at Macclesfield—while at Manchester they have risen like exhalations. But the throwing of silk is only a subsidiary and subordinate department; it is only a means towards an end, and, if driven to choose between the general manufacturer of silk and the throwster, it ought to be recollected that the one may flourish, though the other should be destroyed; but the legislature is not reduced to that painful alternative, for the result clearly proves that the throwing of silk may be performed even cheaper than it has yet been done since the alteration of the law. The throwing of silk, I may add, is the only remaining difficulty, and if it could be done cheaper, there is no part of the world to which Great Britain might not send the productions of her looms. Attempts have been made to rival France in different parts of the process; with what success may be seen even by the unskilled eye of any gentleman entering the Repository at Charing-Cross. Even in colour the comparison is not to the disadvantage of this country. What do I argue from this? That if the cost of throwing silk be reduced, we need fear no foreign markets. It would be easy for me to multiply instances, where similar success has attended the measures of Mr. Huskisson; but I have said enough to prove that a new spirit would be generated in all branches, if the legislature would but relax the yet existing restrictions. We now command the home market; we might then fearlessly enter the foreign market. I trust that next session the legislature will look into the subject. It interests the nation most deeply; for the silk manufacturers do not dread foreign competition, but illicit introduction encouraged by a high protecting duty."

WE were very glad to recognise on the envelope of the following article, the goodly character in which the Sympathetic Numbers were written. Our politely-intimated wish was thus as politely complied with. But, we confess we by no means as thoroughly go along with our Correspondent in this case as the last; and we print the communication as a lively and able piece of advocacy on one side of a question, on which we beg to be considered as giving no opinion at all. On one point, however, we must say a word, for it is a matter of *fact*, involving property. The writer compares invasion of the existing dramatic monopoly, with the general inventions which have superseded old-fashioned goods. But the case is widely different. In the latter instance, the field was fairly open to all. *The owners of the old goods had not given any sums of money to have the privilege of selling them without competition.* This is the case—and the sums are enormous—with the patentees of our Winter Theatres. The difficulty of *fairly* getting rid of these patents is one which, we confess, we have not yet seen any means of overcoming. If any such be discovered, we should be the first to hail the freedom with delight; and then we should agree with the most part of what is said by our Correspondent in so rapid and *tranchant* a tone. We should not with all, however. For, we cannot attach much importance to the actors and actresses being strictly the King's servants—nor do we consider the practice of bringing them back to be clapped at, *to shew their submission to the audience* (which is the point on which it is rested *here*), as having much connection with dramatic excellence. However, it is fair to let the reader now hear what our Correspondent says; which is, at any rate, more amusingly said than are our objections.

THE THEATRE.

“Ower mony masters—owder mony masters; as the toad said to the harrow,
When ilka tooth gave it a tug.”—SCOTT.

MANY and plausible are the reasons assigned for the decline of the dramatic art in England. My own theory on the subject,—one singularly obnoxious to the spirit of the times,—is, that since actors and actresses have written themselves “the servants of the public,” instead of “His Majesty’s Servants,” they have been good for little: I was about to say for *nothing*, but the names of Charles Kemble, Young, and Farren, rose in judgment against the word. In the mean time, Ude and late dinners,—turnpike acts and early debates,—the gradual journey of the metropolis “Westward Ho!”—and the increase and splendour of private entertainments, are alternately assigned by the managers as an apology for their “beggary account of empty boxes,” and the equally beggarly condition of their inhabited ones; and at

length wearied of catering for reluctant guests,—despairing of winning back my Lord Duke and Sir Harry to their *Salmi de bécasses* and *Chambertin*, they are forced in their own despite to spread their board with half-raw beef, and heavy pudding, liquified with “the comfortable creature small beer,” to re-create the voracious throats of Alderman Gobble in the dress-circle, and honest John Tompkins in the pit; nay! to provide still filthier cates for the obscene maw of the nameless rabble of the two shilling gallery! These, say they, are the veritable and sole remaining patrons of the drama.

The evil thus insured is necessarily reciprocal. The scattered remnant of amateurs of the legitimate drama, forming a respectable minority, are driven from their post of observation by the perpetual glare and tumult and flippant coarseness of the modern stage; and the dramatic art is finally abandoned to operetta, melo-drama,—farces worthy of the suburbs,—and worse than all—to Shakspeare’s matchless text, wafted “upon a jig to heaven!” And all this because the actors are the servants of the public—of the many-headed monster, John Bull; who loves to welcome ‘Cherry Ripe’ in the midst of a Roman tragedy,—who endures the ‘Hypocrite’ only for the sake of Mawworm’s blasphemous parody,—and insists upon hearing “Kate the curst” scold, in three sharps, to Rodwell’s measures.

“They do these things better in France,” and excellently well in Germany; and those who are inclined to hear Shakspeare,—genuine, uninterpolated Shakspeare,—Shylock without variations, and Parolles without a song, may visit Vienna; and in the classical adjustment of costume, and purity of delivery, believe the days of Clive, Barry, Garrick, and the Kembles come again. I have seen the ‘Merchant of Venice’ and ‘All’s Well that Ends Well,’ represented there in the very perfection of art; and to audiences so deeply interested, that not a whisper interrupted the performance. But then the boxes were private boxes,—the pit was filled with a highly respectable class,—the arduous and emulous actors were “His Imperial Majesty’s Servants,” and His Imperial Majesty himself was an unobtrusive but attentive spectator.

On the continent, the higher order of players are *literally* the king’s servants; paid in great part by the king’s wages; subdued into decency by the king’s presence; and secure, through the king’s liberality, of a competence for their old age. A pension waits upon their retirement from the stage, and a prison upon their misconduct while they still tread the boards. Under this excitement of rewards and punishments, no *doubles* are forced upon the endurance of the yawning public,—the stage never “waits,”—the heroine of the drama does not presume to be “oblivious,”—nor the hero to be “much bemused in port;” the *soubrette* does not coquet with the pit, nor play fantastic tricks before high Heaven to provoke the thunders of the gods;—old Capulet’s mantle is not put on awry, nor his shoes “unpinked i’ the heel;” for be it observed that none are more truly submissive to the public, than *the king’s servants*. Clairon, the proudest Semiramis that ever declaimed from a throne, was sentenced to a week at *Fort l’évêque* as a penalty for impertinence; and some years ago I saw Levert, in

one of her most popular parts, mark her respect for a general titter that had saluted her *entrée*, by changing, between the acts, the *coiffure* which had provoked the risibility of the public. Never did I hear a more genuine burst of applause than that which saluted her re-entrance in a more moderately-proportioned turban. Nay! to so great an extent is this respect carried in Germany, that actors are frequently called for, not only on the conclusion of the performance, but between the acts, and even to the interruption of the piece; and so well accustomed are they to stand bowing to the decree of the audience, that last year, in the magnificent theatre at Munich, I was witness to the *resurrection* of Marie von Beaumarchais, in Goethe's play of *Clavigo*. Scarcely had the funeral of the deceased maiden traversed the stage, when three rounds of applause compelled her to step out of her coffin, and perform the *ko-too* in her shroud. I recollect too seeing Jocko required to exhibit his three bows, between the acts of the ballet; with his tail as much *de trop* as that of a comet. I marvel what explosion of huzzas would summon Miss Paton from her peaceful grave?—or induce Kean or Macready to doff their vests in token of respect to their “very worthy and approved good masters”—*the public*?

It is, unfortunately, an established dogma of modern times, that the English are not a play-going nation,—to which it might be added—in *England*; for throughout France, Italy, and Germany, experience proves them to be the most determined frequenters of the theatre from high to low—from the Scala and St. Carlos, to the Ambigu Comique, or the Leopoldstadt. But *there* they are not compelled to rise at an earlier hour than usual in order to travel to the play in time for the overture; nor to sit six consecutive hours upon a wooden bench, deafened by the hammering of sticks and iron heels, or cries of “Box-keeper,” and “Turn him out.”

It is not, however, necessary to cross the channel in order to note the theatrical propensities of the English nation. Let us examine the audiences collected by Laporte at the English Opera House; or those attracted to the King's Theatre by the performances of Georges, and of Mars. Is it to be supposed, that the mere fact of listening to a French play is a sufficient attraction to the higher orders of London society? or shall reason prompt us to acknowledge that they are easily and cheerfully congregated by the sight and sound of genuine tragedy, comedy, and farce?—that an English theatre, established at the west end of the town, upon the system of the Théâtre de Madame, at Paris, the performances to be restricted between the hours of eight and eleven, would be eminently successful,—that its boxes would be permanently engaged, and creditably filled; and that even royalty itself, when unconstrained by the formalities of bespeaking a play, and calling out the household troops as an escort through St. Giles's, would probably seek a refined relaxation within its walls.

At Covent Garden, or Drury Lane, setting the mischiefs of their remote locality aside, a reform of the abuses sanctified by time and custom is altogether impossible. John Kemble, wisely conscious of the advantage he should derive from a more enlightened auditory, extended the proportion of private-boxes; and the denizens of the pit

and gallery, to whom the subject was manifestly indifferent, since it trenched not upon their interests, resisted the innovation by a branch uproar of the O. P. row. At present the magnitude of the houses,—the responsibility of the managers to the proprietors,—and the bottomless pits which engulph their common understanding, forbid all hope of amendment. With regard to the authorship of the patent theatres, the instructions of a popular manager to his literary factors is well known: “Remember you are writing for an *English pit*, which is so stupid a brute, that you must arrest its attention by saying, ‘now they are going to do so and so;—now they are doing it;—now, they have done it;’ or you never will make your plot sufficiently distinct.” And are we to be yoked to the stumbling pace of this stupid brute;—to be assigned un-pit-ied this bitter *pittance*? Peerage, and Baronetage, and Squirearchy, and Westminster-Hall,—to the rescue!

But, in sober earnest, what author, even unshackled by managerial counsels, or of the highest individual calibre, would presume to consult his own good sense in treating with an audience? He knows by fatal experience that delicate wit, if pointed with elegance, is not *broad* enough for the lamp; that an emulation, or even a translation of Scribe’s brilliant *couplets*, would be utterly lost at Covent-Garden, unless he could borrow Garagantua’s mouth to render it audible; and even then, its most biting traits would be lost amid the labyrinth of cadences required by the Rossinists of the upper gallery. He knows that delicate sentiments are prohibited at the winter theatres, where the spectators never cry unless they see a qualifying strip of green baize upon the boards, or laugh unless burlesque wigs or waistcoats announce that the dialogue is comical. He knows that honest Bull who weeps at Cato’s soliloquy, would witness the parting of Michel et Christine unmoved; nor allow the *Femme-Chatte* to have earned her title, till she had coursed, and caught, and devoured a mouse before their eyes. Paul Pry’s umbrella is worth both the prose and the verse of the Bourgeois gentilhomme, in his estimation.

But how are the claims of those brick and mortar Mammoths (the winter theatres) to be evaded; how is the clamorous roar of the indignant proprietors to be silenced? Alas! if the iron chain of monopoly were indissoluble, what had become of spinning-jennies and steam-packets, of patent corkscrews and jointed clogs?—the introduction of all and each of which was injurious to some old-established interest. I doubt, however, whether old Drury or Covent-Garden would lose thirty auditors a-night by the innovation. They would remain in undisturbed possession of the city and the standing army; besides the uncounted multitude of amateurs of Christmas pantomimes, Easter spectacles, Farley and melodrama, Braham and the *cantabile* edition of Shakspeare.

In the meantime an agreeable *délassement* for the weary hour between coffee and the *réveil* of Musard and Collinet, would be provided for the polite parishes of St. James, St. George, and St. Mary. Much green tea and much scandal would become superfluous; “the bubbling and loud hissing urn” would no longer make the mournful music of the monotonous drawing-room; cutlets would be unconsciously digested during

an interesting catastrophe, and Paris and Abernethy have written in vain ; domestic squabbles would be soothed or silenced by the sweet murmurs of Stephens, or the exciting animation of Jones ; the Oriental Club and the Travellers' would be thinned as instantaneously as a New-market jockey ; and the inauspicious query of " How goes the enemy ? " would become an obsolete sound between twilight and moonlight at the west end of the metropolis.

Scott himself, when undismayed by the terrors of a savage audience, might recant his vow ; and, writing for the stage, form a new era in our literature—the *third* effected by his fruitful pen ; while Moore and Hope, and the authors of *Matilda*, *Granby*, and *Pelham*, might renew the triumphs of *Farquhar* and *Congreve*, and renovate a decayed branch of the dramatic laurel. And as a theatre of this description should especially exclude every thing offensive to decency, to good morals, and good taste, it is to be expected that it would meet with no opposition from the constituted guardians of the interests of the public.

ARRIVALS AT A WATERING PLACE.

SCENE—A *Conversazione* at Lady Crumpton's—Whist and weariness, Caricatures and Chinese Puzzle.—Young Ladies making tea, and Young Gentlemen making the agreeable.—The Stable-Boy handing rout-cakes.—Music expressive of there being nothing to do.

I PLAY a spade :—such strange new faces
 Are flocking in from near and far :
 Such frights—Miss Dobbs holds all the aces,
 One can't imagine who they are !
 The Lodgings at enormous prices,
 New Donkeys, and another fly ;
 And Madame Bonbon out of ices,
 Although we're scarcely in July :
 We're quite as sociable as any,
 But our old horse can hardly crawl ;
 And really where there are so many,
 We can't tell where we ought to call.

Pray who has seen the odd old fellow
 Who took the Doctor's house last week ?—
 A pretty chariot,—livery yellow,
 Almost as yellow as his cheek :
 A widower, sixty-five, and surly,
 And stiffer than a poplar-tree ;
 Drinks rum and water, gets up early
 To dip his carcass in the sea :

1829.]

ARRIVALS AT A WATERING PLACE.

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He's always in a monstrous hurry,
And always talking of Bengal;
They say his cook makes noble curry;—
I think, Louisa, we should call.

And so Miss Jones, the mantua-maker,
Has let her cottage on the hill?—
The drollest man, a sugar-baker,—
Last year imported from the till:
Prates of his *orses* and his *oney*,
Is quite in love with fields and farms;
A horrid Vandal,—but his money
Will buy a glorious coat of arms:
Old Clyster makes him take the waters;
Some say he means to give a ball;
And after all, with thirteen daughters,
I think, Sir Thomas, you might call.

That poor young man!—I'm sure and certain
Despair is making up his shroud:
He walks all night beneath the curtain
Of the dim sky and mirky cloud:
Draws landscapes,—throws such mournful glances!—
Writes verses,—has such splendid eyes;
An ugly name,—but Laura fancies
He's some great person in disguise!—
And since his dress is all the fashion,
And since he's very dark and tall,
I think that, out of pure compassion,
I'll get papa to go and call.

So Lord St. Ives is occupying
The whole of Mr. Ford's Hotel;
Last Saturday his man was trying
A little nag I want to sell.
He brought a lady in the carriage;
Blue eyes,—eighteen, or thereabouts;—
Of course, you know, we *hope* it's marriage!
But yet the *femme de chambre* doubts.
She look'd so pensive when we met her;
Poor thing! and such a charming shawl!—
Well! till we understand it better,
It's quite impossible to call.

Old Mr. Fund, the London banker,
Arrived to-day at Premium Court;
I would not, for the world, cast anchor
In such a horrid dangerous port;

Widener's John's Public
11230, Nov 15. 187

Such dust and rubbish, lath and plaster,—
 (Contractors play the meanest tricks)—
 The roof's as crazy as its master,
 And he was born in fifty-six:
 Stairs creaking—cracks in every landing,—
 The colonnade is sure to fall;—
 We sha'n't find post or pillar standing,
 Unless we make great haste to call.

Who was that sweetest of sweet creatures,
 Last Sunday, in the Rector's seat?
 The finest shape,—the loveliest features,—
 I never saw such tiny feet.
 My brother,—(this is quite between us)
 Poor Arthur,—'twas a sad affair!
 Love at first sight,—She's quite a Venus,—
 But then she's poorer far than fair:
 And so my father and my mother
 Agreed it would not do at all;
 And so,—I'm sorry for my brother!—
 It's settled that we're not to call.

And there's an Author, full of knowledge;
 And there's a Captain on half-pay;
 And there's a Baronet from college,
 Who keeps a boy, and rides a bay;
 And sweet Sir Marcus from the Shannon,
 Fine specimen of brogue and bone;
 And Doctor Calipee, the canon,
 Who weighs, I fancy, twenty stone:
 A maiden Lady is adorning
 The faded front of Lily Hall:—
 Upon my word, the first fine morning,
 We'll make a round, my dear, and call.

Alas! disturb not, maid and matron,
 The swallow in my humble thatch;
 Your son may find a better patron,
 Your niece may meet a richer match:
 I can't afford to give a dinner,
 I never was on Almack's list;
 And since I seldom rise a winner,
 I never like to play at whist:
 Unknown to me the stocks are falling;
 Unwatch'd by me the glass may fall;
 Let all the world pursue its calling,—
 I'm not at home if people call.

A VISIT TO THE COURT OF MADAGASCAR.

The following diary, which contains some very interesting information of the present state of Madagascar, was composed under circumstances not a little curious. Since our connection with that island, arising chiefly from the desire to suppress the slave-trade, which had been carried on with the Mauritius to a considerable extent, the government of the colony has always been anxious to extend civilization as much as possible, and to keep up the power of our ally, the King of that part of the country mentioned in the following narrative, he having undertaken to co-operate with us in the annihilation of the trade. The authorities of Port Louis have assisted, especially, in advancing the discipline and military skill of the troops of this potentate; and they have acquired a considerable notion of the English system. As, however, that system itself has lately undergone considerable change by the amendments introduced by Sir Henry Torrens, it was thought right to extend this alteration to Madagascar. Accordingly, a skilful drill serjeant was singled out from the Guards, and sent to the Mauritius, to be forwarded to Tamatave.—The following is that person's composition, and has been sent home to his family in this country. The style seems, we confess, considerably above what would be expected from his rank in life—but, from circumstances within our knowledge, we have every reason to believe it to be his own writing. Some few verbal errors we have corrected; but, in every other respect, there is no other alteration; and we doubt not that our readers will be surprised at such a production being that of a Serjeant of the Guards. The journal commences on his departure from Port Louis for Madagascar.

Since the above was written, and indeed while this sheet is passing through the press, intelligence of the death of Radama, the king of Madagascar, mentioned in the following narrative, has reached this country. From the representation here given of this chieftain, we must say that we sincerely regret this event; for, to say nothing of the progress towards civilization in general which he was advancing among his people, he seems to have been sincerely devoted to the abolition of the slave-trade, which, till within these few years, was carried on to a great extent between the Mauritius and Madagascar. That very eminent and excellent person, Sir Robert Farquhar, during his protracted government of the former place, gave the first check to the traffic; and he seems to have been very readily and ably supported by Radama, who continued the same course of conduct during the government of Sir Lewry Cole. We trust that the new governor Sir Charles Colville, will find the same spirit in Radama's successor.

DIARY OF H. M——, 1827.

Wednesday, October 24th.—I EMBARKED with Mr. Lyall, the British agent, on board his majesty's colonial brig the *Erin*, which had previously gone outside the Bell-buoy, Port Louis, and was lying-to for us; at half-past 7 o'clock P. M. sailed with a fair wind for Madagascar,

25th.—Weather 'delightful and wind fair ; the island of Bourbon was distinctly seen at the distance of about forty miles, at 4 o'clock P. M.

26th.—Wind and weather favourable. On going upon deck immediately after dinner, about half after 4 o'clock, La Virginie, (formerly the Wizard,) a regular trader between the Mauritius and Madagascar, was seen at three or four miles distance. We bore towards her, and soon afterwards our Captain ordered a gun to be fired as a signal that she should lie-to, with which she immediately complied, and stood towards us. We now bore directly down upon her, and being very anxious to hear the news from Madagascar, I accompanied the Agent in the gig, and we boarded her. After some enquiries addressed to the Captain, Mr. Lyall asked if Mr. Campbell* was still at Tamatave, to which he replied, " There he is, at your side."

Having held a conversation with that gentleman, it was deemed of importance, for political purposes, that he should return with us to Madagascar, and accordingly Mr. Lyall made the proposition to him. To this he consented, upon the ground of public duty, and on the Agent granting him a letter to his Excellency the Governor, taking the responsibility of the measure upon himself. In a short time we reached the Erin, and Mr. Campbell, with two domestics belonging to the mission, followed, and got on board just as it became dark, and we proceeded immediately on the voyage.

27th.—Pleasant weather and good sailing. Afraid of approaching too near the land in the night, the Erin lay-to some hours.

28th.—About 7 o'clock A. M. the land was distinctly perceived, and soon afterwards the Isle of Prunes and Point of Tamatave were easily distinguished.

When within a few miles of the shore, I was delighted with the fine appearance of the country—hills rising behind hills in beautiful amphitheatre—and could not avoid contrasting the charming aspect of nature with the mortal *fever* of the climate.

At 10 o'clock, we anchored in the roads of Tamatave. The Agent having written a letter to his Majesty, Radama, I was dispatched, habited in my best uniform, with it to the King. Of my trip on shore I made the following report.

Having reached Government House, I found the Governor of Tamatave (Mr. Robin†) rising from bed, who received me in his shirt and trousers. Having taken the letter for his Majesty, he informed me that he had gone a short distance into the country to make an appeal, according to custom, to some of his people upon the coast, and he desired me to wait a short time, when I should receive an answer, as he would forward the letter immediately by a courier, which he accordingly did in my presence.

* Lieutenant of the 82nd Regiment, appointed by his Excellency Sir G. L. Cole, (since the death of Mr. Hastie,) as ad-interim Agent at Madagascar.

† We suppose that it is usual for the higher persons at Madagascar to assume English names—for, besides this Mr. Robin, we find, farther on, a Mr. Phillibert, and a Mr. Corroller, holding high offices.

Mr. Robin then politely asked me to sit down, and ordered English beer to be presented, of which I heartily partook, as the day was very warm and I very thirsty. He having previously sent for a Mr. Redington, an Englishman, and a resident of Tamatave, to act as interpreter, wrote upon half a sheet of paper his name, rank, and titles, and laid it before me; by these means I was early made to know that he was Grand Maréchal of Madagascar, Commander-in-chief of the Forces, General and private Secretary of his Majesty, Radama, Governor of Tamatave, &c. &c. &c. He next made numerous enquiries respecting Mr. Lyall's character, all of which I answered to the best of my judgment. He then stated, that King Radama was very partial to men of good understanding and general acquirements; that having heard very good accounts of Mr. Lyall, he had anxiously anticipated his arrival ever since he knew of his appointment, and that his Majesty was now very desirous to see him.

The Governor spoke very indifferently of the late Agent, but I could plainly perceive that the Governor did not like him, and that he evidently spoke under the influence of personal feelings; and I learned afterwards, that both H. M. and Mr. Robin had treated Mr. Campbell with indignity.

Previous to my going on shore, I was ordered to ask for horses at whatever time King Radama should fix upon to receive the Agent.—On mentioning this circumstance to the Governor, he immediately replied, that horses would have been sent though they had not been asked for; and besides added, that if Mr. Lyall, or any of the gentlemen on board, wished to take a ride this afternoon, as many horses as they required could be ready at half an hour's notice.

In a couple of hours the messenger returned from his Majesty, with a note to the Governor, who then wrote a letter to the Agent.

I returned to the ship, and Mr. Lyall sent his compliments and thanks to the Governor, and requested him to be so good as order four horses to be in readiness at 4 o'clock.

A little before the above hour, Mr. Lyall, accompanied by the Captain, Mr. Campbell, and myself, went on shore, but the horses not being quite ready, Mr. Robin asked the party into his house. The Agent entered and I accompanied him, when a general conversation followed, and an offer was made, on the part of the King, and also of the Governor, to do every thing in their power to make our sojourn comfortable and agreeable. He more especially added, that Mr. Lyall had only to let him know how many horses he required, and he should have them at all times; remarking that four excellent ones, completely caparisoned in the English style, were in readiness. We left Mr. Robin, and the party mounted and rode for about an hour and a half; during which time we made a visit to the tomb of the late Mr. Cole*, which is situated upon a gentle eminence behind the battery, and about the eighth part of a mile from it, and on the border of a small wood, that appears to form the cemetery for persons of distinction. A number of tombs were remarked in the neighbourhood, but none of

* Formerly a captain in the army, who accompanied Mr. Campbell to Madagascar on a separate mission, and not meeting with the reception he had anticipated, it is reported that he took it so much to heart, as to be the chief instigator of his death.

them equal to Mr. Cole's, except one of the former commandants of Tamatave who was murdered at Ivondrow.

I was happy to see that the Malagashes, as well as most other barbarous countries, seemed to do homage to the dead; and it is but justice to the memory of Mr. Cole to add, that both king and peasant spoke well of him.

29th.—Having heard a great many reports at Mauritius, and also numerous details of affairs from the late agent, which gave every one an idea that the British government had already done too much for King Radama, and that the sycophants, by whom he was said to be surrounded, by their fulsome praises, well-timed flattery, and detestable deceit, had actually made the King forget himself, the Agent therefore determined to make our landing in Madagascar as imposing as possible, well aware that parade and show—gold and silver—brilliant uniforms and gaudy colours, generally speaking, have a great effect, particularly over the opinions of savages and semi-barbarians, and bearing in mind how much depends upon first impressions; it happened very fortunately that I had expended a little extra upon my uniform, and Mr. Lyall no small sum, which enabled him to appear in a very respectable manner at the court of Radama.

Having also learned that his Majesty now assumed a haughty, independent, and authoritative tone and demeanour—that he imagined himself the greatest monarch upon earth—that he seemed quite intoxicated with his power at home, and his renown abroad, and that he had treated the British envoys, Mr. Campbell, and the late Mr. Cole, with much indifference, neglect, and indignity, the Agent had taken the resolution, from the moment of our arrival, to act with great caution, dignity, and independence, but at the same time with every becoming deference and politeness.

It is here necessary to observe, that the last resolution was much strengthened on hearing from the late Agent, that he had formerly sat on the king's right hand at dinner; but, since Mr. Robin's elevation, he had put him upon his left, and yielded his place to the Grand Maréchal.

It was also very fortunate that, through his Excellency Sir Lowry Cole's goodness, the Agent had been enabled to keep to his resolution of not proceeding to Madagascar in a merchant vessel; as no doubt such a step, merely on account of the appearance, would have lowered him in the eyes of the King and his grandees.

Having made these preliminary remarks, I shall now endeavour to detail the proceedings of the day.

Being dressed in our best uniforms, the Agent's is allowed to be handsome and mine very gaudy, we got into the gig, and were pulled astern of the Erin; during our progress toward the shore, a salute was fired from the Erin, which was returned from the battery.

Mr. Robin in his best uniform, which, though gaudy with gold lace, certainly is not that of a Grand Maréchal, and mounted upon a brown charger, was at the shore ready to receive the Agent; we proceeded towards the Battery, or temporary residence of King Radama, at Tamatave, of which I shall here give a short description, in order that the ceremonies that took place may be better understood.

The Battery occupies a large square of ground, upon a slight elevation, nearly at the N.W. end of Tamatave, and is furnished with a few cannon. It is surrounded by high, strong palisades, forming a complete square, and has a door in the centre of each side, at all of which sentinels are stationed. At a few yards distance from the palisade is a square of buildings, of various magnitudes, and all detached from each other; the principal edifice, fronting the chief gate, is the dwelling of Prince Rataffe, (who was in England,) brother-in-law of the King, and commandant of Tamatave, while the rest form magazines, store-houses, stables, dwellings for attendants, &c. The Battery is always given up to the King, during his residence at Tamatave; though the principal building, or *palace*, only contains three apartments, none of which are very large; yet being well arranged for parade as well as comfort, and being very clean, the residence is by no means despicable. Besides, in one corner of the square, towards the shore, there is a small tower elevated for the king, and neatly furnished, where he passes his time when the weather is very hot, and transacts his private affairs. But to return to the business of the day.

When within a short distance of the Battery, a messenger having informed the Governor that the troops were not completely in order for the ceremony, he asked the Agent, as well as myself, to enter his house for a few minutes. As soon as we were seated, Mr. Robin having informed the Agent (previously) that he had wines, ale, porter, &c. desired him to say what he would drink; being in a profuse perspiration, from the heat of the weather, and a warm uniform, each of us cheerfully accepted some beer, and had scarcely drank, when two of his Majesty's officers arrived, and informed Mr. Robin that the King was now waiting to receive the Agent. We immediately mounted our horses, and soon reached the Battery.

Having entered on horseback, about five hundred troops, all in English uniform, and drawn up around the square, presented arms, and the band struck up *God save the King*. We descended from our horses, and were conducted across the square toward the house already described, where the King awaited Mr. Lyall, and by the time we arrived there his Majesty was at the door ready to receive us. Mr. Robin presented the Agent to King Radama, who immediately shook hands with him very cordially indeed. Mr. Lyall now presented me to his Majesty, with whom he also shook hands in the same manner. •

Agreeably to the custom of the country on a first presentation, we each left a piece of money in his hand, saying, "A tribute of respect to your Majesty."

The King then entered the chief apartment, approached his seat, and made a sign to Mr. Lyall to take the chair on his right hand, which he immediately accepted. Mr. Robin was seated on the left of the King; Mr. Corroller, late Governor of Tamatave, now General, Secretary-in-Chief, and Aide-de-Camp to Radama, was placed on the Agent's right; I myself on the left of the Grand Maréchal. Prince Rataffe, Mr. Phillibert (the Grand Judge), and about twenty of the King's officers, were also present, who stood for some time around the room, and then, by a signal from his Majesty, beset themselves.

• Mr. Lyall now rose, and delivered a letter of introduction from his Excellency Sir G. L. Cole, to his Majesty, besides some other letters;

several volumes respecting his travels in Russia, all elegantly bound, which excited Radama's minute attention; a machine for spinning silk, which was sent by Col. Stavelly; a letter, and a splendid Bible, from the 'Treasurer of the Missionary Society; & Circassian arrow, a Tartar whip, &c. With the whip the King was greatly amused. He kept it a long time in his hand, shewing it now and then to his officers, and laughing heartily at its broad flap, which makes a noise upon the horse's sides.

A long conversation was kept up with his Majesty, who appeared quite able to continue it. He talked of King George IV., the state of England, Sir R. T. Farquhar, Sir G. L. Cole, our voyage, and of Mr. Lyall's intention of going immediately to Tananarivon, from which the King powerfully dissuaded him, because the bad season had already commenced, and he feared we might catch the fever; at the same time he added, "If you wish to go, I do not mean, in any way, by what I have said, to prevent you; but I give it as my advice, that you should return to the Mauritius, and I shall await your arrival with impatience next June."

To his Majesty's advice, who consulted some of his officers in our presence on the subject, Mr. Lyall bowed assent, and it was in my opinion conscientiously given; for nearly every person in Tamatave said that we should be risking our lives by advancing into the interior, and even added, that now the coast was dangerous, and that we ought to leave it as soon as possible.

Mr. Lyall then informed the King that he had also brought with him about twenty volumes of the newest and best books on military tactics; and that Mr. M——* was capable, if his Majesty desired it, to instruct his troops in the new manœuvres, according to the work of Sir Henry Torrens. To this his Majesty immediately replied, that he felt greatly indebted to the British Government for their kindness in selecting Mr. M——, and also to Mr. Lyall for having brought the books; and then added, that as his soldiers were but half civilized, and had with much pains and patience become pretty expert in the exercises, agreeably to the old, or *Dundas's, Regulations*, if he attempted any change, the chance was they would be confounded, and would not perform their exercises well, according to one system or the other. At the same time he said, that hereafter he might be induced to have some recruits trained according to the new system, but that he would be better able to judge when he had seen the new movements performed.

The conversation having turned upon uniforms, Mr. Lyall said he was sorry to learn that the magnificent coat lately sent from England to his Majesty was by far too large. The King replied, "Yes, too large, too wide, too big every way—it is like a sack, but certainly it is a handsome, a superb one." He then asked if we would wish to see it, to which the Agent replied in the affirmative, if it was his Majesty's pleasure. Begging to be excused for a moment, the King withdrew into an adjoining apartment, and in a couple of minutes appeared in his beautiful scarlet and superbly embroidered coat, which was found, as he had described, by far too large. His Majesty laughed heartily at himself, and said, that the people in England must imagine him to be

* The writer.—Ed.

a very tall man, while "I am in reality *a little man, as you see.*" Wines, ale, &c. were presented, while the King, Agent, and myself, as well as all the officers present, drank healths.

Having sat about two hours, fearing to fatigue his Majesty, Mr. Lyall rose to retire, and, in their conversation, proposed a private audience at half-past eleven o'clock the following day.

About two o'clock we took leave of his Majesty, with a hearty shaking of hands; the Grand Maréchal accompanied us to the shore, where we embarked, and returned to the ship.

It is necessary here to remark, that during the time we were with his Majesty, the troops were exercising and the band playing, with short intervals. The soldiers went through their evolutions with more precision than could have been expected for uncivilized people, the words of command being given in Malagash, and not, as till lately, in English.

The impression made upon my mind to-day was undoubtedly a mixture of astonishment and admiration.

I beheld king Radama, who but a few years ago wore his *sallac*, now decorated like a European monarch;—a being, who but lately was a savage, acting with all the dignity, affability, and kindness of a civilized prince; a man, whose ears had early and long been accustomed only to the sounds of barbarism and slavery, every now and then repeating how dear to his heart was the civilization of his country—how much he owed to England, and how determined he was to maintain, on his part, the treaty for the total abolition of the Slave Trade; in a word, I beheld a prince, endowed with noble sentiments, (and who has his faults, no doubt,) who only seemed to want good counsellors, in order to make a rapid march in civilization.

As for the King's Staff, it is but justice to say that they behaved with a modesty, affability, and kindness, such as would have done them honour at any court in the world.

30th.—Our luggage was landed amidst much rain, and had scarcely reached the houses appointed for the Agent, by the Governor, when Mr. Lyall received an invitation for us to breakfast with his Majesty. Having already breakfasted on board the *Erin*, he returned his compliments, and thanked his Majesty for his kind attention.

At half after eleven o'clock, (the time appointed for the audience,) horses having been previously sent, the Agent proceeded to the battery, and was received by the King very handsomely; the party present having withdrawn, the audience commenced, and lasted about two hours, during which time numerous affairs were discussed and settled, regarding England and Madagascar.

His Majesty, Radama, frequently repeated his ideas, privately and publicly, with respect to the British Government; so that, to avoid repetition, I will here endeavour to condense them into one view.

"England," said the King, "was my first ally, and has been my faithful supporter. I can never forget King George the Third, and, far less, King George the Fourth. The British Government has done every thing for me—(looking at his dress, his officers, his soldiers, his table, &c.)—all this," said he, "does honour to your country, Sir

Robert Farquhar was my warm friend ; I must ever hold the name of England dear ; of her good intentions I have no doubt, and the interest she takes in the prosperity of Madagascar, and in my glory, is rendered very evident, by her government sending you here, accompanied by Mr. M——. I know she can do much for me and my people, and I am well satisfied that you can and will aid me yourself, and thus add to the obligations I already lie under to King George the Fourth ; I love England ; I have regarded and still regard her '*comme mon pivot*.' " The King then held out his hand to the Agent, and they had a hearty shake. Still holding his hand, he added, " These are my sentiments, and whoever gives a contrary representation, does injustice to me and injustice to Great Britain. Do me the favour to communicate what I have said to the English government, and to his Excellency Sir Lowry Cole, and make my ideas known to your countrymen, who ever have shewn themselves my friends, and will not forget me so long as I do my duty. The civilization of my people is the dearest wish of my heart, and every measure, conducive to its advancement, will meet with my approbation and support."

A general conversation was still kept up ; and talking of the King's army, Mr. Lyall said, when the troops were going to exercise, he should like much to see them, as he had not well observed them on the preceding day, being occupied so constantly in conversation with his Majesty, who replied, " Very well ; " and two minutes afterwards, while speaking with the grand Judge, he entered another apartment for a moment, the meaning of which was not then understood. However, the conversation was again renewed, and in about half an hour, to the astonishment of all present, a company of grenadiers preceded by the band, marched into the square before the house, when his Majesty said, " Your wish shall now be gratified."

The moment his Majesty was perceived by the troops, they uttered something like " Hurra, Radama !" to which the King replied very gently.

The King and the Agent having taken their stations under the veranda, the grenadiers, commanded by Colonel Bayna, went through the manual and platoon exercises, firing in company, by subdivisions, by sections, and by files ; and upon the whole they executed it in a creditable manner, though I must not by any means (as others have done) compare them to British troops.

The Agent now reminded his Majesty of the improvements by Sir Henry Torrens in the evolutions of the British army, when he expressed a wish to see the manual exercise performed. Mr. Lyall, therefore, ordered me to take a station between the troops and his Majesty, and to go through the manual exercise and the extension motions, which I did in their presence, and which appeared to please the king greatly.

The company now gave a general salute, and marched off to the tune of the " British Grenadiers."

Having taken a little refreshment, we took leave of his Majesty, and went on board the Erin to dinner. Soon afterwards received an invitation for the Agent, the Captain of the Erin, Mr. Campbell, and myself, to dine with the King, the following day at six o'clock, which invitation was accepted by the whole party.

We had scarcely returned from the ship, when his Majesty very unexpectedly visited Mr. Lyall, accompanied by Mr. Corroller, Prince Rataffe, Mr. Phillibert, and a guard of honour, all on foot, with about twenty women who were singing all the time the King remained. The party remained about half an hour, having freely partaken of Champagne, &c. His Majesty withdrew saying, "This is a visit *sans ceremonie*, which I hope will be returned."

31st.—About twelve o'clock one of the King's ministers visited Mr. Lyall, and being about to take lunch, he sat down and shared the fare, in the course of which he gave the following explanation.

"Mr. Lyall," said he, "Madagascar, like all other countries, has its own rules; and, as you are going to dine with his Majesty to-day, it is necessary to explain one of them, respecting your seat at the table. He who sits opposite the King occupies the place of honour; but he whom his Majesty places upon his right hand, occupies the place of honour and friendship."

At the proper time, horses being sent to the Agent's apartment, Mr. Lyall, the Captain, and myself, all in uniform, (Mr. Campbell having written an apology,) proceeded to the Battery, the gate of which being thrown open, we cantered up to the house, and were saluted by some troops; the band playing "God save the King." Upon our descending from our horses, Mr. Corroller came out to welcome us, and his Majesty received us at the door in a handsome manner; Mr. Robin and Mr. Corroller were the only two individuals who sat, besides the King, Mr. Lyall, and party, but whether with intent to do honour to his Majesty or not, I cannot say. However, it is as well to remark that the chief part of the chairs, with which Tamatave is but indifferently furnished, were set around the dining table.

Mr. Lyall was placed at the King's right, while Mr. Phillibert, the Grand Judge, sat opposite to his Majesty. The table was set with great taste, and covered with a profusion of dishes. Silver and crystal abounded, and there were so many courses of well-cooked viands—fish, flesh, and fowl, &c. that I thought they would never have an end. Even after the King rose and gave the health of King George the Fourth, the table was again crowded. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Lyall gave the health of Radama, King of Madagascar, which was drunk with three cheers, as well as the former, the band playing "Rule, Britannia." Various patriotic toasts were drunk. The party was very merry, the King took a glass of wine with each in his turn: after dinner Mr. Robin sang a French air, the band accompanied him; and afterwards Mr. Lyall, being solicited, gave them "Auld lang syne." The party remained till about eleven o'clock, when the Agent rose and said, "Your Majesty, I think we have done sufficient honour to the bottle;" when the King rose, and, being very warm, began to dance, in which Mr. Lyall joined; they continued wheeling round the room for some time, till they wheeled out into the veranda, and the Agent called for his horse, and the party broke up about eleven o'clock and proceeded to their respective residences.

Nothing particular occurred during the three following days, except the King visiting the Agent, and the latter returning the visits. I ac-

accompanied the Agent on one of the evenings, when his Majesty received us with every possible politeness. As soon as we entered his apartment, the table was covered, and an English cheese and biscuit placed upon it. General and Princess Rafarlah were also present, to whom the King introduced first the Agent and then myself. Immediately afterwards, silver plates being laid upon the table, the whole partook of the biscuit and cheese, as well as some English beer; when we had finished, his Majesty invited us into the court-yard, where there were (as is customary every evening) about 200 of his dancers male and female, when we had the satisfaction of seeing them perform a number of steps. But the music, if it may get the name, was so horrible and noisy, that it was enough to turn the drums of one's ears. There were about five musicians; one played upon an instrument not unlike a flageolet, another beat upon a tin pan slung around his neck, another upon a kind of drum, another upon a piece of iron, and another upon a piece of tin upon the ground; but of all the noises I ever heard that was the most horrible.

After the dancers had concluded, Mr. Lyall desired me to give them a few tunes upon the flute, as a contrast to the ear-rending noise we had just heard. I accordingly played several tunes, English and Scotch, and concluded by a country dance, in which all the dancers as well as his Majesty, joined; at the conclusion of which, the assembly broke up with an uproarious cry. The Agent being about to retire, his Majesty said, you must allow me and General Rafarlah to accompany you home,—they having ordered their horses for that purpose; to this Mr. Lyall consented, on his Majesty promising that he would allow us to return with him. The party mounted, and soon arrived at the Agent's apartments; when after partaking of champagne, the King proposed a ride, which was undoubtedly accepted; when we again mounted, and the King desired us to ride all four abreast, as there were two cream and two chesnut-coloured horses. We rode for about an hour and a half, followed by a train of attendants, who endeavoured to please us with their uncouth songs. When within a short distance of the Battery, his Majesty caused a circle to be formed by his attendants, and in which we had the pleasure of seeing some of his best wrestlers perform; at the conclusion of which, we accompanied his Majesty home, and having taken a little Madeira, left the King.

November 4th. To day his Majesty honoured the Agent with his company to dinner. At 6 o'clock, the hour fixed upon, the King, the Grand Maréchal, General and Princess Rafarlah, Prince Rataffe, Mr. Corroller, and Mr. Phillibert, attended by a guard of honour, accompanied by the band, arrived at our residence, though a little after six.—I received his Majesty at the gate, and Mr. Lyall at the door of the apartment. Dinner being upon the table, the whole entered the dining room, ten in number, and took their respective seats. The dinner was conducted similarly to that of the King, and the party took their seats accordingly; it is not necessary to repeat the different healths drunk, they being the same as at the King's table, or nearly so.

The party was very merry. The gun fired, according to custom, at nine o'clock, and coffee was that instant ordered; when the King took

out his watch, and to the astonishment of all present said, "I intend to quit this for my capital in an hour's time." The whole of his officers were in the utmost confusion, for I am certain not an individual at Tamatave knew of his Majesty's intentions, they not having made the least preparation for a departure; however, they who were to proceed with the King were obliged to make their exit as quick as possible, very few of them waiting for coffee: but Radama remained about a quarter of an hour, when he rose to depart; and those that remained accompanied his Majesty to the Battery. Upon arriving there he said, "As soon as I have taken off this uniform and put on another, I am off for Tananarivon." He then shook hands, first with Mr. Lyall, and then with myself, saying "Adieu, till next June," and we left his Majesty and returned to our lodgings. In order to ascertain whether the King could possibly leave so early as he said, I returned to the Battery; scarcely twenty minutes had elapsed; on arriving there I found that his Majesty, his ministers, officers, and his army likewise, were gone; and all that I could perceive were a few slaves carrying luggage after the army. I was informed afterwards, that the notice they get never exceeds two hours for the whole of his army to assemble and be in movement.

In consequence of his Majesty so unexpectedly quitting Tamatave, the Agent resolved upon sailing for Mauritius on the morning of Tuesday the 7th inst. I was accordingly occupied on Monday the 6th, in getting our luggage on board, which I did not complete till one o'clock the following morning; and at six, we were fairly at sea.

We had a good passage back in the *Erin*; but the second day we were dreadfully alarmed by a "water-spout," which came close to the vessel, but fortunately took a contrary direction on the firing of a gun, which was done by order of the Captain.

Nothing else particular occurred during our voyage. We anchored at Port Louis, on the morning of the 16th of November, after having been absent from this port only 23½ days.

In order that the name of slavery may be considered (I may say for ever) banished from the dominions of his Majesty, Radama, I will furnish you with a confidential statement from one of his ministers, for the information of the gentlemen whom I have requested this to be laid before.

Radama lately employed a young man to go among his enemies to the southward of Tananarivon, as a spy, in order to know what they were doing, especially with respect to slavery; giving him the strictest commands against its encouragement in any way. The youth, tempted by a sum of money, soon afterwards sold a slave who was attached to himself. The news of this act having reached the King's ears, the man was seized, put in irons, carried to the capital, and after a fair trial condemned to death. He was kept alone; however, until a *Cobar* was held, when his Majesty had him brought forward, and after explaining his crime, ordered him to be shot before the assembly. Radama then added, "Such a reward awaits all those who infringe the laws respecting slavery." The head was then severed from the body, and placed upon a pole, in a public place, that the effect might be more extensive and durable.

H. M.

THE DISOWNED*.

THIS is not exactly what, from the Introduction, we were led to believe. That made us expect a few episodes—whereas there are two stories as distinct as the sun and the moon; nay more so, for they have no sort of influence the one on the other. Now, notwithstanding the subtle arguments brought forward in the said Introduction in favour of characters which do not “conduce to the catastrophe,” we must say that that is a perfectly different thing from having two thoroughly separate stories, with nothing to do with each other further than being bound in the same volumes, and printed alternately, one or two chapters of each at a time. Just as the reader is beginning to warm into the course of one narrative, and to form an acquaintance with its characters fast ripening into interest,—he turns over the leaf, and is forthwith plunged over head and ears into the stream of a totally different story, and hurried headlong into a circle composed of utter strangers. He gets, by degrees, interested in this narrative and these characters, when lo! he is suddenly carried back at once, among his old friends, just as the new were beginning to eclipse them. This alternation takes place a dozen times over. We confess it made us think of the sort of effect it would have to play Othello and Macbeth alternately act by act.

But notwithstanding this, and several other faults which we shall notice anon, we think the ‘Disowned’ has considerable merit, and displays talent far more than in proportion to that merit. We mean that there are indications of powers, which can never long remain shadowed and alloyed by the blemishes visible in this work:—there are, in our opinion, undeniable proofs of mind which must ultimately eradicate the great majority of those faults which, we think, the author himself will soon recognise to be such. The greatest and most pervading is the tendency to over-writing—which occasionally comes across you in specimens so startling, as absolutely to mar the whole effect of otherwise a fine passage of feeling or of power. It brings the author, in his own person, forward at once. You exclaim, “Pooh! no one ever talked so!” or, if it be some contemplation of the author, it recalls most strongly the fact that he is writing a book for the public, and trying to startle and shine before them—while, at the same time, it destroys the possibility of the belief that the writer is carried away by his subject, and consequently has the words springing to clothe his thoughts as fast as they start into life. This blemish is the more to be regretted in the author before us, as he has great powers of language if he would not abuse them.

The beginning of the book is—an unlucky fault—undoubtedly inferior to the rest. The adventure among the gypsies is, to us, so fantastic as to be uninteresting—and the description of the hero’s host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Copperas, is an overdrawn and unnatural picture of vulgar life which we really wonder at an author of the culti-

* The Disowned. By the Author of Pelham. In four vols. post 8vo. London Colburn, 1829.

vation of him before us having been guilty of. Most of his faults lie the other way—towards over-refinement and fastidiousness: therefore, it is really hard that we should be presented with a coarse and disagreeable caricature of the nature of that we allude to. Fortunately, there is not much of it. But Mr. Brown goes through the whole book—and he, in addition, to the unpleasant nature of the character altogether, is a contradiction. No one represented as so knowing could be so silly—no one so silly could have thriven so well in the world.

But we are forgetting: those of our readers whom the 'Disowned' may not have reached—(and, without disparagement to its circulation or any implied compliment to ours, such a thing may happen even a month after publication, for a magazine has more regular transmission into the country than any book in the formidable shape of *four* volumes can have)—those of our readers, then, who may not have seen the 'Disowned,' will complain that we are talking to them of things unknown, and will lay claim to their right as readers of a review of a new work, to have duly laid before them an abstract of the story, a compendium of the incidents—in short, a complete condensation of the whole book. Now, we must announce to them, that, in the present article, they will find no such thing. We object to any thing like a regular abridgment, for many reasons. In the first place, it is not fair to the author: it turns his story inside out; it pretends to give, in a few pages, that which he has thought required volumes [alas! in this instance 4,*] to represent. In a review of Mr. Maturin's 'Woman,' in that northern work which was the mighty founder of the existing school of criticism, we recollect a passage which always tickled us exceedingly, on this very point. The reviewer compares the manner in which those of his craft set a novel before their readers, in contradistinction to that used by authors, to "the persecution which the petty jealousy of his great neighbours at Hagley exercised on poor Shenstone," by leading his visitors "to inconvenient points of view, and introducing them at the wrong end of a walk to detect a deception." Of this cruelty, it seems, the bard of the Leasowes was wont bitterly to complain; and the compassionate critic speculates upon the similarity of Mr. Maturin's feelings at his "placing the conclusion of his book at the beginning of the recital. But," he adds with the same sensations of mercy which characterize the cool-maid's celebrated retort on the very subject from which he takes his illustration, "'let the stricken deer go weep;' the cook would have more than enough to do, who thought it necessary to consult the eel at which extremity he would like the flaying to begin †." "But we have more compassion. Authors, in this point at least, are more fortunate than eels; for while the march of improvement has, thanks to Mr. Ude's invention, promoted them from merely being flayed, to being broiled, alive, between the bars,—the same march has influenced us to spare novelists, on this point, altogether. But we have other reasons besides those which refer to the authors, which, perhaps, our maligners

* See article on Sympathetic Numbers, in our Magazine for last month. Third Series, No. IX.

† Ed. Rev., June, 1818.

may say, have had a very preponderating share in influencing our decision.

For, in the second place, we abstain from the 'abridgment above alluded to for the sake of our readers. Those who have already read the work under infliction, don't want our abstract—think it an unpardonable bore—and, perhaps, skip the rest of the article in consequence—thereby depriving themselves of the benefit of those judicial dicta, by which their opinion should have been for ever regulated. Those who have not read the book, like it, perhaps, for the moment; but, when they do get the work, they are sure to anathematize our having spoiled their pleasure in the story, in terms not quite consistent with either their religious or polite duties.

We now come to our last, and (in this instance belying Shakspeare) of course *least*, motive: we do not attempt the afore-named task for the sake of ourselves. It is the most irksome, the most difficult, the most wearying, and the most unthanked of all a reviewer's operations. To get the pith of three volumes into three pages may, perhaps, considering how much pith there generally is in three volumes, be esteemed no very Herculean labour. But it is to be recollected, that a story is not the shorter for being bad—generally quite the reverse, as the feeders at "great men's feasts" can safely testify. It will take as much labour to abstract a long string of twaddle as a long string of force or brilliancy. In either case the labour is abominable—for it is very annoying to be conscious that you are spoiling that which is excellent—and still more so to feel that you are wasting your work upon trash.

For these reasons, therefore—and we think them all excellent—we shall give no précis of the story of the 'Disowned.' Indeed our reasons apply here, as Vellum would say, with a "four-fold" force—for there are *four* stories in the book—two big, and two little.

Of the two big ones, that which has given the title to the book is certainly the less important, the less wrought-out—and that on which the author has, manifestly, *not* staked the higher reputation of his work. It is, however, the longer and the lighter—and for these reasons probably was selected for the honour of giving name to the whole. In this instance, indeed, there is much similarity to the arrangement of 'Pelham'—for, in that, the more important story is not that of the hero—indeed, the hero has, there, scarcely any *story* at all. But this resemblance extends only to the disposition of the materials, not to their character; for, while Sir Reginald Glanville's history is one whose interest arises from the representation of the warmest, the deepest, and the most ferocious passions, that of Algernon Mordaunt, although feeling mingles with it much, is manifestly chiefly employed in developing a mind devoted to the highest order of moral speculation.

Clarence Linden, the Disowned, is, on the other hand—not, certainly, frivolous like Pelham—but gay, buoyant, light-hearted, and ever looking-onward cheerfully. Even the "cross" which occurs to his love, though it affects him vehemently at the moment, does not long hang heavy on his mind. He reminded us, indeed, of the ordinary manufacture of the Waverley heroes—handsome, gay, gallant, and successful—but with no great force of character, or depth of mind. Considering that he is disowned, and at first, though never in distress, yet

relatively exceedingly poor,—his sudden prosperity, and the means by which it is acquired, are somewhat novelish. He rescues an old gentleman, a bachelor, from murder by burglars,—who forthwith adopts him—and makes an excuse, not much needed it seems by either party, of a relationship which is not explained to the reader till the end of the book, to provide for him entirely. He procures him an appointment as an attaché to an embassy, and declares his intention of leaving him his whole fortune. The character of this old gentleman, by name Talbot, is drawn, we think, with great tact and skill. His story, which he tells his adopted son, forms one of the episodes to which we have alluded. With an absolute episode, where you go through the subject at once and have done with it, we do not very much quarrel; and this is certainly quite sufficiently connected with the main work. When the hero is adopted by Mr. Talbot, whose character, also, has been previously shewn as strongly marked,—it is, we think, quite fair to give us an account of what made him as he is. The worst of it is that, under the circumstances represented, it is a moral impossibility that Clarence Linden should ever have become acquainted with Mr. Talbot at all. They meet first at the table-d'hôte of the painfully vulgar house where Clarence lodges. Now it is quite out of the question that a man of the extreme, even excessive, refinement of the old gentleman, could ever have sat down at Mr. Copperas's table. The author sees the difficulty—and attempts an excuse for it, on the score of the vanity, which he makes the grand foundation of Talbot's character: but it would be just as probable that, like the lady in the ballad, he should wish to dine with his "swine" in "a silver trough," for the sake of the grunts of approbation of that respected quadruped.

But there is another, and a graver, inconsistency in the character of Talbot. In the account of his life, his vanity drives him to an act of cruel and brutal unmanliness, with reference to the woman he loves, which is, as it seems to us, wholly incompatible with the excellent and actively amiable heart which he displays in every action throughout all that part the book where he is on the present scene. It is true he has profited by his faults, and the misfortunes arising out of them. But we think no man so kind and benevolent as Talbot is represented, could ever have behaved as he did to the woman of his love. We must give his account of this—though we fear that, in so doing, we shall be exciting disgust against a man for whom we have a very great kindness of feeling—probably from the conviction that the person whom we are fond of must be a different one from the hero of the episode of a vain man. This opens with a description of the effects of his overweening desire of superiority, even in the most trifling, and almost the meanest things, at Eton,* at Oxford, and on his débüt in the world.

* The instance of the fierce jealousy, and its awful consequences, which he conceives against one of his school-fellows for balancing a stick upon his chin, which he himself cannot do, is so daringly singular and unnatural, that we are convinced the author founds the statement upon a fact. No one, we think, could present such an anecdote to his readers, unless he were provided, in return to their exclamation of 'how unnatural!'—with the answer 'that may be, but it happened.' At all events, we think it either has taken place, or it never could. We do not fear our readers—for, of course, they are all discriminating readers—accusing us of a bull for this last expression.

When he enters this last, Mr. Talbot is aware that "though rich, high-born, and good looking, he possessed not one of these three qualities in that eminence which could alone satisfy his love of superiority, and desire of effect." "I knew," he says, "this somewhat humiliating truth, for though vain, I was not conceited. Vanity, indeed, is the very antidote to conceit; for while the former makes us all *nerve* to the opinion of others, the latter is perfectly satisfied with its opinion of itself." He therefore determines to excel every one "in the grace and consummateness of manner"—in a word, to be the most successful man in society of his day. He succeeds, and is "courted, followed, flattered, and sought by the most envied of fastidious circles in England, and even in Paris." He is at this climax of success when comes "the great era of his life, LOVE."

Among my acquaintance, was Lady Mary Walden, a widow of high birth, and noble, though not powerful connexions. She lived about twenty miles from London, in a beautiful retreat; and though not rich, her jointure, rendered ample by economy, enabled her to indulge her love of society. Her house was always as full as its size would permit, and I was among the most welcome of its visitors. She had an only daughter—even now through the dim mists of years, that beautiful and fairy form rises still and shining before me, undimmed by sorrow, unfaded by time. Caroline Walden was the object of general admiration, and her mother, who attributed the avidity with which her invitations were accepted by all the wits and *elegants* of the day to the charms of her own conversation, little suspected the face and wit of her daughter to be the magnet of attraction. I had no idea at that time of marriage, still less could I have entertained such a notion, unless the step had greatly exalted my rank and prospects.

The poor and powerless Caroline Walden was therefore the last person for whom I had what the jargon *des mères* terms 'serious intentions.' However I was struck with her exceeding loveliness, and amused by the vivacity of her manners: moreover, my vanity was excited by the hope of distancing all my competitors for the smiles of the young beauty. Accordingly, I laid myself out to please, and neglected none of those subtle and almost secret attentions, which, of all flatteries, are the most delicate and successful; and I succeeded. Caroline loved me with all the earnestness and devotion which characterize the love of woman. It never occurred to her that I was only trifling with those affections which it seemed so ardently my intention to win. She knew that my fortune was large enough to dispense with the necessity of fortune with my wife, and in birth she would have equalled men of greater pretensions to myself; added to this, long adulation had made her sensible, though not vain, of her attractions, and she listened with a credulous ear to the insinuated flatteries I was so well accustomed to instil.

Never shall I forget—no, though I double my present years—the shock, the wildness of despair with which she first detected the selfishness of my homage; with which she saw that I had only mocked her trusting simplicity; and that while she had been lavishing the richest treasures of her heart before the burning altars of Love, my idol had been Vanity, and my offerings deceit. She tore herself from the profanations of my grasp; she shrouded herself from my presence. All interviews with me were rejected; all my letters returned to me unopened; and though, in the repentance of my heart, I entreated, I urged her to accept vows that were no longer insincere, her pride became her punishment, as well as my own. In a moment of bitter and desperate feeling, she accepted the offers of another, and made the marriage bond a fatal and irrevocable barrier to our reconciliation and union.

Oh! how I now cursed my infatuation! how passionately I recalled the past! how coldly I turned from the hollow and false world, to whose service

I had sacrificed my happiness, to muse and madden over the prospects I had destroyed, and the loving and noble heart I had rejected! Alas! after all, what is so ungrateful as that world for which we renounce so much? Its votaries resemble the Gymnosophistæ of old, and while they profess to make their chief end pleasure, we can only learn that they expose themselves to every torture and every pain!"

Caroline, now become Lady Merton, mixes largely in the great world, and she and Talbot often meet. She at first assumes indifference, if she feels it not; and this coldness "galls to the very quick the morbid acuteness of his self-love." He again attacks her:—

I spare you and myself the gradual progress of my schemes. A woman may recover her first passion, it is true; but then she must replace it with another. That other was denied to Caroline: she had not even children to engross her thoughts and to occupy her 'prodigal' affections; and the gay world, which to many become an object, was to her only an escape.

Clarence, my triumph came! Lady Walden (who had never known our secret) invited me to her house: Caroline was there. In the same spot where we had so often stood before, and in which her earliest affections were insensibly breathed away, in that same spot, my arm encircled her, and I drew from her colourless and trembling lips, the confession of her weakness, the restored and pervading power of my remembrance.

But Caroline was a proud and virtuous woman: even while her heart betrayed her, her mind resisted; and in the very avowal of her unconquered attachment, she renounced and discarded me for ever.

This again irritates his vanity. He could, he says, have consented to part from her for ever—but then the sentence of separation must have sprung from *himself*. However, for the time, he suppresses these feelings, and buries himself in the country with his books:—

But I was then too bound to the world not to be perpetually reminded of its events. My retreat was thronged with occasional migrators from London; my books were mingled with the news and scandal of the day. All spoke to me of Lady Merton; not as I loved to picture her to myself, pale and sorrowful, and brooding over my image; but gay, dissipated, the dispenser of smiles, the prototype and deity of joy. I contrasted this account of her with the melancholy and gloom of my own feelings, and I resented as an insult to myself, that which I ought to have rejoiced at, as an engrossment of reflection, for her.

In this angry and fretful mood I returned to London. My empire was soon resumed; and now, Linden, comes the most sickening part of my confessions. Vanity is a growing and insatiable disease: what seems to its desires as wealth to-day, to-morrow it rejects as poverty. I was at first contented to know that I was beloved; by degrees, slow, yet sure, I desired that others should know it also. I longed to display my power over the celebrated and courted Lady Merton; and to put the last crown to my reputation and importance. The envy of others is the food of our own self-love. Oh, you know not, you dream not, of the galling mortifications to which a proud woman, whose love commands her pride, is subjected. I imposed upon Caroline the most humiliating, the most painful tasks; I would allow her to see none but those I pleased; to go to no place, where I withheld my consent; and I hesitated not to exert and testify my power over her affections, in proportion to the publicity of the opportunity.

Yet, with all this littleness, would you believe that I loved Caroline with the most ardent and engrossing passion? I have paused behind her, in order to kiss the ground she trod on; I have staid whole nights beneath her window, to catch one glimpse of her passing form, even though I had spent

hours of the day-time in her society ; and though my love burned and consumed me like a fire, I would not breathe a single wish against her innocence, or take advantage of my power to accomplish what I knew, from her virtue and pride, no atonement could possibly repay. Such are the inconsistencies of the heart, and such, while they prevent our perfection, redeem us from the utterness of vice. Never, even in my wildest days, was I blind to the glory of virtue, yet never, till my latest years, have I enjoyed the faculty to avail myself of my perception. I resembled the mole, which by Boyle is supposed to possess the idea of light, but to be unable to comprehend the objects on which it shines.

Among the varieties of my prevailing sin, was a weakness, common enough to worldly men. While I ostentatiously played off the love I had excited, I could not bear to show the love I felt. In our country, and, perhaps, though in a less degree, in all other highly artificial states, enthusiasm, or even feeling of any kind, is ridiculous ; and I could not endure the thought that my treasured and secret affections should be dragged from their retreat, to be cavilled and carped at by

Every beardless, vain comparative.

This weakness brought on the catastrophe of my love ; for, mark me, Clarence, it is through *our weaknesses that our vices are punished*. One night I went to a masquerade ; and while I was sitting in a remote corner, three of my acquaintances, whom I recognized, though they knew it not, approached and rallied me upon my *romantic* attachment to Lady Merton. One of them was a woman of a malicious and sarcastic wit ; the other two were men whom I disliked, because their pretensions interfered with mine ; they were diners-out, and anecdote-mongers. Stung to the quick by their sarcasms and laughter, I replied in a strain of mingled arrogance and jest ; at last I spoke slightly of the person in question ; and these profane and false lips dared not only to disown the remotest love to that being who was more to me than heaven and earth, but even to speak of herself with ridicule, and her affection with disdain.

In the midst of this, I turned and beheld, within hearing, a figure which I knew upon the moment. O God ! the burning shame and agony of that glance !—It raised its mask—I saw that blanched cheek, and that trembling lip ; and I knew that the iron had indeed entered into her soul.

Clarence, I never beheld her again, alive. Within a week from that time she was a corpse. She had borne much, suffered much, and murmured not ; but this shock pressed too hard, came too home, and from the hand of him for whom she would have sacrificed all ! I stood by her in death ; I beheld my work ; and I turned away, a wanderer and a pilgrim upon the face of the earth. Verily, I have had my reward.

This is dreadful—this is horrible. The first impulse on reading it is to shrink with disgust from the man who, under any circumstances, could have acted thus ; and undoubtedly that impulse is the true and just feeling. The very extent of this disgust, however, proves the vigour and nature of the writing ; and accordingly, when the impression of the invented scene, as such, has sufficiently subsided for us to look back to it critically, we cannot but admire the conception for its originality (—though we recoil from its nature—) as well as the force and fire with which it is rendered. And, omitting this moral blot, and, speaking only of the composition of this episode, we, as critics, in turning over the leaves again, after having finished the book, light with the more pleasure upon it, from its frank, free, and rapid tone being in contradistinction to the over-wrought, exaggerated language, which in many of the passages of meditative suffering, forms, as we

have already hinted, the main blemish of the book. We are more than ever convinced that the delineation of passion is the forte of the author of "Pelham."

We have given so much space to this first episode, that we have really none left for that of the young painter. Its conception we think fine and (metaphysically) true to nature. And the execution is most successfully, but, perhaps, somewhat unpleasantly, painful. We have added the word "metaphysically," in the sentence above, from our thinking that there is an inconsistency, in a practical point of view, in an artist who is represented as having so much genius, not having had more cultivation in his art, or not perceiving the want of it. Altogether, we think this character, though very painful to contemplate, nay perhaps one from which, as we read, we wish to get free, could not have been wrought as it is by a person of any thing like ordinary talents.

We are aware that we ought now to accompany the hero through the book; but really we do not know how. There is no plot—and we say this without fear of annoying the author, for he expresses his contempt of plots in his Introduction—Linden's love, like Pelham's, is scarcely at all wrought out;—(we like Lady Flora's letters to her friend, however, very much;—) and we want for other things the space which extracting a single scene would take. But, before we turn to the story of Mordaunt, on which we purpose being somewhat more explicit, we must say that there are several of the minor characters of the book whom we wish to abuse a little. Lord Aspeden, the ambassador, is impossible, physically and morally. In the first place, a man professing, and bragging of his skill in, the trade of compliments could never have made every one of them an insult. In the next, he never could have been an ambassador six months—for the court to which he was sent would, certainly, before that time have remonstrated with his Britannic Majesty for accrediting a natural fool. So much for the moral impossibility—the physical consists in the fact that talking as he is represented to do, he, beyond all question, would have been thrown out of window by some ill-natured, thick-headed country-gentleman at least twenty years before the book begins. Trollolop, the peculiar charm of writing whose name we can by no means perceive, though the author declares there is no such oblectation under the sun—Trollolop, (no! we cannot discover the delight for the life of us,) the metaphysician, is an overstrained caricature;—and the baronet "with a good heart," is another caricature which we are very sorry to see drawn. Good hearts are not so common as to need to be sneered down. We think that it is by no means usual for excellent feeling to be coupled with extreme weakness; nay, so little are we of that opinion, that we believe that, for one instance in which a good heart does harm by being coupled, as in this case, with a weak head, there are fifty in which a bad, a corrupted, a cold, or a callous heart does harm, let the head with which it is coupled be what it may. Moreover, caricaturing good feeling is a sort of homage to those possessed of bad—and it is one in which they especially delight.

We now come to the (in point of importance) main subject of the work; viz. the character of Algernon Mordaunt. Into his story we

must enter a little, seeing that, strange to say ! the development of his character is somewhat influenced by the force of the circumstances which occur to him. He is, first, introduced to us by his horse kicking the hero, Clarence Linden, in the yard of a country inn ; which occasions some intercourse of civility between them. But then they do not meet again for several years, and nearly three volumes—not, indeed, till after the real catastrophe of Mordaunt's story, though the most elaborate part of his philosophy is given afterwards. We fear our first extract will be rather a long one ; but it describes, and, as we think, very skilfully, happily, and delicately, the causes which laid the foundation for his very peculiar, but very estimable, character :—

Algernon Mordaunt was the last son of an old and honourable race, which had centuries back numbered princes in its line. His parents had had many children, but all (save Algernon, the youngest) died in their infancy. His mother perished in giving him birth. Constitutional infirmity, and the care of mercenary nurses, contributed to render Algernon a weakly and delicate child ; hence came a taste for loneliness and a passion for study, and from these sprung on the one hand the fastidiousness and reserve, which render us unamiable, and on the other the loftiness of spirit and the kindness of heart, which are the best and earliest gifts of literature, and more than counterbalance our deficiencies in the “minor morals” due to society, by their tendency to increase our attention to the greater ones belonging to mankind. Mr. Mordaunt was a man of luxurious habits and gambling propensities : wedded to London, he left the house of his ancestors to moulder in desertion and decay ; but to this home, Algernon was constantly consigned during his vacations from school ; and its solitude and cheerlessness, joined to a disposition naturally melancholy and thoughtful, gave those colours to his temper which subsequent events were calculated to deepen, not efface.

Truth obliges us to state, despite our partiality to Mordaunt, that when he left his school, after a residence of six years, it was with the bitter distinction of having been the most unpopular boy in it. Why, nobody could exactly explain, for his severest enemies could not accuse him of ill-nature, cowardice, or avarice, and these make the three capital offences of a school-boy ; but Algernon Mordaunt had already acquired the knowledge of himself, and could explain the cause, though with a bitter and swelling heart. His ill health, his long residence at home, his unfriended and almost orphan situation, his early habits of solitude and reserve, all these, so calculated to make the spirit shrink within itself, made him, on his entrance at school, if not unsocial, *appear* so : this was the primary reason of his unpopularity ; the second was, that he perceived, for he was sensitive (and consequently acute) to the extreme, the misfortune of his manner, and in his wish to rectify it, it became doubly unprepossessing ; to reserve, it now added embarrassment, to coldness, gloom ; and the pain he felt in addressing or being addressed by another, was naturally and necessarily reciprocal, for the effects of sympathy are nowhere so wonderful, yet so invisible, as in the manners.

By degrees he shunned the intercourse which had for him nothing but distress, and his volatile acquaintance were perhaps the first to set him the example. Often in his solitary walks he stopped afar off to gaze upon the sports, which none ever solicited him to share ; and as the shout of laughter and of happy hearts came, peal after peal, upon his ear, he turned enviously, yet not malignantly away, with tears, which not all his pride could curb, and muttered to himself, “And these, these hate me !”

There are two feelings common to all high or affectionate natures, that of extreme susceptibility to opinion, and that of extreme bitterness at its injustice. These feelings were Mordaunt's ; but the keen edge which one blow injures, the repetition blunts ; and, by little and little, Algernon be-

came not only accustomed, but, as he persuaded himself, indifferent to his want of popularity; his step grew more lofty, and his address more collected, and that which was once diffidence, gradually hardened into pride.

His residence at the university was neither without honour nor profit. A college life was then, as now, either the most retired or the most social of all others; I need scarcely say which it was to Mordaunt, but his was the age when solitude is desirable, and when the closet forms the mind better than the world. Driven upon itself, his intellect became inquiring, and its resources profound; admitted to their inmost recesses, he revelled among the treasures of ancient lore, and in his dreams of the Nymph and Naiad, or his researches after truth in the deep wells of the Stagyræ, or the golden fountains of Plato, he forgot the loneliness of his lot, and exhausted the hoarded enthusiasm of his soul.

But his mind, rather thoughtful than imaginative, found no idol like "divine philosophy." It delighted to plunge itself into the mazes of metaphysical investigation—to trace the springs of the intellect—to connect the arcana of the universe—to descend into the darkest caverns, or to wind through the minutest mysteries of nature, and rise, step by step, to that arduous elevation on which Thought stands dizzy and confused, looking beneath upon a clouded earth, and above, upon an unfathomable heaven.

Rarely wandering from his chamber, known personally to few, and intimately to none, Algernon yet left behind him at the university the most remarkable reputation of his day. He had obtained some of the highest of academical honours, and by that proverbial process of vulgar minds which ever frames the magnificent from the unknown,—the seclusion in which he lived, and the recondite nature of his favourite pursuits, attached to his name a still greater celebrity and interest, than all the orthodox and regular dignities he had acquired. There are few men who do not console themselves for not being generally loved, if they can reasonably hope that they are generally esteemed. Mordaunt had now grown reconciled to himself and to his kind. He had opened to his interest a world in his own breast, and it consoled him for his mortification in the world without. But, better than this, his habits as well as studies had strengthened the principles and confirmed the nobility of his mind. He was not, it is true, more kind, more benevolent, more upright than before; but those virtues now emanated from principle—not emotion.

We have often thought that principle to the mind is what a free constitution is to a people: without that principle, or that free constitution, the one may be for the moment as good—the other as happy, but we cannot tell how long the goodness and the happiness will continue.

This, we think, is good. It combines strong sense and amiable feeling; and is (almost entirely) free from the chief faults of this work. Mordaunt goes from the university to London, where he finds how little his ideas and feelings coincide with his father's. His father seems wretched and ashamed in his son's presence—the reasons for which afterwards but too fearfully appear—viz., that he has, with something very like dishonesty, deprived him of his inheritance. He sends him abroad. On Algernon's return, his father is dead.

He had not been long returned, before he found two enemies to his tranquillity—the one was love, the other appeared in the more formidable guise of a claimant to his estate. Before Algernon was aware of the nature of the latter, he went to consult with his lawyer.

"If the claim be just, I shall not, of course, proceed to law," said Mordaunt.

"But without the estate, Sir, you have nothing!"

"True," said Algernon, calmly.

But the claim was not just, and to law he went.

The person with whom Mordaunt is in love, is the niece of an old Indian General, who objects to the match, in consequence of the lawsuit—while a cousin of Mordaunt, who is inclined to assist him, also protests against the marriage, on the score of the “new blood” of the lady’s family. The general and his sister are represented as people considerably more intolerable than is easily consistent with possibility: and, their exceeding brutality, conjoined with the endeavour to force upon Isabel an odious match, drives her to the extremity of running away with Mordaunt. We confess we are both too delicate and too indelicate to approve of the ideas which the author puts into her head, upon her elopement. She knows that their marriage will go near to ruin her lover, by depriving him of the countenance and assistance, and ultimately the succession, of his rich relation. She therefore forms an idea of — but really, it is too nice a matter for us to substitute our words for the author’s:—

She was a person of acute, and even poignant sensibilities, and these the imperfect nature of her education had but little served to guide or to correct; but as her habits were pure and good, the impulses which spring from habit were also sinless and exalted, and if they erred, “they leant to virtue’s side,” and partook rather of a romantic and excessive generosity than of the weakness of *womanhood* or the selfishness of passion. All the misery and debasement of her equivocal and dependant situation had not been able to drive her into compliance with Mordaunt’s passionate and urgent prayers; and her heart was proof even to the eloquence of love when that eloquence pointed towards the worldly injury and depreciation of her lover; but this new persecution was utterly unforeseen in its nature, and intolerable from its cause. To marry another—to be torn for ever from one in whom her whole heart was wrapped—to be forced not only to forego his love, but to feel that the very thought of him was a crime; all this, backed by the vehement and galling insults of her relations, and the sullen and unmoved meanness of her intended bridegroom, who answered her candour and confession with a sort of stubborn indifference and an unaltered address, made a load of evil, which could neither be borne with resignation, nor contemplated with patience; yet, even amidst all the bitterness of her soul, and the incoherent desperation in which her letter to Mordaunt had been penned, she felt a sort of confused resolution that he should not be the sacrifice.

In extreme youth, and still preserving more than childish innocence, she did not exactly perceive the nature of her trust in Mordaunt; nor the consequences of any other tie with him than the sacred one of marriage; but she had read and heard of women, in their noble and fond devotedness, sacrificing all for love, and she had internally resolved that she would swell their number, rather than cost him a single loss or deprivation. To sacrifice for Algernon Mordaunt—what happiness, what pride in the thought! and that thought reconciled her to the letter she wrote, and the prayer which it contained. Poor girl! little did she conceive that in the eyes of the world that sacrifice, that self-devotion, would have been the greatest crime she could commit.

Now, this we cannot but be old-fashioned enough to consider very false sentiment. We do not—as we doubt not, the author will give us credit for—look upon it merely with the straight-forward worldly judgment which, in this case, would be a very unjust one. We can conceive such ideas to exist in a young person’s mind quite compatibly with purity. But we cannot but regard the reasoning as wholly false—and, we think, the author ought to have shown this, instead of ending in a tone carrying forgiveness almost into approbation. Were there no

other point save one—the fate of the children—that alone ought to shew the iniquity of the measure. We think such matters had better not be touched upon at all—but when they are, an author should not leave them in this equivocal state.

*Mordaunt, of course, will not listen to such an arrangement. They are married, and go to reside at Mordaunt-hall, a place on the antiquity and the patrician character of all the appointments of which the author loves to dwell. Indeed, his reverence for *mere* antiquity of descent, which peeps forth very frequently, manifestly has a stronger hold upon his mind than we should have thought quite in consonance with some other of its qualities. There is another bent also—which we cannot but lament and condemn most strongly—of a nature peculiarly, we should have thought, discrepant from the metaphysical tastes which are so much brought forward, with which we are presented immediately upon Mordaunt taking his bride home. We allude to a belief in omens and prognostics: it is not only brought forward in the passage we are about to notice, where the circumstance described might almost be taken as the hallucination of a romantic mind, but it is seriously repeated by the author himself in a subsequent part of the book, with other circumstances which he uses every privilege of authorship to impress upon the reader's mind as facts:—

We said the autumn and winter were gone; and it was in one of those latter days in March, when, like a hoyden girl subsiding into dawning womanhood, the rude weather mellows into a softer and tenderer month, that, by the side of a stream, overshadowed by many a brake and tree, from which the young blossoms sent “a message from the spring,” sate two persons.

“I know not, dearest Algernon,” said one, who was a female, “if this is not almost the sweetest month in the year, because it is the month of *Hope*.”

“Ay, Isabel; and they did it wrong who called it harsh, and dedicated it to Mars. I exult even in the fresh winds which harder frames than mine shrink from, and I love feeling their wild breath fan my cheek as I ride against it.”

“And so do I,” said Isabel, softly; “for the same winds which come to my cheek must have kissed yours.”

“I remember,” said Algernon, musingly, “that on this very day three years ago, I was travelling through Germany, alone and on horseback, and I stood not far from Ens, on the banks of the Danube; the waters of the river were disturbed and fierce, and the winds came loud and angry against my face, dashing the spray of the waves upon me, and filling my spirits with a buoyant and glad delight; and at that time I had been indulging old dreams of poetry, and had laid my philosophy aside; and, in the inspiration of the moment, I lifted up my hand towards the quarter from whence the winds came, and questioned them audibly of their birth-place, and their bourne; and as the enthusiasm increased, I compared them to our human life, which a moment is, and then is *not*; and, proceeding from folly to folly, I asked them, as if they were the weird interpreters of heaven, for a type and sign of my future lot.”

“And what said they?” inquired Isabel, smiling, yet smiling timidly.

“They answered not,” replied Mordaunt; “but a voice within me seemed to say—‘Look above!’ and I raised my eyes, but I did not see *thee*, love—so the Book of Fate lied.”

“Nay, Algernon, what *did* you see?” asked Isabel, more earnestly than the question deserved.

"I saw a thin cloud, alone amidst many dense and dark ones scattered around; and as I gazed, it seemed to take the likeness of a funeral procession—coffin, bearers, priest, all—as clear in the cloud as I have seen them on the *earth*, and I shuddered as I saw; but the winds blew the vapour onwards, and it mingled with the broader masses of cloud; and then, Isabel, the sun shone forth for a moment, and I mistook, love, when I said you were not there, for *that* sun was you; but suddenly the winds ceased, and the rain came on fast and heavy: so my romance cooled, and my fever slaked—I thought on the inn at Ens, and the blessings of a wood fire, which s lighted in a moment, and I spurred on my horse accordingly."

We conclude the anniversary of this omen is doomed to be unfortunate; inasmuch as, before they reach home, a letter arrives announcing the unfavourable termination of the law-suit—which, in fact, is ruin.

There is, then, a gap of four years in the course of the story, and for above half a volume we are carried among the gay mazes of fashionable life with Clarence Linden. Of a sudden, we have Mordaunt and his wife again placed before us—in abject want. Mordaunt bears another name, and it is some time before his identity with Glendower is officially announced to the reader. But as it is quite clear that they are one and the same, this very transparent mystery seems to us idle. He is represented as earning a very scanty livelihood by writings which, "then obscure and unknown, were destined, years afterwards, to excite the vague admiration of the crowd, and the deeper homage of the wise." The attachment existing between his wife and himself is depicted as most tender and extreme; and, where they first are introduced to the reader after the *lacune* we have mentioned, she comes and endeavours to take him from his work, prolonged into extreme lateness, in a manner undoubtedly very touchingly given. But, then, the scene is prolonged greatly too much, and deteriorates into that fatal over-writing—that allowing a heap of gorgeous words to assume the place of ideas—which throws so great a blemish over several parts of this book. For instance, we will not speak in caricature, which, in this case, would be most easy—but is the following *natural*, for a husband, although in a mood of reflection, to say to his wife, beautiful and affectionate though she be? We will give him in our extract all the advantages of circumstance and situation thrown around him by the author:—

And they walked to the window and looked forth. All was hushed and still in the narrow street; the cold grey clouds were hurrying fast along the sky, and the stars, weak and waning in their light, gleamed forth at rare intervals upon the mute city like the expiring watch-lamps of the dead.

They leaned out, and spoke not; but when they looked above upon the melancholy heavens, they drew nearer to each other, as if it were their natural instinct to do so, whenever the world without seemed discouraging and sad.

At length the student broke the silence; but his thoughts, which were wandering and disjointed, were breathed less to her than vaguely and unconsciously to himself. "Morn breaks—another and another!—day upon day!—while we drag on our load like the blind beast which knows not when the burthen shall be cast off, and the hour of rest be come."

The woman pressed his hand to her bosom, but made no rejoinder—she knew his mood—and the student continued.

"And so life frets itself away! Four years have passed over our seclusion—four years! a great segment in the little circle of our mortality; and of

those years what day has pleasure won from labour, or what night has sleep snatched wholly from the lamp? Weaker than the miser, the insatiable and restless mind traverses from east to west; and from the nooks, and corners, and crevices of earth collects, fragment by fragment, grain by grain, atom by atom, the riches which it gathers to its coffers—for what?—to starve amidst the plenty! The fantasies of the imagination bring a ready and substantial return: not so the treasures of thought. Better that I had renounced the soul's labour for that of its hardier frame—better that I had ‘sweated in the eye of Phœbus,’ than ‘eat my heart with crosses and with cares,’—seeking truth and wanting bread—adding to the indigence of poverty its humiliation;—wroth with the arrogance of those who weigh in the shallow scales of their meagre knowledge the product of lavish thought, and of the hard hours for which health, and sleep, and spirit have been exchanged;—sharing the lot of those who would enchant the old serpent of evil, which refuses the voice of the charmer!—struggling against the prejudice and bigoted delusion of the bandaged and fettered herd to whom, in our fond hopes and aspirations, we trusted to give light and freedom;—seeing the slavish judgments we would have redeemed from error, clashing their chains at us in ire; made criminal by our very benevolence;—the martyrs whose zeal is rewarded with persecution, whose prophecies are crowned with contempt!—Better, oh, better that I had not listened to the vanity of a heated brain—better that I had made my home with the lark and the wild bee, among the fields and the quiet hills, where life, if obscurer, is less debased, and hope, if less eagerly indulged, is less bitterly disappointed. The frame, it is true, might have been bowed to a harsher labour, but the heart would at least have had its rest from anxiety, and the mind its relaxation from thought.”

Now, do people, however exalted in mind, or rich in learning, ever talk thus? The last part of this tirade really has scarcely any meaning at all. What sort of expressions are “the bandaged and fettered herd,” and “slavish judgments clashing their chains at us in ire”? Who ever expressed the sentiment that it would have been better to live in the country by the words—“better if I had made my home with the lark and the wild bee”? Really, here is food for a maligner—but we are not such: we are but sorry when we see fine powers turned to fantastic purposes like these—and we sigh for that sound, clear, fresh, firm writing, which no one better than this author must know is the true test of genius, rather than all such gorgeous emptiness that the power of words could put together.

Mordaunt's poverty increases, and he is exposed to bitter temptation. The machinery of this is, we think, singularly unskilful. The character of Mr. Crawford, the tempter, may, perhaps, odious as it is, not be incompatible with nature—but the villainous project in which he wishes to involve Mordaunt, so as to save himself, seems to us to be totally, we will not say impossible to execute, but impossible to conceive. And so, we imagine, it seems to the author, too; for he has taken refuge in silence, and never defines the plan itself, however minutely he may go into its consequences. It is first introduced to the reader in the following terms:—“In an extensive scheme of fraud, which for many years this man had carried on, and which for secrecy and boldness was almost unequalled, it had of late become necessary for his safety to have a partner, or rather tool.” And the reader knows no more of this scheme to the end of the book. Its grandeur, and complexity, and extent, and duration, are constantly spoken of—but its actual nature is never revealed—or, we should guess, invented. We confess

we can form no idea of the nature of a scheme, the entrance of a second man into which is to save the neck of the first.

But, grant that Crauford *has* in his possession a plan of this kind, the manner in which he urges his temptation is undoubtedly most forcibly painted. Mordaunt has, by the death of the bookseller from whom he has derived his very scanty supplies, fallen into a state of positive want of the necessaries of life, and he sees his wife, and his beloved child also, fading by degrees before his eyes. The picture of this terrible state is drawn with both great force and delicacy—but the sufferings arising from absolute lack of food are such as we cannot but contemplate with almost unmingled pain. There is, however, something very beautiful in the total absence of every thing like irritation, or hastiness, or peevishness, which poverty of this degree might well call forth, occasionally, even in such hearts as these:—but no;—

The peevishness, the querulous and stinging irritations of want, came not to her affectionate and kindly heart; nor could all those biting and bitter evils of fate, which turn the love that is born of luxury into rancour and gall, scathe the beautiful and holy passion which had knit into one those two unearthly natures. They rather clung the closer to each other, as all things in heaven and earth spake in tempest or in gloom around them, and coined their sorrows into endearment, and their looks into smiles, and strove each, from the depth of despair, to pluck hope and comfort for the other.

This, it is true, was more striking and constant in her than in Glendower; for in love, man, be he ever so generous, is always outdone. Yet even when, in moments of extreme passion and conflict, the strife broke from his breast into words, never once was his discontent vented upon her, or his reproaches lavished on any but fortune or himself, or his murmurs mingled with a single breath wounding to her tenderness, or detracting from his love.

Poverty is on them in its most awful power. His wife—a wife like this—and beloved as is here represented, is decaying from absolute want. He is tempted—tempted with offers of instant and most extensive relief—but its condition is guilt:—

It was, indeed, a mighty and perilous trial to Glendower, when rushing from the presence of his wife and child—when fainting under accumulated evils—when almost delirious with sickening and heated thought, to hear at each prompting of the wrung and excited nature, each heave of the black fountain that in no mortal breast is utterly exhausted, one smooth, soft, persuasive voice for ever whispering, “Relief!”—relief, certain, utter, instantaneous!—the voice of one pledged never to relax an effort or spare a pang, by a danger to himself, a danger of shame and death—the voice of one who never spake but in friendship and compassion, profound in craft, and a very sage in the disguises with which language invests deeds.

But *Virtue* has resources buried in itself, which we know not, till the invading hour calls them from their retreats. Surrounded by hosts without, and when nature, itself turned traitor, is its most deadly enemy within, it assumes a new and a super-human power, which is greater than nature itself. Whatever be its creed—whatever be its sect—from whatever segment of the globe its orisons arise, *Virtue* is God’s empire, and from his throne of thrones He will defend it.

It is most unpleasant, in the midst of such a passage as this, to be drawn from the subject itself to consider, and we fear we must add condemn, the composition. But, reading eagerly onward, in a mood as far removed as is possible from that of the critic, we cannot but

start and stop short at what immediately follows. The passage just extracted we consider highly eloquent and powerful—that we are about to quote, which is in uninterrupted continuation, seems to us to be really *all words*. To our mind it conveys no definite idea, it gives rise to no thought—it in fact sacrifices meaning to sound. We extract it as an apt exemplification of the over-writing of which we have complained, and which our readers might begin to think we had overcharged, as we have cited only one instance of it. But there are reasons of every kind to make us extract the beauties rather than the faults:—

The orbs of creation ; the islands of light which float in myriads on the ocean of the universe ; suns that have no number, pouring life upon worlds that, untravelled by the wings of Seraphim, spread through the depths of space without end ; these are to the eye of God but the creatures of a lesser exertion of His power, born to blaze, to testify His glory and to perish ! But Virtue is more precious than all worlds—an emanation, an essence of Himself—more ethereal than the angels—more durable than the palaces—of Heaven !—the mightiest masterpiece of Him who set the stars upon their courses, and filled Chaos with an universe ! Though cast into this distant earth, and struggling on the dim arena of a human heart, all things above are spectators of its conflict, or enlisted in its cause. The angels have their charge over it—the banners of arch-angels are on its side ; and from sphere to sphere, through the illimitable ether, and round the impenetrable darkness, at the feet of God, its triumph is hymned by harps, which are strung to the glories of its Creator !

The one position meant to be laid down in the above passage we admit is discernible ; but the illustrations by which it is accompanied are to us wholly incomprehensible. Such images as “suns that have no number,”—“worlds, untravelled by the wings of Seraphim,”—in short, the whole of the mass of figures here collected, give not, as far as we can conceive, any sort of help or ornament to the assertion, which in itself is undoubtedly fine, that the Almighty values Virtue above all his physical creations.

The catastrophe of Mordaunt's story is given with much pathos. In consequence of certain circumstances brought about very naturally, he is restored to his possessions ; and the news reach him at the very moment his wife is expiring through the effects of need ! She dies comforted and grateful that they will be felt by *him* no more.

This scene, which is done very touchingly, we call the catastrophe of the story, in contradiction to Mordaunt's own, which does not occur for a volume and a half later. We confess, we think it would have been better if it had ended in this place*. Not that we in any degree desire to lose either the general metaphysical discussion which the author, somewhat amusingly, places in one mass together, with a note to direct the impatient reader who may not relish such topics, where he may skip to ;—we do not, we say, desire to lose either this, or the more general description of Mordaunt's mind and feelings in the latter part of the book. But, we confess, we think by far the greater part of them, certainly the whole of the formal disquisition, might be placed earlier with equal effect. We admit that the description of the progress of the daughter is done with much delicacy and interest—al-

* Of course we are here speaking only of Mordaunt's branch of the book.

though, probably, at too great length. But we question whether that alone is worthy of prolonging the tale;—and the whole circumstances of his death, with its very improbable physical means, and all its omens and foreshadowings morally, we would very willingly give up. We may here add, that the character of the immediate agent of his death, Wolfe the republican, is very powerfully, though very painfully, drawn.

We have gone too much at length into the consideration of this book to venture upon the metaphysical lecture to which we have already alluded. It would, indeed, take an essay in itself to do fair and full justice to it;—for that which formed the excuse of its existence in its present shape, is likewise ours for not discussing it—viz., that such things should be done fully and thoroughly, or not at all. We must say, however, that, in our humble judgment, we think it displays both much thought and much information.

Neither shall we, for the same reasons, and for others above hinted, (—to say nothing of our fear of boring our readers with a dose of double-distilled metaphysics—viz., once by the author and once by us—) give any further *précis* of Mordaunt's course. There are in it some touches of great power, and several of very amiable feeling. But we must again express our annoyance at the host of omens, physical as well as moral—"gouts of blood," for instance, on the floor,—which precede Mordaunt's death. Surely *these* are not the results of the study of morals in their elevated sense.

There is another point, also, which came across us very unpleasantly: viz., those passages—and there are, we think, three of considerable length—in which the author speaks of himself and his feelings in very lavish detail. These things are real, fictitious, or a mixture of both—and, in any case, it would be much better taste to omit them; more especially as a lady—whose connection with himself it is impossible to mistake—is constantly alluded to, nay, directly invoked, throughout these very singular passages, in a manner which, to say the least of it, gives the reader very *awkward* feelings. We hope, if the work run to a second edition, these may be omitted. The *four* volumes could spare that much.

On the whole, we do not think there is anything in the *Disowned* so good as the very best parts of *Pelham*; but there is nothing (unless it be the *Copperases*, or some bits of Mr. Brown) that is not much better than its inferior parts. We think the *Disowned* evinces much more mind than the former work—more sound and valuable information; and, at all events, that it confirms beyond a doubt, the belief that the author of these books is anything but an ordinary person.

A LOOKING-GLASS FOR LONDON.

No. I.—THE TOWER.

A CHANCE circumstance caused me, a few days ago, to make a visit in the Tower. "Well, if I am to go to the Tower," I exclaimed, "I will see it in due form, throughout."

When I arrived there, I found that my friend whom I went to visit, had taken care that I should see its "curiosities," as they are there technically termed, to the greatest effect—for he had engaged a warder to shew us through them, who himself was as great a curiosity as any he displayed. He was the very *beau idéal* of what the cicerone of such a place should be. His veneration for every thing he displayed—his pertinacity in sticking to the established text, when any little historical discrepancy caused us to put some questions which seemed to impugn the received reading—and above all, his mingled sorrow, hatred, and scorn of the doings of Dr. Meyrick in putting the armour, in the horse-armoury, into chronological order—these, and divers other similar characteristics, caused our worthy guide to be more thoroughly in keeping with the place than it was possible to hope for. I wonder Sir Walter Scott has never immortalized this man. He would form the chief attraction of any work in which he might be transferred to the Gothic hall of some old castle—if, indeed, it would not be too great a degradation for the worthy warder to sink from royal to only noble service. He knows full well the difference of degree, as will be seen anon.

We were first taken to the Spanish Armoury, "so called from its containing the spoils of what was vainly called the '*Invincible Armada*.'" At the door are two figures, the analogy of which to either the armoury or the Armada, I vainly attempted to discover. They are representatives of Gin and Beer! These estimable statues are, I suppose, of stone—but, as they are coloured, it is difficult to distinguish their material. One has in his hand a quartern of gin, the other a pot of beer—exceedingly typical of London generally, but how of this particular arsenal, I vainly, even by questions to my erudite guide, attempted to discover. But—oh! Hogarth, let not thy spirit hear!—there is not, as in the immortal representations of Gin, Land and Beer Street, any indication of the terrible difference between the effects of these two civic beverages;—the worthy type of Beer, is, indeed, sturdy and stout as he should be; but eke is he of Gin! There is nothing of the squalor, the disease, the frenzy which are so fearfully represented in Hogarth's print. Would that a copy of it, finely coloured, to attract the eyes of incipient gin-drinkers, were stuck up opposite to every gin-shop in London; with "See the ruin which comes from Blue Ruin," written underneath! And the stout, healthy effigies which represents that liquor at the Tower should be cashiered—or rather some gastronomic Dr. Meyrick should discover that, like the armour, it has been misappropriated, and that in truth the gastronomic representatives of English strength and courage, at the door of the receptacle of the edils of one of their most glorious victories, should be *Beef* and Beer.

Upon entering the Spanish Armoury, I found that there were many English things also—and some of a date prior to the Armada. There is, in particular, a very extraordinary cannon—inasmuch as it, and its fellows, occasioned the English, in days of yore, completely to outwit the French, and beat them by dint of craft instead of dint of blows. It is a wooden cannon, made perfectly to represent an iron one, and which in fact appears so even as you stand near it. It is one of several made by Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, when he besieged Boulogne, in the reign of Henry VIII. He found that the roads were impassable for heavy battering cannon; he, therefore, caused a number of these *make-believes* to be constructed—fitted them properly in batteries in considerable numbers—and then summoned the garrison, with allusion to his means of destruction. The town surrendered without a shot—which, indeed, on the English side, it would have been difficult to fire. This cannon is quaintly named Policy.

There are two other weapons, if I may so term one of them, of Henry VIII.'s time, singularly in contrast to each other, as regards their use, and the associations attached to each. The first of these is a large bulky staff—the knob at the top of which contains three matchlock pistols, with a sort of dagger or bayonet in the centre. This is Henry VIII.'s walking staff; and, with it, he is represented to have traversed the streets at night, to see that the city-watch kept good order. There is an anecdote told of him, with reference to this very formidable looking instrument, which shews him more as the bluff, good-humoured King Hal, which he is represented to have been in his youth, and which Shakspeare, with courtly deference to his royal mistress, has too much depicted him in his play, before the long indulgence of self-will made him the heartless and bloody tyrant which he was in the latter part of his reign. The anecdote runs that, one winter's night, when he was playing the Haroun Alraschid, he was encountered by a watchman at the Bridge-foot, who wanted to know what business he had wandering about the city at night with so formidable a weapon as his staff. What the King answered is not on record; but it ended in his being carried off to the Poultry Compter, and there lodged for the night. The strange part of the story is that the luxurious Harry did not then declare who he was—for he was shut up without fire or candle, and became so befrozen, and it would seem, hungry also, that the next day, when the declaration of his rank had freed him, he made a grant of 30 chaldrons of coals and a large allowance of bread, by the year, for ever, to the Poultry Compter, that unhappy night-prisoners might have fair warmth and food. He also granted the parish of St. Magnus, an annual stipend of twenty-three pounds and a mark—and rewarded the constables, who were quaking with fear, for having done their duty. I was assured in the Tower that these grants are still paid—and, which is rather better authority, Maitland, in his History of London, says that they were at the time he wrote.*

This lively and good humoured proceeding is in sad contrast with the other instrument of which I have spoken. It is the axe by which Anne Boleyn was beheaded. The ideas excited by this execution are always

* This work was published in 1756.

most painful; for, without going into the absurd one-sided feelings with which the history of that reign is usually written and read, and crying her up as a martyr, it is quite possible to have the sincerest pity for Anne Boleyn's fate. That her conduct was light and imprudent there can be no doubt—but that there was no evidence, worthy of credit, to prove more—and that there was *none* to establish the most atrocious of the accusations brought against her, is equally certain. To say nothing of her constant, and very beautiful, declarations of innocence to the last, the spirit in which the whole prosecution was conducted is alone sufficient to excite the strongest commiseration for any party so tried. Guilty or innocent, Henry had determined she should be found guilty—and, once such a resolution was known, there was no chance for the accused. He married Jane Seymour the day after Anne Boleyn's execution.

This axe, it is said, also inflicted death upon Lord Essex!—The instrument itself is remarkable in formation; the blade is exceedingly broad and large, and the handle, one would think, too slight effectually to wield such a ponderous head. It is made, also, for a left-handed person. But how remarkable is the moral contrast which the events in which it figured present! Essex, whose whole proceedings after his return from Ireland, were wild and headlong to the most extraordinary extent, is, in every way, as opposite to Anne as it is possible to conceive. Yet there are points of resemblance, too: each had been beloved by the reigning sovereign; and, from the highest favour, sank suddenly into total helplessness. And, faulty as Essex was, it is scarcely possible not to pity him—for his crimes are not of an order to excite the feelings against him. And the story of the ring—which, unlike most of the romantic stories in history, I fully believe to be true—hacknied as it is, always carries something exceedingly touching along with it.

But the Spanish Armoury still deserves its name—for it is nearly filled with the relics of the Armada. In the first place—not that she can be exactly considered a *relic* of the Armada—is a figure of Queen Elizabeth on horseback, in the dress in which she went to St. Paul's to return thanksgivings for the defeat of the Armada, but in the *attitude* in which she viewed and harangued her troops at Tilbury camp. At least so we are assured in a very valuable publication, entitled—"A new and improved History and Description of the Tower of London," which is printed by J. King, College Hill, and sold (besides at divers booksellers) at the Armouries to visitors only, at the moderate price of sixpence.—This effigy of the maiden Queen is covered with "crimson velvet, crimson silk, green velvet, gold lace, white silk, flowers, spangles, diamonds, pearls, &c."—or, to use a military phrase, things which "do duty as such." There is a great deal of skill displayed in the typographical arrangement of this description, in the valuable work above-mentioned. It states the Queen to be just outside a magnificent tent, on the south side of which is a transparency representing a vessel arriving with the news of the destruction of the Armada; while at the east and west end of the tent are——— This word is in the middle of the last line of a right-hand page; the skill of the printer or author determines upon not finishing the line—no—the expectation of the reader is excited—he turns over the leaf hastily—and he finds that

Queen Elizabeth, receiving the intelligence of her victory over the Spaniards, is standing between (Oh ! that this might be at the bottom of my page !) between

“TWO STANDARDS, taken at St. Eustatia by Admiral Rodney and General Vaughan, in the American war” !—I cannot conceive any arrangement more appropriate—though, to be sure, the awkward lawsuits which continued to be brought for years against those gallant commanders, for the restitution of British property seized with the Dutch, somewhat diminishes the warlike character of the combination. We soon, however, get back to the scenes relating to the Armada, for we find that “The whole is enclosed with a fine representation of Tilbury Fort, in imitation of bricks and hewn stones, on which are placed ten pieces of brass cannon, neatly mounted on proper carriages. These cannon were presented to Charles II. when about nine years of age, to assist him in learning the art of war, by the brass foundry of London.” This I readily believe: his majesty’s military exploits are exactly in consonance with such a system of education.

There are, however, some very beautiful, and many very curious, arms taken from the Spaniards, stored in this armoury. The description of some of these is irresistibly entertaining—for instance:—

“SPANISH RANCEURS, made in different forms, and intended either to kill men on horseback, to cut the horses’ reins, or to pull the men off their horses: at the back are two spikes, which we are told were to pick the roast beef out of the Englishmen’s teeth” !

There are also instruments intended for less kind purposes than supplying the place of a tooth-pick—*Cravats*, namely, not for the neck, but to “lock the feet, arms, and hands of the English heretics together.”—*Thumb-screws*, of which there were several chests, it is said, on board the Armada. What seemed to me the most curious were shields, with a pistol fixed in the centre, in a manner which would permit the person discharging it to be sheltered in the shield, a small grate being fixed in it, for him to take aim through; and pikes, eighteen feet long, formed to resist cavalry—one end of the weapon resting in the earth, the hold being about the centre, and the remainder of it protruding to resist the attack*. The Spanish general’s shield, which was used rather as a standard than a shield, being carried

* The arrangement of the catalogue of these weapons, in the little volume already lauded, is exceedingly curious. Between these Spanish pikes, and the newly-invented tooth-picks, mentioned above, is the following item. “A DANISH and SAXON CLUB, as also a Saxon sword; said to have been used by those violent invaders when they attempted to conquer this country. These are, perhaps, curiosities of the greatest antiquity of any in the Tower, having lain there nearly 900 years.” One cannot, I think, but be grateful for the historical information, that the Saxons, as well as the Danes, failed to conquer this country. They chanced, at one time, to form the whole nation; but that was before the Tower was built. Again, between some Spanish poisoned swords, and the Spanish general’s halbert, with the Pope’s head at the top, is the following, which I copy for the sake of the moral apotaphic respecting quality and crime so skilfully introduced:—“A PIECE OF A SCYTIE placed on a pole, being a specimen of weapons taken at the battle of Sedgemoor, in the reign of King James II. They belonged to the Duke of Monmouth, who headed a party of rebels; but as no man’s quality ought to be a protection for his crimes, he was taken and shortly after executed for his rebellion, July 15th, 1685.”

before him, is certainly a gorgeous thing. There are the labours of Hercules, and a variety of ornaments engraved and embossed upon it;—and an inscription* in Roman capitals, which I am surprised to find Maitland, as well as my friend the blue book, which I suppose copied it from him, recording, as an extraordinary fact, to have been done “near a hundred years before the art of printing was known in England.”—I shall be glad to know how many years it was before the invention of silk-stockings—for the one appears to me to be every whit as germane to the matter as the other. Several of the Spanish weapons are said to be poisoned: it is easy to say so—but, I confess, I did not remove any doubts I may have had floating in my mind, by running one of the points into my finger to ascertain.

Lastly, there was the banner, blessed into invincibility by the pope, and given by him at the sailing of an expedition in every respect as unfortunate as any that ever put from shore. I confess, I am proud of the destruction of the Spanish Armada. In general, I hate the clamour usually set up about English military glories—for I have no particular predilection for military glories at all. They, for the most part, consist in an inordinate infliction of death, wounds, and sufferings of every kind physical and moral—and, nearly always, all this is extended from the armies, whose agreeable trade it is to inflict and undergo such things, to the inhabitants of the countries which are so fortunate as to be favoured by their presence; and who receive no pay or decorations whatever for being robbed, outraged, and put to death. When a war, in addition to these merits, has that (which indeed must belong to one side) of being in an unjust cause, I think it is rather an amiable thing to be proud of its glories. English people, gentle and simple, are taught from their childhood to keep up a very disgusting boasting about Cressy, Poitiers*, and Agincourt. Now I wish they would be pleased to call to mind, that the wars in which these actions took place, lasted, with some few intermissions—the chief was a truce in Richard II. and Henry IV.’s reigns—from 1338, when Edward III. landed in France, to 1452, when the final loss of Bordeaux put the coping-stone to our deprivation of our French possessions, with the isolated exception of Calais, which we held in the same peculiar manner that we now do Gibraltar, for about a century longer. I wish that they would call to mind, that besides all the lives lost in battle, sieges, by the fatigue of marches, by being put to death in cold blood after surrender†, and the other *ordinary* military modes, France was, as the seat of war, subjected, for that century, to miseries, to name the least of which would make the blood curdle. Even the historians of those days, who regarded such things as too ordinary to lay much stress upon them, speak with pitying horror of the outrages to which the inhabitants were subjected by those wandering bands, known in history by the name of *Companions*—who, fighting on one side or the other (de’il a care which) during the continuance of hostilities, lived on exaction from the population in the intervals. This was for their support; but there was a number of charming varieties of outrage and

* At this battle, by the way, the majority of the Black Prince’s army consisted of Gascons: I mean of natives of Aquitaine, generally.

† Burning garrisons alive was then an approved practice.

bloodshed for their pleasure. And those historians (gentlemen quite free from mock, or extravagant, humanity, be it recollected) record the devastation of Normandy as making that splendid country so utter a *desert*, that they prophesied it would be felt “an hundred years thereafter;” and their prophecy came true. Lastly, I would wish the worthy lauders of Cressy and Co. to call to mind that they were fought in a cause so fantastically unjust that, were it not for the unspeakable horrors to which it gave rise, it would be perfectly laughable. Edward III., *on his own shewing*, had no more right to the crown of France, than I, the gentleman writing the account of his visit to the Tower, have to that of China. And I solemnly assure my readers I am not Ching Ling in disguise,

For these reasons, I always wish people gagged whom I hear *boasting* of these the victories of “our Edwards and Henrys,” or (only the realization of such a wish is beyond hope) that they should be forced to learn a few of the real facts of what they are talking about.

Thus, I have no very sensitive sympathy in our “military glories” generally. But, notwithstanding that, I may be allowed to feel my heart warm at the defeat of the Spanish Armada. In that case, we were attacked for nothing at all—our conduct was wholly defensive—and we (with the wind and weather, it must be owned, a good deal to help us) very heartily thrashed a parcel of fellows who, as the armoury here proves, were coming to put thumb-screws and handcuffs upon our hands and wrists, and to pick our teeth with a nondescript instrument of their invention—not made of a quill. Moreover, there was no *seat-of-war* business here. We beat them; and they died at once, or escaped—or the weather destroyed them. But we did not commit all manner of outrages upon peaceful and innocent people *because* we fought with the troops. There is no stain upon this victory—which, though very much exaggerated, because we choose to forget our allies, the gales of wind, was still, and beyond doubt, a very gallant and skilful thing in a military (“naval” would be the modern phrase) point of view, and a national glory, peculiarly gratifying to national feelings, in all.

Next, I went to the Horse Armoury;—and here the warder’s lamentations over despoiled greatness began. For my part, I cannot understand how Dr. Meyrick could ever get the alterations done. How there came to be fingers in the Tower which would take the armour off “kings” and put it upon “lords and knights,” I cannot conceive. I fear there must have been some degenerate and un-Tower-like people within the walls, who were seduced by wages, or some such trinket, into working without too minutely inquiring what it was they did. My guide would never have defiled his hand by such a thing, I know full well. Why, the moment we entered the horse armoury, he began saying, “These used to be all kings, but now there are a lot of them lords and knights.” Certainly matters are a good deal altered since I was in the Tower last, some (I will not say how many) years ago, when I was a child. Then there was a goodly line of kings, longer far than that of Banquo’s children, stretching down from William the Conqueror to George II. Now, with the exception of Edward I., there is nobody before Henry VI., and the

exhibition is no longer, like the play which the amateurs wish for in the song,

•
Something with nothing but kings.

Alas this is another of the evils which that horrid thing, the march of intellect, is bringing about! Is it not too bad that the authorities of a country like England should grow ashamed of having the effigies of its line of kings, in a public national collection, attired in warlike decorations, half of which any fourth-form-boy could tell them did not exist for centuries after their wearers' death? It is too bad! The government is really beginning to pay some attention to historical accuracy; and to think that it is not creditable to the country for foreigners to come to our national exhibitions, and find them only exhibitions of national ignorance. Nay, and for a trivial point like this, they have literally sacrificed the completeness of the line of kings, and foisted some mere knights among them! And here is an inscription fixing this at a date—*Georgio IV. Opt. Max. Regnante; Arthur Duce Wellington, Ordinationum Magistro*. Well, if the Duke of Wellington has it written up that he, in his capacity of Master-General of the Ordnance, patronised such doings, there can be no doubt that the reports are true that he is becoming a radical, now he is prime minister.

These, of course, are the sentiments of many of your respectable country gentlemen; and this, doubtless, is the manner in which they express them, when they visit the Tower, for the benefit of Madame—our rosy-cheeked misses between twenty and fourteen—and John who is on his way to enter at Oxford. But, the feelings of my friend the warder are, I am sure, very different from those of the dunderheads*. Their expression was, as my readers will presently see, occasionally ludicrous—but I respected the man for possessing them. It showed he had a good heart. He could not be expected to enter into the motives which caused the changes, and it would be strange indeed if he could behold the metamorphoses of all his old friends unmoved. I always like people who are attached to the persons and places by whom and which they are in the habit of being surrounded—and these kings in armour are a sort of mixture of both. Still, I could not, occasionally, help smiling at some of the worthy old man's remarks, but I never once did it without a kindly feeling.

The first king in point of date—one might say in nearly all points—is Edward I. He was far from being a good man, but he was close upon being a great king, at least as regarded the realm which he inherited;—cold, stern,—perhaps bloody—as a conqueror, still as a civil governor his merits were great. Almost all kings, in those days, were warriors, and no gentle ones—but few kings either then or since have caused the framing of statutes of Westminster. Edward is in a suit of chain armour, and has on a hauberk, which a poem of decaying popularity has, from one's school recollections, so closely coupled with his image.

From hence we make a jump at once to Henry VI. The juxtapo-

* I don't by any means intend to call *all* country gentlemen dunderheads: only those of the above description. I have a high respect for a vast number of country gentlemen—especially just now at Christmas.

sition is curious—for the dates of the existence of the two kings are scarcely more dissimilar than their characters and fortunes. It seems also very extraordinary that there should not be a suit of armour remaining in the Tower of the days of the wars in France. Formerly, the Black Prince was to be seen in a suit of armour, “of what was termed russet, and gilt in the most curious manner throughout,” which is now transferred to Edward VI.—to the great horror of the worthy warder. And that which was shown as Edward III.’s, is now put upon the stalwart frame of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk—the most famous tilter of the early days of Henry VIII.’s reign*. The warder is wont to say, “There, that was Edward the III.’s armour—I don’t know how they make it out now to be this lord’s—it had been king Edward’s for hundreds of years—I knew it so myself, for five-and-thirty.” I certainly so far share in the worthy veteran’s feelings, as to lament exceedingly that there is no armour in the Tower of the date of so warlike a period. I have complete faith in Dr. Meyrick’s accuracy. His researches upon the subject of armour have been so long-continued and so deep, that it is impossible to suppose that he can materially err; and he has acquired the highest approbation of those most competent to judge. It therefore remains matter of great wonder that no complete suit of an earlier date than that of Henry VI. should be preserved in the Tower. The chain armour on the figure of Edward I. has no doubt been collected—but its very existence in the armoury renders it more extraordinary that there should be none of the age during which the English scarcely did anything but fight.

I was also very much surprised at seeing only one of the whole line bearing a crest upon his casque. The impression on my mind was that this is Edward IV.—but I see my friend the little book gives it to Henry VI.—but that also mentions only one. I do not profess to be in the least erudite on this subject—but I had always thought the crest was habitually worn on the helmet—and here, neither in the battle nor the tilting suits, is there any such thing to be seen. The helmet of most of the tournament-suits has this peculiarity—that the vizor is a perfect plate on the left side and has only holes instead of bars on the right. These are so placed to enable the knight to see how to direct his lance, the rest for which is on the right breast.

The friend whom I was with and I were holding some slight discourse touching the helmets—when a person, whom I afterwards understood to be in some way employed in the care of the armour, joined us—and, after a short time, expressed his belief, that such things as helmets could never have been worn, as they must have stifled the wearers. The weight, he said, was nothing to hurt, but no man could breathe for any length of time, so cased up. Thinks I to myself, alas! for the veracity of mine honest gossip, Sir John Froissart, canon of Chimay, if this novel doctrine be correct—and I ventured to express my doubts thereof, on the ground that, if that were so, our ancestors could have had no other motive for making the number of

* There is a note to the account of the horse-armoury, which states that the date of the armour is, in every case, correct—but that ten suits only have been positively identified, which are distinguished by a mark. Of these the Duke of Suffolk’s is one. This alone is sufficient to show the extent to which anachronism was formerly carried.

helmets which, at that moment, surrounded us on every side, except that of bamboozling their descendants—a fact, which seemed to me somewhat improbable. My interlocutor, however, smiled—and remained firm in his opinion. He then asked me, if I would try a helmet on, and then I should see whether he was not right. I said, “with all my heart”—and he accordingly called to some men, who were at work cleaning pieces of armour, to bring a helmet. The first they brought was still streaming with oil, and I objected. The next was not quite free from it at the part which joins the cuirass, and I dreaded the destruction of my coat—I took it off—my waistcoat then was in jeopardy—I doffed that, too; for, as I was to dine in the Tower, and had my things brought to dress, I did not much care about the shoulder of my shirt being slightly smeared (and it could not be more, as my friend was wiping away manfully at the helmet all the time,) in order that I might have the pleasure of being suffocated, to prove the truth of this new and extraordinary theory. I accordingly donned the helmet, the vizor of which was closed; and was then asked, whether I could breathe?—“Perfectly!” I answered. “Oh! yes; I see how it is; the air comes up from below.” This was quite true—for I now perceived, to my surprise, that helmets—at least, such helmets as that in which I was figuring, which seemed to be one of about Henry VIII.’s time,—never rested on the head; but were either formed to be supported by the shoulders directly, or what, from the figures in armour, appeared more likely, by the cuirass, at their junction at the bottom of the throat. I, having no other armour on at all, felt the weight on the apex of my head very considerable; and certainly I should think *that* would be too oppressive for a man to bear for a permanence, or in exertion. But my good predecessor in filling that respected casque, never, I am confident, felt it touch his organ of veneration at all.

The aperture, by which I surreptitiously got air, was forthwith stopped up with handkerchiefs, as multitudinous, in number and colour, as those which rescued Pat Jennings’s hat. “Now! can you breathe?” “Perfectly,” I answered again; and, after continuing to breathe perfectly for some three or four minutes, I was unhelmeted; and, of course, the theorist remained unshaken in his opinion; and I readily admit that this experiment was no very accurate criterion.

I have since got a clue, which at once explains to me whence this idea arose. I have been told that this person once officiated as one of the knights at the Lord Mayor’s show, and that it made him exceedingly ill. Now this, I can very well understand to be perfectly possible and natural, without the whole blame resting with the helmet. The weight of the whole suit, the noise, the motion, the exertion, the heat, might affect the whole frame generally—and *then*, I confess, that I would much rather have my mouth and nostrils free to the air, than subject to the amiable interposition of iron bars. I cannot but consider it, however, a hasty conclusion to draw from even this,—that helmets were never worn. I was amused, however, on the whole—more especially as it caused me to act *Don Quixote* in his study, with one bit of armour on by way of rehearsal; and I must say, that throughout our discussion and experiment, my theoretical opponent was exceedingly courteous and polite.

I believe it is now universally admitted that the old stories about degeneracy are merely old nurses' gossip ; and, certainly, no one can go through the horse armoury at the Tower without being quite certain of that—if he do not even imbibe some slight tinge of a contrary opinion. These suits of armour would fit the average men of the present day—there are very few, as it struck my eye, which would do for the more powerful. In one point, especially, the armour seemed to me to be so, almost universally, unsuited to a man of, I might almost say, ordinary build, that, were it not that Dr. Meyrick has superintended it, I should have surmised there was some inaccuracy in the manner in which it is put together. I allude to the extraordinary smallness of the leg, which prevails, with a very few exceptions, throughout the whole line. Of course, the figure, whatever it may be made of, has nothing to do with this ; for the armour is closed exactly, and it matters not what, or whether any thing, be within side. In some instances, this tenuity was such that I could hardly be persuaded that there might not have been some custom of leaving a portion of the inner part of the leg, where it is not exposed, uncovered ; but there was no symptom of such an arrangement in any case. I should like, as the vulgars say, “ to know the rights of this.”

The armour of Henry Prince of Wales, and that of his brother, Charles I. are, perhaps, the most showy in the line—and they are both identified. But, probably, the most imposing figures, partly from their bulk, partly from their being together, and partly, perhaps, from their position, near the centre of the array, are those of Henry VIII. and of the Duke of Suffolk, of whom I have already made mention. This last has not the corpulence of Henry ; but his breadth of shoulder and size of limb fully equal those of his king, whom he is represented as being in the act of saluting. Both these suits of armour are plate, and are identified as having belonged to Henry and Suffolk. This stalwart duke was, as I have said, the first tilter of his time ; and there is a curious anecdote come down of a little passage of Francis I. with regard to him, which I shall make bold to recite, as a very characteristic specimen of chivalry.

It is probable, however, that my readers and I may be looking two very different ways touching the characteristics of chivalry, unless I hold some slight preamble with them before I tell my story. They, probably, will think of chivalry as it has been represented in poems and romance—the very flower of generosity, the essence of gallantry, the unbreathed-on mirror of stainless good faith, the—but it is useless going through these trinkets ; it is perfectly clear what I mean. Such, I admit, is chivalry in theory—but that theory was always one of pure imagination. I look to chivalry in practice—chivalry as the facts of history show it to have been ; and I find its main characteristics, Cruelty, Ferocity, Treachery ;—sometimes the one is foremost, sometimes the other—but these are still ever the great principles, always most fully reduced into constant action. I do not mean to say that there may not be many exceptions—in a question of such an extent, there must be—but I do maintain that history *proves* that the more general course of the deeds of the knights of the chivalrous ages were such as to render applicable as defining qualities those odious ones which I have enumerated above. I was bred, like other people, with the usual admiration of all the fan-

tastes of chivalry—for the early reading of Don Quixote does any thing rather than bring chivalry into contempt with the young reader; it has been the subsequent reading of *facts* which has changed my opinions—or rather given me opinions in exchange for sentiments—on this subject: nay the full strength of those opinions was wrought by reading accounts of chivalry, by—I was going to say its defenders, but such writers never dream of its being impugned—by those who laud it to the skies, and who chant its praises in every period. Take for a sample, and he is a very favourable specimen of the race—Froissart. There cannot be a person more *devoted*, in its severest sense, to chivalry and its professors than Froissart—but he tells the truth as to *facts*: he may colour them a little sometimes, but he never belies them. Now, let any person read Froissart, and keep an eye strictly upon the facts: let him not mind his picturesque descriptions of great and noble people's dwellings—nor think of his accounts of their grand feasting, or their goodly hawkings, and their largess to the falconers—but let him watch steadily his accounts of what these people *do*:—he will find recorded not only rapine, and ferocity the most unmitigated—those of course—but cold-blooded cruelty that will make the flesh creep—torture—death by fire, by starvation, and from untended wounds in dungeons—treachery of the most intense description,—under the ties of hospitality, for instance, so cried up as a chivalrous virtue—and, above all, murder under the most solemn trust—these things will such a reader find as the staple doings of the age of chivalry. He will likewise find meannesses worthy only of a modern swindler. He will find the same results from all contemporary works read fairly, and no more than fairly, in the same spirit—that of *attending to facts*. And I cannot regard it as any very rash prophecy to say that, having so done, he will find that chivalry, as (alas!) it usually is represented, is a romantic bubble—that it never at any time had existence—but that the truth is, that cruelty and meanness, ferocity and treachery, were its real characteristics.

This may seem rather a formidable preface to the little anecdote, which after all is but a toy, that I am about to lay before my readers;—but, as a slight thing—a sort of play in comparison with real life—it is exceedingly exact in bearing out my doctrines. It displays first, treachery simple; next, treachery to a friend; next, treachery to an ally in arms; next, ferocity of a mean and low kind,—and all this is done by one who was reckoned the very pink as well as pattern of knighthood of his day—Francis I.!

The occurrence took place while he was still Comte d'Angoulême, and happened at a tournament given at the French court on the occasion of the marriage of Louis XII. with Princess Mary of England. The Comte d'Angoulême chose for his two “aids,” as they were called, the Duke of Suffolk and the Marquis of Dorset. After some time, he was wounded and retired from the lists, leaving them “to fight at the barriers, and, therefore, take the first place against all comers.” The Comte d'Angoulême, it seems, must have had some spite against the Duke of Suffolk—perhaps, he had been outshone by him in the lists; at all events, he takes a most chivalrous mode of venting his ill-blood. There chanced to be about the French court, at that time, a German

of extraordinary size and strength, who was supposed capable of *smashing* any man in the lists. The Comte d'Angoulême, accordingly, calls for this Teutonic Tom Cribb—has him properly armed, and sends him into the lists, to do for the duke. But the duke was himself “an ugly customer,” and, after giving the German a rough reception, at first, in a second encounter he completely gets the better of him, and wounds him severely.

I am ashamed of having been betrayed, slightly, into slang language in this description—but really the whole transaction is so exactly like the low villainy of the ruffians of our ring at this day, that scarcely any other terms could be appropriate. Now, this is chivalry on its own ground—at the very tip-top of its pride and pageantry! This happened at a tournament!—a tournament, which was supposed to consist of all the finer ingredients of chivalry, condensed into a gay and graceful essence to please “the peacock and the ladies!” And what does this incident present? Imprimis, meanness. Item, plotting with low villains. Item, ferocity—selecting this Goliath. Item, betraying a friend, to the extent of hiring ruffians to outrage him, when you have just been fighting by his side. Item, it is the act of him who has been rated as the very Quintessence of chivalry!—Basta.

To return to the gallery. The most complete suit of sheet armour, as it struck my unpractised eye, was that bestowed very appropriately upon Sir Henry Lea, “Master of the Armoury, A. D. 1570.” The guide-book asserts this Sir Henry Lea to be the same as him who is introduced into “Woodstock.” Sir Walter, certainly, is not very remarkable for the accuracy of his chronology in such matters, and I think he makes some apology for anachronism in that book—but I do not recollect whether he identifies his old knight with this Sir Henry, Queen Elizabeth’s armourer. Certes, he is Sir Henry Lea of Ditchley—but the Christian name, as well as the estate, might belong to many of the race. This Sir Henry in the Tower must have been a fine stalwart fellow—and his armour, as became his calling, is indeed point-device.

The last figure on horseback is that of James II.—and the manner in which the guide-book abuses him for the place into which they have chosen to put him in the Tower, is an exemplary lesson to fallen monarchs. The figure is not in the line, but at the extremity, rather in advance, at the end of the room away from that at which you enter:—“The circumstances of his present position somewhat appropriately correspond with his well-known abdication of the throne and flight from the kingdom: he has left the company of his brother sovereigns, and the enclosure assigned to them, and appears to be stealing cautiously along, close to the wall, and in a corner of the building, with his horse’s head towards the door.” Again the notice concludes with asserting that “the striking contrast which his appearance affords, when compared with the rest of the equestrian figures, is well worthy of observation.” Really, Signor Guide-book, this is too hard. I am the very reverse of a Jacobite, but I certainly think king Jamie is here very unfairly treated. It is rather hard to make him responsible for being put to “stand in the corner,” a century after his death. But, setting aside the moral types which the ‘Description’ draws from his dress and situation, the costume of the figure is curious—but it is, I

think, a very natural one for a king to wear in a campaign, being an admixture of his ordinary clothes and armour. The dress of that day was not very picturesque, and the addition of the few pieces of armour makes it quite fantastic to eyes of the present time. James is represented in a broad-skirted drab velvet coat with silver lace—a blue velvet waistcoat with gold lace—a very large white neckcloth, tied in an enormous bow—large jack-boots and gilt spurs. He wears a long and curling black wig, falling upon his shoulders, over which is a helmet—a cuirass is over his coat, and he has a gauntlet on his left hand, and a sword by his side. The melange is somewhat curious—but the mark of identity is not affixed to the account; and it may be a mere fancy-piece. Still the details are undoubtedly chronologically correct.

Opposite the centre of the line of horsemen, is a recess, in which there are very many curious arms of all sorts, and kinds, and dates. There is a figure of a "swordsman" of 1506, with half-armour, from beneath which a puckered velvet skirt protrudes, and which, increasing in circumference as it descends, hangs to his knees, somewhat in the fashion of a kilt. There is also a foot-soldier of 1540, in dark armour, and with a two-handed sword; and, near the recess, an archer of 1590—all in "Lincoln green—how becoming!"—with sort of doublet quilted, and containing plates of iron.

In this recess is one of the chief thorns in the side of the excellent warder. There is a child's figure in armour, which suit is identified as having belonged to Charles II., when only six years old. Formerly, this was considered to have been the armour of Richard, Duke of York, the son of Edward IV. He, from his (alleged*) murder, is one of the heroes of the Tower—and it is sad that he should have had his armour given to a profligate of two centuries later. I pity, however, any child who ever was in this armour; for it seems so inveterately small, that any child little enough to get within it, could scarcely, as it appears to me, have been strong enough to bear any garment more weighty than its own bib.

Behind the line of horse are specimens of ordnance up to Henry VI.'s time. Many of them are very beautifully carved and inlaid, and some are of great size. There is no very striking dissimilarity in their outward form and appearance from the artillery of the present day, except that the guns are, as it seemed to me, for the most part longer. Indeed, it would seem that the improvements of modern science in cannon, have not carried them into anything near the same dissimilarity from the early specimens, which has been the case with regard to hand-guns.

The Horse-Armoury is, I think, by far the most characteristic part of the Tower—for the small arms, kept in readiness for our present troops, though their arrangement is both most beautiful and effectual, and their numbers are almost appalling, do not seem to me in keeping with this old fortress, which, in every respect, speaks so vividly of the dark ages. Undoubtedly, as a *coup-d'œil*, what is called the Small

* I do not mean by this expression to give any Aye or No to this allegation; I merely mean to say that this murder has been strongly doubted, and that it requires a great deal of reading to come to the conclusion that——it is next to impossible to form any definite opinion.

Armoury is splendid. (The diminutive epithet is here applied to the quality of the arms, not the size of the apartment, which is, I believe, the largest in the Tower.) The Emperor Alexander was, I was assured, more struck with this than with any thing. It was natural that he should be—for he could have but little knowledge of, and no interest in, the associations arising from our old history—and he had, especially at that moment, the keenest interest in every thing attached to modern warfare. Not being Emperor of Russia, just arrived from the campaigns of 1812, 13, and 14—I have not that interest; and, therefore, I shall say no more of the Small Armoury, than that it is, physically, a very grand sight; but that it is not calculated to call up any train of thought or feeling, beyond that painful and perplexing one to which every thing relating to war must, if it be pondered upon, give rise.

We then went into the room where the regalia are kept, and I must own I was much disappointed. I scarcely know what I expected; for the diamonds shone as diamonds usually do, and the pearls were larger than most pearls I had seen. Still, there was nothing impressive in the whole thing. The room was literally a miserable “hole in a corner,” and the crown-jewels seemed, in the manner in which they were arranged, like the show-board of a second-rate shop. The extreme fewness of the articles, also, took very much from their effect. Jewels, to produce any real effect, should be either in great masses, or should be worn: in the latter case their real province lies. They glance in shining hair, or stand in relief upon a beautiful neck; and they are mingled with the colours of dress under the guidance of a tasteful judgment. But jewels by themselves jewels, gathered together like these, to be stared at, are after all scarcely anything even to the sight.

I confess the inordinate value attached to stones called precious has often surprised me exceedingly. I know of no custom so universally spread throughout the world as is this estimation of jewels, to which some more intelligible origin cannot be ascribed. The value given to gold and silver is in no degree parallel—the necessity of a general medium of circulating value has (in all probability originally from chance) fixed upon these metals, and copper, as the representatives of goods, in their broadest sense. It would certainly be exceedingly inconvenient to have

Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door ;
and by no means to be wished that

Astride his cheese Sir Morgan we might meet,
And Wordly crying coals from street to street.

No—even Pope's loosely reasoned, though most pointedly written, lines are sufficient to prove this. *Things* are too bulky—we must have *money*.

But no jot of this reasoning applies to jewels. They are merely for the eye—for ornament in its most direct and limited signification. Now, when we consider how many means of ornament there are very nearly approaching to the beauty of the finest jewels, it is strange that they should have acquired such a pre-eminence of value. I do not say that a bead, a berry, or even a beautiful flower, is as brilliant, or, taken altogether, as gratifying to the sight as a diamond, a ruby, or pearls.

But I do not think there is a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand pounds' difference between them.*

The friend who was with me rather affronted the lady who showed the regalia, by alluding to the rumour that the jewels kept for the public to see are false, and that the real are at some jeweller's. She asserted very strongly the contrary, "as in duty bound"—and I have no idea how the case may be. By the way, it would have been rather entertaining if Colonel Blood had finally succeeded in his carrying off the crown, and had found it to consist of false jewels! There is a very amusing and characteristic account of this celebrated adventure in Maitland's 'History of London.' The whole scheme seems to have been deeply matured, and to have failed only from an incident which it was impossible to foresee, and against the occurrence of which the chances are incalculable—viz. the unexpected return of a young officer from service at the very moment the crime was in course of perpetration.

The attempt was made in 1673, when a person named Edwards was keeper of the Regalia. Blood began by paying a visit in the (then very marked) habit of a clergyman, with a lady, purporting to be his wife, in his company, for the apparent purpose of seeing the crown-jewels in the ordinary manner. After these had been duly inspected and admired, the lady suddenly felt herself ill, and Mrs. Edwards came to her assistance, and showed her every possible kindness and attention—taking her up into her room, and using every means for her restoration. Blood's gratitude was of course boundless; and he returned, in a day or two afterwards, to repeat his thanks, saying that his wife could talk of nothing but the kindness of the good people at the Tower. He brought Mrs. Edwards a present of "white French gloves"—so we gather, by this, the important historical fact that French kid gloves were then, as now, the chosen wear of English ladies. Blood continued his visits, and at last pretending to be struck with the beauty and modest demeanour of Mr. Edwards's daughter, said that he had a nephew, a young man about to leave Cambridge, who had two or three hundred a-year in land, and that he should be most happy to join their families by making a match between the young people. Such a proceeding, however extraordinary it might appear at this time of day, was by no means unusual then; we constantly meet with it in the plays of the period, as a thing by no means out of the common way. We wish our ancestors joy of the custom.

Blood, it would seem, acted the clergyman with great unction. Being asked to dinner, his grace was immoderately long; and, in every respect, he maintained even more than the necessary decency and dignity of demeanour. On the occasion of his dining there, he appeared to be struck with a very handsome pair of pistols hanging in one of the rooms, and bought them "for a young lord, his neighbour." It is supposed that his real reason was that he thought the pistols had better be elsewhere than at Mr. Edwards's, on the execution of his attempt upon the jewels.

* Nay, sometimes, *I have* seen a rose, or a bunch of blossoms in hair, quite as gratifying to my sight, as any jewels could have been. And I do not allude to any particular wearer, honour bright.

A day was fixed for the pseudo-clergyman to bring his nephew, that the young people might become known to each other. Blood came at what seems to me to have been, even in the days of Charles II., a very uncourtly hour, viz., seven in the morning. Three more men came with him; they were armed with daggers and pocket-pistols, and had blades within their canes. Blood said they would not go up stairs till his wife came; and the strangers begged, in the mean time, to see the Regalia. Mr. Edwards accordingly conducted them; and as soon as they had entered the Crown-room, as it is called, they threw a cloak over his head, and flung him upon the ground. They then put a gag into his mouth—"a great plug of wood, with a hole in the middle to breathe at;" it was fastened to a waxed leather, which was passed round his neck. They put an iron hook with a spring to his nose, "that no sound might escape him that way." They then said, that they would have the crown-jewels; but that, if he would be quiet, they would spare his life. But the old man—and he was a very old man, nearly eighty—was a gallant fellow, and true to his trust. The very idea of the Regalia being taken from his custody appeared to him a reversion of the order of nature. He had no idea of submitting, but roared as lustily as he could. Upon this, they forthwith knocked him down with a mallet. But, no sooner was he down, than he began to roar again. The gags, it seems to me, must have been miserably constructed, or they might have left Edwards to roar as much as he could. They proceeded, however, to a more undeniable mode of silencing any man, viz., by giving him nine or ten blows on the head with the mallet, and thrusting a dagger into his belly. He now became nearly senseless,—but he still retained sufficient consciousness to hear one of the party, who stooped over him, say, "He's dead! I'll warrant him!"—which impression on their minds he very wisely determined to do nothing more to disturb.

The ruffians then proceeded to take the Regalia. Blood put the crown under his cloak, and one of his accomplices, named Parrot, stuffed the globe into the pocket of the bulky breeches which it was then the fashion to wear. The third man began to file the sceptre into two, in order to put the pieces into a bag, which they had brought with them.

In the mean time it so chanced that Edwards's son arrived from Flanders, whither he had been with Sir John Talbot, who had given him leave to visit his family, immediately upon landing in England. He was accosted, at the door of his father's house, by the fellow left on the watch, who asked him what he wanted? Young Edwards said, he belonged to the family, and, perceiving that the man himself was a stranger to the place, said, if he wished to see his father, he would mention it, and went on. The sentry, at this, was alarmed, and ran and informed his fellows in the crown-room. They thought it best to be off at once with what they had got, and, leaving the sceptre, which was not yet filed into two, they posted off as hard as they could.

Believing the old man to be dead, they left him, unbound; but, as soon as they were fairly gone, old Edwards frees himself from the gag, and roars out "Murder!—Treason!" at the full pitch of his lungs. His daughter—who may be supposed to have been a little on the qui

cise, considering the nominal purpose of the visit, and who, indeed, is gravely recorded, by the historian, to have sent down her maid to examine and report upon the personal appearance of the intended bridegroom—his daughter was the first to run to him, and, gathering what had happened, ran out, shouting “Treason!—The crown is stolen!—Treason!” This speedily occasioned a general alarm throughout the Tower: young Edwards, and a Captain Beckman, who was also at the house, were the first to pursue, and nearly got shot for their pains—the warders, at the nearer posts, having let the sober-looking clergyman and his friends pass, unnoticed, and firing at those whom they now saw running with speed, and whom they took for the culprits. The cry, however, was well up before Blood reached the last draw-bridge, and the outer gates. The warder at the draw-bridge attempted to stop him—but Blood fired a pistol at him, and the man (though it afterwards appeared that he was untouched) dropped according to form. The sentinel at the gate, drawing his own conclusions from the full view which he had of this transaction, suffers Blood and his associates to pass unopposed. They had now got into the open street, when Beckman, Edwards, and others came up. One of them seized Parrot, and dispossessed him of the globe; while Beckman attacked Blood, who fired at him as he approached. But Beckman, who appears to have been a most cool and steadily brave man, ducked to avoid the shot, and then rushed in upon Blood. The ruffian had just mounted, having had time to get upon his horse; but he was compelled to leave it again, that loyal animal remonstrating in the most irresistible manner against bearing a crown he had no right to. A struggle ensued—and Beckman ultimately prevailed—Blood, flinging the crown upon the ground, and exclaiming, “Well! ’twas a noble attempt, though unsuccessful—it was for a crown!”

But Blood seems to have understood something of those who wear crowns, as well as of crowns themselves—for his examination before Charles II. is, at once, one of the most amusing, and one of the most disgusting, passages in history—or more strictly, it would be the former to an extreme degree, if the intensity of the latter feeling did not mar your entertainment as you read.

Charles II. not unfrequently interfered personally in the administration of justice—just as a variety in his amusements—something to excite him at the time, and to laugh at afterwards*. This case was, of course, the topic of the day, and Charles, instead of allowing things regularly to take their course, orders Blood to be brought up before himself, in council, at Whitehall.

The behaviour of this fellow on this occasion, is, I think, unmatched for effrontery, skill, knowledge of nature, and the most watchful and unshrinking self-possession. He avowed at once the crime of which

* It is entertaining to hear old Pepys, who, in his diary, which nobody was to see, or could read, during his life,—talks frankly enough of the evils of government, —always lamenting that the king did not give his personal attention to the affairs of the nation, and then that every thing would go right. Truly, if the following example be taken as a specimen, I think the nation was quite as well off in the hands of his amiable ministers. I say nothing of the doctrine in general, except that it is evident Pepys was unacquainted with the modern principle of the division of labour.

he was accused—going through a long list of old claims upon the crown, which had, as he alleged, been shamefully resisted, till he determined to repay himself by the seizure of the crown itself. He avowed what he was incidentally charged with, the outrage upon the Duke of Ormond, which he also attributed to wrongs unredressed. Upon being asked for his accomplices, he answered, that he might say what he pleased of himself, but that he would never betray any gentleman who had trusted him. And, at last, he addressed the king himself, and enlisted both his vanity and his fears in his cause. He declared, that he had undertaken to shoot the king; and said, that he had lain in ambush for that purpose, among the reeds in the Thames, above Battersea, when Charles went to bathe there: but that, when the king came within reach, the noble majesty of his countenance so overpowered him—that he felt that it was impossible to slay him. Nay, more, that he bore the impression of what he had seen so strongly on his mind, that he had dissuaded some of his comrades from a similar attempt*. On the other hand, he asserted that, if he was doomed to suffer, he regretted he could not then save the king's life, or that of those who joined in his condemnation, inasmuch as there were hundreds bound by the most solemn and terrible oath to revenge the death of any one of their number, and that, if he were touched, they might individually fear every day to be massacred!

I have no sort of doubt that both these assertions were pure fiction: but they had their effect. For, not only was Blood set free; but he had, very shortly after, 500*l.* a-year settled upon him in Ireland, of which country he was a native. This was the punishment for an attempt to steal the Regalia of England, attended with the attempted, and very nearly completed, murder of their keeper. The reward to the keeper, a man eighty years of age, for the suffering he had undergone in the defence of those jewels—was a *gratuity*, not *pension*, of two hundred pounds, while to his son, who had personally assisted in saving them, received one hundred. Thus were Villainy and Virtue comparatively estimated by Charles II. and his government. Oh! the loss we have in the Stuarts!

But there is one room in the Tower, which is not shown to strangers, that interested me more than almost any thing I saw there. It is that in which state prisoners were kept: it is now used as the mess-room of the officers of the guards, stationed in the Tower. It is a very moderately-sized room, originally, I should think, octagon, with recesses—but additional windows have been broken through for modern comfort, and its form now is very irregular. But the walls, which seem to be of a moderately-soft stone, retain abundant marks of the sad duties they have performed in olden times. They are covered with inscriptions of the most curious kinds, and in an extraordinary variety of language, made, apparently, by the unhappy people in confinement—some, as it would seem, merely as a record of the fact of imprisonment; but several, it is evident from their elaborate execution, and even occasionally by the multiplicity of their sculptured

* Blood here alludes to the Puritans, one of whom he always affected to be—having alleged that it was on account of the king's "severity to the godly," that he had intended to murder him.

ornament, must have been done as an occupation to fill up the heavy hours of prison life. I do not wish to exaggerate—and do not mean to say that any of the ornaments attached to the inscriptions are very finely done—but there are several coats of arms and devices of all kinds and sorts—such as crosses, flowers, eagles, figures of Time and Death—nay, sometimes what may be considered more than a mere device; for instance, a representation of a man kneeling at a tomb—these things, I say, are done in a manner which I cannot at all understand being within the power of prisoners, taken generally, it is true, from the educated ranks of life, yet who cannot be supposed to have had skill in sculpture. I use this term, because nearly all the decorations, and a very large proportion of even the inscriptions, are *in relief*—being the exact reverse of the ordinary mode of writing. I am sure there are very few ‘lords and gentlemen’ of the present day, who, if they were shut up in the Tower, could place upon the wall their coats of arms, or a moral reflection, or stanza of verse, in letters protruding from the wall, instead of cut into it.

This is a problem which may perhaps be solved in one of two ways. Either an artist must have been employed, which, to say nothing of the greater part of the figures not quite reaching that pitch, must be exceedingly improbable from the distance of dates one from the other, and the almost impossibility of such a person being admitted into the prison at various times;—or the prisoners under state-accusations must have much more generally possessed graphic powers than persons of the same condition would at the present day. I surmise, from the dates and other circumstances, that most of the prisoners in this room were confined on account of religion, on one side or other: several of them were ecclesiastics or students; these persons, perhaps, may have studied such things as illumination of books, and may thus have been able to decorate the stone walls of their prisons, when they had nothing else to write upon. At all events, so the facts are. My readers may, perhaps, be more competent to trace them to their causes than I am, who am but a poor antiquarian.

I have copied a few of the inscriptions I considered the most curious. One is in five different languages. There is an oblong sort of figure on the wall, somewhat in the shape of an ordinary tombstone—in, over, and around which, in every possible direction, are the following reflections and apothegms: these are all in relief. First, at each side of the top are the dates of the year and month. Anno D. 1571.—10th Sept.—the latter probably meaning the day on which the whole was finished, or begun, as it must have taken a considerable time. The year 1571 appears in more of these inscriptions than any other. It is no very violent conclusion to suppose that the prisoners of this date were Catholics, as it was just at that time that the famous bull of Pius V. depriving Elizabeth of her right to the crown, and absolving all her subjects from their allegiance, was affixed to the gates of the Bishop of London’s palace. This business occasioned extreme agitation among the Catholics; not to speak of the great plot concocted during that year, between the leaders of the Catholic party and Queen Mary, and the Spanish ambassador and the agent of the Pope; which ended in Norfolk’s execution. Somehow implicated in the troubles arising from

these transactions it is natural to suppose our polyglotist to have been; but, though he writes in many tongues, he says very little; it is difficult to extract much more than the most general sentiments from the following:—

"The most unhappy man in the world is he that is not patient in adversities, for men are not killed with the adversities they have, but with the impatience which they suffer." Of the English I have modernized the spelling, for really copying a dozen consonants out of use, and final *es*'s innumerable, was too much for me. In the French and Italian I have stuck to it as it is in the original, lest, in the latter at least, my modernizations of the words might be alterations of the sense. The next part of the inscription is the following apothegm, which the man who would impugn, must be an inveterate disputant. "Tout vient a point, qu'y pueit attendre"—that is, supposing my friend and I are right in supposing these most hieroglyphically written words to mean, that "Every thing will come to an issue (for him) who can wait." Close below this is an assertion of the linguist's grief in Italian—"Gli sospiri ne son testimoni del' langoscia mia." Now, notwithstanding the cruel divorce inflicted upon the two *l*'s of dell', every young lady will acknowledge the truth of the statement that "Sighs bear witness of my anguish!" We have, then, the signature "Charles Bailly," and the age, "Æt. 29." The name, as it is spelled, may be either French or English; and it is impossible, from the gift of tongues possessed by the writer, to know which country has the juster claim to his birth. Then we have a scrap of Latin. "Principium sapientiæ timor Domini."* And, after a little couplet, one line on each side of the figure—

Be friend to one,
Enemy to none—

we came to a language which neither I nor the friend who was with me, who is an excellent linguist, could very well identify. The words are "Hoepende Hebt Pacientie," which we agreed, from its queer resemblance to German, must be either Dutch, or some bastard dialect of that language. Guided by the German, we *guessed*, for it is mere guess-work, this to mean "Hoping raises the patience"—*Pacientie*, however, in no degree resembles the German word, which is *geduld*.—Probably the sentence is patchwork.

The whole of this inscription is, I think, very curious—there are so many languages used to say nothing. I can well understand that any very explicit declaration of sentiment on the subject of the imprisonment might cause considerable inconvenience. Still, some others do hint their opinions a little; as, for instance, I found a cross, with "Staro fidele," written underneath it; and—though in this case, the directness of the application must depend entirely on the circumstances of the individual and of the time,—a representation of an oak-leaf between two acorns, with the inscription of "Sperando me goderò." This is dated 1537, and signed with a sort of extraordinary combination of an M, an E, and a little B growing out of the M's left leg, which I am confident there is no type in the fount to represent.

The prevalence of Italian in these inscriptions is very remarkable. I conclude there must have been many ecclesiastics of that country

* The chief of wisdom is the fear of the Lord.

imprisoned during the religious turmoils here, in the sixteenth century. But even that will not account for the following very curious inscription, for, (to say nothing of the English name) as far as the date is distinguishable, it is 1428. The Italian seems to be slightly mixed with Latin; at all events it is of a description quite obsolete now. The characters are exceedingly old and curiously-shaped, but very distinctly cut. We had great difficulty in decyphering some of them—the *D* especially, which resembled rather a German capital (printed) S, than any other letter we knew. After much puzzling we read the inscription as follows:—"Dispoi che vole la Fortuna que la mea speransa va al vento! pianger ho volio el tempo perdudo; e semper *stelme*: tristo, e discontento. William Tyrrell." The following is what my friend and I construed this composition to mean:—"Since Fortune wills that my hope should go to the winds, I will lament the time lost; my star is always sad and discontented." We suppose *stelme*: to be an abbreviation of *stella mea*—for there is evidently a mixture of Latin in the language sufficient to account for its being *mea*, instead of *mia*—and the marks of contraction are quite distinct.

One more, and this is a thorough English one, and I have done. Two bears are represented holding a staff between them, something after the fashion of arms, though not on a shield, or, as far as I recollect, with the distinguishing mark of a crest beneath. Below the staff, is the name John Dudley—a prominent name in English history—but here there is no date wherewith to distinguish which of its possessors is meant. Beneath this are four verses, of which one is, alas! incomplete. What remains distinguishable is as follows:—

You that these beasts do well behold and see,
May deem with ease wherefore here made they be,
With borders
4 brothers' names who list to reach the ground.

I confess that, for my part, I have not the least idea wherefore the beasts are there made; but they are very well made, and perhaps the third line would have told us.

And now, gentle reader, I have to congratulate you on escaping an evil with which you are probably unconscious of having been threatened. As I walked home from the Tower, I had this prison-room full in my mind—Lady Jane Grey (who was confined there) and all; and I revolved in my thoughts divers dismal reflections upon all the misery that room had witnessed. These I had intended to pour forth upon your devoted head, in this my account of my visit: but that account has run terribly long already; and, what perhaps may be more to the purpose, I am dead tired of my pen. Therefore, reader, you are spared! As I behave so forbearingly, perhaps you will look into my glass again, when it is turned upon some other object.

DIARY FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER.

5th. LAST night Covent Garden Theatre re-opened, after the close rendered necessary by all the turmoil the gas has lately occasioned. It is fortunate, indeed, that that close took place when it did—for, certainly, it then fully came to light that the state in which the whole of the gas establishment was, might, at any moment, have occasioned accidents in which the destruction of human life—to say nothing of property—would have been dreadful. Four lives have been lost, and that under circumstances most painful to contemplate; but there probably never was an instance in which the old adage, "'Tis well it's no worse," could be more strongly applicable.

But it is not of the theatre itself that it is our present purpose to speak. We wish to say a few words concerning the performance with which it opened. We mean the Merchant of Venice. We have very long considered it both an outrage and a disgrace that this play should be acted in its present state. With every possible admiration of Shakspeare, short of considering his faults beauties because they are his, we cannot allow that his name should be sufficient to carry through gross indecencies which would, in a moment, be hooted off the stage, if they were brought forward in the shape of a new production, or even of a revival of a piece of one of his contemporaries. Why have we given up so many of our elder comedies, abounding with pleasantry of every gradation, from the richest humour to the keenest and most elegant wit, but on account of their moral looseness? We regret the loss of so much of the most nervous and characteristic part of our dramatic literature; but we resign it cheerfully when it can be retained only at the cost of modesty, delicacy, and good feeling. And we will venture to assert that there is scarcely anything more utterly and grossly unfit to be repeated before an audience of our time, in all Wycherley, Congreve, and Vanburgh, than the fifth Act of the Merchant of Venice. It is most painful to see the actresses reduced to the necessity of uttering the words put into their mouths: and still more painful to witness the ladies in the audience compelled to hear all the filth and ribaldry which form the dialogue of the fifth act. When people go to see the Merchant of Venice, it is Shylock of which they think. The last Act is so totally unconnected with the plot that they almost forget its existence till the odious infliction begins. When a party goes to Love for Love, or the Country Girl, they know that they are going to a play which, however clever, is full of improprieties—and they have no right to complain of what they meet. But it is really no affectation to say that those who go for the sake of Mr. Kean's Shylock, really overlook Nerissa and the Doctor's clerk altogether.

We dare say we shall be accused of the highest literary sin in England, viz, treason against the majesty of Shakspeare, when we say that we think it would be a most material improvement to this play to make it end with the fourth Act. The catastrophe occurs with the disappointment of the Jew;—the play is really over—its plot and action

certainly are—at the end of the trial-scene. But stage-regulations require a fifth act; and, therefore, the flimsy and filthy supplement of the rings is tacked on. Now, when nearly all plays of the date of Shakspeare, including his own, are of necessity subjected to revision, and, in nearly all cases, to, at least, the alteration of curtailment and omissions—when such is the fact, we really cannot see that there would be any great indignity against the immortal bard if this Act, which is by far the most continuously indecent thing in all his works, were to be omitted. Shakspeare, of course, like all other writers of his age, has occasional expressions and allusions of a coarse nature—but considering what the general tone of literature was in his days, they are astonishingly few—and he never, as far as general recollection serves us, has given into the very usual habit of his brethren of forming a plot depending on an indecent circumstance, except in this one instance. Why, then, it should scrupulously be retained—when, in addition to its impropriety, it is a fantastic and needless excrescence,—we cannot in the least conceive. Let our managers boldly lop it off; and the improvement will, we are convinced, be universally felt and acknowledged at once.

8th. The lovers of religious liberty must receive great gratification from the account of the meeting at Leeds, which appeared in the papers of this morning. To us, especially, it has given pleasure—from its proving so soon the justice of the opinion we ventured to give on the occasion of the Penenden Heath meeting—that the towns of England would be in favour of the Catholic question. When we consider the plans of organization on the one side which have since come to light, and the utter, even foolish, absence of everything of the kind on the other; when we reflect upon the fact of the strong and condensed unity of the Brunswickers—the one, the only, feeling of opposition to the Catholics pervading them all—while their opponents are gathered from every grade of liberalism—when we call to mind how the flocks of tenants of the anti-catholics were driven to the hustings, while nothing of the sort was attempted by the advocates of emancipation—we shall not, we think, have much cause to wonder at the majority being as it was on Penenden Heath. Above all, that meeting was held for country people, in a very countrified part of the country. Care was taken that the place of assembly should be at a great distance from all the important towns of the county. The ports, the towns of the Isle of Thanet, Rochester, Chatham, all were at a distance—the place was in the centre of the uneducated and ignorant, and the uneducated and ignorant prevailed.

At that time we said, ‘Go to the towns and see what they will say to you there.’ Leeds is the first town where the experiment has been tried, and there, in despite of all manner of manœuvres, a petition has been carried in favour of the Catholic question. Now even in a town, education is not yet by any means thoroughly spread; but it exists to an extent totally unknown in the agricultural parts of the country. There are all sorts of prejudices still lingering among but too many of our countrymen, which cause the cry of No Popery to sound welcome in their ears. The absurd and iniquitous cheatery of

the Orangemen in calling petitions in favour of emancipation, popish petitions—and those who further such proceedings, papists,—passes current with too many still. We do not now pause on the meanness of such wilful misrepresentation: the very persons who set these expressions about, *know* that those of whom they use them are as thoroughly protestants as themselves. *They* know how the truth lies perfectly; but, alas! there are still many who believe what the gentlemen say, and are swayed in their conduct accordingly.

But Education is advancing—and, as it spreads, Bigotry must recede before it. Even in the very place which has given rise to these remarks—Leeds—the progress of public opinion on this great question is strongly exemplified. The majority in favour of the petition is stated to be about seven to four; there was, sixteen years ago, a majority *against* a similar question of nearly twenty to one.

And in the same way, we do not doubt that Education will spread, not Intelligence only, but also Tolerance, Charity, and brotherly kindness wheresoever it extends. It will open the eyes of the community to the claims of justice, and will shew that it is both politic and right to grant them.

11th. Very shortly after we had written the notice with which our Diary for this month commences, we saw advertised—"The Country Girl,—Peggy, by a young lady, being her first appearance upon any stage." After the passing mention we there made of this comedy, it may be supposed that we were a little surprised at "a young lady" making such a selection for her first appearance. Surely this can never do now, we thought—but, as far as regards the young lady, it has done, and very well, and (in a theatrical point of view) very deservedly. Her success was represented as having been extreme, the first night—and, in consequence, we went to form our own judgment, last night.

The Country Girl, as it is now represented, is about as bad a play as can well exist. The Country Wife, as Wycherley wrote it, has been out of the question these many years. It is certainly one of the very most loathsome specimens of what our ancestors sat and enjoyed in "the good old times of the drama." It had, also, which is unusual in Wycherley, no great proportion of real wit—and no original character but Margery Pinchwife, the Peggy of the present play. This part, it would seem, has in part rescued the play from its highly-deserved oblivion;—and we can scarcely conceive why—for its simplicity is not childishness merely, but positive folly—its cunning is not learned by experience, but supplied by an evil disposition—and the two are carried respectively to such an excess as to be an absolute contradiction to each other. Mrs. Jordan used, however, to embody it in a manner which dropped much of the coarser part of the character, and rendered it certainly a very fascinating thing to see;—but, besides that nobody could do this but Mrs. Jordan, even in her hands it was, we think, *repulsive on consideration*. The moment the alcohol of Mrs. Jordan's acting had passed away, the very odious nature of the whole play came into sight again. It is, of course, much more decent than the old version—but it is still very far from pure; and the merit which it

originally had, of caricaturing the fopperies of Charles II.'s time, is of course passed away;—for such a tone as is here represented is of the seventeenth century—and, when transferred to a date which there is nothing to tell you is not that of George III., it becomes totally unmeaning—for it is obsolete as regards ourselves, and it is not put forward as the embodying of the manners of a remote age.

We really are not, in the most remote degree, prudish or strait-laced—yet this is already the second time this month we have had occasion to remonstrate against the performances at our great theatres on the score of propriety; and we are quite sure that in both instances the remonstrance is thoroughly well-grounded.

Well, we went last night to see Miss Nelson in this very trying part. She is certainly, in every sense, very *extraordinary*. She seemed perfectly at home, jumped about as though in her own dressing room, spoke (for the most part) with as much ease and in as natural a manner as though it had been to her mother, and yet an eye accustomed to the stage could trace stage-knowledge, almost amounting to stage-trick, in a dozen different instances. She is quite young, very youthfully formed, and of a very girlish aspect. Her country-accent, we are quite convinced, is by no means wholly assumed—and joined as it is to a very strange, and by no means pleasing, intonation of voice, would, we think, very much stand in her way in other parts. Mr. Fawcett went out of his way, as the newspapers report, to assert to the audience, on the first night of this young lady's appearance, that it was *really* her first appearance. By this, he surely did not mean to exclude practice on small theatres. We chanced, last night, to sit next to one thoroughly versed in theatrical technicalities, and he agreed with us, that there were strong marks of stage-knowledge, well learned.

Still there is a great deal that is fresh, and buoyant, and vivid, and sterling, in Miss Nelson's performance, certainly. A great deal of talent it is impossible to deny—and, once or twice, we thought we caught a flash of even genius. Both the mannerism and the almost startling nature were strongly apparent in the scenes in which she writes the letters. We must still revert to our first phrase—she is very “extraordinary,” and no cautious critic can commit his opinion till he sees her in something else. But what else is there for her?—We have heard Miss Prue mentioned—but we hope ‘Love for Love’ will be suffered to rest quietly on the shelf of the theatrical amateurs of the old school,—it is obsolete to the public now,—the characters are no longer understood,—the wit, admirable as it is, is not felt,—its faults are the only things left prominent;—for the sake of the genius of a former age, let it rest. We have also heard Corinna, in the ‘Confederacy,’ mentioned—but all the same reasons apply, and others from which ‘Love for Love’ is free. The plot is pitifully slender and feeble, and what there is of it is mean and paltry, and there is no catastrophe. The ‘Confederacy’ ought never to have been more than a farce—there is matter enough for that, but no more. It was carried through the last century on the strength of a great name, but it is buried now; let it rest. Cherry also has been talked of—but it is a very slight part, and even that play, buoyant and brilliant as it is, is scarcely fit for us now. In short, the only thing mentioned which seems at all likely to suit this very strange young lady is Piiscilla Tomboy; and if she have any

thing like the talents we are half-inclined to give her credit for, that is a very poor part for their display. Seriously, we shall be glad to see her in *something* else—though we can't conceive *what*—in order to be able to form something like a fixed opinion.

We may as well mention, with reference to the performance of the 'Country Girl,' a very remarkable instance of Fawcett's powers of vocal expression. The concluding speech of Moody is one of frantic jealousy—but the author (of the modern piece—the catastrophe of the old one is different altogether) has filled it with farcical images, with the manifest intention that a roar of laughter should accompany the exit. But Fawcett wanted something more than this; and he spoke the speech in a real tone of jealousy in its awful mastery over the human soul. It was impossible for *the ear* not to be struck at first with the discrepancy of the words—but the mind soon forgot them, and was carried away by the mere power of the actor's delivery. It was clearly *wrong*—but it was singularly able.

In the papers of this morning, there is a notice of Mr. Thomas, the zealous constable of St. Paul's, Covent Garden*, bringing before Sir Richard Birnie a dozen boys (chiefly play-bill sellers) for committing acts of vagrancy in that parish; and a very interesting conversation appears to have ensued between the magistrate and the constable on the subject of the wretched creatures of this class so common in that neighbourhood. We are glad to be able to say that we very much approve of the disposition manifested by Sir Richard on this occasion, which we do the more readily from having been compelled to differ from him so strongly, so often:—

Sir R. BIRNIE said—That the only method of destroying these gangs of juvenile thieves, would be to adopt a plan he had recommended to the Police Committee of the House of Commons. They ought to be taken up *en masse*, and those who had no visible means of getting a livelihood, should be dealt with under the statute of the 2d and 3d of Anne. That act authorized any magistrate to bind boys, who had no visible means of living, to the masters of coasting and other vessels, and if there were to be a receiving ship appointed by government, on board of which such boys could be sent, where they might be taught, in a few weeks, all that was necessary to qualify them to be engaged to the masters of vessels, who would be glad of such boys, he was satisfied the root of the evil which had caused the lamentable increase of crime in the metropolis, would be in a great degree destroyed. Some time ago his nephew, who was captain of one of his majesty's cutters, wishing to

* It may not be known to some of our readers that Mr. Thomas has voluntarily undertaken the office of constable of his parish, from having seen, during the year in which he was called upon to fill the situation as an inhabitant, what good might be done by one who served this office with zeal and uprightness. We had occasion, in the course of last year, to lay before our readers some of Mr. Thomas's evidence before the Parliamentary Police Committee: and, from facts there brought forward, it is quite clear that sound and practical sense has always kept Mr. Thomas's zeal within due limits. When thus regulated, we confess we respect active philanthropy in any sphere, however humble. But, though many may think it humble, that of Mr. Thomas, in Covent Garden is by no means limited. Vast is the mass of human guilt, and, therefore, of human misery, in that area in which we have somewhere seen it finely said, "Silence has not existed for a century." It is to lessen that guilt and misery that Mr. Thomas devotes his benevolent exertions—and we respect the man who exerts himself to that end, whether he be king or constable.

serve the parish of St. Martin's, sent for five boys, who were paupers in that parish. Five of the finest lads in the workhouse were selected, and they were attired in blue trowsers, jackets, and caps. Their appearance led many other boys in the house to volunteer to go on the same kind of service, but there were no masters for them. The five boys, however, were sent, and after learning to assist on board, they were engaged as servants by five different officers, and in a very short time, the lads, who behaved extremely well, sent home to their parents two sovereigns each.

We have left the anecdote of Sir Richard's nephew, because we would not, for the sake of a few lines, omit the record of a kind action; but it does not bear upon the question, which is whether it would be possible to establish a government receptacle for these wretched apprentices to theft, and then to ship them off under the statute of the 2d and 3d of Anne. That such a measure would be a very great public benefit, if it could be carried into effect with regard to these lads, cannot, we think, be doubted—and, at the same time, it would be the means of saving a great many fellow creatures from a life of vice and want. But we fear, as the law at present stands, that can hardly be. We doubt whether Sir Richard Birnie reads the statute of Anne aright. That act empowers justices of the peace, town and parish authorities, &c., to bind, and by a subsequent clause, compels ship-masters (number for tonnage) to receive, any boy of the age of ten years or upwards, who may be chargeable, or whose parents may be chargeable, to the parish they inhabit, or *who may beg alms*, as apprentices to the sea-service. Now unless these boys actually be chargeable to their parish, St. Paul's, or St. Giles's, or whatever it may be, or unless they ask alms, it is clear they cannot be bound apprentices to masters of merchant vessels. Other provision is made for rogues and vagabonds, whether boys or men, in the very same act. They are to be sent to sea in her (now his) majesty's service. The only thing which at all would seem to include our friends the hawkers of play-bills, would be asking alms—and we doubt if they even do that very often: they pilfer, and deal in little wares, and so on. But even this, we are convinced, would not do: masters of vessels would never be compelled to take such ne'er-do-weels as apprentices merely because it could be proved that they had asked alms. The whole spirit of the act shews that the asking alms, as used in the clause of which we have given the pith above, is considered only as evidence of poverty—of being about to become chargeable to the parish. People who ask alms in the capacity of rogues and vagabonds are, as we have said, separately dealt with afterwards: sturdy beggars are mentioned by name. Moreover, the statute 4th of Anne, cap. 19, exempts masters of vessels from taking apprentices under thirteen years old: and by thirteen, the young people in the Garden have advanced to a very considerable maturity of vice.

No—we fear these acts could not, now, be brought into serviceable operation, as regards these wretched boys. Certainly, if you can prove them to belong to a parish, and to be above thirteen years of age, that parish can compel masters of vessels to take them as apprentices. But the evil is then in great measure done. Of the shoals who get under your feet between St. Martin's-Court and the corner of Catharine-Street, not one in ten is any thing like thirteen. Now, prevention

really might be called into action here without any invasion of private rights. Nearly all of these are already under the hand of the law, if it choose to lay it down, as "rogues and vagabonds." 'Why not, then, adopt some measure—by act of Parliament if it be, as it probably is, necessary—to free ourselves from this regular, public, preparatory school of thieves—from whence spring, first the pick-pockets,—then the horse-stealers, the highway-robbers, and, worst of all, the burglars, of London? We say "worst of all, the burglars;" for the nature and extent of the evil inflicted by them is, in general, far worse than any other. The security of your dwelling is set at nought; property to the value, perhaps, of half your worth in the world is stolen; and it is by no means improbable that your brains may be beaten out into the bargain. Burglars, it is true, endeavour to get away unheard; but for a goldsmith, or a banker, or even a private individual to have his premises cleared by "first-rate cracksmen," is, in itself, considerably less than pleasant.

And these "cracksmen," or by whatever other name of villainy their jargon of abomination may dub them, are nearly all *bred to the business*, as regularly as an artisan serves his apprenticeship in his craft. And these wretched lads are the ore out of which the veteran villains form and polish their tools: and from being the tool, they advance in their turn to mould and wield them. Mr. Thomas says exactly this:—

The constable observed, that it was a system of prevention of crime that was wanted; but hundreds of boys, who were known to have no honest means of living, were allowed to prowl daily and nightly about all parts of the metropolis, and as soon as they arrived at the age of 16 or 17 years, they became street-robbers or burglars.

We fully agree with Sir Richard that taking these boys up *en masse*, would be of the very greatest public advantage. And, if it be considered, as we fear it must, that the acts above discussed are insufficient for the purpose, we hope some active member of Parliament will bring in a bill to furnish the necessary powers. Prevention, *where it can be effected without incurring too great a danger of abuse of power*, is better even than punishment. And, we think that, in the present instance, very little harm *could* be done, and that a great deal of benefit *would*.

12th. We have to record another first appearance; at least, it has been so completely to us. We saw last night a new Mr. Liston make his appearance in the part of Adam Brock in a piece acted for the first time, entitled "Charles XII., or the Siege of Stralsund." Liston, we have always been in danger of bursting by laughing at. Playing parts manufactured for himself, his power over the muscles is totally irresistible: but we have always had a sort of lurking consciousness that he was not sterling; for (not to mention Shakspeare) he never could play any *stock* part in his life. Last night it certainly was not a stock part—for it was the first performance of a new piece—but it was a part which merits to be a stock part—(we never care whether a good thing be in a tragedy, opera, farce, or melodrama—dence take dignity—if a thing be good, we never ask its name)—*a priori*, we should have said

that it was written exactly that Liston should not be able to act it—but Mr. Planché, it seems, knew him better than we did, and has given him wherewithal to make a decided hit.

The first act of this piece is admirably conceived, exceedingly well written, and transcendently acted. The story of the piece is of an exiled officer, falsely accused of treason, with whom Brock, a rich farmer, had some early connection, and whom he shelters in his distress. The character of Brock may be summed up in one word—*goodness*;—fine, jolly, blunt, open-hearted, merry-tempered, benevolent goodness. And the manner in which Liston embodied it was one of the most perfect things we ever beheld. None of his own grimaces—no jabbering to the pit without saying a word, according to his usual fashion. No. This was fine, real, straightforward acting; sometimes reminding us a little of both Fawcett and Farren; but with a richness of his own superadded. The scene between Brock and the king was as fine a bit of comedy as we have seen for a long time—though it was still at Drury-Lane, worthy correspondent. Farren's Charles XII. was *perfect*, but that need cause no surprise. The character has been drawn with far too much of the milk of human kindness for that mad, blood-thirsty mohawk, who thought his subjects might be governed by his boot, and did not care how far his wild abominations drove its spur into their vitals. But, of course, this modification was necessary in a piece which was to end happily through his means—and Farren played the part admirably. As he entered, which was through a door, in the flat, the rogue knew that the door-frame exactly served the use of that of a picture, and there he stood for a minute or two, the exact counterpart of the well-known picture of Charles XII. His coat was *green*, though it should have been *blue*. In the scene with Brock, it is difficult to say which was the best, except that that style of excellence was not expected from Liston. The king comes merely as an officer, and Brock goes through a history to him of having, when Charles was in emergency for cash in one of his campaigns, advanced to the Princess Ulrica, for him, a sum of money, which the king had chosen to forget to pay. And, though he still seems proud of him in the main, he lets out, in his (Brock's not Liston's) hearty, free-spoken manner, all manner of jibes and raps against the king. Charles then tells him he is sent to pay the money, and hands him an order on the treasury. Brock, mollified at once at being duly paid, says the king may want it still, and proceeds to light his pipe with it. Just then, a burgomaster, with an unrememberable name, admirably played by Harley, enters, and suspects the king of being the exiled officer; he summons the whole village, and examines him: the equivoque—by which every answer the king gives, though strictly true, is turned by the magistrate against him—is conducted with great skill. At last, however, the truth comes out. The burgomaster asks him his name, and he answers "Charles," to the great indignation of the civic dignitary, who thinks it a contempt of court. "What was your father's name, fellow?" (We do not profess to give the exact words.) "Charles, also." "Had he no other name?" "Why, as others had borne it, he was sometimes called Charles XI., of Sweden. I am Charles the Twelfth!"

The second act is spun out too much, but we doubt not it will be compressed hereafter. There is a very lively bit in it, in which Brock's

daughter acts over to her female friend, the exile's daughter, how the king ought to behave to her father, who is about to be brought before him. The king is behind, and when the exile is brought before him, says exactly what Miss Brock has said, mimicking her mimicry of him.

At the end, the king desires Brock to demand of him the boon which he had promised, when he became known after the farmer had burned the treasury-order. He asks one or two things, about the exile, and the burgomaster who had been disgraced; but Charles had already done the things asked, from motives of his own. At last, Brock not being able to think of any thing, Liston does—and begs Farren, or Charles, or both, to advance, and say a few deprecatory words to the audience. But Charles answers him that he still must remain in his debt—as *he* has more influence in that quarter, and therefore must speak for himself. He advances accordingly, and after a few words begs the audience will allow him to say “Long live Charles XII.”

With such a striking piece of acting as Liston's we doubt not that it *will*. We are most far from drawing any comparison to Farren's slight; and we are not quite sure whether the little finale above-mentioned would not have been better omitted—but we always expect perfection from him, and, therefore, it is no surprise to find it. But Liston is an irregular genius—now admirable, now extravagant—now right, now wrong. And, last night, it was not so much the degree, as the kind, of excellence which astonished and gratified us so much. He, of course, never can lose his own inimitable and delicious Listonism,—but now we find, which we before doubted, that he has in him qualities of an higher order still *.

18th. We are rejoiced to see ~~that~~ the Catholic Association has determined *not* to sanction “exclusive dealing.” Nay more, the tone which the great majority of the speakers on the subject adopted, was such as to do one's heart good. The expressions of unqualified abhorrence and loathing which the very idea of such a measure occasioned in their minds, were what one might expect from persons of ardent dispositions, strongly excited in the cause of humanity and social feeling. We shall not say more on this very odious subject—the less it is mentioned the better. But, as in our Diary of last month, we noticed the rumour of its being adopted, with dread—we think it right now to mention, with joy, its final and unqualified rejection.

24th. We are very glad to see intellectual feelings “marching” into a quarter, where, hitherto, marching of another description has greatly retarded their approach. We rejoice to see the liberal and conciliatory spirit of the following admonitory regulation, which we copy from among some others published to-day as having been recently issued by Sir Herbert Taylor. The army—the country—must feel grateful to this accomplished officer—as also to the amiable General-in-chief, Lord Hill—for inculcating the principles here set forth. It is laying down broadly the great principle that kindness and reason are better instruments where-with to rule, than sheer force. The obedience is more ready, more

* Wonders will never cease. Half-a-dozen different papers all proclaim that Mr. Braham has just burst forth “a first-rate comedian”!

cheerful, more intelligent—and therefore more complete. The adoption of these principles will make the soldier happier, the officer more worthy. We confess, we would gladly see the same spirit more general between superior and inferior in other classes as well as the military. That cold, almost sullen, haughtiness which the English are so apt to throw into their manner towards those under their power, is, we think, beginning to decline. But the thaw is very gradual—and we would wish to see it most rapid. As the young, however, of these days grow up, we hope to see it advance more and more: and, certainly, there can be no greater tribute to the principle of substituting kind and courteous, for stern and severe, treatment, than the following order to the army—in which, of course, subordination is necessary to an extent quite needless in ordinary life.

The Order is addressed to the general officers commanding districts, to be observed at inspections:—

Finally, the General Officer will take every opportunity of impressing upon the Commanding-officer, and through him upon those of every rank, the advantage which they, individually, the corps, and the service at large, will derive from the adoption towards the non-commissioned officer and soldier of a system of command and treatment which shall be free from the coarse and offensive language too often used in reproving the soldier for trifling irregularities, or for accidental omissions. They should be told that the use of gross language and offensive terms, upon any occasion, is not only unbecoming their own character and station, as officers and gentlemen, but degrading to the soldier; whereas it is desirable to keep up in all ranks of the army a proper feeling, and high sense of honour, by which the correct discharge of duty will be best insured.

The gross abuse which is often lavished on a soldier for a trifling fault, an accidental mistake, or an unintentional omission, produces irritation or sulk, and to this cause, more than to any other, may be traced acts of insubordination, which entail the necessity of severe punishment. If reproof be necessary, it should be conveyed in such a manner, and in such terms, as will make a lasting impression, without hurting the feelings of the individual and lowering him in his own estimation. The officers should, not only themselves, observe this injunction, but they should require it to be observed by the non-commissioned officers; and indeed their example will very soon have the effect of checking the use of improper and offensive terms on the part of the non-commissioned officers towards the soldiers. If acts of intentional neglect and of insubordination should take place, although wholly unprovoked by any treatment received, the means of correction and punishment which are authorized by the regulations of the service must be resorted to, and they will have double effect if not preceded by coarse and abusive language; indeed it will probably be found that they will become comparatively rare, as the duty will be done more cheerfully and zealously.

By command of the Right Hon. General Lord Hill,

H. TAYLOR, Adjutant-General.

26th. There is in the *Times* of this morning a letter, signed "An Inhabitant of Camberwell," addressed to Mr. Peel, setting forth the shamefully insecure state in which that neighbourhood is placed, with regard to burglaries, and soliciting further protection. On the writer's own shewing, a considerable portion of the evil arises from the perverseness of the parochial authorities in placing all the watchmen in the large streets and highways, and leaving the bye-lanes, upon which the back part of

most of the houses about, totally unguarded. With this, of course, the government has nothing to do. Still, supposing the parochial watch were managed as skilfully as possible, we think that in the outskirts of London it does need some assistance from the general police.

But it is not to speak of this individual case that we are induced to take notice of this letter: there is one general allegation in it, which we know to be true, and which goes to the very core of our present police-system, concerning which we wish to make a few observations:—the writer says—“It is well known that without the offer of large rewards, many of the officers cannot be induced to exert themselves for the apprehension of offenders. Their plea is that their pay is inadequate, and that they are exposed to much expense in seeking for information and evidence, which, if unsuccessful, falls upon themselves;—that their numbers, also, are very inadequate to the increase of buildings.” That their pay is absurdly out of proportion with the duties they are called upon to execute, will appear when we say that their average salary is only five-and-twenty shillings a-week *. When we consider what they are called upon to do in the case of an extensive robbery, executed with skill,—such a salary as this manifestly *necessitates* their being otherwise rewarded. They are, and they must be, paid by the job. Now, it is impossible there can be a more evil principle than this. It is giving the officers of police a direct interest in the commission of crime. We are most far from making any, even the least, insinuation against any of the existing officers—we have no knowledge of any thing in their conduct to reprehend. But the principle is a bad one; it must expose the honesty of these men to the severest temptation, and not many years ago the rewards for capital convictions led some of them, who previously held the highest character, into a regular combination to cause the commission of crime for the sake of the reward on conviction.

Moreover, such a system puts a poor man beyond the protection of the law altogether. If he is robbed, he has no chance of recovering his property: it is not worth the officers' while—they, in fact, *cannot afford it*—to exert themselves to that effect. Supposing a tradesman, in a moderate way of business, has his shop broken open, and, in proportion to his wealth, a large quantity of goods stolen, how is *he* to recover them? He cannot afford to pay the officers largely, and they cannot afford to seek information, to follow up slight clues, to the great consumption of their time, nay, perhaps, to spend money in doing both, without being paid for it in proportion.

We have heard it laid down as a principle that it *ought* to be the individual who has been robbed who should pay. We should like to know what we pay taxes for?—for general Government, is it not—And is it not the very first and most direct duty of all government to provide for the safety of life and property? In the other case, as we have shewn, people who cannot afford to pay largely for being robbed have no protection at all: and it is an outrageous and insulting tax upon any one, how rich soever he may be. If every man is to do the best or himself, Society would be at an end at once. The principle on which

* We should scarcely give credit to so small a sum, were it not that we have been so informed by a police-magistrate.

it rests demands combination and mutual protection. The means adopted for that protection are the establishment of a general government amply paid to carry its duties into effect. And, then, are we to be told that every man must pay individually to obtain redress in the event of his being robbed? The principle is monstrous—and were it not that we know it has been strongly advocated, we should scarcely think it worthy of notice.

The whole system of the police of the metropolis should undergo a thorough revision—and we believe that it soon will. And among the first subject to be remodelled should be the body known by the name of Police-Officers. It should be a regularly-organized corps, consisting of due gradations, all amply paid. They would then be able to exert themselves as they ought, without demanding, or being permitted to demand, a farthing from individuals. Expenses fairly and properly incurred in gaining necessary information, and duly authenticated, should be paid out of public funds, as well as any other *necessary* proceeding to bring offenders to justice: but, of course, every care should be taken to ascertain the necessity.

It is undoubted that crimes against property are now very prevalent in London and its neighbourhood. The causes are manifold—and we probably shall devote some consideration to this subject next month. The fact, however, is so; and we cannot say we think it likely to be diminished while there is a direct interest given to the officers that crime should be committed rather than prevented. The whole flash-house system is on this principle. It encourages and increases the *existence* of crime, while it gives assistance to its *detection*. This scandal, also, we hope will not be suffered much longer to exist.

27th. It is impossible to close our Diary for the month of December, 1828, without noticing the Duke of Wellington's letter to Dr. Curtis, on the Catholic question. It is, indeed, a document well worthy of being considered memorable; for the duke, knowing the immense importance which any declaration of his on this subject would have, must have been especially careful in its preparation, and thoroughly determined to stand to what it might contain. The first point in it is the announcement of his *wish* for Catholic emancipation: "I assure you that you do me justice in believing, that I am anxious to witness the settlement of the Roman Catholic question, which, by benefiting the state, would confer a benefit on every individual belonging to it." This clearly manifests a desire that it should be possible to grant the Catholic claims—for the words are prospective;—and, either the Catholic question is settled, for the Anti-Catholics do not wish for any such possibility, but desire matters to remain as they are—or it can be settled only by concession;—at the least of some kind and degree. We are almost ashamed to set forth so self-evident a proposition as this—but we have known the Orangemen quibble more subtilly than it would even require to wrest the meaning of the duke's words into a declaration against the Catholics.

But, then, the duke goes on to say that he sees "no prospect of such a settlement.—Party," he continues, "has been mixed up with the consideration of the question to such a degree, and such violence pervades every discussion of it, that it is impossible to expect to prevail

upon men to consider it dispassionately." "We agree with his grace that it will be, at least, exceedingly difficult to get the majority of persons to regard this question dispassionately;—but is it likely that they ever will? Passion exists just as strongly on the side which the Duke of Wellington thinks holds erroneous views—viz., those who say that, not from temporary causes, but, on eternal principle, emancipation never should be granted—as it does it on the opposite, in whose general and ultimate object the duke now professes to agree—Emancipation. Why then should the party which he thinks wrong, be singled out to have things as they wish?—Simply, we believe, because things are so at this moment.

"If," says the duke, "we could bury it [the Catholic question] in oblivion for a short time, and employ that time diligently in the consideration of its difficulties on all sides (for they are very great) I should not despair of seeing a satisfactory remedy." Now, the wording of this, the concluding passage of the duke's letter, is vague. We pass over the mere use of the word oblivion, as contradicted by the wish to employ the period of oblivion in diligent thought of the subject—that is a mere slip of the pen—but we should like exceedingly to know what degree of cessation of agitation of the question would amount to the idea which the Duke of Wellington has expressed by the term oblivion. To use the word in its strict sense, it is manifest he never could intend. We need not argue to prove that no sane man in the three kingdoms could suppose that the Catholic question could, while undecided, be *forgotten*. Neither is it probable that the duke could expect that the Catholics could thoroughly abstain from urging it forward. His grace must have meant by the phrase "burying" the question "in oblivion," some certain degree of moderation and forbearance in treating it. We would gladly know *what* degree would tally with his conception.

At all events, one great good has been obtained by this declaration of the duke's, for which the public should be most grateful to him. It thoroughly renounces the Brunswickers both in action and principle: in action, for it decries violence—in principle, for it expresses a "sincere anxiety" for the possibility of Emancipation.

HUNGARIAN TALES*.

THESE tales are manifestly the production of a gifted and cultivated mind. They are written with ease, freshness, and, where it is needed, force, and scarcely ever betray exuberance or affectation. Their object is, partly, as is announced by the title and in the preface, to describe Hungary and the Hungarians;—the author (who is understood, and indeed in more than one place in these volumes is stated, to be a lady) having passed some time, recently, in that part of Europe. We confess we had considerable forebodings on this score. We bethought us what innumerable scenes of unnecessary description, both of men and

* 3 vols. post 8vo. Lond. 1829. Saunders and Ottley.

things, awaited us—what pen-and-ink feasts would be put before us, and in what splendid paper-equipages we should take the air. To our great relief, we found that the utmost forbearance and skill distinguished the work on this most difficult and tempting point. We see a great deal of both the country and the people, but we become acquainted with both in the most easy and unconscious manner; the scenery is never more minutely described than is necessary for the locality, or the associations, of the story—nor are the general habits of the people detailed more than is required for our thorough knowledge of its persons.

The whole consists of eight tales, of very different lengths and subjects; the longest occupies a volume and a half, and the shortest about thirty pages. This longest, which is also the most elaborate, stands first;—it is called *Cassian*, though *why*, it is difficult to discover, inasmuch as the personage of that name is seen only at the beginning and end of the story—which follows the fortunes of the heroine throughout. There are, in this tale, a great deal of knowledge of human nature—much delicacy and sweetness—and, here and there, outbreaks of very considerable force; but, besides faults of detail, there is one which pervades the whole, to which indeed the author herself alludes, which, though it may not appear to be a fault in the eyes of some readers, certainly to us diminished very greatly the gratification which the powers displayed in the story were calculated to give. We mean the *gloom* which pervades the whole composition from beginning to end. That gloom is thoroughly accounted for—is admirably rendered—but still it is gloom, and, though not unvaried, yet constant. In short, as we said while we were reading the story, the pleasure we derive from this is communicated through the medium of pain.

The author is herself conscious of this, and pleads very humbly in pardon. She, however, uses the word “dulness” instead of gloom—which, she may rest assured, no one but herself would ever have dreamed of using. It is about the middle of the story that she makes this singular appeal. She says that she might have introduced, in perfect unison with the scene and persons, a thousand descriptions “equally new to the English reader, and inviting to the English writer,”—a thousand minor characters which might have afforded “very original specimens of national character and individual comedy.”—

But whenever I have meditated such an *entrée*, or such details, my spirit hath shrunk rebuked by the impulse of its own levity. *My story is a true one*; true as far as regards its principal facts and awful catastrophe; and it therefore shuns such adventitious ornaments as grace the more lively imaginings of fiction. I feel that the back-ground of my picture, like that of Titian's *Pietro Martire*, should be dark and lowering; that every period, like the overtures which announce the fable of an *Opera Seria* by Mozart or Paisiello, should be attuned into a solemn cadence; and if the result of such opinions renders my story too cold and too monotonous for the taste of those unto whom it is addressed, let them lay it aside;—I feel myself incapable of amending my fault.

No one who has followed the tale thus far can, as the author must be very well assured, “lay it aside.” But still it is a fault, and we most sincerely wish it had been avoided. There is so much that is

admirable, in the tale, of various sorts—the insight into the folds of nature, and the power of developing them, especially,—that we lament the more the general tone of depression which does certainly pervade it, from first to last. The story is *true*! What's that to us? We do not care a pinch of snuff whether the story be fact or fiction—except that we are sorry that such a virulent ruffian as Lingotski could ever have existed, or that there should have been a person so amiable and at the same time ill-fated as Iölna.

It is not our purpose to go into the story of Cassian—we shall now only just jauntily mention one or two little faults of detail. First, we object to the charming Princess Betthyani. We were very fast falling in love with her—so much brilliancy, sense, and feeling together were irresistible—when she becomes at once utterly odious by her shameless duplicity to Iölna in not communicating the real contents of her letter to Lingotski. We hope *this* is not among the real parts of the story. Secondly, we do not like the nature—though not exactly the events—of the catastrophe being announced early in the book. And thirdly, and chiefly, if we do not like this from the author herself, how can we endure it from gipsies? We should like to know whether all literary people are, in imitation of Sir Walter, gone back to the belief in Mother Goose? There really ought to be some legislative enactment to put a stop to prophecies and omens in novels and tales. And here, it is totally out of keeping with all the rest of the book—to the great benefit thereof, and relief of its readers. No—no—magic and foreboding should be confined to the pantomimes.

And now are we sorely tempted to go off at score into a magnificent political essay upon the constitution of Hungary. There are very nice facts to comment upon for about a dozen pages or so: the unlimited power of the nobles, the (therefore) unlimited poverty and depression of the people;—the barbarism of the Magnats, isolated in their nationality, carried to a pitch not short of farcical;—the — but no;—we are reviewing a book of tales, and we will not propound our lucubrations, however admirable, on the government of nations.

Next, is a tale entitled the *Tzigány*, which means a gipsey. This is very delightfully done indeed. The description of the midnight-meeting of the *Tzigány* and his love is one of the best-drawn scenes we have read for a long time. And the girl going and telling her father in the morning is a noble trait. We are quite vexed that this story was not made to end happily. For, though the concluding scene is admirably sketched, one could have sworn to its result.

We come next to the tale honoured by our especial preference—which we intend to “review,”—therefore, before we set about that important task, we shall just dispose of the other half-dozen. (Plague take it! how cramped for room, one gets at this full-bearing season of books!) The ‘Elizabethines’ is a touching picture—the ‘Ferry on the Danube’ a smart, strong sketch, and the ‘Festival of the Three Kings’—oh, why did not the author continue the ‘Festival of the Three Kings’? The idea is admirable—a sublime farce is coming—and lo! the curtain drops at the end of the first scene. The idea is of an Hungarian Magnat, national up to the very fourteenth century—holding firm to the maxim prevalent in those regions, that “*Extra Hunga-*

riam non est vita,"—having (*would he ever?*) consented to his son going abroad—who returns with an English barouche, and a French valet—having hunted in *Lecetishare*, and lounged in the Rue Vivienne; a thorough travelled gentleman! We quite agree in the fitness of making the foppishness only the froth, and the young man sound wine, "any thing to the contrary notwithstanding;" but that need not have so totally checked the developement of the *impayable* contrast, even without one scene between the Anglo-Parisian son, and the Hungo-Hungo-Hungarian father.

The Balsam-seller of Thurotzer is very lively and rapid—but we do not think the title of the work being "Hungarian Tales," should have deprived us of Rumalie's Arabian adventures. We are quite sure we did not care a jot for forgetting Hungary, when we were at Erizan, with the Jewish girl and the plague. Of the Infanta at Presburg, if we speak at all, we must speak a great deal. We should like to *discuss* it. It is a bold subject to choose—and certainly well worked out. Here, too, there is gloom—but thoroughly well accounted for, and sent to the right-about at last—"for a time."

We now come back to the Tavernicus, which means, being interpreted, one of the chief officers of the Hungarian Treasury. This, taken altogether, we like the best of all the tales. There are three or four exquisite characters admirably sketched. Hungarian scenes, manners, and people, are most necessarily brought in, and felicitously described—and, above all, it ends happily. Really, we are grown sick of misfortune, and are right glad to be allowed to be a little comfortable when we can. We have not space to go through the tale as we could wish; we must content ourselves with giving an abstract of the story in a dozen lines, and then favour our readers (which we have not done yet) with some extracts.

The story is simply this:—The Tavernicus arrives incognito at the Blaue Igel, (the Blue Hedgehog,) "the chief inn at the little village of Dorogh." He finds the host in great trouble at his rent being raised to an extent, he will not—he has *sworn* not to—submit to, by the Chapter of Gran, under whom he holds the house. This landlord has a daughter, whom we consider one of the most charmingly drawn characters we have met with for a very long time—the reader will, doubtless, see why anon:—she loves, and is loved, by her father's *kellermester*—he is once or twice called waiter, but we are each time ready to exclaim—"No waiter, but a knight-templar"! He takes it into his head, on the most absurdly slight grounds, to be jealous of the mysterious traveller. The Tavernicus, who is come down with all manner of powers from Joseph II., to redress grievances in Hungary, pities Suzsi's despair about her father's removal,—and promises her that he will prevent it, on condition that she will be secret till his return towards Vienna in about a fortnight or a month. After this, every thing goes wrong. Franz *Westermann*, her lover, is outrageously jealous—and really for nothing at all;—they come to no explanation, but *se boude* till it begins to prey upon her health. Her father grows sour and surly—odious intruding lovers try to take advantage of the manifest quarrel between her and her Franz—till, at last, knowing that all these evils—and they increase in number and intensity, till really

the reader is frightened, and begins to think she will die,—knowing that they all depend upon a word, she determines to *act*—and she persuades her old godfather—another character, which, though a little caricatured at last, is worth its no slight weight in gold—to carry her to Buda. She goes—sees the Tavernicus, who introduces her to the Archduchess, as a specimen of the Hungarian *contadine*—gives her the lease of the Hedgehog, renewed at the old rent—loads her with presents, as also does the Archduchess—and sends her back, with god-papa Blaschka, whose head is turned for ever by the notice taken of him by the giggling maids of honour of her Imperial Highness. Of course, on her return, all is cleared up, and the lovers are married, according to the worthy, but now, alas! somewhat obsolete, custom of the conclusion of tales.

We admire this skeleton exceedingly: it is so scrupulously dry bone. Now, for some of the integuments. The following is her conversation with her godfather on the score of her father's sufferings at the necessity of his removal:—

"You may perceive how sore my father is becoming on the subject of the Chapter. But it is not when he is irritated, and speaks as he did to-night, that I am grieved for him, neighbour Johann; it is when I hear him moaning and lamenting the livelong night; and can even distinguish through the boarded partition, that he calls on my poor mother's name, and those of my brothers and sisters; telling them that he shall be driven forth in his old age to bide in a strange home, far from the grave-yard of Dorogh!—Then what can I do but weep in my turn, and feel that I would give up every thing to induce him to comply with the terms of their reverences; or, dismissing all his cares, settle at once in the town of Buda, within sight of his own vineyards."

"While thou, Suzsi, with Franz for thy helpmeet, wouldst take his place at the *Blaue Igel*," observed her godfather reproachfully.

"Now Heaven forgive you for the thought," exclaimed Suzsi, blushing with indignation. "For well might you know,—*you*, friend Blaschka, who have watched me from my baby-days,—that even if the Palatine would make me a court lady, to flaunt in brocade at the palace, I would not leave my father alone in his grayheaded years. And why do I wish him to remain here, rather than retire to the city, but that Franz with his book learning, and his civil speech, and ready welcome to the gentry who frequent the inn, can do him better service than as a vintager; in which capacity all his scholarship would not render him stronger or more active than a common Slovak labourer."

"So—so," interrupted Blaschka, striving to deprecate her wrath, "I believe thee, girl,—I believe thee."

"Leave my father!"—continued poor Suzsi, almost in tears, "leave my dear kind old father,—no! not for the mines of Lipto,—not to be queen over Hungary!"

"Well spoken, and bravely felt," said a strange voice from beside the stove. And Johann and Suzsi, looking towards the spot, perceived that during their discourse, a stranger had entered the *saal*: a tall, well-looking young man, in a somewhat rusty riding cloak and cap.

We beg to say that we had ourselves made an exclamation tantamount to that of the traveller, before we knew of his existence. From that moment Suzsi gained our admiration and respect—and well does she deserve them both. Her firmness—her truth to plighted word, under the most trying of human circumstances—at last, the kindling of her mind to self-decision, self-reliance, and action—all

these shew that, under similar circumstances, Suzsi would have been a Jeanie Deans;—though, we will answer for it, the idea of Jeanie never crossed the author's mind, notwithstanding the similarity of some of the circumstances. She is a great deal prettier, however, than Jeanie—and thence the knot of the story—viz., the jealousy. Now, this jealousy is, as it is done, the main, indeed, the only considerable, fault in the tale. The grounds given are so exceedingly slight, that any man who could carry on a continued, vindictive jealousy, on such an account, must have been one utterly bad in mind and heart—which our friend Franz, though we see but little of him, is by no means meant to be. This should be altered in two points—more *apparent* cause should be given for the jealousy; and he *never* should have said one word to her discredit. A man, such as we are led to believe him to be, would rather have had his tongue drawn out with pincers first. But our readers shall judge:—

The stranger had scarcely seated himself before his repast, when a band of *zigeuner* who were passing through the village having noticed the lights still burning in the *saal*, entered without further invitation, and established themselves in the back-ground, for the performance of one of their singular concerts. A dulcimer, two violins, a monochord and a bass, were the instruments employed,—all of their own manufacture; and without the least knowledge of counterpoint, or of music as a science, they contrived to maintain a very decent degree of harmony; each in turn improvisating a variation upon the *motivo* sustained by the others,—a very beautiful and characteristic national melody. On the conclusion of their concerted piece, old Matthias, who was vain of his daughter's talents and sweet voice, desired one of the violinists to repeat alone the accompaniment of the same air; which he called upon Suzsi to sing in her best manner, for the entertainment of his guest. The young girl, unused to disobey, came forward without delay or affectation; and, save that she held the corner of her plaited apron for support and countenance, without any remarkable shew of timidity. Her voice was sweet and touching; and after breathing a prelude whose tripled notes closely resembled the call of a quail, she proceeded to sing the following

HYMN.

WHAT lowly voice repeats with plaintive wail,
Ama Deum,—ama Deum!

So sings amid the corn the lowly quail,
Ama Deum,—ama Deum!

There crouching in her loneliness,
Her feeble accents humbly bless
The Giver of the fields around.—
Oh! let me breathe the same soft sound—
Ama Deum,—ama Deum!

List! as the evening sun sinks low and dim,
Ama Deum,—ama Deum!

The patient quail renews her vesper hymn,
Ama Deum,—ama Deum!

Watching besides the turfen nest
Wherein her callow fledglings rest.
There as I bend my wandering feet
Let me her holy strain repeat—

Ama Deum, ama Deum!*

* I have heard this little song so modulated as to offer the closest imitation of the *wuchtschlag*, or quail-call, whose name it bears, in Germany;—I believe, however, it is of Italian origin.

Suzsi who, in the interest of her song, had lost the coy shyness arising from singing it to a stranger, had dropt the protecting corner of her apron, while she sweetly repeated the triple notes, which were modulated so as to imitate the quail-call with remarkable exactness; and stood with her right hand extended, her head bent forward, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, when Franz, having concluded his diplomatic labours, entered the *saal*!

The first object that met his inquiring eyes, was the handsome young stranger leaning back negligently in his chair,—his supper standing untouched before him on the table,—and his eyes fixed, with no equivocal expression of admiration, upon those of the heiress of the Blue-Hedgehog! Poor Franz felt an indescribable thrill through every vein, at the sight; and disdaining to hush the echo of his heavy footsteps in compliment to the singer, he stalked towards the table with the air of a *Bajazet*, twisting his mustachios with a demonstration of mental martyrdom which Kean might have envied.

This really is *all she* does—for the rest is entirely the stranger—who, seeing that Franz is jealous,—

began to pay her certain little attentions, which were hellebore and arsenic to poor Franz. He spoke his commands respecting the adjustment of his chamber in a whisper hard to be endured; and begged her to sweeten the coffee she had set before him, in a tone of gallantry such as had rarely been breathed before in the *Igelische Gasthof*.

And this is all: for the existence of her secret is known only to herself, and its revealment would, and in fact does, send the jealousy into the air at once. But, unfounded as it is, Suzsi suffers not the less:—

How darkly comes the first grievous cloud of suspicion over the fair heaven of youthful love!—With what profound disunion may a word,—a look,—an inference,—sever the ties of confiding affection,—those sweet and holy bonds which, of all human impulses, appear the worthiest of immortality. The peevishness of an idle hour will overcome the remembrance of years of untiring patience and exclusive devotion; and like the son of Thetis, Love himself is doomed to perish by a puerile wound, however bravely he may have resisted fiercer attacks,—however strong his buckler may have proved against a more heroic enemy.

Poor Suzsi was but the child of the landlord of a country inn; but so gently, so purely had run the current of her young existence,—so solely devoted was her kind heart to the duties of a tender daughter and a Christian maiden, that her claims to commiseration appear to me nowise inferior to those of a more classic or more courtly heroine. The heart is of no degree; and I doubt, indeed, whether the one or the other could have been more sensible to the value of an honest man's warm affections, or could have drooped with more heart-stricken affliction under the evil interpretation of a wayward and jealous lover.—Hers was not a tearful sorrow; but it was deep, and tender, and overcoming.

The days went laggingly along;—her very existence appeared to have acquired a new character. She began to think that it might be endurable to abandon Dorogh and its green pastures, since Dorogh could wear so dull and joyless a seeming. The house was full of discordant noises,—the air seemed to hang heavily upon her, when

Like an unrighteous and unburi'd ghost,

She wandered up and down those long arcades.

The paths of the village looked dusty and uninviting when her restless heart prompted her to wander forth; and all the uses of this world seemed as flat and unprofitable to Suzsi, as they have done to every victim of discontent from the days of Hamlet until now. A thorn was in her heart;—a struggling

pain haunted her parched throat,—the tears came quivering importunately over her eyes; and never more painfully than when striving to assume a tone of merriment with her father's guests, in the vain hope of disguising the secret anguish of her feelings.

We would fain give the scene on the hill, but our limits warn us. The following is as much as we can find room for from the scenes at the palace. Old Blaschka thinks that “she has been looked on with the evil eye,” when she boldly makes her way to the presence of the Tavernicus:—

He was fain to follow her airy footsteps, however, into a chamber of which two splendidly-liveried attendants held open the folding doors; just as a voice within, which appeared unaccountably familiar to his ears, exclaimed to his companion, “Suzsi! my flower of Dorogh! you must have thought that I had forgotten you;—I have not so far wronged my conscience, *susses mädchen*. Even in the press of weighty affairs committed to my charge, your own have not been neglected.”

“And you, too, my Demosthenes of the *speise-saal*—my Mirabeau of Hungarian *sans-culottisme*,—how hath gone the world with you, since we drained a measure together at the Blue-Hedgehog?” continued the young Tavernicus, towards Johann Blaschka, whose great eyes were fixed in utter consternation upon a vast mirror that reflected the whole interior of the gorgeous chamber. “How fares it now? What, dumb—speechless altogether?—You, in whose reproof was wisdom,—in whose rhetoric was conviction?”

“Johann Blaschka!” faltered the old man aghast. “Johann Blaschka himself,” he reiterated, as the Tavernicus perceived that his distended eyes were riveted upon the reflection of his own shape in the mirror before him.

Suzsi, meanwhile, had advanced towards the writing-table by which the Tavernicus was seated; and having humbly kissed his hand, and thanked him for his honourable remembrance, she proceeded to acquaint him with the sorrow and humiliating suspicions to which she had been exposed in her faithful preservation of his secret. “Noble sir!” said she, smiling through her tears, “I trust you may never know such grief as that which has made my cheek so pale, and my heart so heavy, since I was last honoured by your lordship's countenance. Trust me, *tekintetes Gróf*, nothing less than this would have emboldened me to trespass on your goodness, that I might crave permission to explain the truth to—to—my father, and to—”

“My father's daughter's jealous lover? Why Suzsi, I had rather my name had been bruited—even in the very ears of the captious Ur Pál,—rather my titles had been proclaimed by all the heralds of the empire, than that one tear of thine had been wasted to secure my incognito. “Here,” continued he, taking a parchment from his secretary, “here is the lease; I fought a good fight with my worthy friends the Canons to carry my point;—a bloodier battle methinks hath not chanced in Hungary betwixt priest and layman, since the fatal field of *Mohacs* saw seven bishops left stiff and stalk upon its turf. But no matter. The Chapter of Gran hath added, at my instigation, another life to the renewal of the lease; and 'tis granted in the name of Suzsi Westermann, *edés kintsem!* *—say—hast thou aught to object?”

Surzi is presented to the Archduchess, and sings before her her Hungarian song. This scene is very delicately touched; but we would rather give the description of what she felt at all this, as well as old Blaschka.

* *Edés kintsem!* a term of endearment equivalent to the German *mein schatz*, my treasure.

Suzsi had made her lowliest parting acknowledgments,—had spoken her grateful farewell to her generous patron, the Tavernicus;—had even reached the outer court of the palace on her return homewards, before her companion had sufficiently recovered from his *saisissement* to breathe one word in utterance of his amazement. During their visit to the Palatine's princely abode the heart of the young girl had been awakened to sentiments of deeper interest than those of mere vulgar admiration. Her duty to her father, her devotion to her lover, her care for her own fair fame,—all were involved in the momentous change of her destiny. She was gratified,—triumphant,—clear from shame;—could she be interested at such a time by gilded cornices or inlaid floors?—could the splendours of a royal dwelling, or the flowing state of an Imperial presence disturb the gentle current of her heartfelt gratitude and joy?

Not so old Blaschka. His wonderment, when indeed it found leisure to expand itself in words, dwelt ever on the dazzling and inexplicable magnificence which had burst upon his bewildered senses; and maugre the untrim shagginess of the national *capût* in which he was enveloped,—maugre the rustiness of the flapped beaver, and still more—despite the uncollected mass of shapeless features it overshadowed, Master Johann descended the hill towards the suburb of *Wasserthal*, with an air of jauntiness, an elevation of head, and trippingness of step, which argued something of the self-delusions of Malvolio. The spirit of feminine mischief had indeed besieged the brains of the reverend elder. The giggling courtesy with which the court damsels had greeted his grotesque person and untutored demeanour, had proved as flattering to his perceptions as a more favourable notice; and the “hyperbolic fiend which vexed the man,” prompted him to “talk of nothing but ladies.”

We do not quite like the deceit practised upon Franz on their return. A fine, noble girl, like Suzsi, who has suffered so much from a necessary concealment, would have gone to him at once, and told him all. Nor does the supper-scene in any degree repay the sacrifice. The point is not come to after all; and moreover, that wretch Ménesatz is too odious to have been let within the doors.

We are quite aware how very imperfectly we have given any idea of even this tale, which we professed in some measure to analyze. We have not been able, from our cramped measure this month, to do any such thing, or we should have put it beyond all doubt whether we had bestowed upon it over-praise. We are aware it is cast in lowly life—And then?—We will quote the motto prefixed to its first chapter, to which the name of *Hood* is appended:

• • Alas! there's far from coats of frieze
To silk and satin gowns,—
But I doubt if God made like degrees]
'Twixt courtly hearts and clowns'.

So do we. For the rest, lordly readers will find plenty of noble blood in the other stories; and, indeed, in the last there is no one below the rank of an archduchess. But, in all and each, we find the same merits and attractions, which must have gratified our readers in the extracts we have given; and, in some, excellences of other orders, with which we have had no opportunity of presenting them.

THE SEPARATION.

*'Lorsque l'on aime comme il faut,
Le moindre éloignement nous tue ;
Et ce, dont on chérit la vue,
Ne revient jamais assez tôt.'*—MOLIÈRE.

He's gone, dear Fanny!—gone at last—
We've said good bye—and all is over ;
'Twas a gay dream—but it is past—
Next Tuesday he will sail from Dover.
Well! gentle waves be round his prow!
But tear and prayer alike are idle ;
Oh! who shall fill my album now?
And who shall hold my poney's bridle?
Last night he left us after tea,—
I never thought he'd leave us—never ;
He was so pleasant, wasn't he?
Papa, too, said he was so clever.
And, Fanny, you'll be glad to hear
That little boy that looked so yellow,
Whose eyes were so like his,—my dear,
Is a poor little orphan fellow!
That odious Miss Lucretia Browne,
Who, with her horrid pugs and Bibles,
Is always running through the town,
And circulating tracts—and libels ;
Because he never danced with her,
Told dear mamma such horrid scandal,
About his moral character,
For stooping, just to tie a sandal!
She said he went to fights and fairs—
That always gives Papa the fidgets ;
She said he did not know his prayers,—
He's every Sunday at St. Bridget's!
She said he squeezed one's waist and hands,
Whene'er he waltzed—a plague upon her—
I danced with him at Lady Bland's,
He never squeezed me—'pon my honour.'
His regiment have got the route,
(They came down here to quell the riot,^a
And now—what can they be about?—
The stupid people are so quiet:—)
They say it is to India, too,
If there, I'm sure he'll get the liver!—
And should he bathe—he used to do—
They've crocodiles in ev'ry river.
There may be bright eyes there—~~and~~ then!
(I'm sure I love him like a brother ;)
His lute will soon be strung again,
His heart will soon beat for another.
I know him well! he is not false—
But when the song he loves is playing,
Or after he has danced a waltz—
He never knows what he is saying.

I know 'twas wrong—'twas very wrong—
 To listen to his wild romancing ;
 Last night I danced with him too long,
 One's always giddy after dancing :
 But when he begg'd me so to sing,
 And when he sigh'd, and ask'd me, would I ?
 And when he took my turquoise ring,—
 I'm sure I could not help it, could I ?
 Papa was lecturing the girls,
 And talked of settlements and rentals ;—
 I wore a white-lace frock—and pearls—
 He looked so well in regimentals !
 And just before we came away,
 While we were waiting for the carriage,
 I heard him, not quite plainly, say
 Something of Blacksmiths—and of marriage.
 He promised, if he could get leave,
 He'd soon come back—I wonder can he ?—
 Lord Hill is very strict, I b'lieve ;—
 (What could he mean by Blacksmiths, Fanny ?)
 He said he wished we ne'er had met,—
 I answer'd—it was lovely weather !—
 And then he bade me not forget
 The pleasant days we'd pass'd together.
 He's gone—and other lips may weave
 A stronger spell than mine to bind him ;
 But bid him, if he love me, leave
 Those rhymes he made me love, behind him :
 Tell him I know those wayward strings
 Not always sound to mirthful measures ;
 But sighs are sometimes pleasant things,
 And tears from those we love are treasures.
 Tell him to leave off drinking wine,
 Tell him to break himself of smoking,
 Tell him to go to bed at nine—
 His hours are really quite provoking.
 Tell him I hope he won't get fat,
 Tell him to act with due reflection ;
 Tell him to wear a broad-leafed hat,
 Or else he'll ruin his complexion.
 Tell him I am *so* ill to-day,
 Perhaps to-morrow I'll be better ;
 Tell him before he goes away,
 To write me a consoling letter :
 Tell him to send me down that song
 He said he loved the best of any—
 Tell him I'm sure I can't live long,
 And—bid him love me—won't you, Fanny ?

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

No. X.

WE will spend our Christmas in our Room! And truly this is not a stingy, unsocial, cheerless, bachelor resolve. Heaven be praised, we have friends enow to greet us at such a season—and most dear intimates, whom a single whistle would call around our humble but happy board. We are not of those wretched idolators of woe, who

Quarrel with mince-pie, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge.

We have a reverence for Christmas. We love its present enjoyments and its traditional glories. We rejoice in the Turkey of 1828, and the Boar's Head of 1618. We lie awake at night listening for the Waits; and have a ready smile for the Beadle's verses. The dustman offends us not when he tells us that his medal is a 'head of Frederick the Great,—reverse, the Genius of Victory;—'and the Sexton has our best wishes that he may laugh and grow fat when he brings us 'the Bills of Mortality.'—We love Christmas—its sentiment and its avarice, its jollity and its apoplexies:—but nevertheless, this Christmas we dine at home. Between church and dinner we will be critical.

And assuredly we shall spend this Christmas in most excellent society. Our books shall be our guests: and whilst our children (reader, we have seven) pay a visit to their aunts, we will entertain some of the choicest spirits of the month—we had almost said of our time—at our frugal board, where no boisterous mirth shall then intrude. On New Year's Eve and Twelfth Night our self-denial shall be repaid. Then, indeed, no night-mare of Maga shall lie heavy on our breast:—no vision of a fearful man, with a bald head and spectacles, crying "sleep no more, Duncan," shall start us from our irresponsible slumbers. We will eat, and drink, and laugh, and sleep, with no fear of the devil before our eyes (a polite but an inexorable devil); and it shall go hard but the prodigalities of old Christmas shall recompense us for the privations of the New.

And now to our consolations—Books, eternal books.—What a prolific monster is this Press. She devours her own children and produces them in new forms. The history that perished yesterday soars into the April skies the novel of to-day;—and the novel of to-day, which dies ere the sun goes down, is transmuted into the history of to-morrow. And this is the course of Nature,—and why not therefore of books?

Imperious Cæsar dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

The whole secret of the world's career is resolved by the little word Change; and whether the transformation be from a grub to a butterfly—or from a man to a grub,—the philosopher has only to rejoice that nothing is lost, and to hope that even a butterfly or his poet has not lived in vain.

We intend no reflection upon Mr. Bayly. Mr. Bayly is a very pretty poet; and may in some sort be considered the founder of a

school. 'The Crow-Quill School of Poetry' has been called into existence by the rage for Albums and Annuals; and it is truly a matter of rejoicing that such gentle talents receive their earthly reward. Although the honied sweetness of Keepsakes and 'Souvenirs' may be copied into such rude productions as Mirrors and Extractors, the music of Mr. Bayly's verses is only allowed to be published by Mr. Power; and most encouraging it is, for us of small inclination to labour, and a pretty talent for rhyming, that a song is thus rendered worth fifty pounds in the market, while a sermon is printed for the especial benefit of the trunk-makers. For ourselves, seeing that no bookseller will buy our 'History of the Eighteenth Century, with original illustrations of the age of Louis XIV. and of the American and French Revolutions,' we intend to open a negotiation with Goulding and D'Almaine. Six hundred a year shall purchase us for life; and our 'fatal facility' shall be the admiration of every fair pianist in the three kingdoms.

And yet, though the Muses be Sisters, each, as it appears to us, ought to have her appropriate empire. We are not sure that Mr. Bayly, or even Mr. Moore, do not come within the penalties of the old Statutes against monopoly, when they thus seduce Calliope and Polyhymnia into their services. The example is contagious. We have before us a most agreeable production,—

• 'THE YULE LOG,'

'Being a Christmas Eve's Entertainment, after the Ancient Custom, by Thomas Wilson, Teacher of Dancing; author of the 'Danciad,' 'Quadrille Panorama,' 'Companion to the Ball-Room,' 'System of German and French Waltzing,' 'Ecosaise Instructor,' 'Analysis of Country Dancing,' and other various works on Dancing; also the 'Disappointed Authoress,' 'Plot against Plot,' 'The Masquerade Rehearsal,' 'Double Wedding,' 'The Coronation,' 'Old Heads upon Young Shoulders,' and 'Aquatic Excursion.' If this be not taking Parnassus by storm, there is not a pluralist in the land. The pretension, too, of the work is great; and ought not to be thought lightly of, by us who have only one string to our bow. Mr. Wilson, also, has an unfair advantage over his brother authors. If the critics assail him he can take to his legs. Great are the experiments he would introduce into literature. He regrets that our Christmas amusements should be so little of the intellectual kind;—he scorns pudding and beef; and has no idea of mirth but the enactment of "appropriate pieces" at his rooms, 18, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden. Really we are envious of Mr. Wilson; and will not quote a line of his book.

But there are other poets to sing of Christmas, beside Mr. Wilson and the Bellman.

• 'CHRISTMAS; A POEM. BY EDWARD MOXON,'

is dedicated to Charles Lamb, "as a token of the kindest regard."—Mr. Lamb; like all men of real genius, is simple-hearted and good-natured, and we dare say will say kind things to the poet, (we hope he is young,) and commend the skill with which he talks of

Beef all sprigg'd with rosemary,

and Bethlehem, in the same breath. For ourselves, we commend him

to Mr. Charles Lamb's good-nature; for even his subject, smile-provoking as it is, will not beguile us to commend such lines as

There coaches rattle by in glee,
With hamper stow'd, and plump turkey.

Such talk about eating really makes us fancy this "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter thoughts," on a Christmas day, to be but "lenten fare." We derive no consolation, either, in our abstemiousness, from

' COMMENTS ON CORPULENCY,'

By William Wadd, Esq. F.L.S., Surgeon Extraordinary to the King, etc. etc. etc. This book is an absolute provocative to feeding. Look at the frontispiece—the happy, smiling, conceited, impudent humourist, —peering through his little grey-eyes, sunk three inches in fat, with the most knowing and laughter-provoking air in the world:—

See his corpus advances
His abdomen dances,
His smiles and his glances
Are pregnant with fun.—

There is only one living man as fat and as mirth-exciting; but cast your eye upon the contrast at p. 91—the moping, snarling, hypochondriacal, timid, miserable old-bachelor,—who never enjoyed a full meal, or a foolish pun, in his whole life; and who thinks the world made for mankind to be thin and sensible in. The ass! Abernethy, and the political economists have brought him to this plight; and not even Wadd can save him. Clearly this erudite and funny author is one of us. He is not to be despatched in a hurry; and we shall, therefore, lay him aside for a more lawful time. At Christmas he would kill us.

By way of leading us from illicit thoughts of this lower world, and all its abominable seductions, which unfit us for that

Perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns,

turn we to

' A TREATISE ON ZODIACAL PHYSIOGNOMY'

No. 1., by John Varley. This learned work was sent us by a comical friend, who admired our taste for astrology; and who sought to lead us from the error of our way in the matter of 'Francis Moore, Physician,' by this all-convincing tractate on the higher mysteries of the science. Let us meditate, with a mind open to the truth. Assuredly, we are half converted. It is almost "the witching time o' night;" our lamp burns dimly as we trace what planet was "lord of the ascendant" at the hour of our birth; and fearfully does our black cat peer into our face, till we could almost fancy he is as wise as Agrippa's dog. Truly, Mr. Varley, if you should drive us from our settled purpose of exterminating the successors of Raymond Lully, the world will lose a hero, and its regeneration is postponed to another century. And really, if ever man by the force of his eloquence—a force built upon the perfect sincerity of his convictions—could restore the good old days of astrological faith, that man is Mr. John Varley. As a painter, who does not recognise his talents? But what are common acquirements, such as the power of making the mimic landscape

glow with all the radiance of the noon-day sun, compared with the ability of reading the aspects of Saturn, or affirming whether Mars is in either of the houses of Venus. The prejudices of Reason would make us laugh at these things; but the seer speaks with a compelling voice,—and we are grave. Hear Mr. Varley, O fellow-scoffers!—“The apparent power of the various signs of the Zodiac in creating a great diversity in the features and complexions of the human race has long been as well established among inquiring people, as the operation of the moon on the tides.”

You believe Newton, you believe La Place—and yet you doubt Mr. Varley. Listen again:—

The circumstance most fortunate for proving the distinct and perfect division of one sign from another in the countenance and complexion of persons born under two signs, the one of which immediately precedes the other, is the fact of Sagittarius, the house of Jupiter, being the only sign (as I have found by my own experience) under which no persons are born having black or dark hair, eyes, and eyebrows, with the very rare exception of an occasional appearance of reflection of the sign Gemini, which gives a mild hazel-brown eye and hair, and sometimes a deficiency in the clearness of the complexion. I have almost uniformly found those born under Sagittarius to be very fair, with grey eyes; and in general of a lively, forgiving-hearted, and free disposition. And I have frequently detected mistakes in the time of birth given to me by the parties or their parents, by the complexion alone, where the parties being dark, and who were born under the latter degrees of Scorpio, or the early degrees of Capricorn (which latter is usually a very dark, melancholic sign) were at first almost positive that they were born at such a time as would cause Sagittarius to ascend: but the line of separation is so distinctly marked, that while the very last degree, minute, and second of Sagittarius rises, the party then born never has black eyes or hair; and when the very commencement of the first degree of Capricorn rises, the person is generally very dark, though this sign, as well as all the others, will occasionally give fair persons, by reflection of Cancer, its opposite sign.

Any one who can scoff at these things must, indeed, be far gone in scepticism. But there are even more wonders in the science. The “ascendant” presides over our remains ages after our bodies are crumbling in the dust; and thus, centuries hence, when one of Mr. Varley's paintings shall be rescued from the brokers and varnish-men, to be set amongst the Claudes and Wilsons of some gorgeous gallery, the lucky star of Varley will lead the connoisseur to the purchase of the gem, upon the same principle as the following less noble instances:—

Should a party of antiquaries, hundreds of years after a person's death, discover his grave, there must be some planet, or the sun, in conjunction, or some other aspect with his ascendant. For instance, when Hone, in his ‘Every Day Book,’ published Flamstead's horoscope for the instant that the first stone of Greenwich Observatory was laid, the moon's fortunate node was passing through the exact degree of the horoscope, on the day that the work was sent from the printer's. Again, when the coffin of Milton was sought for in the Chancel of Cripplegate church, a short time before the erection of his monument in 1737, the Herschel planet was passing over and near his ascendant. And it is a remarkable coincidence, that the Greenwich Observatory, having the same ascendant, Milton's Latin MSS. were translated and brought into notice, about the time that Flamstead's horoscope was published by Hone, viz. 17th deg. Sagittarius.

This is a work not to be lightly despatched, and we shall return to it upon the publication of Part II.

After Mr. Varley, we must be grave, and turn to sober criticism:—

‘TRIALS OF LIFE.’

We have seen this work, which is by the author of ‘*De Lisle*,’ spoken of with unqualified praise in many quarters. We confess we are very much surprised at the praise not having been very strongly qualified. There is some talent displayed in the conception of one or two of the characters—that of Isabella Albany, in “*Lord Amesfort’s Family*,” especially, although it is not sufficiently worked out; and some of the minor sketches are, we think, clever. But beyond this, there is little to praise: the style is often very incorrect, which is a singular fault at this time of day.

But there are far more serious objections than this. We cannot but regard the moral of both tales as exceedingly reprehensible. We are the farthest in the world from starting at any passing or casual freedom, or even license. That, certainly, is better avoided—but it does not give character to a work. Neither do we think, as some do, that guilt should never be represented. Far from it; duly treated, we even think its representation calculated often to effect great good. But the whole of the story of *Lady Amesfort* we think to be corrupt; and, above all, the event on which the main plot of the tale turns, is, from the circumstances under which it is represented, nothing short of revolting. Neither is *Lord Amesfort* described, as a man of his almost impossible selfishness, baseness, and cruelty should alone be spoken of.

The second tale is, we almost shudder to say, announced, by the author in a dedication, as *fact*; and the papers have been very liberal in assigning a real name to the heroine. If the narrative be, as the author says, “a mere effort of memory”—the story of *Alicia’s* sister, as well as of *Alicia’s* self, must be true; because *Alicia’s* own destiny is ultimately fixed by the sister’s conduct. The author dedicates the work to a living person, as having known the individual described under the name of *Alicia*. There must be,—if the identification be correct there are,—many living persons nearly connected with these parties. And is it to be suffered that private misfortune, even though accompanied by guilt, should be raked up after so short a lapse of time, to be held out for public entertainment in a novel? Is it to be suffered that the feelings of surviving friends should be thus wantonly exposed to pain? We know nothing of the writer of the work; we judge it from itself; and we cannot notice it without giving vent to an honest expression of disgust on this part of the subject.

In this story, likewise, the objectionable part of the plot is given in a very objectionable manner—though, in neither case, we must in justice add, with any indelicacy of language.

Positively, not another word of direct censure shall escape our lips at this season of kindness;—for we feel our hearts expanding with affection towards every living thing. What has put us into this anti-critical humour—(no, not anti-critical, for praise is as much the duty of a critic as blame—)? The curtains have been drawn these two

hours—the fire blazed as cheerfully when we first sat down to our vocation. We have it!—

‘LEGENDS OF THE LAKES,’

by T. Crofton Croker, has destroyed, for an hour or so, all the bile in our disposition. It is not that the wit is more brilliant, the legends more amusing, than a hundred other books;—but you feel at once in the society of a thoroughly good tempered man, when you sit down to a volume by Mr. Crofton Croker. There is nothing of the pettiness of authorship—none of the snarling at another's fame, or the howling over one's own neglect,—that make authorship such a hateful trade. There is none of that misanthropy which is put on as a cloak for ignorance and ill-nature; or of that pert dogmatism which stands, in the writer's own estimation, for logic and integrity. Here you may be amused without pretension;—and have your laughter tickled, without the follies of a bosom friend being laid bare to the world. Mr. Croker makes even folly amiable, by throwing over it the light of his unconquerable temper; and the only fear we could have about his legends would be, that they would make some of the saints and heroes, who are the subjects of them, really to seem like respectable gentlemen; when, in fact, the greater number of them were good-for-nothing varlets. Hear how he tells a story about St. Patrick:—

“By the bye, Sir,” said Spillane, “I believe there is a story, something about a great serpent, I think.—Do you know any thing of it, Picket?”

“The serpent is it?” said Picket in reply. “Sure, every body has *hard* tell of the blessed Saint Patrick, and how he *druve* the *sarpints* and all manner of venomous things out of Ireland—how he ‘bothered all the *varmint*’ entirely. But for all that, there was one *ould sarpint* left, who was too cunning to be talked out of the country, and made to drown himself. Saint Patrick didn’t well know how to manage this fellow, who was doing great havoc, till at long last he bethought himself, and got a strong iron chest made, with nine *boults* upon it.

“So one fine morning he takes a walk to where the *sarpint* used to keep; and the *sarpint*, who didn’t like the saint in the least (and small blame to him for that!) began to hiss and show his teeth at him like any thing. ‘Oh,’ says Saint Patrick, says he, ‘where’s the use of making such a piece of work about a gentleman like myself coming to see you? ‘Tis a nice house I have got made for you, *agin* the winter; for I’m going to civilise the whole country, man and beast,’ says he, ‘and you can come and look at it whenever you please; and ‘tis myself will be glad to see you.’

“The *sarpint*, hearing such smooth words, thought that though Saint Patrick had *druve* all the rest of the *sarpints* into the sea, he meant no harm to himself; so the *sarpint* walks fair and easy up to see him and the house he was speaking about. But when the *sarpint* saw the nine great *boults* upon the chest, he thought he was *sould* (betrayed), and was for making off with himself as fast as ever he could.

“‘Tis a nice warm house, you see,’ says Saint Patrick, ‘and ‘tis a good friend I am to you.’

“‘I thank you kindly, Saint Patrick, for your civility,’ says the *sarpint*, ‘but I think it’s too small it is for me’—meaning it for an excuse; and away he was going.

“‘Too small!’ says Saint Patrick; ‘stop, if you please,’ says he, ‘you’re out in that, my boy, any how—I’m sure ‘twill fit you completely. And I’ll tell you what,’ says he, ‘I’ll bet you a gallon of porter,’ says he, ‘that if you’ll only try and get in, there’ll be plenty of room for you.’

"The *sarpint* was as thirsty as could be with his walk, and 'twas great joy to him, the thoughts of doing Saint Patrick out of the gallon of porter; so, swelling himself up as big as he could, in he got to the chest, all but a little bit of his tail. 'There now,' says he, 'I've won the gallon, for you see the house is too small for me, for I can't get in my tail:' when what does Saint Patrick do, but he comes behind the great heavy lid of the chest, and, putting his two hands to it, down he slaps it, with a bang like thunder. When the rogue of a *sarpint* saw the lid coming down, in went his tail like a shot, for fear of its being whipped off him, and Saint Patrick began at once to *boul*t the nine iron *boults*."

"'Oh, murder!—won't you let me out, Saint Patrick?' says the *sarpint*—'I've lost the bet fairly, and I'll pay you the gallon like a man.'"

"'Let you out, my darling!' says Saint Patrick, 'to be sure I will—by all manner of means; but, you see, I haven't time now, so you must wait till to-morrow.' And so he took the iron chest, with the *sarpint* in it, and pitches it into the lake here, where it is to this hour, for certain; and 'tis the *sarpint* struggling down at the bottom that makes the waves upon it. Many is the living man," continued Picket, "besides myself, has *hard* the *sarpint* crying out, from within the chest under the water,—'Is it to-morrow yet?' is it to-morrow yet?' which, to be sure, it can never be. And that's the way Saint Patrick settled the last of the *sarpints*, Sir."

Clearly, St. Patrick was a great rogue to beguile the *sarpint* after this fashion; and if he had belonged to the Jockey Club, instead of the Missionary Society, would have been taught a better version of the laws of honour.

Mr. Leitch Ritchie, who writes

'TALES AND CONFESSIONS,'

is altogether a very different person from Mr. Croften Croker. He has more *power*;—but then a great deal of that power is employed without taste and discrimination; and what between the nature of his subjects, and his mode of treating them, you are apt, with almost every tale or confession, to hurl the book across the room, and look for relief at some of the clever wood-cuts of the 'Legends of Killarney' (of which we are glad thus to lug in a notice.) But then you take Mr. Ritchie's book up again, in spite of yourself;—for it is clearly a clever book. Our quarrel with it is this. He is perpetually straining after some topic of excitement, and generally contrives to light upon what is either very impossible, or very revolting. 'Skeleton Scenes,'—in which the interest turns upon a supposed murder, followed by a trial, a condemned cell, a gallows, and the supposed murdered man appearing to save his friend at the gallows' foot, will not do at this time of day. The scene and the era of this story are thus indicated:—"The heaps of grey stones that attract our attention by their precise mathematical figures, are mute, and the hammer and hammerer absent; the parched fields are deserted; the stage-coaches have ceased to fly, and the fly-vans to crawl."

We at once see that this is England in the nineteenth century. Now every one who is not desperately ignorant of the history of his country, and of the present administration of justice, must know that from the date of the "Camden Wonder," in the time of the Commonwealth, it has been an invariable rule of law, that no charge for murder can lie, without the body having previously been found. So far

for the false excitement of the *impossible*; and now for the *revolting*. With the exception of 'Sheelah's Dowry,' and two other stories, every tale turns upon some such excitements as are to be found in the 'Annals of Newgate;' and the 'Confessions of a Body-Snatcher,' for instance, which, we believe, has been very popular, goes far into those abominations, which make the blood curdle even more than those disgusting records of guilt and suffering. We think such matters have a tendency to deprave the mind, and give it a disrelish for sound and healthful emotions. Upon this principle we detest, even to loathing, the revolting details of such trials as Thurtell's and Corder's; and we therefore cannot avoid expressing our feelings when we behold a clever writer seeking for the superstructure of his *fictions* amongst such hideous exhibitions of human frailty. Happy are we to see that Mr. Ritchie is about to dedicate his talents to History; and we argue that his powers will be productive of real good to his fellow men, when they are disciplined by the study of facts, and directed to what is useful.

Now, we have, in spite of ourselves, written what Mr. Ritchie and his friends will think censure. Plague on it—it is so.

The Editor's Room—the Editor's No-Room!—for here we are reduced, by all sorts of intruders, to a scurvy eight pages. We have to notice six new novels, three histories, and twenty-seven books for young persons—all of which must be postponed to a more convenient season.

A plague on this new partnership! Messieurs Fact and Fiction of the London Magazine, your unhappy minister is in a rare plight between you. He stands, like Garrick between Comedy and Tragedy, grinning and groaning;—smiling upon his new poetical contributors on the one hand, and raving at his long-winded interpreter of all the facts of all the journals of all the languages of Europe, on the other. And yet these new auxiliaries are men of metal: and this 'Journal of Facts,' with a little pruning and polishing, which will be acquired in time, will do the Magazine and the public good service.

Upon cool consideration, the Editor will, for once, forgive this intrusion upon his 'Room'—for it enables him to finish his last labours before midnight;—and to drink the healths of his dear readers on this good Christmas Day, without the fear of the Press before his eyes to poison his libations.

After all, we shall not "keep our Christmas in our Room."

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

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ON THE APPROACHING SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

A MOMENTOUS Session of Parliament is about to open in a few days, one which, if the indications which are plainly visible in the political horizon do not deceive us, will surpass any we have for some years witnessed in animated and important discussions. That they will be animated, we infer from the evident state of excitement of the different political parties which compose our legislature; our opinion, that they will be important in their results, we derive from the light in which we view the situation of his Majesty's Ministers relatively to those parties, and to the country at large. We cannot, indeed, call to our recollection any time at which the mere discussions (for we do not speak of the divisions, or votes, of either of the Houses of Parliament) exercised a more commanding influence over the Government of the state than those of the present Session are, in our opinion, likely to do. That there should exist in the liberal party of all denominations an extraordinary degree of excitement and energy at the present moment is indeed not surprising. Ever since the accession of the Duke of Wellington to the office of Prime Minister, they have been lulled into an almost unprecedented inactivity. Whether this has been the result of inconceivable credulity on their part, or of eminent dexterity on the part of his Grace, it is not our intention to discuss. But, however well or ill founded their hopes and expectations may have been, either at the opening or at the close of the late Session of Parliament, those hopes and expectations are now gone. The dispositions and intentions of his Majesty's Government must be manifest to the most short-sighted. The most eminent political profligacy can scarcely keep up the affectation of blindness. It is impossible not to perceive that, at the present moment, the expression of the Prime Minister's intention upon the Catholic Question (and expressed it has now been in terms not to be misunderstood) determines the character of his government, and the consequent degree of confidence, or even forbearance, which it is likely to obtain from the liberal party in Parliament. For, as the legislature of this country is constituted, an administration hostile to Catholic Emancipation must necessarily and inevitably be to a greater or less degree hostile to liberal and enlightened policy both at home and abroad. Upon whom, we would ask, must it rest for support?—

FEBRUARY, 1829.

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If we call over the muster-roll of the great *parliamentary interests*, upon whose numerous squadrons an anti-Catholic government must depend for its ministerial existence; and if, in order to infer the future conduct of those important interests from the past, (and we know no other mode of calculating upon it,) we take a retrospect of the measures they supported or opposed; of their strenuous support of the worst; of their reluctant acquiescence in those of a less objectionable character; and of their violent opposition to the best, we shall come to the melancholy conclusion, that the formidable list of Mannerses, Clintons, Percys, Cecils, Seymours, Lowthers, Gordons, Murrays, and Beresfords, is a sufficient guarantee that everything like improvement at home, everything like sympathy for the cause of liberty abroad, will meet with determined hostility from ministers who have invoked the aid of these persons, and who hold office at their mercy.

But the Catholic Question, considered of itself, and independent of deductions which may be drawn from the intentions of Government upon that, to their intentions upon any other given measure of policy or legislation, has at the present conjuncture assumed an importance which we may venture to say entitles the disposition of our Prime Minister towards it, to settle at once the question of the degree of support or confidence to be given to, or reposed in his administration.

Let us examine, then, the question of what those dispositions are. We must do this historically. The Duke of Wellington, after having been all his life the constant opponent of Catholic emancipation, some weeks after his appointment to office, turned out the only men in his cabinet upon whom the Catholics could rely for anything like efficient support; and a few days after, at a period when the crazy bark of his administration was by no means prepared (we doubt whether it is so yet) for a political tempest, made an ambiguous jesuitical speech upon the Catholic Question, a speech carefully constructed with sedulous attention to the exclusion of anything like an opinion; and so happily executed was this performance, that both parties, each putting their own construction upon the sentences, thus left as *bona vacantia* for any one who could fit them with a meaning, claimed his Grace as their own. The substantial object of the speech was obtained. The remainder of the Session passed off quietly, but the greater wonders which it effected were reserved for the period of the recess.

The friends of the Catholics were so persuaded of the reality of those intentions and dispositions on the part of the Prime Minister,—intentions and dispositions which they had attributed to him, for no better assignable reason than because he had professed to have no intentions or dispositions at all;—so confident were they in the accuracy of their commentary upon his ambiguous text,—a commentary so fanciful as to put us in mind of nothing so forcibly as of Puff's explanation of the voluminous meaning of Lord Burleigh's nod;—so sure did they make themselves that the minister was actually engaged in the good work, that scarcely a week of that period passed by but some one or other of these true believers as-

tonished our weak minds by a detail of the progress of his Grace towards the accomplishment of his design. He was pictured to us as engaged in discussing delicate points of ecclesiastical policy with Irish Catholic prelates; quieting the fears of bishops, whose inflexibility was not confirmed by their arrival at the summit of episcopal expectation; remonstrating firmly, but respectfully, against conscientious scruples in the "highest quarters;"—sending the Duke of Buckingham and Mr. Wilmot Horton to negotiate with no less a personage than the Pope himself, while the Solicitor-General was engaged in turning the ingenious pamphlet of the latter gentleman into an Act of Parliament. Signs and wonders like these—signs and wonders little short of the miracles of Prince Hohenlohe himself, were every day presenting themselves to our astounded senses. But, at last, the curtain was drawn up, and disclosed, perhaps sooner than was intended or desired by those behind it, the real nature of the drama which was in preparation. The celebrated letter of the Duke of Wellington was intended, we doubt not, by its celebrated composer, to keep up that patient, forbearing and expectant confidence, the existence of which it was so much his interest to prolong. The attempt we must consider as eminently unfortunate. The letter, an imitation of the speech, when compared to it as a specimen of the jesuitical proficiency of the author, was a very inferior performance. It disclosed a great deal too much. At the first glance, indeed, the appearance of the letter was not such as at once to put to flight all the agreeable hallucinations in which the Catholics had been indulging. But if we examine its contents more closely, and advert to the statement of the difficulties of the question which are there presented to us by his Grace, and the singularly comical expedient by which he proposes to surmount them; and, moreover, take his acts and conduct as a commentary upon his expressions, so far from being led to believe that the statesman, who could put such sentiments upon paper as the result of his meditations, had really at heart the final settlement of the question, and with that object had been giving up his mind to the consideration of the means of attaining it, we find it a hard matter to persuade ourselves that either a final settlement of the question, the difficulties in its way, or the method of surmounting those difficulties, have ever seriously occupied his mind at all. What difficulties? and what an expedient? Party feeling and violence in discussion, forsooth, are the difficulties! These are the impediments which are said to paralyze the exertions of "an upright and straightforward statesman;" a "man of courage and decision;" of a Prime Minister at the head of "a firm and united administration," whose mind is made up upon the merits of the question, and who is "anxious to witness a settlement, which, by benefiting the state, would confer a benefit upon every individual belonging to it!"—and delay!—a further time for a "diligent consideration" of those difficulties, is the much sought after expedient! when every day, every hour of that delay necessarily and inevitably increases that very violence and agitation of which he affects to complain. We say *affects* to complain; for what conclusion are we to come to as to his sincerity, when his Grace alleges "party spirit and violence pervade

ing every discussion of the question" as a much to be lamented difficulty; while he himself has been contemplating ever since the summer, and has at last carried into effect, a measure, which, beyond any event which has happened within this last, twelvemonth, has tended to increase that very party feeling and violence which he laments as insuperable obstacles to Catholic Emancipation! Instead of being engaged in the deep meditations and profound schemes which the romantic imaginations of our confident politicians had assigned as the benevolent occupations of a vigorous mind, bending all its energies towards effecting the restoration of the Catholics to the rights of British subjects, the Duke, as far as we have any evidence of his Grace's autumnal avocations, has been compassing and imagining, by all possible subtle devices, the recal of that nobleman, the permanency of whose administration as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was the best chance for the preservation of the tranquillity of that unhappy country;—studying and contriving how to purge his administration of the only remaining minister whose high sense of honour and political integrity would not admit those considerations which are ever uppermost in the thoughts of low and narrow minded politicians, as an excuse for the delay of a measure which is the foundation upon which alone it is possible to build reasonable hopes of the tranquillity of Ireland; and as if anything were wanting to confirm our opinion as to his sincerity, appointing the Duke of Northumberland as the successor of Lord Anglesea. If, indeed, the recal of that Nobleman had arisen from any other error or disqualification than that of his being the honest, and, therefore, (in the Prime Minister's opinion,) the too importunate advocate of the Catholics, which we have good reason to know that it did not, why then not at least endeavour to appoint some one else with similar opinions upon that important subject? Why, in making the first offer of the vacant post, has he gone amongst the ranks of the best known and most powerful of the anti-Catholics? Or, are we still to feed our hopes and cherish our expectations by the supposition that the selection of the Duke of Northumberland was the result of a determination of the Prime Minister to appoint the whole anti-Catholic aristocracy, one after the other, to the viceroyalty, for the purpose of conversion? Should this chance to be the object of his Grace, however ingenious the ~~scheme~~, we fear that, for his first experiment, the choice has been peculiarly unfortunate.

We wonder whether his Grace can lead himself to imagine that it will be practicable any longer to keep up the delusion? that the friends of the Catholics can have the least disposition, when such has been the result of the employment of his leisure hours, to entrust *him* with further time for a similar "diligent consideration" of the difficulties of the question; or can flatter themselves with the hope that, when he proposes to "bury the question in oblivion for a time," he has any other view than to get rid of those discussions and those parliamentary difficulties which might endanger himself and his colleagues in the peaceful occupation and enjoyment of their official dignities. The anxiety to carry on the game of dissimulation, which he still manifests, would induce us to believe, that, in some

quarters at least, he does not despair of its success. Neutrality, or at least the neutrality of his cabinet, may, for ought we care, be professed by the Prime Minister; it is the plea urged by those politicians who, while they adhere to or support his administration, still call themselves friends to the Catholics.

We shall not now stop to enquire whether the "principles of Lord Liverpool's government" (a phrase which we have so often heard repeated, and of which we have as often been unable to ascertain the precise meaning—but which, whether it have a meaning or not, has been used by the Duke of Wellington to denote the principles of his own) were, or were not principles of neutrality;—or whether, indeed, neutrality properly so called ever did or ever could exist upon this vital question in any cabinet. Even admitting for the sake of argument that such a neutrality ever effectually existed, we confess that, in the present state of Ireland, such a thing as a neutral cabinet appears to us utterly impossible.

The aspect of the Catholic question has changed since the day when it occupied the attention of a few politicians for a few hours in the course of the year. What was then the subject of an occasional debate in the Houses of Parliament, or of an occasional dinner or meeting of politicians "out of doors," now is the incessant occupation and employment of a WHOLE PEOPLE, who are bent heart and soul upon the attainment of an object of paramount importance. The question is not now to be argued upon abstract theories of political justice or expediency, or upon speculative contemplations of future dangers or advantages; but upon the actual state of Ireland. The administration must be called upon to declare whether they *will* or *will not* leave seven millions of the subjects of Great Britain waiting upon the very brink of rebellion for the first favourable opportunity which will enable them to effect their own emancipation by the dismemberment of the Empire; whether they will continue, or not, to trust the peace of the kingdom, not to the law—not to the magistrate, but to the frail security of the discretion and forbearance of political leaders directing and controlling a discontented and irritated people; whether they will or will not leave the Catholic Association *de facto* exercising the functions of government, and only waiting for a fitter day to declare that, henceforth it will do so *de jure*.—We cannot believe it possible that men with heads upon their shoulders should choose the former of these alternatives. A minister or a party may possibly think it right to put an end to this imminent danger, by the adoption of "vigorous measures;" by exciting the irritated feelings of the Irish Catholics to such a pitch of exasperation as to drive them into rebellion at a time when the English government is best prepared for it, rather than consent to lay the foundation of the union, peace, and tranquillity of the British Empire, by admitting within the pale of its constitution, seven millions of its subjects, whom an iniquitous and senseless law excludes from the rights and privileges of Englishmen.

We believe, and indeed for the sake of the party we hope, that there are many of those politicians who are calling aloud for the adoption of what they term "vigorous measures" directed against

the Catholics and their leaders, who do not thereby intend civil war, massacre, and extermination; who do not contemplate a renewal of the scenes which succeeded the rebellion, and a re-enactment of the penal laws. There are some who do.—But of the former class we would ask what is it they mean? If they mean any measures short of those which would bring on an immediate appeal to the sabre and the bayonet—an appeal which we are every day told (as our fathers were told with similar confidence before the memorable appeal which terminated in the independence of the United States) could only be decided one way; they would be measures which could only tend to aggravate the irritation in Ireland and to increase the power and activity of their antagonists. Such measures would plainly leave matters worse, both as regards the tranquillity and the allegiance of Ireland.

To leave the tranquillity and allegiance of Ireland thus at the mercy of events and in the custody of its present guardians, we have ventured to state our belief cannot be the wish or intention of any government. But if we should be mistaken in this; if it should be possible that it is the present wish and intention of His Majesty's ministers to leave things as they are, can these intentions hold? For our part, we are persuaded that, composed and supported as the present administration is, they cannot. A minister of this nation, especially one who has chosen for his colleagues men of little talent, of little weight or estimation in the country, must be content to obey the party who support him, and by their opinions and inclinations we may pretty accurately anticipate his measures. But why, if he has already made his choice; if he has selected the party adverse to the Catholics and bent upon the adoption of "vigorous measures" against them,—and he has, no doubt, selected them as being the party whose superior parliamentary influence is, in his opinion, most likely to uphold his administration,—why, it may be asked, does he still persevere in attempting to keep up the illusion of a favourable disposition towards the settlement of the Catholic question? The fact is, that strong as the aristocratic party who support the Duke of Wellington may render him as to numerical force,—sure as he may think himself of parliamentary majorities, he feels himself unprepared to encounter, at the present moment, an opposition so formidable in point of numbers, rank, influence, and talent, as that which a discovery of his hostility to the introduction of any measure for the relief of the Catholics could not fail to array against him. In the last Session of Parliament the Prime Minister and his colleagues had an easy task; it is, indeed, easy to conquer—to "march on victorious," when we "meet no enemy to fight withal." But the idea that, in the face of an active and united opposition, the operations of an English administration, possessed as we are of legislative and deliberative assemblies, can be conveniently carried on by a minister who has no powers of debate,—although it is a pleasant conceit in which some sapient panegyrists of our taciturn Premier have chosen to indulge themselves,—it is an idea not likely to find a place in the imagination of his Grace; whose estimation, however, we are ready to admit, of his own qualifications for the situation he fills is not

formed upon too low a scale. He is too well aware of those considerations, founded upon the practical detail of parliamentary business, which render it necessary, or at least highly desirable for him and his colleagues to get over the early part of the session unembarrassed by the active hostility of a powerful opposition, not to wish to prolong as far as possible the tranquil confidence of his political antagonists. The experiment is, at all events, worth trying. If he intends to propose any measures in the nature of those to which we have already adverted as the favourite schemes of his present supporters, in the event of the success of the experiment he is now making, the approaching end of the session (to which he will no doubt defer them) will narrow the field of hostile operations. Excuses will not be wanting for his having so long delayed to bring forward measures of such importance, or numerical majorities to carry them through the legislature. If he intends to persevere in a system of inaction; if he intends to trust the tranquillity of Ireland to the chapter of accidents, and the continuance of his own power to fortune, the great desideratum of such a scheme of policy is attained. Time is gained. The evil hour is, at least, put off. And should the experiment fail, should the liberal party (as we sincerely trust and believe they will) manifest a determination to be no longer satisfied and silenced by mysterious nods and ambiguous sentences, but to make use of that superior aptitude for parliamentary warfare which, as compared with ministers and their supporters, they individually and collectively possess, in harassing the operations of government, a change of policy—hazardous as the manœuvre may be—is still an expedient absolutely beyond the reach of the premier. He may still turn to the right about; and their leader, in his abandonment of his former opinions, may drag after him the amazed, confounded, and helpless anti-Catholics,—or may leave them, if they are obstinate, and place his last remaining hope in the support of their opponents. But, considering that by such a proceeding he would incur the danger of dissolving his administration, and the certainty of converting many of his present supporters, deceived and insulted as they would feel, into exasperated enemies, it is not to be expected that it should be contemplated by the Duke of Wellington, otherwise than as a resource to be thought of in the extremity of difficulty. In such an extremity he can only be placed by the cordial union and co-operation, and by the *early* and active exertions of that numerous and influential party which is composed of the true friends of civil and religious liberty.

THE COLOSSEUM.

WE write this word as the newspaper-advertisements have it, without any very distinct perception of its meaning. Whether the large circular building, with a massive Doric portico, in the Regent's Park, be named after the Coliseum at Rome, to which it does not bear the slightest resemblance; or whether its sponsors have a crotchet that they may construct a noun, Colosseum, to express something vast and colossal, we will not undertake to say. Our business is to describe the uses to which the building and its appurtenances are to be applied, as far as we can form an opinion from their present unfinished state.

The origin of this edifice is singularly curious. Mr. Horner, a meritorious and indefatigable artist, and as it should seem a man of great force of character, undertook, at the time of the repair of the ball and cross of St. Paul's, to make a series of panoramic sketches of London, from that giddy elevation. That he might overcome the difficulties which the smoke of the vast city ordinarily presented, he invariably commenced his labours immediately after sun-rise, before the lighting of the innumerable fires which pour out their dark and sullen clouds during the day, and spread a mantle over this wide congregation of the dwellings of men, which only midnight can remove. On a fine summer morning, about four o'clock, London presents an extraordinary spectacle. The brilliancy of the atmosphere,—the almost perfect stillness of the streets, except in the neighbourhood of the great markets,—the few living beings that pass along those lines which in the day are crowded like some vast mart, such as the drowsy watchman, the traveller hurrying to his distant starting place, the labourer creeping to his early work, or the debauchee reeling to his late bed—all these circumstances make up a picture which forcibly impresses the imagination. Wordsworth has beautifully painted a portion of this extraordinary scene in one of his finest sonnets. The freedom from interruption—the perfect loneliness in the heart of the busiest spot on earth—give to the contemplative ramble through London at the hour when—

“All that mighty heart is lying still,”

a feeling almost of fancied superiority over the thousands of his fellow-mortals whose senses are steeped in forgetfulness. But how completely must Mr. Horner have felt this power, in his “lofty æry”! Did the winds pipe ever so loud, and rock him to and fro in his wicker-basket, there he sat in lordly security, intently delineating, what few have seen—the whole of the splendid city—its palaces and its hovels, its churches and its prisons,—from one extremity to the other, spread like a map at his feet. Gradually the signs of life would be audible and visible from his solitary elevation. The one faint cry of the busy chapman swelling into a chorus of ardent competitors for public patronage—the distant roll of the solitary wain,

echoed, minute after minute, by the accumulation of the same sound, till all individual noise was lost in the general din—the first distant smoke rising like a spiral column into the skies, till column after column sent up their tribute to the approaching gloom, and the one dense cloud of London was at last formed, and the labours of the painter were at an end;—these were the daily objects of him who, before the rook went forth for his morning flight, was gazing upon the most extensive and certainly the most wonderful city of the world, from the highest pinnacle of a temple which has only one rival in majesty and beauty. The situation was altogether a solemn and an inspiring one;—and might well suggest and prolong that enthusiasm which was necessary to the due performance of the extraordinary task which the painter had undertaken.

Upon the outer circle of the Colosseum, rising perhaps to a height of about seventy feet, is spread Mr. Horner's panoramic view of London. The spectator ascends a flight of steps in the centre, till he arrives at an elevation which corresponds in size and situation with the external gallery which is round the top of the dome of St. Paul's. Not many persons, particularly ladies, can reach this elevation at the Cathedral, for the ascent is perilous, by dark and narrow ladders, misappropriately called staircases, amidst the timbers which form the frame-work of the dome. At the Colosseum the ascent is safe and easy; indeed, a luxurious contrivance has been made to raise the company to a height corresponding with the ball,* by the aid of machinery: but this part of the plan is not yet in operation. Well, then, we have landed in the gallery, and are looking down Ludgate-hill (the height of this gallery in the original is two hundred and ninety feet, and the extreme height of the building three hundred and sixty-five feet*); immediately beneath us is so much of the external dome as is visible from the gallery; and, beyond, are the great western pinnacles, executed with surprising truth. At present the verisimilitude of the picture is not entirely perfect, for there are unfinished parts, and artists still at work upon them; but wherever the panorama is complete, nothing is wanting to the most satisfactory identity. We are looking down Ludgate-hill. How the streets are filled with the toil and turmoil of commerce! Turn to the right, the struggle is there going forward; turn to the left, it is there also. Look from the west to the east, and let the eye range along the dark and narrow streets that crowd the large space from Cheapside to the Thames—all are labouring to fill their warehouses with the choicest products of the earth, or to send our fabrics to the most distant abode of civilized or even of uncivilized man. Look, beyond, at the river crowded with vessels—the docks, where the masts show like a forest: and when you have called to mind the riches which are here congregated—the incessant toil for the support of individual respectability and luxury—the struggles with false pride—the desperate energy of commercial adventure—the spirit of gambling which brings down the proud to sudden poverty, and raises the obscure to more

* We take these admeasurements from Gladwin's North Elevation of the Cathedral, a print comprising accuracy and beauty in a remarkable degree; and for the production of which the artist was at once surveyor, draughtsman, and engraver.

dangerous riches—and, above all, amidst this accumulation of wealth, when you consider how many are naked, and starving, and utterly forsaken of men,—you may, perchance, think, that better social arrangements might exist, which would leave mankind more free to cultivate the higher attributes of their nature, than the desire of gain; and, without destroying the ordinary excitements to emulation, relieve society of some of its frightful inequalities. This prospect, however, is probably Utopian. At any rate, this going to and fro of the sons of commerce—the din of all this barter and brokerage—is a better thing than the hurrying to the fight of the armed legions of the olden time. What a contrast is this activity of London to the turmoil of the Parthian city of Milton:—

“ He look’d, and saw what numbers numberless
The city gates outpour’d, light-armed troops,
In coats of mail and military pride;
In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice
Of many provinces from bound to bound.

* * * * *

He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,
How quick they wheel’d, and, flying, behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face
Of their pursuers, and o’ercame by flight;
The field all iron cast a gleaming brown;
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn
Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,
Chariots, or elephants indorsed with towers
Of archers.”

These are the glories of the half-civilized state of man; and savages only should be proud of them. It is for us to subdue the earth by an interchange of benefits; and thus does the activity of commerce carry the seeds of knowledge and truth into the most distant regions. Count not, therefore, these cranes and waggons, and “the din of all this smithery,” as vulgar things. They are accomplishing the purposes of Providence, slowly and surely: and when we have done our work, other nations will roll forward the ball of civilization, when our harbours shall be choked up and our streets desolate, and London shall be what Carthage is.

Do you see that dark-looking building, and its narrow inner courts, a little to the right of the north-western pinnacle of the Cathedral? Did you think Newgate was such a straitened place? And yet three thousand prisoners have passed into its dreary walls, and the greater number have passed out to banishment, and a few to death, during the last year. Four-fifths of these wretched persons have been cut off from the freedom of the social state, for stealing. It is the constant accession to the quantity of exposed property, forming, of course, a constant accession to the amount of temptation, which works this evil. It is a consequence of our riches. Well; society has a debt to discharge to the poor and the ignorant for placing these temptations in their way. It must instruct them—moralize them—and, above all, not shut its ears to their cries, when they are in want and imploring succour.

Look to the North of Cheapside, where there is a huddle of miserable hovels. That is Spitalfields. Every now and then the thousands who labour that their richer fellow-creatures may be softly and gaudily clad, find their employ by which they earn their daily bread suddenly stopped. Then they clamour (as who will not clamour when starvation unlocks the lips?) against those principles of commerce which, when fully carried into effect, can alone prevent sudden depressions or sudden exaltations. Assuage their miseries as well as ye can, ye that have the means of doing good. Enable them to go through their season of privation, till the happier period arrive; and, when human beings are to be the victims, do not listen to those half taught political economists, who confine their talk to the relative proportions of supply and demand, as if there were no nerves to feel and hearts to be broken in the world.

You would think it unnecessary to talk of the duties of humanity, when you look upon those numberless towers and steeples, whence the divine lessons of charity and good-will towards men are duly preached. But it is necessary. Men go punctually to prayer, and yet their hearts are hardened; and their very piety is sometimes to them an excuse for their forgetfulness of the duties to their fellows which necessarily spring out of a real love of God. The blight of pride and avarice is upon them; they make clean the outside of the platter. And yet London is full of noble institutions for the relief of suffering, and for the nurture of the poor and unfriended. Do you see those spacious Courts near Smithfield? They form St. Bartholomew's Hospital. There are a dozen similar establishments, as large and as amply endowed, scattered over London. Close by its side—the buildings almost touch—is Christ's Hospital, for the education of parentless children. Almost out of number are such institutions (less splendid and rich, but still highly useful) in this metropolis. But they are less numerous than they ought to be. And why? You see that procession—these are not

“Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state,
Bastards and rods, the ensigns of their power;”

these are the Lord Mayor, and Aldermen, and Companies of the City of London. Almost unbounded is their wealth; and they hold high festival on all needful or needless occasions of solemnity or mirth, where the golden vessels run over with the perfumes of the East, and every sense is stimulated into an imaginary refinement, to divest repletion of its grossness. Vast are their Rent-rolls; for when the piety of our ancestors meant to endow an hospital or a school, it selected these worthy and honourable Societies to be the securities for the due performance of these hallowed purposes. To them, then, were given, at periods when houses and lands were not worth a twentieth part of their present nominal value, many acres and many tenements, in trust that they should pay to certain poor persons, or for education, or for mitigating the evils of sickness, a particular number of pounds sterling annually, and for ever—probably the then rent of these acres and tenements, leaving something

for needful charges. What! are the rents not paid, then, to the widow, or the orphan, or the sick man, or him who has no roof to shelter him? The rents of the fourteenth century—the defined sums—are paid; but the surplus of the rents of the nineteenth century, increased twenty-fold, go into the pockets of the said corporate bodies: and thus they necessarily peril their worldly health by feasting as never Heliogabalus feasted. Is this law? Assuredly it is, good Sir,—who dares to doubt it? Is this justice?—that's quite another thing.

You see Westminster Abbey in the distance—and that Hall of Rites, where the monarch, once in his life, drinks to the weal of his people, and the lawyers eternally labour to promote it. Great are the mysteries transacted beneath that roof; and violent are the transformations of the palpable into the obscure, of truth into fiction, of fiction into truth. It is a large building, my friend; and its material passages are not very intricate: but the recesses, amongst which Justice sits, are labyrinthine enough—hard is it to find the entrance, and still harder to find the egress of her throne. If you want to discover the secret, spend a year in a special pleader's office; or, if this be inconvenient, go to law.

St. Stephen's Chapel—I doubt whether you can see that. It is crammed in between Westminster Hall and the House of Lords; and its character partakes somewhat of its neighbourhood. Between the privileges of the Aristocracy and the precedents of the Judiciary, it would be out of reason that St. Stephen's should make much figure in the panorama of London—so give over looking for it.

But how the town is growing! Will this eternal rearing up of brick never cease? Why a city of palaces is springing to the clouds within bow-shot of the King's confectionery work at Buckingham House. The tide of fashion is still setting westward. Will it stop at Brentford? In a few years Portman-square will be vulgar. Well! these freaks of fashion are good things; they keep the hand in the pocket of the rich, and thus lessen the inequalities of condition. But for fashion, a man with fifty thousand acres would be a state delinquent; and would require to be cut up, like a large whale, for his blubber. The folly of imitation is the hook which the million put into the nose of those Leviathans.

Reader, go to the Colosseum, where you may look upon London without the annoyance of fog or wind, of heat or cold. Mr. Horner's snug gallery is unvisited with rain or snow; and is, altogether, a nice place to moralize in. Take these few condiments, for intellectual digestion, that we have offered you; and be grateful both for what we give and what we hold back.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.*

THIS is a subject which requires deep consideration, and extensive knowledge of facts. The interests involved are most extensive; the difficulties are great on both sides. We are, however, strongly inclined to go along with Mr. Dance in his doctrines of condemnation of the existing practice. It undoubtedly gives rise to severe abuses; but in any alteration great care must be taken to guard against the evils on the other side.

Mr. Dance's experience in his present situation entitles him to every attention from his knowledge of facts, and, as far as he goes, he applies them with great clearness and force. But we regret exceedingly that he should have confined himself to such very narrow limits: it prevents his doing justice to his subject, which he shows himself to be so capable of handling. That subject needs thorough exposition, and the greater and more numerous are the "many existing prejudices to be overcome," the more should he have *proved* them to be such, exposed the falsity of the principles on which they stand, and given in detail the system which he proposes to substitute for that which exists. He seems to recede from the discussion of the general question of Imprisonment with which he opens, and proposes an arrangement with regard to insolvent debtors, as a preliminary measure to a general alteration. Now, we think that with the knowledge Mr. Dance possesses on the subject, with the liberal views he entertains, and with the power of enforcing them which even this slight pamphlet displays, a more extensive and detailed discussion of the whole question would be most desirable from his pen. He says, "I think that the situation in which I have been placed for several years gives the public a right to my testimony, such as it is." "Right" is a strong word;—but now that he, an officer of the Insolvent Court, who has been for years in the daily discharge of the most extensive duties among debtors, has given us his testimony to a certain extent, we may be forgiven for,—not claiming the right, but—expressing a strong desire, that he would give more.

We will now lay before our readers a *précis* of the pamphlet as it stands. In the first place, it certainly springs from an amiable feeling. Mr. Dance has evidently been struck, in the execution of his duty, with the misery brought upon "the honest and unfortunate" by the existing state of the laws; and his object is to produce a system which may relieve them, while it still would afford a sufficient protection to the creditor:—

An arrest for debt is the only instance in which one subject holds the liberty of another in his own power without the previous control of any tribunal whatever; the sole condition is, that he shall make oath of a debt being due to him, amounting to at least twenty pounds. It is needless to inquire how this power originated, or has been maintained; my present question is,

* Remarks on the Practical Effect of Imprisonment for Debt, and on the Law of Insolvency. By Henry Dance, Provisional Assignee of Insolvent Debtors in England. Pages 16.

ought it to continue? It must be granted me, that the object of this extraordinary power can be no other than to enable creditors to recover their just debts with more certainty and expedition, and at a less expense, than they otherwise could. I think I may safely say, that I have/had, during the last nine years, the best possible opportunity for impartial observation on this subject; and it has impressed me with a most sincere conviction, that none of these requisites are attained; but that, on the contrary, the results are—uncertainty, delay, and increased expense.

Let us trace the usual progress of a single case, and consider the effects produced. We will suppose a tradesman possessing a small capital, invested in his business, and having debts due to and from him—we will also suppose that the regular profits of his trade, if realised, are just sufficient to enable him to maintain himself and his family, of course allowing a moderate annual average for losses, by bad debts. So long as this average is not exceeded, all is well; but the moment it increases, the derangement of his affairs commences, and he becomes unable to make his payments with his former regularity; in this situation it generally happens that some one of his creditors takes, or threatens to take, legal proceedings against him. To save his credit, and avoid a prison, he is obliged to make a sacrifice, in some way or other, so as to procure ready money, and discharge the demand; but, whatever means he adopts, the diminution of his resources must be greater than the aid he obtains. The consequences cannot be obviated, and they follow, sooner or later, as he becomes less of ability to satisfy succeeding claims. Arrests multiply—he procures bail, and so gains time, though at a frightful expense; but after paying several of his most severe creditors twenty shillings in the pound, with the addition of their costs and his own, he can pay no longer. The next arrest takes him to prison; there he becomes not only an unproductive member of the community, but an actual incumbrance, and so he must remain, or apply for his release under the Act for relief of Insolvent Debtors. After what has happened, it is almost certain that his estate cannot pay more than a very trifling dividend (if any at all) on his remaining debts, and he is left in total beggary to begin the world again.

The case I have here drawn, represents a much larger class than is generally imagined; and, in reviewing it, we must observe, that those creditors who forbear to sue lose their whole debts, while of the severe creditors, some obtain twenty shillings in the pound, and others lose not only their debts, but the costs they have incurred for the chance of recovering them. Thus it is evident that a most unequal distribution of the debtor's property takes place, though at a very considerable expense. The loss of the many is caused by the severe conduct of the few.

Mr. Dance then proceeds to set forth the disadvantages of this system. He says that it causes great expense, and great inequality of distribution. He wishes that the law should “afford an honest man, who finds himself insolvent, the power to cause an equal distribution of his property among his creditors at a moderate expense;” and he represents the present course as a devil-take-the-hindmost race, in which the severest creditor gets payment in full at the expense of the others, by diminishing the property to the whole amount of his debt, while the rest will ultimately receive only dividends, by charging it with law expenses, and by all manner of irregular proceedings, into which the debtor, as we have seen, is forced. The present system may be good for one creditor, but it is highly hurtful to all the rest, as well as to the debtor.

Mr. Dance next alludes to all the horrors and corruptions of prison. We have not space to go into his remarks; but our readers' minds

can easily supply this painful part of the subject. His distinction, also, between regular and irregular credit seems to us most sound—and his illustrations of it are very interesting.

There are two descriptions of credit, which I may distinguish by the appellations of the regular and the irregular.

Regular credit I consider to be that which is given in the proper course of business, to established and well-known customers. This sort of credit is quite legitimate, is generally advantageous to both buyer and seller, and would not, I firmly believe, be at all deranged, or altered, if the law of imprisonment for debt were totally abolished this moment.

Irregular credit I define to be that which is given to customers of whom so little is known that they ought not to be trusted without more diligent inquiry; or, so much is known, that they ought not to be trusted at all. The latter class consists generally of young men, notoriously without resources of their own, but having relations or connexions on whom it is intended to rely for payment, without giving them any previous intimation. No legal responsibility being here incurred, such payment can only be obtained by making the imprisonment of a relative the means of practising on their feelings; which, I venture to assert, are, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, much more hurt than those of the real debtors, for whose release they are excited; and I think that the law under which such a system as this can be carried on, might very properly be entitled a law to compel the payment of debts by persons who do not owe them.

Though this mode of proceeding often succeeds, it also often fails. The irregular credit, therefore, has the peculiar property of being disadvantageous to both buyer and seller; the latter incurs undue risk, and the former is encouraged to improper expenditure.

But even this is not the extent of the evil; for the well-known phrase of "making the good pay for the bad," is significant of the fact, that those who buy and intend to pay are charged considerably more than they need be, as an indemnity against those who buy without the slightest thought, or care, whether they shall ever be able to pay or not. The destruction of this irregular credit seems to me of itself almost a sufficient motive for the repeal of the law.

It is to be borne in mind that these are not fancy sketches, knocked carelessly off by a *soi-disant* observer of manners: they are statements made by a gentleman whose official duties have rendered it a matter of necessity that he should be thoroughly conversant with all the details of the whole subject. There is an absence, also, of all exaggeration of tone, which proves that his ideas are not in the least warped or coloured by that which may be termed the spirit of advocacy. • On the contrary, Mr. Dance seems to have had his opinions created by the constant observation of doings which seemed to him—and we confess we quite go along with him—productive of extreme hardship and injustice. He then faces the difficulties which surround his subject:—

I am far from denying that serious difficulties oppose themselves to a simple repeal; while I contend that the majority of debtors are honest, I acknowledge that there are many quite fraudulent enough to require some strong regulations; and while I concede that the majority of creditors are lenient, I insist that the severe conduct of a very small number is sufficient to produce the evil to the body at large, of which I have before complained.

Fraud ought undoubtedly to be punished—in many cases, perhaps, more severely than it is now; but my objection is, that at present we commence by imprisoning a debtor, and make the proof of his honesty the condition of

his discharge, instead of making the proof of his fraud the condition of his imprisonment. It is not until after this has been done, that he should receive the sentence of the Court, which should then be really carried into effect, and not remain subject to the caprice or the collusion of a creditor, who may enforce or abandon it without control*.

If my views were to be favourably received, and it were determined to abolish imprisonment for debt, it would of course be necessary, not only to permit debtors to place themselves, but also to enable creditors, in fit cases, to bring them under the power of the Court, so that a due distribution of their property, and a complete examination of their conduct, might be had. This would also require various other alterations from the present mode of establishing claims by law, so that economy might be judiciously combined with due expedition in the process.

Mr. Dance then suggests a moderated form of this plan; namely, to permit a debtor, not in custody, to declare himself insolvent, and give up his property for distribution among his creditors, and that he should consequently be protected from arrest and imprisonment for debt, until his case can be brought on for hearing; the same privilege to extend to those who have been already arrested, their bail being exonerated on the surrender of their property. Strong provisions against fraud are also recommended. Mr. Dance says that this will be "a law for the honest and unfortunate"—and that those who believe as he does that there are many such, must certainly support it, for the good it will afford; while those who believe they are few, need not oppose it, as it could furnish no assistance to the dishonest. We think it speaks highly for the class of middling tradesmen in this country, that one who has so constantly witnessed their misfortunes as the Provisional Assignee should declare these misfortunes to be so little connected with guilt.

Mr. Dance proposes that this measure should be passed into a law for a limited period—a year or two—when, "if it should prove prejudicial in practice, it can be discontinued without disturbing any part of the system; while, if found successful, it will be a material step towards the complete alteration." He then bears testimony to "the intrinsic excellence and honesty" of the principle of the Insolvent Laws,—and states his opinion that a measure such as he suggests would bring it more thoroughly into action.

On the whole, the only fault we have to find with this pamphlet is, that there is not enough of it. It has effected, however, the remarkable end of shewing that those most conversant with the laws relating to debt are adverse to the principle of general imprisonment; and we hope we may be allowed to consider it as the introduction to a more extended statement—giving facts, and drawing inferences from them, so that every one will be able to form his own judgment upon this most important subject. Mr. Dance is eminently qualified for such a task; and we trust he may find occasion to execute it ere long.

* By the existing Act, debtors are, for certain offences, to remain in custody during a time specified by the Court, at the suit of a creditor or creditors, also specified; but if such creditors neglect to detain them, or choose to give them their discharge, the Court cannot interfere.

THE BEST BAT IN THE SCHOOL.

"It is the best bat in the school. I call it Mercandotti, for its shape. Look at its face; run your hand over the plane. It is smoother than a looking-glass. I was a month suiting myself; and I chose it out of a hundred. I would not part with it for its weight in gold; and that exquisite knot!—lovelier, to me, than a beauty's dimple. You may fancy how that drives. I hit a ball yesterday from this very spot to the wickets in the upper shooting fields; six runs clear, and I scarcely touched it. Hodgson said it was not the first time a Ball had been wonderfully struck by Mercandotti. There is not such another piece of wood in England. Collyer would give his ears for it; and that would be a long price, as Golightly says. Do take it in your hand, Courtenay; but, plague on your clumsy knuckles! you know as much of a bat, as a Hottentot of the longitude, or a guinea-pig of the German flute."

So spoke the Honourable Ernest Adolphus Volant; the "*decus columenque*" that day of his Dame's Eleven; proud of the red silk that girded his loins, and the white hose that decorated his ankles; proud of his undisputed prowess, and of his anticipated victory; but prouder far of the possession of this masterpiece of Nature's and Thompson's workshop, than which no pearl was ever more precious—no phoenix more unique. As he spoke, a bail dropped. The Honourable Ernest Adolphus Volant walked smilingly to the vacant wicket. What elegance in his attitude! What ease in his motions! Keep that little collegier out of the way; for we shall have the ball walking this road presently. Three to one on Raguenean's! Now!—There was a moment's pause of anxious suspense; the long fag rubbed his hands, and drew up his shirt-sleeve; the wicket-keeper stooped expectantly over the bails; the bowler trotted leisurely up to the bowling-crease, and off went the ball upon its successive errands;—from the hand of the bowler to the exquisite knot in the bat of the Honourable Ernest Adolphus Volant; from the said exquisite knot to the unerring fingers of the crouching long nips; and from those fingers up into the blue firmament of heaven, with the velocity of a sky-rocket. What a mistake! How did he manage it? His feet slipped, or the ball was twisted, or the sun dazzled him. It could not be the fault of the bat! It is the best bat in the school.

A week afterwards I met my talented and enthusiastic friend crawling to absence through the playing fields, as tired as a post-horse, and as hot as a salamander, with many applauding associates on his right and on his left, who exhibited to him certain pencilled scrawls, on which he gazed with flushed and feverish delight. He had kept his wicket up two hours, and made a score of seventy-three. "I may thank my bat for it," quoth he, shouldering it as Hercules might have shouldered his club, "it is the best bat in the school." Alas, for the instability of human affections! The exquisite knot had been superseded. Mercandotti had been sold for half price; and the Honourable

Ernest Adolphus Volant was again to be eloquent, and again to be envied; he had still the best bat in the school.

I believe I was a tolerably good-natured boy. I am sure I was always willing to acquiesce in the estimation my companions set upon their treasures, because they were generally such that I felt myself a vastly inadequate judge of their actual value. But the Honourable Ernest Adolphus Volant was exorbitant in the frequency and the variety of his drafts upon my sympathy. He turned off five hockey-sticks in a fortnight; and each in its turn was unrivalled. He wore seven waistcoats in a week, and each, for its brief day, was as single in its beauty as the rainbow. In May, Milward's shoes were unequalled; in June, Ingaltou's were divine. He lounged in Poet's Walk, over a duodecimo, and it was the sweetest edition that ever went into a waistcoat pocket; he pored in his study over a folio, and there was no other copy extant but Lord Spencer's, and the mutilated one at Heidelberg. At Easter there were portraits hanging round his room; Titian never painted their equal: at Michaelmas, landscapes had occupied their place; Claude would have owned himself outdone. The colt they were breaking for him in Leicestershire, the detonator he had bespoken of Charles Moore, the fishing-rod which had come from Bermuda, the flageolet he had won at the raffle,—they were all, for a short season, perfection: he had always “the best bat in the school.”

The same whimsical propensity followed him through life. Four years after we had made our last voyage to Monkey Island, in “the best skiff that ever was built,” I found him exhibiting himself in Hyde Park, on “the best horse that ever was mounted.” A minute was sufficient for the compliments of our reciprocal recognition; and the Honourable Ernest Adolphus Volant launched out forthwith into a rhapsody on the merits of the proud animal he bestrode. “Kremlin, got by Smolensko, out of my uncle's old mare. Do you know any thing of a horse? Look at his shoulder. Upon my honour, it is a model for a sculptor. And feel how he is ribbed up; not a pin loose here; knit together like a ship's planks; trots fourteen miles an hour without turning a hair, and carries fifteen stone up to any hounds in England. I hate your smart dressy creatures, as slender as a greyhound, and as tender as a gazelle, that look as if they had been stabled in a drawing-room, and taken their turn with the poodle in my lady's lap. I like to have plenty of bone under me. If this horse had been properly ridden, Courtenay, he would have won the hunters' stakes at our place in a canter. He has not a leg that is not worth a hundred pounds. Seriously, I think there is not such another horse in the kingdom.”

But before a month had gone by, the Honourable Ernest Adolphus Volant was ambling down the ride, in a pair of stirrups far more nearly approaching *terra firma*, than those in which his illustrious feet had been reclining, while he held forth on the excellencies of Kremlin. “Oh, yes!” he said, when I enquired after “the best horse in England,”—“Kremlin is a magnificent animal; but then, after all, his proper place is with the hounds. One might as well wear one's scarlet in a ball-room as ride Kremlin in the Park. And so I have bought Mrs. Davenant's Bijou, and a perfect Bijou she is:—throws out her

little legs like an opera dancer, and tosses her head as if she knew that her neck is irresistible. You will not find such another mane and tail in all London. Mrs. Davenant's own maid used to put both up in papers every night of the week. She is quite a Love." And so the Honourable Ernest Adolphus Volant trotted off on a "smart dressy creature, as slender as a greyhound, and as tender as a gazelle, that looked as if it had been stabled in a drawing-room, and taken its turn with the poodle in my lady's lap."

An analysis of the opinions of my eccentric friend would be an entertaining thing. "The best situation in town" has been found successively in nearly every street between the Regent's Park and St. James's Square: "the best carriage for a bachelor" has gone to-day on two wheels and to-morrow on four: "the best servant in Christendom" has been turned off within my own knowledge for insolence, for intoxication, for riding his master's horse, and for wearing his master's inexplicables; and "the best fellow in the world" has been at various periods deep in philosophy, and deep in debt—a frequenter of the fives' court, and a dancer of quadrilles—a tory, and a republican—a prebendary, and a papist—a drawer of dry pleadings, and a singer of sentimental serenades. If I had acted upon Volant's advices I should have been to-day subscribing to every club, and taking in every newspaper; I should have been imbibing the fluids of nine wine merchants, and covering my outward man with the broad cloth of thirteen tailors.

It is a pity that Volant has been prevented by indolence, a doting mother, and four thousand a-year, from applying his energies to the attainment of any professional distinction. In a variety of courses he might have commanded success. A cause might have come into court stained and spotted with every conceivable infamy, with effrontery for its crest, falsehood for its arms, and perjuries for its supporters; but if Volant had been charged with the advocacy of it, his delighted eye would have winked at every deficiency, and slumbered at every fault; in his sight weakness would have sprung up into strength, deformity would have faded into beauty, impossibility would have been sobered into fact. Every plaintiff, in his shewing, would have been wronged irreparably; every defendant would have been as unsullied as snow. His would have been the most irreproachable of declarations, his the most impregnable of pleas. The reporters might have tittered, the bar might have smiled, the bench might have shaken its heads: nothing would have persuaded him that he was beaten. He would have thought the battle won, when his lines were forced on all points; he would have deemed the house secure, when the timbers were cracking under his feet. It would have been delicious, when his strongest objection had been overruled, when his clearest argument had been stopped, when his stoutest witness had broken down, to see him adjusting his gown with a self-satisfied air, and concluding with all the emphasis of anticipated triumph, "that is *my* case, my lord."

Or if he had coveted senatorial fame; what a space would he have filled in the political hemisphere! If he had introduced a turnpike bill, the house would have forgotten Emancipation for a time: if he had moved the committal of a printer, Europe would have gazed as

upon the arrest of a peer of the realm. The minister he supported would have been the most virtuous of statesmen, when both houses had voted his impeachment; the gentlemen he represented would have been the most conscientious of constituents, when they had sold him their voices at five per cent. over the market price.

Destiny ordered it otherwise. One day, in that sultry season of the year, when fevers and flirtations come to their crisis, and matrimony and hydrophobia scare you at every corner, I happened to call at his rooms in Regent-Street, at about that time in the afternoon which the fashionable world calls daybreak. He was sitting with his chocolate before him, habited only in his *robe-de-chambre*; but the folds of that gorgeous drapery seemed to me composed in a more studied negligence than was their wont; and the dark curls upon his fine forehead were arranged in a more scrupulous disorder. I saw at a glance that some revolution was breaking out in the state of my poor friend's mind; and when I found a broken fan on the mantel-piece, and a withered rosebud on the sofa, Walker's Lexicon open on the writing-table, and an unfinished stanza reposing in the toast-rack, I was no longer in doubt as to its nature—The Honourable Ernest Adolphus Volant was seriously in love.

It was not to be wondered at that his mistress was the loveliest being of her sex, nor that he told me so fourteen times in the following week. Her father was a German prince, the proprietor of seven leagues of vineyard, five ruined castles, and three hundred flocks of sheep. She had light hair, blue eyes, and a profound knowledge of metaphysics; she sang like a syren, and her name was Adelinda.

I spent a few months abroad. When I returned, he was married to the loveliest being of her sex, and had sent me fifty notes to inform me of the fact, and beseech me to visit him at Volant Hall with the requisite quantity of sympathy and congratulation. I went, and was introduced in form. Her father was a country clergyman; the proprietor of seven acres of glebe, five broken arm-chairs, and three hundred manuscript discourses; she had dark hair, black eyes, and a fond love of poetry: she danced like a wood-nymph, and her name was Mary.

He has lived since his marriage a very quiet life, rarely visiting the metropolis, and devoting his exertions most indefatigably to the comfort of his tenantry, and the improvement of his estate. Volant Hall is deliciously situated in the best county in England. If you go thither, you must go prepared with the tone, or at least with the countenance, of approbation and wonder. He gives you of course, mutton, such as no other pasture fattens, and ale, such as no other cellar brews. The stream that runs through his park supplies him with trout of unprecedented beauty and delicacy; and he could detect a partridge that had feasted in his woods, amidst the bewildering confusion of a Lord Mayor's banquet. You must look at his conservatory: no other was ever constructed on the same principle. You must handle his plough: he himself has obtained a patent for the invention. Everything, within doors and without, has wherewithal to attract and astonish,—the melon and the magnolia, the stable and the dairy, the mounting of his mother's spectacles, and the music of his

wife's piano. He has few pictures; but they are the masterpieces of the best masters. He has only one statue; but he assures you it is Canova's *chef-d'œuvre*. The last time I was with him he had a theme to descant upon which made his eloquence more than usually impassioned. An heir was just born to the Volant acres. An ox was roasted and a barrel pierced in every meadow: the noise of fiddles was incessant for a week, and the expenditure of powder would have lasted a Lord High Admiral for a twelvemonth. It was allowed by all the country that there never was so sweet a child as little Adolphus.

Among his acquaintance, who have little toleration for any foibles but their own, Volant is pretty generally voted a bore.

"Of course, our pinery is not like Mr. Volant's," says Lady Framboise; "he is prating from morning to night of his fires and his flues. We have taken some pains; and we pay a ruinous sum to our gardener.—But we never talk about it."

"The deuce take that fellow Volant," says Mr. Crayon; "does he fancy no one has a Correggio but himself? I have one that cost me two thousand guineas; and I would not part with it for double the sum.—But I never talk about it."

"That boy, Volant," says old Sir Andrew Chalkstone, "is so delighted to find himself the father of another boy, that, by Jove, he can speak of nothing else. Now I have a little thing in a cradle too: a fine boy, they tell me, and vastly like his father.—But I never talk about it."

Well, well! Let a man be obliging to his neighbours, and merciful to his tenants; an upright citizen, and an affectionate friend;—and there is one Judge who will not condemn him for having "the best bat in the school!"

P. C.

ON THE ARMOUR IN THE TOWER.

Letter from Dr. MEYRICK, on the Armour in the Tower, to the Proprietors of the "LONDON MAGAZINE."

GENTLEMEN,

The very handsome and flattering manner in which my proceedings at the Tower of London have been mentioned in your well-written Magazine, induces me thus to make my acknowledgments of the civility. There are some points on which your correspondent wishes "to know the rights." I will therefore endeavour to afford information where he does not appear to be fully satisfied. He is of course aware that I have had nothing to do with that renovated mass of falsehood termed "the Spanish Armbrury," and the reason is, that I am well convinced the collection contains not one atom that belonged to the Armada. Hentzner, who visited the Tower and Greenwich in 1598, found nothing to commemorate that expedition; and the only thing which met the eyes of the commissioners specially appointed to report on all that could be found of the stores at these two places, after

the Restoration, was "the Spanish collar of torture," to which they assigned the date 1588. Strange enough, this has never been exhibited among the pretended spoils, but always remained, as it still does, in the Horse-armoury.

The earliest notice of a Spanish-armoury occurs in the reign of James II., in an order for the repair of windows in the same, whence we may probably conclude it was then formed in compliment to his having been Lord High Admiral. As for Queen Elizabeth, she has been placed there within the memory of some who are still living. When, on fitting up the Horse-armoury, I deprived her of her father's armour, Miss Lucy Aikin was quoted against me, for her having been thus equipped at Tilbury while; I have no doubt her authority had been the representation at the Tower, as all the contemporary descriptions are to the contrary.

With respect to "the representatives of gin and beer," (one of them holds a ham or piece of bacon) which are of the time of Edward VI., I conceive that they were originally over the doors in the great hall of the palace at Greenwich, which led to the buttery and larder, an usual custom in old buildings, and that they were brought with the armour from that royal residence on its destruction. It seems that they were in a room with other lumber under the old Horse-armoury in the Tower, which was erected in the time of Charles II. As to their removal thence, their being fresh painted, or their present position, I am in no ways concerned.

For the authenticity of "the axe by which Anne Boleyn was beheaded," there is only, unfortunately for the credibility of the story, the positive testimony of Hall, who may be regarded as the court-chronicler of the time, that "her head was struck off with a sword!!!"

With the building erected for the Horse-armoury I have had nothing to do; it is solely *the taste* and architecture (for so I suppose I must call it) of Mr. Wright, the clerk of the works, who reinstated the Spanish-armoury *more suo*. As no superior artist to a common carpenter was allowed me; as I had to bear in mind that economy was the order of the time; and as I worked *hard* myself during as many hours as would make thirty whole days, it is gratifying to find that my only reward, the approbation of the public, I have in your pages. I have had no further to do with the catalogue and its bombastic language than giving the list of suits which could be identified; and I am sorry to learn the mark for that purpose has been omitted in the description of James II's. That cuirass and helmet bear upon them the initials of the king, with the royal arms, and the costume is such as would have been worn with them. The reason why he is moved forward and Edward I. backward is to give room for the spectators to pass behind the rest; but those suggested in the guide-book are highly amusing.

The wonder there should be a hiatus from Edward I. to Henry VI. will cease when it is mentioned that while the latter is actually of that time, the former is fabricated of chain mail of uncertain date to the form used at the period assigned to it. It was a compromise with those feelings which constantly called on me to retain William the Conqueror, "because he had built the White Tower."

Perhaps the smallness of the legs, which your correspondent alludes to, and which he will frequently find in old armour, arises from the effect of proportion. The jambs were to cover the human legs with merely hose underneath, while all other parts, on which the armour was placed, were doubly or trebly clad. But, as to armour of extraordinary size, your correspondent does not seem to have noticed that of a man-at-arms in the middle of Henry VIII.'s reign, which, though not stretched out to the full dimensions it had, when bearing the name of John of Gaunt, to the costume of which period it bears as much resemblance as to the jacket of a modern hussar, is still of a large size.

In the old arrangement, all the mounted figures were in one position; the armour of the horses any where but on the animals, while they themselves were supported by wooden props; but, on a recent visit to the new armoury, I was sorry to observe that, for want of the timely aid of a bit of wire behind, the riders are all falling forwards.

I close this letter, with mentioning that your correspondent may find a long account, accompanied with engravings of the inscriptions in the Tower, in the xiiiith vol. of the "Archæologia," p. 68, by Mr. Brand.

With my best thanks, I remain,
Gentlemen,

Your's, respectfully,

SAM. R. MEYRICK, LL.D.

20, Cadogan Place, 5th January, 1829.

A few words, in comment on the foregoing:—

To the EDITOR of the "LONDON MAGAZINE."

MY DEAR SIR,

I am very much obliged to you for sending me Dr. Meyrick's kind and good-humoured letter, in the manuscript. I shall have very slight need to "remark upon it"—as I find that, for so green an antiquarian, I have kept delightfully free from error.

Alas! for my exclamations about Anne Boleyn and the axe! And, as the spirit in which I went through the Tower was any thing rather than over-credulous, it is rather hard that I should have been bamboozled wrongfully into sentiment. One reason I believed the tale to be likely was that Anne Boleyn and Essex were among the few, and I believe the last, who were beheaded in the Tower, instead of on Tower Hill. But, certainly, Hall is, for a fact of this kind, conclusive authority.

I fully understood that Dr. Meyrick had had concern with only the arrangement of the armour in the Horse Armoury; but I confess I was not at all aware that all the arms and armour, alleged to have been taken from the Armada, were "make-believe." Indeed, without knowledge almost equal to that of Dr. Meyrick himself, I do not see what protection there is against such downright assertion as

that concerning the Armada in the erudite, but, as it seems, mendacious, Guide-book.

Still, neither of my two points of wonder is solved. Indeed, Dr. Meyrick mistakes the ground of my first, which is—not on account of the hiatus from Edward I. to Henry VI.—but that there should be no armour of Edward III.'s time, when the occupation of all Europe was incessant fighting. I say that I wonder that there should be “no complete suit of an earlier date than that of Henry VI.”; and I allude to the probability of the suit of Edward I. being made up—though it seems I did not go so far as the truth, and that it has, in fact, been “fabricated into the form used at that period.” But this gives no solution to the problem of “Whence comes it that all the armour of the 14th century should have vanished?”

Neither is the explanation regarding the general tenuity of the leg satisfactory. This is not a point on which my eye can have deceived me—neither can the slenderness arise from the cause pointed out by Dr. Meyrick, inasmuch as my friend, who accompanied me round the Tower, has since measured the leg of the figure representing Henry VIII., which is certainly one of the, if not *the*, largest of the mounted line: my friend is a person of about the middle height, and slenderly formed rather than otherwise—and he found the circumference of the outside of the armour of the leg to be from an inch and a half to two inches less than that of his own, with the kerseymere trowser pressed close to it. This proves the smallness of the jamb to be a matter of direct fact, and not of proportion with the other parts of the armour: and, as the measurement was of one of the largest suits, the average difference would be much greater. I do not, at this moment, recollect the degraded armour of John of Gaunt, now more chronologically gracing the limbs of a man-at-arms of Henry VIII.'s time; but I spoke of the *general* moderate size of the armour, and of the extreme spindleness of shank which must have been prevalent, supposing the kings, lords, and knights, to have really had their limbs cased as they are here represented.

I am glad that my eye and my acquaintance with the costume of the end of the seventeenth century were correct in my estimation of James II.'s curiously clad figure. I certainly wondered that it had not the mark of authenticity—but that unhappy effigy seems to be as ill-fated as its original.

I could have wished that Dr. Meyrick had noticed the general absence of crests;—but I am only too much gratified that he should have thought my inerudite lucubrations worthy of any comment at all, and am exceedingly thankful for those which he has given.

Yours, very faithfully,

THE WRITER OF THE VISIT TO THE TOWER.

SUPPLY OF ANATOMICAL SUBJECTS.

THE late murders in Edinburgh have very strongly called public attention to this subject. The horror arising from them has served more than all that sound reason and good sense have urged for years to bring home to the minds of men the necessity of furnishing the surgeons with subjects for dissection, in a regular and legal manner. We confess we think this a narrow view of the question: the great and paramount object should be that students should have proper and ample means of prosecuting their professional education. No one can shrink with greater awe than we do from the details which the trial of Burke brought to light:—but we cannot believe that the practice has become nearly so general, either in Edinburgh or in London, as it has been lately endeavoured to make it appear. That it has existed to a certain extent, there can be no doubt; but that it has existed long, or that it has spread into anything like a prevalent system, we wholly disbelieve;—for that belief must involve the connivance, to use the lightest word, of a large body of surgeons at a continued course of murder. To this we attach no faith.

That the establishing means for a regular supply of bodies will wholly put a stop to such terrible and loathsome doings, is, no doubt, a very eminent advantage; and that it will annihilate the existence of the trade of exhumation—conducted, as it is, by gangs of intolerable ruffians—is another, less only than that. But the great principle of the whole subject is, that it is the duty of a civilized community to provide—or, at the least, to throw no impediment in the way of their provision—due means for medical men to acquire that fitting knowledge of their art, without which their very existence would be hurtful to the last degree, instead of being an inestimable blessing. As the law at present stands, a surgeon is actually guilty of a misdemeanour for having a dead body in his possession. That which every medical man declares to be an absolute necessary, for him to acquire the slightest knowledge of his profession, is proscribed by law; and the same law holds him responsible to his patients for having due skill to treat their diseases concerning which he may be called in. Actions enforcing the latter right are by no means rare; but it has only within this year been held that the mere possession of a dead body, for the purpose of dissection, with the knowledge of its having been disinterred, is a misdemeanour*.

That such a state of things should continue—that medical men

* So ruled by Baron Hullock at Lancaster Spring Assizes, 1828. This was confirmed by the Court of King's Bench, who passed sentence on the defendant in the May following. It is singular that in Mr. Serjeant Russell's work on Crimes and Misdemeanours, in the chapter on offences relating to dead bodies no mention whatever is made of the possession as a crime at all, and this in the edition published as late as 1826; neither, we believe, is the doctrine laid down in any of the books. It is, we cannot but think, a very violent extension of the principle which regards exhumation. It is, in fact, making the possessor of a corpse, under the circumstances mentioned in the text, a principal in the act of exhumation: for in a misdemeanor, which exhumation is, there can by law be no accessories.

should be liable to punishment if they learn their profession, and to be called upon for pecuniary compensation if they practise it unskilfully—that the most villainous of mankind should, of necessity, be encouraged and fostered by the most respectable surgeons for the supply of bodies; and that, after all, that supply should be so scanty and so dear as to render the necessary education daily more difficult and more expensive to obtain—that these things should exist in England in the nineteenth century, is so preposterous that we think it is impossible for the approaching Session of Parliament to pass over without a bill being brought in for their cure.

Last year, a Committee sat on this subject, and we hastily noticed their report at the moment of its appearance. (London Magazine, September 1828.) We then expressed our hearty concurrence with the recommendation of the Committee; but we shall now go into rather a more detailed view of the subject in general, and especially devote a portion of our attention to the evidence. We do this because we believe the public mind to be at this moment very much interested on the question; and still more because we think a fair and frequent discussion of it, the thing of all others most calculated to dissipate those prejudices which still certainly exist to some extent, but we are convinced to a far less than has been represented by many.

The evidence differs very curiously on some points; but, on one, *all* are agreed; viz. that without the dissection of dead bodies it is impossible for any one to acquire proper knowledge of medicine or surgery. It is the one great foundation of all medical knowledge;—without it, there is none. For this purpose it follows of course that it is necessary that surgeons should have dead bodies. Either the dead must be dissected, or the living must be mangled, poisoned, and die, in cases where medical knowledge has the power to save. Of the prejudices against dissection, we shall speak bye and bye; we now assume that it is necessary that bodies should be procured for that purpose. The knowledge of anatomy is indispensable; unless we choose to abandon the aid of medicine altogether, dead bodies *must* be used to make known the structure of the living. And yet, at this moment, all such supply is prohibited by law—for, the bodies of murderers are so few that they cannot be taken into account.

We *will* assume, for the time, that a supply is *necessary*. It has been so found in all countries; and we grieve to state that our own is the only one among civilized nations, in which that supply is insufficient, which it now is grossly; and the only one, with the exception of America, in which it is procured by exhumation. That the United States should share this stigma with us is quite natural. They are, as it were, our offspring; and it is to be understood that they should have some of our bad points as well as our good. Still, we cannot but consider it a strong stain upon the British stock, that those sprung from it should be the only nations professing to be civilized which withhold by law the necessary means for the acquisition of knowledge in the science which is that of the most temporal importance to the human race.

The result of this is, that both the most eminent of those questioned

on the subject, and those who have had local means of ascertaining, declare, in the frankest and most unqualified manner, that the knowledge of anatomy is more diffused and deeper in France, Italy, Germany—and, it is added, Ireland—than in England*: Scotland is represented as the worst of all:—and these results are unanimously attributed to, among a few others, the main cause, that those who dissect the most will have the greatest knowledge of anatomy†. The details, indeed, given by the gentlemen who have frequented the hospitals abroad are most highly interesting—but perhaps they do not affect the general question sufficiently directly to allow of our quoting them, although they all tend, no doubt, to prove the advantages arising from increased facilities of dissection. We shall, however, give a précis of the mode of proceeding at Paris, drawn up from the evidence of those gentlemen who have had long experience there.

We cannot begin better than by extracting the following answer of Mr. Bennett, a gentleman who had, for some years, a considerable number of students under his care at Paris:—

It may not be unnecessary to premise, that prior to the revolution in France, the different hospitals in Paris were supported, as in London, by voluntary contributions, and private and distinct funds, each having its separate government. At the period of the revolution all were connected together, and their several funds being consolidated, and further revenues being provided by the government, the management of all the hospitals in Paris was entrusted to a body entitled the “Administration des Hopitaux,” which is now composed of the leading noblemen and other distinguished persons in Paris. The Administration des Hopitaux have always felt it their duty, for humanity’s sake, to promote the cultivation of medical science, and with that view to give up for anatomical purposes the unclaimed bodies of those who die in hospitals. They thus carry into effect the law passed by the legislative assembly, whereby it was enacted that the bodies of all those persons who die in hospitals, which should be unclaimed within twenty-four hours after death, should be delivered up for the purposes of science. Exhumation was thereby rendered unnecessary, and severe laws were directed against the practice, which at present is never resorted to in Paris.

This, we think, is an admirable arrangement, and, in many points, tallies with that recommended by the Committee. So short a period as twenty-four hours has been objected to, lest the body might be dissected before the friends of the deceased knew of his death. But i

* Mr. Brodie is the only one, as far as we recollect, who differs from this. He goes, indeed, so far as to say, that, if his information be correct, they do not dissect much at Paris. The evidence of Mr. Bennett and Dr. Barry proves, we think, that Mr. Brodie has been misinformed. Mr. Lawrence speaks so powerfully in accordance with the position assumed in the text, that we will subjoin one of his answers on this subject.

“245. Are you in the habit of seeing many of the eminent foreign surgeons and anatomists who come to this country? I see many medical persons from France, Germany, and Italy, and have found, from my intercourse with them, that anatomy is much more successfully cultivated in those countries than in England; at the same time I know, from their numerous valuable publications on anatomy, that they are far before us in this science; we have no original standard works at all worthy of the present state of knowledge.”

† It may be noted that the difficulties of procuring subjects in Scotland is, throughout the evidence, represented as extreme. See the consequence! Her anatomists ranking the lowest, and murder supplying the place of exhumation!

might be doubled, trebled, or quadrupled, and the subject would be equally fit for dissection—as is proved by the supply in this country consisting entirely of bodies raised after a burial that nearly always takes place several days after death, which is very seldom the case abroad. And this very difference of the intermediate length of time may perhaps render it advisable to have the period of forfeiture later than in France. The dissections, it seems, are not carried on at the hospitals where the patients die, but the bodies are taken thence to one of the two great dissecting establishments, the *Ecole de Médecine*, and the amphitheatre adjoining the *Hopital de la Pitié*, which alone are allowed in Paris. The bodies are taken from the principal hospitals—as also from the two great houses of refuge—the *Hospices Salpêtrière* and *Bicêtre*—sewed in a clean cloth, and placed in a covered cart. Everything is conducted with the most perfect decency; and, after death, the priest attached to the hospital performs certain religious ceremonies over the body, which is then placed in the dead-room till the twenty-four hours have expired.

There is, in the Appendix, a copy of the regulations relating to the removal of bodies and to dissection in the establishments at Paris; the order, the decency, we might add the delicacy of which, seem to us to render it a perfect model. It is proposed that, with us, in accordance with the usages of our religion, the funeral rites should take place after dissection; in Paris they are performed before, but the bodies are ultimately buried. We mention this for the purpose of expressing our conviction that, adopting such arrangements as these, and a certainty being established that no religious feeling will be violated, it is impossible that the prejudices against dissection should long continue to exist.

The ample supply of subjects gives opportunities to the Professors at Paris to pursue courses of instruction most advantageous to the communication of science, from which the scantiness of bodies here debarb both professor and student. The following is from the evidence of Dr. Barry, a gentleman who resided for four years in Paris, and took his doctor's degree there.

590. Is there not attached to La Pitié a gentleman of the name of Monsieur Lisfranc, who is celebrated for teaching the mode of performing upon a dead body the principal surgical operations? Yes, there is.—591. Are not his demonstrations frequented by a very large number of English students who resort to Paris? Particularly so, almost by every one.—592. Do you know of any similar course given in this country? I know of none; I have studied in Dublin and in this country; I know of none.—593. Do you not consider that course of surgical instruction of the highest importance? I certainly do.—594. Should you not think it unsafe to commit yourself, for the performance of a difficult operation, to a surgeon who had never performed upon a dead body, an operation which he was required to perform upon the living? I certainly should, unless he had acquired the necessary dexterity by having operated upon the living body.—595. But if he begins to perform upon the living body, before he has performed upon the dead body, he necessarily, until he acquires that experience, must perform those first operations in a very awkward and insufficient manner? Most certainly; and independently of Monsieur Lisfranc's demonstrations, each pupil may have as many subjects as he pleases, and operate upon them himself, or in company with other

pupils : they instruct and help each other at La Pitié ; I say this in relation to statements made by some witnesses examined yesterday as to the English schools, some stating that two subjects, and some that three were enough. I conceive that there is no eminent surgeon in Paris who has not, in the course of his education, dissected and operated upon more than thirty subjects.

This brings us to a question upon which the witnesses differ remarkably in opinion—namely, the number of bodies which they deem necessary for a student during the course of his studies. Sir Astley Cooper says, three bodies during a season of sixteen months ; Mr. Brodie, one, or one and a half, in a year ; Mr. Abernethy says, that taking two years for the period of education, three bodies are enough for two students for that time ; Mr. Lawrence says, three or four for one student for one year ; Mr. Green, of St. Thomas's Hospital, says, three for each student yearly ; Mr. Caesar Hawkins, two in the whole course of the student's education, whether one or two years. The gentlemen who have seen the hospitals on the continent—where dissection and the performing operations on the dead are carried to such an extent—rate the fitting number higher than any of those whose experience is confined to this country. Dr. Barry, who states at thirty, as has been already seen, the number which he conceives all the eminent surgeons in Paris had dissected and operated upon in the course of their education, when asked what he should “ consider, *with every view to economy in the use of subjects*, sufficient for an adequate course of surgical instruction,” says, that he “ should think four subjects in a season would be the very least, for two seasons at least.” Mr. Granville Sharp Pattison, who was Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in the University of Maryland, gives the same yearly number ; but adds, the lowest, “ certainly the very lowest, period ” of the student's education should be three years.

There is also a considerable, though by no means so great, a difference of opinion as to the necessity of a pupil's performing on the dead body all the principal operations before he performs them on the living. Mr. Abernethy and some others do not think it necessary, though none go so far as to say they do not consider it beneficial : they hold that from dissection, and witnessing dissection and operations, a young surgeon may safely perform an operation for the first time on a living person. Sir Astley Cooper, Mr. Lawrence, and (we may say of course) the gentlemen who have practised in France, are strongly of the opposite way of thinking. The following answers of Sir Astley afford a melancholy contrast between what ought to be and what, from the scarcity of subjects, is :—

8. In any part of the course which a student is now expected to go through, is he instructed how to perform upon a dead body, the principal of those operations which, in the common course of practice, he may be required to perform upon the living ?—He is only shown the mode of performing different operations, but whenever subjects can be obtained for the purpose, it is considered that it is his duty to perform the operations himself upon the dead body.—9. Can bodies be obtained in such numbers at present, that it frequently happens that the students have an opportunity of performing those operations on a dead body ?—It now very rarely happens that a student can obtain a body for the purpose of performing operations, and

there is a lecturer in London who will be probably examined by this Committee, who has been unable to obtain a body to exhibit operations upon the dead, for a great number of days.—10. Can you state at all, how many bodies have been used in teaching the pupil how to perform operations upon the dead body, that is, in the hospital schools in London, in the course of the year?—I am afraid there have been scarcely any lately used by the students, but at all events very few, on account of the great difficulty in obtaining them.—11. You nevertheless would consider that an essential part of a good course of surgical instruction?—My opinion is, not only that no person should practise surgery without privately performing all the operations upon the dead, but that he should also exhibit his powers of operating upon the dead, in the presence of a great number of individuals.—12. Can the young practitioner be expected to possess the necessary courage in performing a difficult operation on the living, if he has not already been taught to perform a similar operation upon a dead body?—He must be a blockhead if he made the attempt; and the practice of the most sensible and the most expert surgeons in London has been to visit the receptacles for the dead, for the purpose of performing the operation which they were about to execute upon the living, if the operations were in the least novel.

Mr. Lawrence, also, is very decided upon this point. We have already extracted Dr. Barry's opinions on this subject.

We shall now allude to one more point of difference, because we think we have hit upon a clue which, with some modifications and allowances, will tend to account for the existence of them all. The subject to which we now allude is one on which we can speak freely, and form a direct judgment of our own—for it is one of general reason, not of medical science. Sir Astley Cooper lays down an opinion that bodies should not be exceedingly cheap, because, if they be so, "as they are in France, the result of their being so is, that they are less valuable to the student, and they do not take precisely the same pains that they would if the body cost them a little more." Mr. Brodie adopts this doctrine only by halves—for in the answer in which he attributes superiority to the English over other students, he says that he attributes it as much "to national character as to the cause mentioned by Sir Astley Cooper, namely, the superfluity of subjects." Mr. Abernethy seems, to a considerable extent, to contradict himself on this point:—

199. Do you concur in the opinion of Sir Astley Cooper, that the supply of bodies may be redundant, so as to occasion negligence, as in the hospitals abroad?—Unquestionably, the supply may be so great that students are likely to be less attentive.—199*. So far from promoting science, such a redundant supply would rather impede it?—It would depend upon the character of the students; *some would profit according to the abundance of their opportunities of acquiring knowledge.* The English students are in general very industrious.

Now, we confess, we never saw a position laid down by persons of eminence with which we more thoroughly disagreed. Mr. Lawrence has not the question directly put to him as to superfluity—but says, in most decided terms, "that those who possess the greatest opportunities of dissection would be the best qualified," and he has, in an earlier part of his evidence, said that he understands that there is no limit in Paris, but that "a person employs as many as he likes,"—without any comment of disapprobation. It is, we own, to us perfectly

incomprehensible how three such men as those we have named could lay down such a proposition. It appears to us that it would be just as rational to say, that the more books a student had on the subject of his study, the more tools and materials were furnished to a mechanic, the less would their progress be. That each separate body would in the event of an unlimited supply be less thoroughly dissected, is very probable—but what then? The only use of dissection is to instruct the dissector—and we cannot see how his knowledge would be diminished by its being derived from several bodies; as, indeed, in all cases it must be. That a young man who was industrious and active would learn his profession more quickly and better with as many bodies as he chose to ask for, we cannot doubt. In the case of too few, he would be detained in his search for such or such a point of knowledge by want of means to acquire it—and we really cannot see how any case of *too* many could arise. There is no motive for it.

But, we think, that there is one principle which will go a considerable way towards accounting for these discrepancies of opinion—viz. that the one side—that, namely, consisting of those who give the smaller number of bodies as necessary, who say that operations on the dead are not necessary, and who think that an unlimited supply would be hurtful—looks to the system as it is, and as it is here. The other, we should say, turns to what ought to be, and to what is elsewhere. We do not mean to carry this to its full extent—but we think the doctrine may be, more in some than others, and not always in the same point in each, traced to the *spirit* which we have indicated above. We could point out numberless instances which tend to support this idea; but it is better that we should devote our space to the pith of the subject, than to striving to account for differences which we are sorry to see exist. We think if any of our readers should be tempted to go through this evidence—and we can assure them we have seldom met any more interesting—they will see reason to agree with us.

We are sorry to state that the effect of reading this mass of evidence has been to leave on our minds the conviction that the study of anatomy is very sensibly declining in this country, and that that arises from the lack of subjects. All those examined agree on this point, that the supply of bodies is by no means sufficient. However they may differ as to the number needed, the number furnished is far, far below the lowest estimate. It is quite clear that unless some mode of supplying subjects be adopted, surgery and medicine will, as the students advance into practitioners, grow worse and worse. The Committee have thoroughly come to the same conclusions, as will be seen in the following extract from their report. It is lamentable to read the last statement there made, which, like all the rest, is most fully borne out by the evidence, which is throughout referred to numerically in the margin. It shews to what a state the scarcity of subjects is fast reducing the general practitioners throughout the country. No blame can attach to them individually for not acquiring that which is beyond their reach—but it is dreadful to think that that which is universally laid down as the only real foundation for medical knowledge, should be unattainable by what has been computed at twenty-nine thirtieths of the profession—we mean the general practitioners in the country:—

It is the duty of the student to obtain, before entering into practice, the

most perfect knowledge, he is able, of his profession; and for that purpose to study thoroughly the structure and functions of the human body; in which study he can only succeed by frequent and repeated dissection. But his wants cannot adequately be supplied in this country, except at an expense, amounting nearly to a prohibition, which can be afforded only by the most wealthy, and precludes many students from dissecting altogether. From the precariousness or insufficiency of the supply, the dissections and lectures are often suspended for many weeks, during which the pupils are exposed to the danger of acquiring habits of dissipation and indolence; and, from the same causes, that important part of surgical education is usually omitted, which consists in teaching how to perform on the dead body those operations which the student may afterwards be required to practise on the living. But not only does the student find dissection expensive and difficult of attainment; but he cannot practise it, without either committing an infringement of the law himself, or taking an advantage of one committed by others. In the former case he must expose himself to imminent hazard, and in either, he may incur severe penalties, and be exposed to public obloquy. The law, through the medium of the authorities entrusted with conferring diplomas, and of the boards deputed by them to examine candidates for public service, requires satisfactory proof of proficiency in Anatomical Science, although there are no means of acquiring that proficiency without committing daily offences against the law. The illegality and the difficulties attending the acquisition of the science, dispose the examiners in some cases to relax the strictness of their examination, and induce them, in the case of the Apothecaries' Company, to dispense with dissection altogether; the persons to whom certificates are granted by the examiners of this Company, being those who, from their numbers* and extensive practice, ought especially, for the safety of the public, to be well instructed. The annual number of certificates so granted exceeds 400.

To cure such a state of things as this is manifestly a public duty; and if the most advisable plan carry with it the exceeding advantage of annihilating the system of exhumation, surely such an arrangement should join the efforts of all well-wishers of their species in the furtherance of its success.

The plan, then, which has been proposed is, that the bodies of all who die in hospitals, the infirmaries of workhouses, and similar establishments, and remain unclaimed for a given time, should be delivered up for dissection, with proper security from the surgeon that the burial rites should be performed. In this case no feelings could be injured—for if there were any friends who objected to the dissection, his claiming the body would prevent its being subjected to it, yet would not saddle him with the expense of the burial. Many are buried at the expense of the parish, whose friends do follow them to the grave. These persons would not come within the class designated. There would be here *no feelings to injure*; the great end would be answered, and by means totally irreproachable. The supply derivable from this source, it is unanimously agreed, would be thoroughly and amply sufficient.

Still, there was one point on which we confess we had some doubts—and most glad we are to find, from another unanimous opinion of the surgeons examined, that they were quite unfounded. The only possible objection which suggested itself to us as against this regulation, was that the belief, or still more the certainty, of dissection following death,

* Computed at 10,000 in England and Wales.

might painfully affect the mind of the patient while still living. But every one gives testimony against this;—Mr. Brodie says—

I believe it is the case in some hospitals, at any rate it used to be so, that the bodies cannot be examined without the form of permission of the friends; in our hospital * it has always been considered as a rule that every body who died was to be examined, and we have had no difficulty about it; perhaps, once in two or three years, there comes a poor woman to pray that her child or her sister may not be examined, because it was her wish that she should not; but it is very rarely that there is any such application, either before or after death; they consider the examination as a matter of course, and think nothing about it.—148. Is it your opinion that the dislike to the practice of the examination is on the decrease?—I believe so.—149. Should you extend the same remark to the practice of dissection?—Examination is in fact dissection to a certain extent; the more people's minds are familiarized to dissection, the less they think of it. Those who live in the neighbourhood of an anatomical school think nothing about it.

Mr. Abernethy speaks still more strongly:—

197. At the time of adding the dissecting establishment to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, did you find that the number of persons claiming admission fell off?—Not at all.—198. You do not believe it would occasion any alteration?—I am sure it would not; there is a hospital in this town where the poor know that the most of the bodies are dissected, and yet applications for admission there are as numerous as in other hospitals; the poor go into hospitals because they are ill and in a state of penury; and do not think that they are to die there; or if they do, they care not what is to become of their remains.

Mr. Lawrence thus expresses his similarity of opinion:—

239. Do you anticipate any indisposition, on the part of patients or their friends, to their being sent to hospitals, in case of the unclaimed bodies being given up in every instance to dissection?—Not the least; I quite agree with Mr. Abernethy upon that point.

We have given the words of these very eminent persons, because we think the being thoroughly satisfied as to the effect upon the mind of the patient must be of the highest gratification to every humane person. What we are about to extract relates, for the most part, to the feelings of the friends; but there are some very strong points as to the patients themselves, and the whole is we think in the highest degree encouraging. It is from the evidence of Dr. Southwood Smith, lecturer on physiology at the Well-street school in the Borough, and author of an essay, entitled, "The Use of the Dead to the Living,"—the whole of whose evidence seems to us so valuable and so well-given in every way, that we should be most happy to reprint the whole of it, if our space at all permitted its possibility:—

983. Do you wish to add in any point to your evidence?—There is one point which I wish to say a word about; I think we cannot pay too much deference to the feelings of the poor, indeed of all classes; but from what I have observed, I should infer that these feelings are neither so strong nor so difficult to be removed as is commonly imagined: I form this opinion from what I have observed in the analogous case of inspecting the body after death. When I first began to practise in London, I became attached to one of the principal dispensaries; often there was a very great objection in the minds of the friends of those who died, to allow an examination after death; but I found that by reasoning with the poor, and explaining to them

* St. George's.

the importance of such inspection, I could generally succeed in obtaining their consent; ultimately I found but very little difficulty, and it was always greatly lessened by allowing the friends to be present. I observed that they attended to what was going on with great calmness and interest; I recollect no instance of a relative or friend having been present at such examination, who did not become convinced by it of its usefulness and importance; and in very many instances I went away, receiving the warmest thanks of the people for what I had done. I may state that the same result has been obtained at the London Fever Hospital. I am one of the physicians to the London Fever Institution. In that institution a considerable number of persons die annually; it had been the rule never to examine any one there without the consent of friends; we hardly ever meet with any difficulty, and when any objection does exist, it can generally be removed by reasoning the matter with the friends that come to claim the dead. The Irish, of whom there is always a great number in the hospital, must be excepted. We have hitherto not been able to make any impression upon them; latterly, however, we have examined the bodies of all the Irish that have died, without consent; there was some clamour at first; it is now a good deal subsided; and I wish particularly to direct the attention of the committee to the fact, that although it is now known to these people that the body is invariably examined after death, it has not had the least effect in deterring them from entering the hospital.—984. Are the committee to collect from your answer, that you think a mistake is made in behaving towards the public with secrecy and mystery upon this subject; and that you think much may be done by taking proper pains and precaution, and by reasoning with them on the use of dissection?—I think so; I think, in the state of mind at present prevailing in the British public, the poorer classes are as much open to conviction as those above them, and perhaps more so; that they are quite able to perceive the reasonableness of the measure if it were properly represented; and that their feeling is so good, that they would ultimately acquiesce in it.

We now come to a point on which we are rather inclined to differ from the general opinion. Most—indeed we cannot at this moment lay our hand upon any exception—of the witnesses who were asked the question, whether the proposed arrangement should be permissive or mandatory,—namely whether the parish and hospital officers should be compellable, or only allowed, to give up unclaimed bodies, answered they would rather have it permissive only. They assert that a compulsory act would not carry the feelings of the public along with it, which most of them think the other might. "It seems to us that these gentlemen overlook that it is only the *unclaimed* bodies which it is proposed to subject to this law. Relations are *not* to be deprived of their deceased friends. But this plan of option would throw that option entirely into the hands of the parish overseers, and the officers of hospitals—a measure, we think, very much calculated to give rise to abuses. Still, if the public mind would go along with this measure, and would not with the other, we should be contented with this last. But we really cannot see the distinction. Let it be borne in mind that none but *unclaimed* bodies would be liable, and we are at a loss to conceive how granting a discretion to official persons wholly uninterested about them should have a tendency to propitiate the public. If, however, it could once be made clear that it did, the minor enactment would, beyond doubt, still be a gift of exceeding value to the country.

There is one objection, concerning both suggestions, on which we must say a few words:—or rather we will borrow the words of the Report to speak for us. We trust that those who have read our work since the commencement of the present series, will need no assurance in words that we should shrink with disgust from any measure that would betray the least tendency to shew favour to the rich at the expense of the poor—that is, of the few and fortunate as contradistinguished from the many and wretched:—

“It may be argued, perhaps, that the principle of selection, according to the plan proposed, is not just, as it would not affect equally all classes of the public; since the bodies to be chosen would, necessarily, be those of the poor only. To this it may be replied, 1st,—that even were the force of this objection to a certain degree admitted, yet that, to judge fairly of the plan, its inconveniences must be compared with those of the existing system; which system, according to the evidence adduced, is liable in a great measure to the same objection; since the bodies exhumated are principally those of the poor* ; 2dly,—that the evils of this, or of any other plan to be proposed on this subject, must be judged of by the distress which it would occasion to the feelings of surviving relations; and the unfairness to one or another class of the community,—by the degree of distress inflicted on one class rather than another; but where there are no relations to suffer distress, there can be no inequality of suffering, and consequently no unfairness shewn to one class more than another.”

The poor are also, in another way, more interested than the rich in the diffusion of surgical and medical knowledge. The rich can always procure the best assistance; the poor must have recourse to the apothecary in the next village. It is, therefore, most highly their interest that professional education should be widely-spread and sound. Almost every witness uses language to this effect.

The following extract from Sir Astley Cooper's evidence will, we think, bring the practical part of the subject to a close:—

79. If the practice of giving up the unclaimed bodies from workhouses were rendered legal, under what regulations would you propose to place the distribution of the bodies?—There I should revert to my idea of having a Director of Anatomy, so that there should be the most perfect impartiality in the distribution of the bodies, that every thing should be conducted decently, that the fees should be paid, and the funeral rites known to be performed; and when such a director was appointed, I think there would be no difficulty.

We thoroughly agree with Sir Astley, that an establishment of the nature suggested by him would, in the proper regulations of detail,

* This is proved, by three of the exhumators, as arising from the more slight burial. One of them says that by one digging he has got three or four bodies, and that during the several years he has been in the regular habit of supplying the schools he never “got half-a-dozen of wealthier people.” This witness is represented by Dr. Somerville, Mr. Brodie's assistant, as really living by the supplying bodies, that is, that he is not a thief as well. He himself says that there are forty or fifty men in London who profess to be resurrectionists, but that there are only two besides himself who get their living by it—the others make it a cloak and help to robberies of all kinds—for the police are instructed to connive at men employed in exhumation. This man's evidence is not only highly curious and characteristic, but very instructive also.—ED.

answer admirably. But we should wish to see anatomical schools extended to some of the chief provincial towns, at which, under the proposed system, we doubt not students might receive excellent education, without being forced up to London, at a distance from their friends, and at a heavy, and often embarrassing, expense.

It is also proposed to repeal the existing law, which gives the bodies of executed murderers to dissection. With this we very readily concur. The supply derived from that source is next to nothing,—and the practice certainly does give legislative sanction to the prejudices against dissection, inasmuch as it is thus awarded as part of the punishment of the crime the most terrible to our nature. The idea that there is any thing in the least degrading in dissection ought, above all things, to be removed from the minds of the people.

We hope that most of our readers, who have gone through the foregoing pages, will agree with us:—1. That the knowledge of anatomy is necessary for any proficiency in medical science.—2. That the only possible means of acquiring that knowledge is by the dissection of dead bodies.—3. That the present supply of subjects for dissection, in this country, is grossly insufficient; and that its mode is open to moral objections of the darkest order.—4. That a plan for the remedy of this deficiency has been suggested by the Committee on Anatomy of last year, alike effective, and consonant with reason, feeling, and religion.

So strongly does our own conviction go along with these propositions that, while we express our most hearty and grateful thanks to the Committee for its admirably conducted labours, we earnestly entreat them not to let sleep their recommendation of a bill being introduced into parliament in the approaching session, to give effect to their philanthropic views.

We said, we believe, at the opening of this article, that we should, during the course of it, devote some attention to the subject of the prejudices against dissection altogether. We find that we have not done so—nor, now, shall we. As the case stands, those prejudices are avoided. No general antipathy to anatomy, or its means, at all exists. It is only when it comes home—when dissection is to take place with regard to beloved objects, that the prejudice—for, amiable, and indicative of many of the best and most beautiful feelings, as we willingly own it to be—still, it is a prejudice;—it is only then, that it arises. Alas! this is one of the fast diminishing number of cases, in which, when Reason has operated undeniable conviction upon the mind, Feeling still creeps in, and causes strong pain that the opinion should be held, even when it is unable to destroy it*. But, in the plan which we have advocated, this sentiment may remain undisturbed. The measure proposed has the delightful merit of doing no injury and giving no offence to any one, whilst its effects would incalculably tend to promote the first physical blessing of mankind—HEALTH.

* We have called these cases fast diminishing, because, thank heaven! we thoroughly believe that Reason and Feeling agree better and better every day the world grows older.

YOU'LL COME TO OUR BALL.

“ Comment ! c'est lui ?—que je le regarde encore !—c'est que vraiment il est bien changé ; n'est pas, mon papa ? ”—*Les premiers Amours.*

You'LL come to our Ball ;—since we parted,
 I've thought of you, more than I'll say ;
 Indeed, I was half broken-hearted,
 For a week, when they took you away.
 Fond Fancy brought back to my slumbers
 Our walks on the Ness and the Den,
 And echoed the musical numbers
 Which you used to sing to me then.
 I know the romance, since it's over,
 'Twere idle, or worse, to recall :—
 I know you're a terrible rover ;
 But, Clarence,—you'll come to our Ball !

It's only a year, since at College '
 You put on your cap and your gown ;
 But, Clarence, you're grown out of knowledge,
 And changed from the spur to the crown :
 The voice that was best when it faltered
 Is fuller and firmer in tone ;
 And the smile that should never have altered,—
 Dear Clarence,—it is not your own :
 Your cravat was badly selected,
 Your coat don't become you at all ;
 And why is your hair so neglected ?
 You *must* have it curled for our Ball.

I've often been out upon Haldon,
 *To look for a covey with Pup ;
 I've often been over to Shaldon,
 To see how your boat is laid up :
 In spite of the terrors of Aunty,
 I've ridden the filly you broke ;
 And I've studied your sweet little Dante,
 In the shade of your favourite oak :
 When I sat in July to Sir Lawrence,
 I sat in your love of a shawl ;
 And I'll wear what you brought me from Florence,
 Perhaps, if you'll come to our Ball.

You'll find us all changed since you vanished :
 We've set up a National School ;
 And waltzing is utterly banished ;
 And Ellen has married a fool ;
 The Major is going to travel ;
 Miss Hyacinth threatens a rout ;
 The walk is laid down with fresh gravel ;
 Papa is laid up with the gout :
 And Jane has gone on with her easels,
 And Anne has gone off with Sir Paul ;
 And Fanny is sick of the measles,—
 And I'll tell you the rest at the Ball.

You'll meet all your Beauties ;—the Lily,
 And the Fairy of Willowbrook Farm,
 And Lucy, who made me so silly
 At Dawlish, by taking your arm ;
 Miss Manners, who always abused you,
 For talking so much about Hock ;
 And her sister who often amused you,
 By raving of rebels and Rock ;
 And something which surely would answer,
 An heiress, quite fresh from Bengal ;—
 So, though you were seldom a dancer,
 You'll dance, just for once, at our Ball.

But out on the world !—from the flowers
 It shuts out the sunshine of truth ;
 It blights the green leaves in the bowers,
 It makes an old age of our youth :
 And the flow of our feeling, once in it,
 Like a streamlet beginning to freeze,
 Though it cannot turn ice in a minute,
 Grows harder by sullen degrees.
 Time treads o'er the grave of Affection ;
 Sweet honey is turned into gall :—
 Perhaps you have no recollection
 That ever you danced at our Ball.

You once could be pleased with our ballads ;—
 To-day you have critical ears :
 You once could be charmed with our salads ;—
 Alas ! you've been dining with Peers :
 You trifled and flirted with many ;
 You've forgotten the when and the how :
 There was *one* you liked better than any ;—
 Perhaps you've forgotten *her* now.
 But of those you remember most newly,
 Of those who delight or enthrall,
 None love you a quarter so truly
 As some you will find at our Ball.

They tell me you've many who flatter,
 Because of your wit and your song ;
 They tell me (and what does it matter ?)
 You like to be praised by the throng :
 They tell me you're shadowed with laurel,
 They tell me you're loved by a Blue ;
 They tell me you're sadly immoral,—
 Dear Clarence, *that* cannot be true !
 But to me you are still what I found you
 Before you grew clever and tall ;
 And you'll think of the spell that once bound you ;
 And you'll come—*won't* you come ?—to our Ball !

PARIS IN 1828.

LETTER I.

You wonder you don't hear from me!—You hear nothing of, or from, me!—You begin to think that I, (or, at least, my carcase) must have found my way to the Morgue;—and thus have terminated the career, and perished at once the hopes and prospects of the once high-reaching ———. “’Tis a shrewd guess,” my friend;—but the thing, however likely, has not happened yet.

The fact is—I am in that humour with myself and the world, that I am not in a humour to scribble letters, or, indeed, any thing else; and though the whim has for the moment seized me to commence this epistle to thee, mine ancient friend, ten to one whether the said whim will last so long, as to make me finish it. Why, I say, what has such a fellow as I to do crawling upon the surface of this lump of clay—speculating in darkness and doubt upon the said clay-ball, and the creatures who crawl in crowds upon it along with him—and scribbling he knows not what about things, of the real nature of which he knows nothing—no, nothing!—no more than the things themselves do. I declare to God, I have been living for six months now in this most civilized of cities; and yet, if I were called upon to declare what I know of it, and its inhabitants, I should be somewhat puzzled for an answer. It is clear, for instance, to every two-legged creature, who belongs to the species man, and has had an opportunity of comparing it with other capitals,—say, London—that the houses are built of stone, instead of brick, and that they are loftier than those of London; that the streets, moreover, are narrower, and stink infinitely more; that the air is clearer, and much freer from smoke and fogs. Moreover, the said two-legged creature may discern that those animals, which are not the slaves of art, as man is—the dog, for instance—express their feelings or sensations in the same manner as they do in other countries—an important discovery. But for much more—for giving an *opinion* upon the people,—their customs, manners, morals, and so forth—heaven preserve me from all such presumption, even in a private letter to a friend. And yet you shall have your smart tourist live from a fortnight to three weeks at a place—and in three weeks more he shall patch you up a book upon it, giving a minute and copious history of the said place, from the creation of the world down to the memorable era when the said tourist did it the honour of a visit, with a full and detailed account of all sorts of other things, and every thing in the world connected with it. Aye! and he shall “put money in his purse” by this same speculation, too. And I confess, Clinton, that sometimes when my purse begins to wax lean and lanky, and I wish to “put money in it,” I feel a wish that I possessed some of the confident and learned ignorance of those accomplished ladies and gentlemen. But, unluckily for my purpose, a fit of spleen again comes over me.—I toss down, with derision, my half-grasped

"grey goose-quill;" settling in my own mind that any thing is preferable to telling oceans of lies, making mountains of misstatements, and drivelling seas of stupidity and nonsense. Moreover, as you are aware, Clinton, with a certain learned personage, "I doubt" too much; and indeed, with another very eminent personage, I begin to think that there is nothing worth giving an opinion about. Is this spleen? you say, or philosophy? Or is it the effect of—

The wasted frame—the ruin'd mind—

The wreck by passion left behind?

It is——!—What does it matter?—It is so.

Talking of the Morgue—that is a singular institution; so singular, that it and things connected with it have occupied a good deal of my attention. I have been there frequently (I mean, of course, like George Selwyn among the hangmen, merely as an amateur,) and have seldom found it empty. I have seen two, three, and even four bodies exposed; and generally with marks of having met with a violent death. I do not mean merely death by suicide, though unquestionably there are many of those; but violent death from the hands of others, whether regular assassins or personal enemies. I have seen some with wounds about the face and breast; and many, as a friend of mine has expressed it, "terribly licked about the head"—that is, with marks of *many* violent contusions about the head. I grant, that a contusion might be received by a person, when he throws himself into the river, coming in contact with a stone, or any hard substance at the bottom. But, then, that would cause but *one* contusion—and would never account for the manifold and awful contusions that are to be seen almost every day at the Morgue; for heads and countenances, and sometimes whole carcases, evidently *beat* out of the resemblance and form of any thing human. This, I have *seen* with my own eyes, and can attest. But, as to giving any opinion upon it, *c'est une autre chose*. Yet the natural inference would certainly be, that assassinations are very frequent here, indeed—and suicides more so. So that stuff about the English being comparatively such a suicidal race is fudge. The French are very much more so; and gambling is assigned as the cause. There are gambling-houses in Paris, where a man may play *two francs*. And thither repairs the labourer, with his week's wages, which has to maintain his family for the following week—plays—loses it—comes out and throws himself into the Seine; out of which the government, having pocketed a very respectable per-centage upon his gambling losses, can afford to pay for having him taken and exposed in the Morgue; and still be gainers by the "adventure," as the mercantile slang has it.

It ought to be remarked moreover, that his relatives or friends cannot claim and take him from the Morgue, without paying the expenses just mentioned. So that in this case those highly respectable gains of the French Government are clear and without deduction.

What a spectacle that Morgue is! with its iron grating through which so many (particularly those who go there to look for friends or relatives) must shudder while they look, and "tremble as they gaze;" and its black marble tables of death, each supporting its ghastly burthen! In the heat of battle, while the hot work of death is going

on, there is to be seen enough of ghastly sights, but then there is no time to think of them.—When the battle is over too—when the sound of drum and trumpet, and bugle and bagpipe, and musketry and artillery is hushed—and the setting sun or rising moon gleams redly or palely over the hard-contested and carnage-strewn battle-field; there indeed lie the dying and the dead, the wrecks and remains of what was once human,—thick—thick, as

The mower's grass at the close of day.

But there the wounds you behold, ghastly and horrible though they be, have been taken and given in the face of day, and in open and avowed enmity—and probably in a cause which victor and victim alike deemed honourable. But here you behold, as it were, before you, the mangled and blood-besmeared work of the vile and midnight assassin, dragged from its obscure hiding-place, and exposed to the light of day and the observation of men. As you behold the ghastly and appalling spectacle before you, you can picture to yourself, without any very great effort of imagination, the ruthless ruffian inflicting blow after blow and wound after wound upon his overcome or unresisting victim, until his groans and struggles of agony are silenced and ended by death—or are left to “rave themselves to rest” in the midst of the azure waters of the Seine, into which he has been precipitated by the assassin or assassins over the battlement of the bridge upon which he has been attacked, or which may happen to be nearest to the fatal spot. For, be it known to you that the bridges here are (or at least *are said to be*, I have never yet been attacked on them myself) the favourite places for assassination—it is supposed, from the circumstance of the victims being so easily disposed of by being thrown over the parapet into the river, either with or without a stab of the knife. The cabriolets here too are said to be vastly convenient things for pitching a fellow out of into the stream below—and the cabriolet-drivers are said to be adepts in the art. I cannot vouch for the *universal* truth of this *on dit*,—but this I can vouch for, that many of these men, like the class to which they belong in most other places, are insolent, rascally, and ferocious. They generally carry large knives about their persons. There was a scuffle not long since took place some time after midnight, immediately under the lodgings of a friend of mine, between three gentlemen and some of these men, in which two of the gentlemen were dangerously wounded by their knives; and would probably have been killed if an alarm had not been given to the *garde* stationed in the neighbourhood. When the *garde* came up, they found the gentlemen in the street wounded as I have mentioned, and a fiacre and cabriolet driving off at full speed, *brûlaient le pavé*.

In a dispute which a friend and myself had with one of these men one evening, I had also an opportunity of observing their extreme ferocity, when fully awakened. The fellow, among other polite epithets, which he liberally applied, called my friend a *voleur* for refusing to comply with his exorbitant demand. Upon this my friend also waxed somewhat ferocious in his turn, and told the man he would bring him before the police for applying such a term to him, at the same time taking down the number of the cabriolet. From this accusation the rogue pretended to free himself by saying that the charge was false, and

that he had said *menteur*, not *voleur*. I thought at one time I saw the fellow groping for his knife, and I kept a steady eye upon the motions of his hand. He was in a most towering passion when he found he could not obtain his demand; and in that state he drove off. I ought in justice to add, that in some of these men I have seen civility, and even politeness—for that is the proper word here after all. How ridiculous it would sound if applied to a London hackney coachman! I had once occasion to make an enquiry, connected with his profession, of a cabriolet-driver, who was standing with some others beside his cabriolet. He satisfied my enquiry with the utmost minuteness and accuracy, and then taking a neat memorandum-book from his pocket, he wrote down the name and direction of the place I wanted, tore out the leaf, and presented it to me, without having the slightest motive but common politeness, for he had no reason in the world to suppose he should ever see me again.

By the bye, what a glorious place our Waterloo bridge would be for a Parisian assassin! with what coolness and freedom from interruption! with what *nonchalance* and *sang froid* Monsieur might perform the charitable act of sending a poor devil out of this miserable world! Yet you know in London we walk with perfect security, and with consciousness of perfect security, through any part or purlieu of that vast metropolis at any hour of the night; so much so, that for some time I thought they were hoaxing me, when they spoke of the dangers of the streets of Paris to a single pedestrian after midnight. I would not for some time believe them. But I was soon convinced of their being in earnest.

Why, John Bull would exist for at least three months through the whole of merry England from sea to sea, upon the details (such as the English journals would give them) of the contents of the Morgue for one day. Let but a poor intoxicated prostitute take it into her bewildered head to make a leap off the battlements of Waterloo bridge, (it's a pretty fair leap, Clinton)—and behold, forthwith, John's journals give him a full and detailed description of the circumstance in all its lights and bearings—with a minute account of the poor woman's birth, parentage, and education, not omitting the full and pleasing particulars of her mode of living, with the decorum, elegancies, and comfort, of the same. Her very conversations and opinions on men and things are recorded; and she finds a Boswell, as well as Dr. Johnson, Napoleon, and Lord Byron. And all this strange mess John Bull, gaping and wonder-stricken, swallows as if it were merely "Go to, swallow a gooseberry." And then when any mysterious murder peeps out, what a delightful task to trace the pleasing investigation through all its turnings and windings! What an entrancing confusion of wounds, blood, blood-stained bludgeons, hedgestakes, blunderbusses, pistols, penknives, &c. &c. &c.!!! When a *real* and actual bloody and atrocious murder, like that of Weare, is brought to light, John's ecstasies are indescribable. The baboon on board the vessel during an engagement—running about the deck—dancing, capering, frantic with delight, is a trifle to him. Why—I could regale John for months and years with the garbage, with the very offals, of the Morgue even for a single week.

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But how does all this agree, you will perhaps ask, with the reputed excellence of the French police? The case is thus, my friend—the Parisian *gens-d'armes* (I think the finest, best appointed, and most soldier-like set of men I have seen) make the rounds in bodies of four or five and upwards—a consequence of which is that you may walk about the streets of Paris a whole night without meeting any of them. So that a man may be assassinated twenty times over, without obtaining the slightest assistance from these redoubtable *gendarmes*; who are, I believe, after all, like most of the institutions under a despotic government, intended rather as a protection of the government, than of the subject. However this may be, the *gens-d'armes*, both mounted and otherwise, are an effective and well-organized body of men—as they ought to be, since they take precedence of all the rest of the French military—and, indeed, are mostly composed of veterans, promoted to this corps from the other corps of the army, for services and good conduct. So that the French police, though not so effectively distributed for the protection of the subject, are composed of a very different class of persons, as regards respectability of character and qualifications, from our worthy, respectable, and redoubted “*guardians of the night*.” I have often stood and admired the soldierly carriage and admirable equipments of the Paris *gens-d'armes à cheval*, as they rode slowly along the streets, mounted on their beautiful long-tailed horses. They still retain the large cocked hat—and they are almost the only persons on whom I have thought it looked well. They have altogether a truly soldierly and veteran appearance; and many of them, I dare say, have dearly earned a right to such an appearance, by long and hard service in the ranks of Napoleon's war-worn and weather-beaten armies.

LETTER II.

You say “I hope you will come back cured.”—Alas! Clinton, that, I fear, is a vain hope. For I now find how truly poets have said, (though for a mind in the state of mine to quote them may seem sufficiently ridiculous, at least according to the dicta of some dramatic critics, who affirm that people should never be poetical when they are really suffering in mind; yet there is a diversion of mind even in referring to or quoting what the poets have said)—Horace—

——— *Quid terras alio calentes*
Sole mutamus? patriæ quis exul
Se quoque fugit?

And Byron—

What exile from himself can flee?
 To zones, though more and more remote,
 Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
 The blight of life—the demon thought.
 Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,
 With many a retrospection curst.

I seek, in change of scene, relief from the unrelenting demon that pursues and tortures me—but I seek in vain. I shall probably thus traverse Europe—possibly the world—and still in vain. Mine indeed seems a fate singularly hard. I bear about with me over the earth and waters the curse of Cain, without his crimes.

I have plunged into the gaieties and dissipations of this gay and dissipated city—but the grim gaunt spectre of the mind haunts me everywhere. Even considering my state of mind as a case of disease, I have attempted to cure it, as in medicine they cure some diseases of the body, by superinducing the action of another, and more immediately exciting disease. Ay, Clinton, I, who used to reason with such clearness, and force, and energy, against the vice of gambling—who was so convinced of its inexpediency as a mean of acquiring honourably what all pursue—who, in short, regarded it with such a calm but deep and decided aversion and contempt—yes, I, Clinton, have made myself, for a time, literally and immediately the sport, the *ludibrium*, the puppet, the plaything, the football of the strumpet Fortune. I have sounded the awful depths of the gamester's hell—

But, like an ebbing wave, it dash'd me back
Into the gulf of my unfathom'd thought.

And yet, Clinton, it is a potent specific—a powerful and dangerous spell. What a gigantic, and what a demon-like gripe is that with which it holds, and wrings, and shakes, and shatters, that human mind that has once fallen within its grasp! It is no common struggle, no faint and feeble wrestling that is necessary to shake off the hellish assailant. There must be a mighty, ay, a convulsive effort, or you struggle and writhe in vain—in the hands of a tormentor who never knew fear, or pity, or remorse. I am myself, perhaps, not a fair case—yet even I have felt the giant's power. But I have seen some of my acquaintance, who, if powers wasted, time mispent, and a mind ruined, be proofs that *something* has been suffered, may well attest the propriety of calling a gambling-house a hell—and be an everlasting warning to all (to whom warning does not come too late) to shun, indeed, as “the gate of hell,” the brilliant, mirrored, and gilded halls of Frescati.

Pope said, “Every woman is at heart a rake.” I do not say that he was right, mark me—but I say that every man, ay, and woman too, is at heart a gambler. It is the same principle at its source, only having taken another direction to arrive at the same point, which makes a man desire power. The stoic, the cynic, and the sage too, may say what they please to the contrary; but every man that has ever lived, or, while the nature of man remains the same, that ever will live, has (or will have) in the bottom of his heart desired power, no matter as to the difference of form. Now, knowledge, they say, is power. It may be so. But it is a power which does not act immediately—the effect of it is not instantaneous. Will knowledge upon the instant put a man into the possession and enjoyment of the cup of pleasure and the smile of beauty? But gold will do this. Ay, it will do for him all that the earthly omnipotence of king or kaiser can do. And, therefore, here gold is power—and men gamble to get gold, and, therefore, to get power.

Of course in the above remarks it is not implied that the votaries of gambling have taken the proper and right road to arrive at power—quite the contrary.

It is easy to distinguish the young votary—the raw and inexperienced—from him with whom *rouge et noir* has been the business of a life. Our countrymen are particularly remarkable, and easy to be known in these places. The most common form and circumstance under which your Englishman makes his appearance in that palace of vice, that gilded Gehenna, are these:—About, say from nine to ten, you see a young man (verily a foolish young man, like him observed by Solomon) enter—easily distinguishable from the surrounding mass of (notwithstanding Legion of Honour orders and mustachios) tailor-like-looking Frenchmen by the superior taste, elegance, and costliness of his dress, as well as by a countenance flushed with a larger quantity of the more generous juice of the grape than a Frenchman usually allows himself. In short, it would be vastly superfluous to describe to you, Clinton, how an Englishman, who is “living like a fighting cock,” usually looks about that hour of the evening.

Impletur veteris Bacchi, pinguisque farina.

The youth hath his purse full of good money, and his brain full of the vapours of good wine. He is evidently in a state of excitement already; and he is come to seek further and more violent excitement at the *rouge et noir* table. What dim and shadowy yet magnificent visions of unbounded wealth and unbounded enjoyment are floating before his mind's mystified eye! Those glittering, tempting rouleaus that lie before the dealers!—they are all already, in imagination, his. Those billets de “cinq cent francs,” de “mille francs,” de “dix mille francs,” de “douze mille francs,”—he will have a shot at them all! Has he not a right to have his fun for his money? May he not have his “whistle,” though it cost him somewhat dear? To be sure—to be sure, Jack—down with your gold, like a man and a gentleman!

A bold stroke, to put those ten double Napoleons upon the *rouge*. Hark to the voice of the dealer!—“*Un!*”—“*Sacré nom de Dieu!*”—Your four hundred francs are gone, my friend. Mounseer draws them towards him with that damned hook, and clutches them with a placid and subdued rapture. Well—he will try *rouge* again, though not exactly on the doubling system; he will put down five hundred francs this time. Again are the golden heaps swept into the box of the bank. “*D—n!*” is muttered between the teeth; but a great apparent, though evidently forced, calmness of manner is preserved. But shall John be done out of his money in this way by Mounseer? No, no—obstinacy is the thing—call it perseverance if you will. Stick to the red, Jack, my boy. There you are again, you unfortunate dog!—a palpable run upon black. No matter for that; Jack is an animal of game, like one of his own true mastiffs;—he has perseverance; and he plays upon red till his funds are exhausted, and then he walks off, with a cheek a little flushed—the slightest in the world—and an eye not altogether placid. I might give you examples of much higher play; but this will do for an average case. For instance, the Duke of Mount Million played, of course, much higher, and with very different success, the

other evening, when he broke the bank twice in the same night. With what honours his Grace must have been received by his amiable and interesting duchess when he returned home with his "veni, vidi, vici!" His grace was never taken for a magician; but he did on that occasion what some very great men have attempted in vain. O Fortune! Fortune! how strange are thy freaks!

Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos!

I used to wonder, when a boy, what could make Horace address an ode to Fortune. But, alas! that wonderment has now long ceased; and if I could write as well as Horace, I would indite an address myself to the capricious but powerful deity.

The illustrious vanquishers of Napoleon, after the battle of Waterloo, probably conscious how much they were indebted to the goddess, and perhaps fancying that they were thenceforth to be her especial favourites for ever, are said to have frequently paid her homage and sought her favours in this her chosen temple—

Hic illius arma—his currus fuit—

with but indifferent success. She shewed them that they were still but mere mortals; and that, though she had favoured them eminently on one or two occasions, yet here the redoubted Blucher and the high and mighty Prince of Waterloo must, at the most, share her favours with such votaries as his Grace of Mount Million. A Frenchman informed me that he had frequently seen both of these martial dignitaries in several Parisian *maisons de jeu*, much less select and exclusive than the aristocratic "*salon*." The King of Prussia had some very heavy debts to pay for Blucher, which his "Valiancy" had contracted at such places.

The Englishman is gone—fleeced, moneyless, chap-fallen; and those laughing dames, who had been eyeing him with attention as a wealthy prize, are disappointed of their prey. Unhappy beings! A piteous spectacle that, Clinton! and yet it is only one among many such "sights of woe" that are daily and nightly visible in this earthly Pandæmonium.

Regions of sorrow! doleful shades! where peace,
And rest can never dwell! Hope—

ay, but hope does come; but then it is a hope that "lures but to destroy;" and

———porte au fin fond des enfers,
Digne séjour de ces esprits perdus.

MORAL TENDENCIES OF KNOWLEDGE.

"These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,—
 These goods He grants who grants the power to gain ;
 With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
 And makes the happiness she does not find."——JOHNSON.

WE were about to write upon this subject, having had our attention strongly drawn to it by an article in the "Companion to the Almanac," on the effects of Education upon Crime. While we were chewing the cud of the many sweet, and alas ! the some bitter, fancies which arose upon this most momentous of human subjects—namely, the moral fruits of knowledge, we received the following paper. We chanced to have been in company with the writer at the time when the article in the "Edinburgh Review," on Pestalozzi, which is alluded to in the commencement of these remarks, had just appeared. We had neither of us ever read "Leonard and Gertrude," and our friend determined to do so at once. "If you do," we replied, "pray send some notice of it to our Magazine—for at this time a multitude of minds is turned towards education ;—it will be many a long year before that topic will tire."

In accordance with this wish, the paper, which the reader will presently see, reached us a short time back. It is any thing but a review of "Leonard and Gertrude." It rather gives a brief notice of Pestalozzi's principles, as exemplified in that book, with our correspondent's own feelings and ideas upon them. At first sight, it will seem in some degree to contravene the principles on Useful Education, which we have from time to time advocated, since this Magazine came into our hands. "Contravene" is, perhaps, too strong a word—but it certainly attributes to the system we have been in the habit of supporting some faults of omission—which accusation, we think, has arisen, as so many do in metaphysical matters, from scarcely more than a mere difference of verbal interpretation. We trust, when we have given our answer, very little and very slight difference will remain between us and our correspondent. We confess, we are glad to have an opportunity of discussing this question, as we have heard sentiments of nearly the same colour expressed before ; and it will be quite clear to our readers that the persons who hold such as those they are about to read, must be exactly calculated to make us desire their thorough co-operation, more than that of any class which is not altogether with us already.

We shall now, without further preface, give the letter on which we have been observing—then our own comments on it—and, lastly, some remarks on the effects which education has even already produced.

I have been reading Pestalozzi's tale of "Leonard and Gertrude." I am only vaguely acquainted with his system of education ; but the very interesting article in the Edinburgh Review induced me, as you

know, to send for this book. His character, drawn by Dr. Mayo, excited my warmest admiration, and I opened my parcel the moment it arrived, and sat down to read. The date of the preface to the first edition is 1781; that to the second, 1803, when he again presents his original ideas unaltered by the fruits of his observations during the course of an active life. His professions are to describe the condition of the people according to what he had learned by his own personal experience, and to have been careful never to set down his own opinions instead of what he had seen, heard, and known the people themselves feel, judge, say, and attempt. The purpose of his work is, "through the medium of a tale, to communicate some important truths to the people in the way most likely to make an impression on their understandings and their feelings;" and "by pointing out the real situation of the people, and their natural and durable connections with each other, to lay a foundation for their progressive improvement." In the second preface, he says that his book had produced no effect as a representation of the nature of domestic education, but made an impression chiefly as a tale. To me the effect is quite contrary: as a tale it is frequently puerile; indeed, at first, its extreme simplicity makes one doubt the reality of the scenes represented. You feel as though introduced to the good and bad characters that belong to the invention of an amiable but somewhat weak intellect, rather than to descriptions of nature as it exists around us. And truly, Pestalozzi addresses and describes a far more primitive and simple race than those by whom we are surrounded.

This impression, however, wore off as I read on; and I began to look on his characters and the manners he describes as accurate portraits of an interesting people, who, retaining the ignorance of childhood, also retained more of its docility and tenderness of heart, than, in our advanced state, belongs either to our virtues or our vices. Still, as a tale, "Leonard and Gertrude" cannot much attract attention, while, as a representation of Pestalozzi's ideas upon the nature of domestic education, it may interest deeply, even should its scenes fail to touch the heart. Many of the scenes are entirely inapplicable to any country where the relations of the rich and poor have become more independent; and many of the peculiarities of Swiss manners and customs would render the tale absurd to those who are not acquainted with what the Cantons were thirty years ago. But the general and broad facts belong to human nature in every situation; and it is this truth to nature in its best feelings, the strong faith in the goodness of the human heart, the strain of fervent and humble piety that runs through the book which constitutes the charm of it. I know not that I ever met a book that breathed so pious a spirit, and was at the same time so perfectly free from every tinge of sectarian narrowness or dogmatism. Some, and I think perhaps even you, might object to the familiarity of the religious instruction here exhibited—for, alas! the spirit of devotion has become faint amongst us; and I fear the great majority of those who most seek the improvement of the world, however truly they may advocate the love of our neighbour, feel but coldly towards the love of God. The cant and folly of Methodism has much of this lukewarmness to answer for; but there is

also a tone of mere worldly calculation in the way in which good is generally taught; an intellectual prudent inculcation of virtue which falls short of the real dignity of the heart of man. Knowledge and Virtue are, I think, considered more inseparable than they really are; and the great and admirable advances which have, within these few years, been made towards general education and the diffusion of knowledge, has dazzled the best of us; and the intellect has been more exclusively attended to by all (except those who, as narrow religionists, seem to think reason was bestowed merely to be resigned), than should follow from a due consideration of the whole nature of man, and of the circumstances of trial and misery in which, notwithstanding the improvement in his condition that knowledge must occasion, he is still, and I believe ever must be, liable to.

Pestalozzi is far from belonging to what I will venture to call the intellectual class of enthusiasts, although his life was devoted to the purpose of educating the poor. He seems to condemn the unlimited thirst after knowledge that does not immediately relate to our condition, as tending to embarrass the mind to the injury of the moral portion of our being, the excellence of which appears in his views to reflect the image, though faintly, of the Head and Author of all excellence. He thus expresses himself, in his second preface:—"The ruling maxims of the latter half of the past century were almost altogether deficient in the simplicity of strength, and in the strength of simplicity. They aimed at a high stretch of knowledge,—but man, as a whole, remained ignorant, arrogant, and enslaved. Trusting in the extent of his knowledge, he, as it were, lost himself. It was a misfortune to the race of man, during this century, that, by this extension of their knowledge, they were prevented from seeing that they lived without any real strength or stability; and, by this self-deception, they lost all feeling for the truth and greatness of the simple relations of nature and society;"—and in the chapter, where the good Squire and enlightened Pastor discourse upon the best means of preventing superstition, and teaching the people, he more explicitly states, that the best method, "in educating the poor, is to ground their knowledge of the truth upon the pure feelings of innocence and love; to turn their attention chiefly to the surrounding objects which interest them in their individual situations." "The education of the poor should be founded upon clear ideas of surrounding objects, and the temperate exercise of the desire and wishes of human nature; because these are undoubtedly the foundation of true human wisdom. To fix the attention strongly on speculative opinions and distant objects, and feebly upon our duties, our actions, and the objects which surround us, is to create disorder in the soul of man. It leads to ignorance about our most important affairs, and to a foolish predilection for information and knowledge which do not concern us. Roughness and hardness of heart are the natural consequences of all pride and presumption; and the source of the inward poison of superstition and prejudice is clearly derived from this: that, in the education of the people, their attention is not steadily turned to the circumstances and objects around them, which have a strong and near relation to their individual situation, and would lead their hearts to pure and tender feelings of humanity upon all occasions."

Pestalozzi has that strong belief in the natural excellence of unsophisticated man, which is a necessary ingredient in the character that devotes itself to the purpose of amending the condition of mankind. This is shared by all who advocate the cause of education ; but I am not sure but that it is a great error to suppose that enlightening the understanding will at once purify and exalt the heart. Do not mistake me ;—I fully go along with what Brougham says in his admirable " Preliminary Treatise " to the " Library of Useful Knowledge," that " the mere gratification of curiosity, the knowing more to-day than we knew yesterday, the understanding what before seemed obscure and puzzling, the contemplation of general truths, and the comparing together of different things,—is an agreeable occupation ; and, besides the present enjoyment, elevates the faculties above low pursuits, purifies and refines the passions, and helps our reason to assuage their violence." Helps our reason !—Yes : when reason has been duly trained to pay paramount attention to the moral sense ; otherwise, I am inclined to think these intellectual pursuits serve, indeed, to refine, but not much to restrain, the passions ; and I am not of opinion that, in depriving vice of its grossness, we deprive it of half its evil. The grossness of vice will sometimes deter those who would embrace her when decked in some decency of drapery ; but all degrees of decency bespeak a measure, however small, of respect for virtue ; and I would not destroy even this negative homage. The most influential promoters of education, and of the diffusion of useful knowledge, no doubt have the cause of Virtue at heart ; they combat ignorance as its chief foe ; and none can deny but that ignorance is the cause of evil of all descriptions, the fruitful parent of vice and crime of all kinds. To remove ignorance is to break up the soil, to fit it for the produce of the luxuriant crop. It is more ; it is also sowing the seed, it is occupying the ground with valuable products, whose possession of the soil hinders the growth of many weeds. But the earth teems, and throws up thistles as well as grass, tares even amongst the wheat ; man is still more capable of displaying the greatest variety of principles from what seems one stock. The vices of the savage are not displayed by the most depraved member of the dense population of a manufacturing town ; the vices of brutal ignorance are not to be seen amongst intelligent artificers ; the progress of civilization (another name for that of knowledge) removes the chief causes of all cruel and atrocious crimes, and gives fair play to the just, sound, and prudential views that lead to the formation of a fair worldly character. But man is not wholly intellectual ; and although there certainly are debased propensities and feelings which never can exist where knowledge has been acquired, there is still a plentiful crop of evil that may flourish along with the fruits of science and the flowers of cultivation. This must be acknowledged, when we consider what has been the character of the upper orders while knowledge was confined to the few ; it raised them from the most degrading temptations, freed them from the vices of ignorance and brutality ;—but did they display a proportionate improvement in principles ? had they a proportionately stronger attachment to the right, because their lights were stronger ? It may be said, sounder views are now more general amongst the most enlight-

ened; that their horizon is extended as knowledge has spread wider amongst the people in general; and that virtue increases *now* in due and equal degrees with the general progress of science and information. I trust and hope it may be the case. But, as more sure and certain means, I would appeal to the highest principles, to those principles which belong to the heart, and which, though immortal in the soul of man, will languish when not early cultivated, and which I fear the present efforts to spread general information are in some degree likely to neglect.

Pestalozzi says, "I take no part in the disputes of men about opinions, but I think all will agree that whatever makes us pious, good, true, and brotherly,—whatever cherishes the love of God and of our neighbour, and whatever brings happiness and peace into our houses, should be implanted in the hearts of all for our common good." And I too would wish to avoid collision with men's opinions, were it possible to inculcate the spiritual nature of all the kind and benevolent affections without doing so. Worldly advantages, and pleasures and profits are now chiefly held out to lure us to the acquirement of knowledge; they are powerful, just, and true motives for exertion. But "there are greater things than these" which lead to higher cultivation without excluding any advantage which belongs to rational and honourable prudence. Do you think I am going to attempt to unite the advantages that may belong to enthusiasm and to worldliness! no—but I wish I could arouse a more powerful pen to advocate the principle I can but faintly point out; the connection and harmony that may subsist between the moral and intellectual powers, but the distinct, though simultaneous cultivation each should receive. Sunday Schools and Bible societies take one side,—Mechanics' Institutes, and cheap books the other. Each I think too exclusive in their views, and between them both I do not think the love of God and of our neighbour inculcated with the efficacy that the heart would respond to, were it touched as such a noble instrument should be.—The principle on which infant schools are founded, appears to me excellent for large towns, where mothers are necessarily often absent from their children, and are ignorant, and often worse than ignorant; but no society can, I think, be equal to the provision of nature where that is duly administered.—Again, to use the words of Pestalozzi, he makes his "address to mothers, and to the hearts which God has given them, to induce them to be to their children what no one else can be to them." "Let people say what they will, nature, and God, its Eternal Creator, have left nothing wanting. It is blasphemy to maintain that mothers have no desire to devote themselves to their children. Let people say what they will, I am full of trust in this desire, and full of hope for the consequences which the excitement of it will produce. The greatest corruption which can arise from the errors of man, does not entirely destroy human nature. Its strength is inextinguishable."

And to mothers would I, also, appeal for the foundation of the character; to them I would appeal for the cultivation of those affections of piety and kindness, which fit us to be "wise as serpents and harmless as doves." I would appeal to them for the early cultivation of the principle of conscientiousness, which is too generally neglected in

childhood. The best too frequently teach even virtue upon worldly and selfish motives; they do not excite the natural love of excellence for its own intrinsic sake, which belongs to our nature, although we strive to lessen the purity of the principle by dwelling exclusively on the *advantages* and utility of goodness; they do not sufficiently "respect in the mind of the child, the future man,—in the man, reverence the rudiments of the angel." That we are immortal beings should never be forgotten; yet how few that are not exclusively devoted to religion are actuated by this truth! And these drive many who are well intentioned away from the ennobling consideration, by demanding them to forget that they are men in whom the spiritual nature is but imperfectly developed. The intellectual admit our great destiny; but in their attention to the wonders the mind can perform here, they sometimes lose sight of the practical influence which should follow from the truth they rejoice to admit, but which, alas! they often lay by in a napkin, while they are intent upon cultivating the powers that, magnificent as they are, useful and enchanting as is their exercise, would fill us with mournful perplexity were their sphere and duration limited to the extent of earthly life.

I could wish some English writer would undertake a work upon the plan of Pestalozzi's tale, combining equal knowledge of the details of practical life with equal fervour and purity of piety and love of man. I fear his book is quite unsuited to our population, but they possess virtue and worth sufficient and more than sufficient to afford materials to be worked upon; although the extreme simplicity of the Swiss whom Pestalozzi addressed, almost a generation back, does not exist, I am confident the strength and simplicity of enlightened and humble piety need only be put forth to produce good effect.

Does not your heart melt,—for mine does, when I read such passages as these in the midst of the homely, unadorned tale? "Gertrude thought it was death, and told Rudi so. How he and all the little ones wrung their hands in anguish I cannot describe—Reader, let me be silent and weep, for it goes to my heart to think how man, in the dust of earth ripens to immortality; and how in the pomp and vanity of the world, he decays without coming to maturity.—Weigh then, O man, weigh the value of life, on the bed of death; and thou who despisest the poor patient and dost not know him—tell me can he have lived unhappy who can thus die! But I refrain; I wish not to teach you, O men, I only wish you to open your eyes, and see for yourselves what really is happiness or misery, a blessing or a curse in this world." "O Eternity! when thou revealest the ways of God, and the blessedness of those to whom he teaches steadfastness, courage, patience, by suffering want and sorrow,—O Eternity! how wilt thou exalt those tried ones who have been so lowly here."

Here our correspondent breaks off somewhat abruptly. The reasoning might perhaps have ended more pithily if we had stopped at the conclusion of the passage preceding the last—but we could not strike out that which appeals to the heart on behalf of the poor! Not only the great and wealthy, but even these whose labour places them in circumstances of comfort and ease, think but far too little upon the

misery existing at their gate, or in the next street. This is one frightful point of that condition of the poor, which we hope and believe, most fully, the great question of which we are now treating, to be the chief means of softening by degrees, and *ultimately* of removing altogether.

This may seem Utopian—and certainly, never in our own lives shall we be able to say, “See, we prophesied truly.” But, when we look to what even the last fifteen years have done, we think it is by no means extravagant to hope that our children, or theirs—or, if you will, theirs again—will see the general diffusion of Comfort and Peace, through Virtue and Knowledge: while each generation, including our own, some few years hence, will have the gratification of beholding the progress to that end, whether slow or rapid, still steady and sure.

We have here said that we believe that Virtue and Knowledge will co-operate to produce happiness. And we certainly regard them as more directly fellow-labourers than, at the first view, our correspondent would seem to do. We grant that they are not identical—we believe that spontaneous and natural good and benevolent feelings may exist without knowledge;—though even they are not so thoroughly to be relied on as those which are founded upon the rock of *Principle*; and *that* scarcely can exist without some degree of cultivation. On the other hand, we think that any considerable share of knowledge will, in the vast majority of instances, involve goodness. And this brings us to the difference of verbal interpretation, on which we conceive the main variance between our correspondent and ourselves really rests. When we use the word cultivation, or the word knowledge, we mean distinctly to include moral culture, moral knowledge. We repeat, we have not sufficient confidence in that vague, untutored goodness which is often the result of mere physical temperament, or, at the most, of a happy mental disposition. We prefer that which—if founded upon the above fortunate circumstances so much the better—is made firm and sure by that Instruction which leads to Principle. Principle is the first stay and reliance of Virtue, and that is never given by Nature; it must be made.

We would not, for the world, be supposed in the remotest degree to undervalue those excellences of the heart and temper, which are among the greatest blessings which can be bestowed upon human nature. They, indeed, are twice blessed, in the manner which Shakspeare has made so familiar to us—they bless those who possess them, and those on whom their influence is shed. But if they do not exist by the gift of God, they can only be brought forth by education. And many, we are sure, can easily call to mind instances in which tuition has supplied defects, and rooted out bad qualities, where Care, and Kindness, and cultivated Sense have been exerted for the purpose.

This extension of the application of the term Education to moral, as well as merely intellectual instruction, would tend, we think, very nearly to reconcile our ideas with our correspondent's. But there are two points even on this part of the subject, on which we must be permitted to say a little more. We really do not see how moral culture is to take place without its being accompanied, to a considerable extent, by intellectual culture. How is it possible to inculcate those principles which form the only safeguard for goodness, unless the mind has

sufficient power to receive them, to digest them, to enable them to become part of the heart? We cannot—would that we could!—concur in that “strong belief in the natural excellence of unsophisticated man,” which our correspondent, in attributing it to Pestalozzi, designates, with a rashness visible, we think, in no other part of the letter, as “a necessary ingredient in the character that devotes itself to the purpose of amending the condition of mankind;” and adds that it “is shared by all who advocate the cause of education.” We cannot share in it—would to heaven that we could!—and it is natural, therefore, that we should not believe that it is necessary for all who desire to ameliorate the condition of mankind. We cannot agree with this necessity, because we do not think the dogma true. We thoroughly believe in the *natural capacity of man to acquire* excellence, but we do not in its original gift at the time of his birth. And we do not believe this, because universal experience, as it appears to us, tends directly to the reverse. That men are born with different talents, temperaments, and dispositions, seems to us so evident, that it would be waste of time to prove it by instances. That the general tendency of unsophisticated nature is towards good we are well inclined to believe—but the exceptions are so many, and occasionally so strong, that we cannot regard it as a principle to be trusted to in action. We think the minds and hearts of all need culture; and those of many require the pruning-knife, as well as the implements which produce and foster.

But we do go further, also, than our correspondent, in our estimation of mere intellectual cultivation; though we are far from saying that it is sufficient in itself. We think that “intellectual pursuits” do “restrain” as well as “refine the passions”—because that the very exercise of reason prevents, in proportion to its extent, the activity of the more hurtful passions. Reason, in its advance, carries with it the improvement of moral goodness—for it carries with it the habit of thought—and the more people think, the better they will be. We are the very last persons in the world who would check the warm and kindly ebullitions of the heart; but these, we are confident, would, in a mind made pure by Reason, be only the warmer and more kindly. It is the worse and fiercer outbreaks of our nature which it is calculated to weaken and to destroy.

Our correspondent says most truly that “Ignorance is the cause of evil of all description;” and that to remove it is not only to break up the soil, and fit it for produce, but is also sowing the seed of valuable crops. But then allusion is made to the thistles which grow among grass, and the tares among wheat. Undoubtedly they do; but the more the soil is prepared, the fewer are the weeds—the more the human mind is cultivated, the fewer will be its vices. In illustration of the opinion that moral faults will exist in despite of intellectual cultivation, our correspondent cites “the character of the upper orders, while knowledge was confined to the few;” and asks, whether they displayed “a proportionate improvement in principle, because their lights were the stronger?” Here, again, we think that, in the main, we agree with our friend; for while we own that the upper classes certainly had not “a proportionately stronger attachment to the right,” we ascribe its absence entirely to the lack of Moral Culture. Perhaps we are not

very strongly inclined to attach high value to the usual intellectual education of the gentlemen of England; but their moral education, we at once confess, we rate at almost nothing. There is a carelessness, an apathy, in most parents of the upper classes*, which is scarcely short of marvellous. When do they ever take any direct, or indirect, mode (the latter we think the better) of bringing before their sons' minds the beauty of Kindness and Generosity?—the advantages—in every sense, personal, social, and eternal—of Virtue? When do they ever strive to form the juster, the nobler, and the kinder feelings into *principles*? We are quite aware that set sermons upon such subjects would have, probably, the contrary effect from that desired; but it needs but little skill for one with the opportunities of a parent to imbue his children with those principles by degrees, without running any risk of wearying or revolting them by a too formally didactic manner of proceeding.

Do the upper classes act thus? Can you, Sir, or you, whose eye may be tracing these lines, say that you have seen such things done around you?—that you have experienced them in your own person when a boy? We fear you cannot. We fear that on such matters parents are almost universally careless; while schoolmasters (we fear the few exceptions would nearly allow us to say quite universally) think them totally beyond the scope of their duty. The regular routine of the school does not include such matters; and the masters think of nothing beyond the regular routine. We might, however, very naturally expect to find such a system prevalent at home; and what *is* the system there? At home, if things move quietly on—if the son says his Latin grammar correctly, or—if he be rather beyond that—write his half-dozen verses without a false quantity;—if the daughter have made no blunder in her French exercise, and have “practised” her two hours with diligence and attention,—every thing is considered right and fitting. There may be even warm and sweet affection between the parties; but is that most powerful, as well as beautiful, engine applied by the parents to further those moral ends which we have mentioned above?—or is it merely felt as an object of present enjoyment, whose only use is that enjoyment itself?

For these reasons we cannot allow the present condition of the upper classes to be brought against us as an argument that Knowledge has the tendency to run parallel with Virtue—namely, not to meet it. We have not touched upon the point, what the intellectual cultivation of those classes really is, though a great deal might be said with regard to it. We lay down that, for the most part, their moral cultivation is most feeble and imperfect in youth; and that the amiable and virtuous people whom we meet become so, not so much from their direct education, as from applying reflection to the occurrences of life as they pass through it, and thus feeling the beauty and the wisdom of Virtue. Those with natural dispositions happy in all ways, and who have *chanced* to be exempted from strong temptation early, of course acquire *principle* the soonest; but we feel confident that both these, and others who, in gradation, from their gifts being fewer and their disadvantages more, have schooled their minds later and less—

* It will be understood that we apply this term generally to the educated classes of the country.

we are confident that *all* have often bitterly regretted that this principle was not part of their inheritance from their parents, instead of *their own* painful earning.

What we have said about the absence of due attention on the part of parents, leads us to the consideration of one of Pestalozzi's most favourite doctrines, most strongly enforced in other works as well as Leonard and Gertrude, and with which our correspondent goes along. We allude to the passage on motherly influence, p. 147. With that principle we also fully coincide: we believe, with joy and thankfulness, that a mother's love, and a mother's influence, are always the most influential, and, when duly exerted, the best, means of forming the child's mind. But is she always capable of being of benefit? That "nature, and God its eternal creator have left" *no capability* "wanting," we are well inclined to believe; but that discretion in the use of that capability has been left to us, we cannot doubt. Else, whence the moral difference between one human being and another? We should be very loth to incur the charge of blasphemy; but we could wish that Pestalozzi had used this sweeping charge only against those "who maintain that [*most*] mothers have no desire to devote themselves to their children." But even granting that *all* have that desire, are all capable of using it to the best advantage? We heartily agree with our correspondent in the opinion that, although the principle of infant schools is excellent in cases where "mothers are necessarily often absent from their children, and are ignorant, and often worse than ignorant, no society can be equal to the provision of nature where that is duly administered." Most cordially do we concur with this; and the conviction that it is just leads us the more strongly to desire that the education of girls should indeed be *duly* carried on. They will one day be mothers, and their improvement would tend above all things to realize our hope of the rapidity of the ratio in which each new generation will rise in the scale of cultivation. For no one can surpass us in believing maternal influence to be, as it is the first, so also the sweetest and strongest of all powers of instruction.

To return. We cannot consent to ground our hopes of the benefits of education on the state, intellectual or moral, of the upper classes. We hope that the cultivation which the spirit now beginning to be diffused will tend to bestow upon all orders of the people, will be of a quality exceedingly different from that which now prevails. We doubt not that it will be more *useful*, in the best and most comprehensive sense of that word—morally, that is, as well as intellectually—spiritually as well as with regard to mere worldly thrift. We believe that it will naturally adapt itself to the wants and wishes of the time, with reference individually to each gradation of society. The spirit which is far spreading from the formation of three or four establishments, which it might seem invidious to others to name, will, we are sure, slowly but steadily operate great changes in our oldest and largest schools. The eyes of the public are becoming open to the necessity of their being much altered; and the public will not, in these times, be content to keep their eyes passively open upon a recognized evil. In the same way, we trust, the same spirit will operate in lower

quarters; but here, we think, it will meet with fewer difficulties. There are not the habits and the prejudices of ages to combat: it is much clearer ground, and may more speedily and easily be prepared for building. Pestalozzi, as has been seen in the extract, p. 145, speaks strongly against knowledge "which does not concern us." We think him too exclusive—for any innocent knowledge is better than none, inasmuch as it tends to produce, proportionately, intellectual habits, which certainly are better than animal ones. But we agree with him to the extent that it is most strongly advisable to begin, at the least, with knowledge fitted to the circumstances and wants of those to be instructed.

The question now is, how is such education to be given?—By what means is this inestimable blessing to be propagated? It would, indeed, be most difficult to chalk out a general plan which, at once, should embrace all that is to be desired on so extended and so diversified a subject—on *one* point, indeed, and that the most momentous of all, any general plan would be impossible. It will be seen that we allude to RELIGION. None but the most general doctrines—doctrines universally recognized by believers of all classes—can be touched upon in any general system of spreading intellectual and moral knowledge. The vast variety of sects render this absolutely *impossible*—for if any declaration were made in favour of one, the others would at once recoil.

And here we must raise our voice, with anxious entreaty, to such as hold the opinion sincerely, and with indignation and scorn against those who use it merely as a bugbear, a lying image to scare conscientious but unenquiring persons—as to the allegation that not declaring adherence to any particular system of religious opinions is, in fact, a denial of all. This has been urged by the enemies of knowledge with a fierce and venomous activity, made greater from the impossibility of individualization noticed above. They know that the strength of the Friends of Knowledge would be reduced into comparative inanity if their efforts were limited to one class of believers. And surely, with this most palpable reason for abstaining from details—even supposing, which is not likely, that the promoters of education were themselves all of one way of thinking—it is monstrous to allege, that the never using more than the most general language on the topic of Religion, is a token of indifference. No! as far as can be consistent with giving offence to none, that prospect of immortality which Revelation inculcates—that veneration for the Almighty, in which all classes of believers coincide, should be constantly held up as among the most needful motives of action—as calculated, above all things, to lead, through the prospect of the next world, to Virtue, and consequently to Happiness, in this.

It will be seen that our latter observations have pointed at some of the attacks made upon the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge—a body which it is next to impossible to write on the subject of general education without alluding to. Much as we admire the principles on which that body is congregated, and all that they have done since their formation, we respect them only for their great efforts in the cause of intellectual cultivation; and if we thought they merited

what has been so maliciously urged against them, we would join in the blame as eagerly as we have now striven to refute it. But we consider that Society as having, in the midst of most various and numberless difficulties, done the good work of propagating sound and pure knowledge, without one iota of alloy to lessen its value.

We shall not be accused of being blind worshippers of the Society, when we say that we think that it is now time that they should do more than they have yet done in the nature of that moral instruction, to which we have attached such paramount importance throughout all that we have said. We are quite aware that every thing which has been published by them of a general nature, such as history and biography, has been composed in that spirit of "peace and good will towards men," which, especially after the long prevalence of an opposite practice, should be the pervading feeling of every well-wisher of mankind who now writes history. But, we confess, we would wish for something more immediately devoted to the inculcation of kindly feeling and strong principle—not in the direct nature of essay or dissertation—but in some shape in which the lessons would come in incidentally, and in a manner calculated to win as well as to teach. We do not see why the form of fiction—a philosophical novel, for instance, called by some simpler name—should not be adopted. It would not derogate from the title of the Society—for all "knowledge" leading to a good end must be "useful."

It is beside our present purpose, however, to enter into details like these. We hope that our suggestion, which we make in all respect and humbleness, may perhaps find favour in the eyes of the Society, unless indeed they may, as is exceedingly likely, have already formed some intention of the kind. We have great hopes, indeed, in this particular from their announced new series of a Library of Entertaining Knowledge. We proposed when we began this article, to have concluded with some observations upon the effects of Education, even in its present early state, upon crime. A valuable paper in the Society's Companion to the Almanac for the present year, would have furnished their groundwork. But after the very general discussion into which our subject has led us, we think that statistical details would probably be felt to be out of place. We shall, in all likelihood, say something on this subject in our next number.

We fear, that some of our readers may have thought that we have indulged too much in metaphysical discussion: but a subject of such a nature as the compatibility of the moral and mental advancement of mankind necessitates metaphysical enquiry;—and we believe we have given the results in language wholly free from any of the jargon which the perhaps fantastic accuracy of some of the modern systems has caused to be so often attributed to metaphysical language.

The subject of Education is one to which we attach an almost paramount importance, as affecting the progress of human happiness. We are always most anxious to remove any of the objections which, from time to time, are made to its diffusion—we may say painfully so, when any partial difficulties are stated as existing in minds which, naturally, should be all our own. The writer of the letter which has given rise to these observations, manifestly agrees in the advantage and im-

portance of the diffusion of even only intellectual cultivation: may we venture to hope that what we have said will shew to our friend, and those who think similarly, that mental is quite compatible with moral cultivation, nay, that it is calculated to assist it, and that EDUCATION, in its real sense, includes both? Long, long may Knowledge, Virtue, and *thence* Happiness, be its fruits!

A LOOKING GLASS FOR THE COUNTRY.

NO. I.—WINDSOR, AS IT WAS.

My earliest recollections of Windsor are exceedingly delightful. I was born within a stone's throw of the Castle-gates; and my whole boyhood was passed in the most unrestrained enjoyment of the venerable and beautiful objects by which I was surrounded, as if they had been my own peculiar and proper inheritance. The king and his family lived in a plain barrack-looking lodge at his castle foot, which, in its external appearance and its interior arrangements, exactly corresponded with the humble taste and the quiet domestic habits of George III. The whole range of the castle, its terrace, and its park, were places dedicated to the especial pleasures of a school-boy. Neither warder, nor sentinel, nor gamekeeper interfered with our boisterous sports. The deserted courts of the upper quadrangle often re-echoed, on the moonlight winter evenings, with our *whoo-whoop*; and delightful hiding places indeed there were amongst the deep buttresses and sharp angles of those old towers. The rooks and a few antique dowagers, who had each their domiciles in some lone turret of that spacious square, were the only personages who were disturbed by our revelry;—and they, kind creatures, never complained to the authorities.

But if the inner courts of Windsor Castle rang with our sports, how much more noisy was the joy in the magnificent play-ground of the terrace! Away we went, fearless as the chamois, along the narrow wall; and even the awful height of the north side, where we looked down upon the tops of the highest trees, could not abate the rash courage of *follow my leader*. In the pauses of the sport, how often has my eye reposed upon that magnificent landscape which lay at my feet, drinking in its deep beauty, without a critical thought of the picturesque! Then, indeed, I knew nothing about

“The stately brow
Of Windsor's heights,”—

nor could I bid the stranger

“Th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey.”

My thoughts, then, were all fresh and vivid, and I could enjoy the scenes amongst which I lived, without those artificial and hacknied

associations which make up the being of the man. Great, too, was my joy, when laying my eye to the edge of the eastern wall, and looking along a channel cut in the surface, I saw the dome of St. Paul's looming through the smoke at twenty miles distance. Then, God be praised, my ear had not been shattered, nor my heart hardened, by dwelling under the shadow of that dome;—and I thought of London, as a place for the wise and the good to be great and happy in:—and not as an especial den in which

“ All creeping creatures, venomous and low,”

might crawl over and under each other.

The Park! what a glory was that for cricket and kite-flying. No one molested us. The beautiful plain immediately under the eastern terrace was called the Bowling Green;—and, truly, it was as level as the smoothest of those appendages to suburban inns. We took excellent care that the grass should not grow too fast beneath our feet. No one molested us. The king, indeed, would sometimes stand alone for half an hour to see the boys at cricket;—and heartily would he laugh when the wicket of some confident urchin went down at the first ball. But we did not heed his majesty. He was a quiet good humoured gentleman, in a long blue coat, whose face was as familiar to us as that of our writing-master; and many a time had that gracious gentleman bidden us good morning, when we were hunting for mushrooms in the early dew, and had crossed his path as he was returning from his dairy, to his eight o'clock breakfast. Every one knew that most respectable and amiable of country squires, called His Majesty; and truly there was no inequality in the matter, for his majesty knew every one.

This circumstance was a natural result of the familiar and simple habits of the court. There was as little parade, as can well be imagined, in all the movements of George III. and his family; and there was infinitely more state at such places as Stowe and Alnwick, than in the royal lodge at Windsor. The good man and his amiable family, perhaps, as a matter of policy, carried this freedom of manners to a little excess;—and it was from this cause that the constant attacks of Peter Pindar, in which the satire is levelled, not only against the most amiable of weaknesses, but against positive virtues, were so popular during the French revolutionary war. But, at any rate, the unrestrained intercourse of the king with those by whom he was surrounded, is something which is now very pleasant to look back upon. I have now no recollection of having, when a child, seen the king with any of the appendages of royalty, except when he went to town, once a week, to hold a levee; and then ten dragoons rode before, and ten after his carriage, and the tradesmen in the streets through which he passed duly stood at their doors, to make the most profound reverences, as in duty bound, when their monarch looked “ every inch a king.” But the bows were less profound, and the wonderment none at all, when twice a week, as was his wont during the summer months, his majesty, with all his family, and a considerable bevy of ancient maids of honour, and half-pay generals, walked through the town, or rode at a slow pace in an open carriage, to the Windsor theatre, which

was then in the High-street. Reader, it is impossible that you can form an idea of the smallness of that theatre; unless you have by chance lived in a country town, when the assembly-room of the head inn has been fitted up with the aid of brown paper and ochre, for the exhibition of some heroes of the sock and buskin, vulgarly called strollers. At the old Windsor theatre, her majesty's apothecary in the lower boxes might have almost felt her pulse across the pit. My knowledge of the drama commenced at the early age of seven years, amidst this royal fellowship in fun;—and most loyally did I laugh when his majesty, leaning back in his capacious arm-chair in the stage-box, shook the house with his genuine peals of hearty merriment. Well do I remember the whole course of these royal play-goings. The theatre was of an inconvenient form, with very sharp angles at the junctions of the centre with the sides. The stage-box, and the whole of the left or O. P. side of the lower tier, were appropriated to royalty. The house would fill at about half-past six. At seven, precisely, Mr. Thornton, the manager, made his entrance backwards, through a little door, into the stage-box, with a plated candlestick in each hand, bowing with all the grace that his gout would permit. The six fiddles struck up *God save the King*; the audience rose;—the King nodded round and took his seat next the stage;—the Queen curtsied, and took her arm-chair also. The satin bills of their majesties and the princesses were then duly displayed—and the dingy green curtain drew up. The performances were invariably either a comedy and farce, or more frequently three farces, with a plentiful interlarding of comic songs. Quick, Suett, and Mrs. Mattocks were the reigning favourites;—and, about 1800, Elliston and Fawcett became occasional stars. But Quick and Suett were the King's especial delight. When Lovegold, in the *Miser*, drawled out “a pin a day's a groat a year,” the laugh of the royal circle was somewhat loud;—but when Dicky Gossip exhibited in his vocation, and accompanied the burden of his song “Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip is the man,” with the blasts of his powder-puff, the cachinnation was loud and long, and the gods prolonged the chorus of laughter, till the echo died away in the royal box. At the end of the third act, coffee was handed round to the court circle;—and precisely at eleven the performances finished,—and the flambeaux gleamed through the dimly-lighted streets of Windsor, as the happy family returned to their tranquil home.

There was occasionally a good deal of merriment going forward at Windsor in these olden days. I have a dim recollection of having danced in the little garden which was once the moat of the Round Tower, and which Washington Irving has been pleased to imagine existed in the time of James I. of Scotland. I have a perfect remembrance of a fête at Frogmore, about the beginning of the present century, where there was a Dutch fair,—and haymaking very agreeably performed in white kid gloves by the belles of the town,—and the buck-basket scene of the “*Merry Wives of Windsor*” represented by Fawcett and Mrs. Mattocks, and I think Mrs. Gibbs, under the colonnade of the house in the open day—and variegated lamps—and transparencies—and tea served out in tents, with a magnificent scramble for the bread and butter. There was great good humour and freedom on all these occasions;—and if the grass was damp and the young

ladies caught cold, and the sandwiches were scarce and the gentlemen went home hungry—I am sure these little drawbacks were not to be imputed to the royal entertainers, who delighted to see their neighbours and dependants happy and joyous.

A few years passed over my head, and the scene was somewhat changed. The King and his family migrated from their little lodge into the old and spacious castle. This was about 1804. The lath and plaster of Sir William Chambers was abandoned to the equerries and chance visitors of the court; and the low rooms and dark passages that had scarcely been tenanted since the days of Anne were made tolerably habitable by the aid of diligent upholstery. Upon the whole, the change was not one which conduced to comfort; and I have heard that the princesses wept when they quitted their snug bondoirs in the Queen's Lodge. Windsor Castle, as it was, was a sad patchwork affair. Elizabeth took great pains to make it a royal residence, according to the notions of her time; but there were many difficulties in converting the old fortress into a fit scene for the gallantries of Leicester and Essex. I have seen, in the State Paper Office, a Report of the Surveyors of the Castle to Lord Burleigh, upon the subject of certain necessary reparations and additions, wherein, amongst divers curious matters illustrative of the manners of that age, it was mentioned that the partition separating the common passage from the sleeping-room of the Queen's maids of honour needed to be raised, inasmuch as the pages looked over the said partition before the honourable damsels had arisen, to the great scandal of her Majesty's most spotless court, &c. Charles II. caused Verrio to paint his crimson and azure gods and goddesses upon the ceilings in the state-rooms of Windsor; and he converted the old Gothic windows into hideous ones of the fashion of Versailles. Anne lived a good deal at the castle; but comfort was little understood even in her day; and from her time, till that of the late king, Windsor was neglected. The castle, as it was previous to the recent complete remodelling, was frightfully inconvenient. The passages were dark, the rooms were small and cold, the ceilings were low, and as one high window gave light to two floors, the conversation of the lower rooms was distinctly heard in the upper. George III. took a fancy to occupy the castle himself, from finding James Wyatt the solitary inhabitant of some magnificent apartments on the north side. The architect gave up his spacious studio; the work of reparation began; and the king, in his declining years, took possession of a palace full of splendid associations with the ancient records of his country, but in itself a sufficiently dreary and uncomfortable abode. He passed very few years of happiness here; and it subsequently became to him a prison under the most painful circumstances which can ever attend the loss of liberty.

The late king and his family had lived at Windsor nearly thirty years, before it occurred to him to inhabit his own castle. The period at which he took possession was one of extraordinary excitement. It was the period of the threatened invasion of England by Napoleon, when, as was the case with France, upon the manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick, "the land bristled." The personal character of the king did a great deal towards giving the turn to public opinion. His uncon-

querable perseverance, which some properly enough called obstinacy—his simple habits, so flattering to the John Bullism of the day—his straight-forward and earnest piety—and the ease with which he appeared to put off the farmer, and put on the soldier,—each and all of these qualities were exceedingly in accordance with the temper of the times. The doings at Windsor were certainly more than commonly interesting at that period; and I was just of an age to understand something of their meaning, and partake the excitement. Sunday was especially a glorious day; and the description of one Sunday will furnish an adequate picture of those of two or three years.

At nine o'clock the sound of martial music was heard in the streets. The Blues and the Stafford Militia then did duty at Windsor; and though the one had seen no service since Minden, and most undeservedly bore the stigma of a past generation; and the other was composed of men who had never faced any danger but the ignition of a coal-pit;—they were each a remarkably fine body of soldiers, and the King did well to countenance them. Of the former regiment George III. had a troop of his own, and he delighted to wear the regimentals of a captain of the Blues; and well did his burly form become the cocked hat and heavy jack-boots which were the fashion of that fine corps in 1805. At nine o'clock, as I have said, of a Sunday morning, the noise of trumpet and of drum was heard in the streets of Windsor; for the regiments paraded in the castle quadrangle. The troops occupied the whole square. At about ten the King appeared with his family. He passed round the lines, while the salute was performed; and many a rapid word of enquiry had he to offer to the colonels who accompanied him. Not always did he wait for an answer—but that was after the fashion of royalty in general. He passed onwards towards St. George's Chapel. But the military pomp did not end in what is called the upper quadrangle. In the lower ward, at a very humble distance from the regular troops, were drawn up a splendid body of men, yeilded the Windsor Volunteers; and most gracious were the nods of royalty to the well-known drapers, and hatters, and booksellers, who had the honour to hold commissions in that distinguished regiment. The salutations, however, were short, and onwards went the cortège, for the chapel bell was tolling in, and the King was always punctual.

I account it one of the greatest blessings of my life, and a circumstance which gave a tone to my imagination, which I would not resign for many earthly gifts, that I lived in a place where the cathedral service was duly and beautifully performed. Many a frosty winter evening have I sat in the cold choir of St. George's chapel, with no congregation but two or three gaping strangers, and an ancient female or so in the stalls, lifted up to heaven by the peals of the sweetest of organs, or entranced by the divine melody of the *Nunc Dimittis*, or of some solemn anthem of Handel or Boyce, breathed most exquisitely from the lips of Vaughan. If the object of devotion be to make us feel, and to carry away the soul from all low and earthly thoughts, assuredly the grand chaunts of our cathedral service are not without their use. I admire—none can admire more—the abstract idea of an assembly of reasoning beings, offering up to the Author of all good their thanksgivings and their petitions in a pure and intelligible form

of words; but the question will always intrude, does the heart go along with this lip-service?—and is the mind sufficiently excited by this reasonable worship to forget its accustomed associations with the business, and vanities, and passions of the world? The cathedral service *does* affect the imagination, and through that channel reaches the heart; and thus I can forgive the solemnities of Catholicism, (of which our cathedral service is a relic,) which act upon the mind precisely in the same way. The truth is, we church of England people have made religion a cold thing by entirely appealing to the understanding; and then Calvinism comes in to supply the place of high mass, by offering an excitement of an entirely different character.—But where am I wandering?

St. George's chapel is assuredly the most beautiful gem of Gothic architecture. It does not impress the mind by its vastness, or grandeur of proportions, as York—or by its remote antiquity, as parts of Ely; but by its perfect and symmetrical beauty. The exquisite form of the roof—elegant yet perfectly simple, as every rib of each column which supports it spreads out upon the ceiling into the most gorgeous fan—the painted windows—the rich carving of the stalls of the choir—the waving banners—and, in accordance with the whole character of the place, its complete preservation and scrupulous neatness—all these, and many more characteristics which I cannot describe render, it a gem of the architecture of the fifteenth century.

As a boy I thought the Order of the Garter was a glorious thing; and believed,—as what boy has not believed?—that

The goodly golden chain of chivalry,

as Spenser has it, was let down from heaven to earth. I did not then know that even Edward the Black Prince was a ferocious and cruel spoiler of other men's lands; and that all his boasted meekness and magnanimity was a portion of the make-believe of those ages when *the people* were equally trampled upon by the victor and the vanquished. When, too, in the daily service of St. George's chapel I heard the words, "God bless our gracious sovereign, and all the knights companions of the most honourable and noble Order of the Garter,"—though I thought it was a little impious to parade the mere titles of miserable humanity before the footstool of the Most High, I still considered that the honourable and noble persons, so especially prayed for, were the choicest portion of humanity—the very "salt of the earth"—and that heaven would forgive this pride of its creatures. I saw the Installation of 1805; and I hated these words ever after. The old King marched erect; and the Prince of Wales bore himself proudly (he did not look so magnificent as Kemble, in *Coriolanus*); but my Lord of Salisbury, and my Lord of Chesterfield, and my Lord of Winchelsea, and half-a-dozen other lords—what a frightful spectacle of fat, limping, leaden supporters of chivalry did they exhibit to my astonished eyes! The vision of "throng of knights and barons bold" fled for ever; and I never heard the words again without a shudder.

But I am forgetting my old Sunday at Windsor. Great was the crowd to see the king and his family return from chapel; for by this time London had poured forth its chaises and one, and the astonished

inmates of Cheapside and St. Mary Axe were elbowing each other to see how a monarch smiled. They saw him well; and often have I heard the disappointed exclamation—"Is *that* the king?" They saw a portly man, in a plain suit of regimentals, and no crown upon his head. What a fearful falling off from the king of the story-books!

The terrace, however, was the great Sunday attraction;—and though Bishop Porteus remonstrated with his Majesty for suffering people to crowd together, and bands to play on these occasions, I cannot think that the good-tempered monarch committed any mortal sin in walking amongst his people in their holiday attire. This terrace was a motley scene.

The peasant's toe did gall the courtier's gibe.

The barber from Eton and his seven daughters elbowed the Dean who rented his back parlour, when he was in the sixth form,—and who now was crowding to the front rank for a smile of majesty, having heard that the Bishop of Chester was seriously indisposed. The Prime Minister waited quietly amidst the crush, till the royal party should descend from their dining-room,—smiling at, if not unheeding, the anxious inquiries of the stock broker from Change Alley, who wondered if Mr. Pitt would carry a gold stick before the King. The only time I saw that minister was under these circumstances. It was the year before he died. He stood firmly and proudly amongst the crowd for some half-hour till the King should arrive. The Monarch, of course, immediately recognised him;—the contrast in the demeanour of the two personages made a remarkable impression upon me—and that of the minister first shewed me an example of the perfect self-possession of men of great abilities.

After a year or two of this sort of excitement the King became blind;—and painful was the exhibition of the led horse of the good old man, as he took his accustomed ride. In a few more years a still heavier calamity fell upon him—and from that time Windsor Castle became, comparatively, a mournful place. The terrace was shut up;—the ancient path-way through the park, and under the castle walls, was diverted;—and a somewhat Asiatic state and stillness seemed to usurp the reign of the old free and familiar intercourse of the Sovereign with the people.

I was proud of Windsor;—and my great delight was to show the lions to strangers. There were always two staple commodities of this nature—the Round Tower, and the State Apartments of the castle—which were not affected by any of the changes of the times. The Round Tower has an historical interest of a certain kind about it, from having been the prison of the captive Kings of France and Scotland in the reign of Edward III. As we grow older this sort of charm becomes very worthless;—for, after all, there is just as much philosophical interest in the wars of the Fantees and the Ashantees, as in those of the French and the English for the disputed succession to a crown, the owner or pretender to which never dreamt that the possession or the winning imposed the least obligation to provide for the good of the people from whom they claimed allegiance. However, I used to feel this sort of interest in the place;—and when they shewed me the armour of John of France and David of Scotland, (as genuine

I dare say as any of those which Dr. Meyrick has consigned to plebeian shoulders, and much later eras) I felt very proud of my country for having so gloriously carried fire and sword to the dwellings of peaceful and inoffensive lieges. The Round Tower is a miserably furnished, dreary sort of place; and only repays a visit by the splendid view from its top. But it once had a charm, which, like many other charms of our boyhood, has perished for ever. There was a young lady, a dweller within "the proud Keep," to whom was intrusted the daily task of expounding to inquiring visitants the few wonders of the place. Amongst the choicest of them was some dingy tapestry, which, for aught I know, still adorns the walls, on which were delineated various passages of the piteous story of Hero and Leander. The fair guide thus discoursed thereon, with the volubility of an Abbé Barthelémi, though with a somewhat different measure of knowledge:—"Here, ladies and gentlemen, is the whole lamentable history of Hero and Leander. Hero was a nun. She lived in that old ancient nunnery which you see. There you see the lady abbess chiding Hero for her love for Leander. And now, ladies and gentlemen, look at Leander swimming across St. George's channel, while Hero, from the nunnery window, holds out a large flambeau. There you see the affectionate meeting of the two lovers;—and then the cruel parting. Ladies and gentlemen, Leander perished as he was swimming back. His body was picked up by Captain Vanslom, of his Majesty's ship *Britannia*; and carried into Gibraltar, where it was decently buried. And this, ladies and gentlemen, is the true history of Hero and Leander, which you see on that tapestry."—Alas! for the march of intellect, such guides are every day getting more and more scarce;—and we shall have nothing for our pains in the propagation of knowledge, but to yawn over sober sense for the rest of our lives.

The pictures in the State Rooms at Windsor were always worth seeing. But the number exhibited has diminished of late years. I remember the Cartoons there; and also remember that I did not know what to make of them. The large men in the little boat, in the *Miraculous Draught of Fishes*, were somewhat startling;—but then again, the Paul preaching at Athens, and the Ananias, filled me full of awe and wonder. I have a remembrance of a *Murillo* (a Boy and Puppies), which I have not seen of late years, and which used to hang at the end of Queen Elizabeth's Gallery; and I was amazingly taken with those two ancient pictures, the *Battle of Spurs* (I think) and the *Field of the Cloth of Gold*, which afterwards went to the Society of Antiquaries. I never could thoroughly admire King Charles's Beauties. I dare say they were excellent likenesses; for amongst them all, from Lady Denham to the Duchess of Cleveland, there was a bold meretricious air—anything but the retiring loveliness which always finds a place in the dreams of youth. The *Misers* is a favourite picture with every body, for its truth of delineation and force of character; and yet there is no great skill of the artist in this celebrated work of the Blacksmith of Antwerp. It certainly looks very like what it is represented to be—the work of a self-taught genius, labouring with irrepressible enthusiasm for a great object. I wonder if he painted as well after he married the maiden, whose hand he is said to have won by this proof of his dedication to love as well as to art.

St. George's Hall, about which so much has been talked, is sadly out of character with its chivalrous associations. Verrio, with the wretched taste of his age, has painted a Roman triumph on the walls, in which the principal personages are Edward the Black Prince and his royal prisoner of France; and with the same spirit of absurdity, and with a more hateful spirit of gross flattery, he has scrawled the ceilings of the whole palace with gods and goddesses welcoming Charles II. to their banquets. In one respect he was right; for this most mean and heartless profligate was a fit companion for the scoundrels of the Mythology—for the tyrant and the sensualist, the betrayer and the pander, whether called by the names of Jupiter or Bacchus, of Mercury or Mars. And yet this Verrio (insolent puppy!) has written up in this banquetting-room, set apart for high and solemn festivals—

“Antonius Verrio, Neapolitanus,
Non ignobili stirpe natus,
Molem hanc Felicissima Manu decoravit.”

The double conceit of the Italian,—his pride of birth, and his pride of skill in his art,—is altogether too ludicrous.

Next to St. George's Hall there was a Guard Chamber, with matchlocks and bandaliers, and such like curiosities, and a rapid sketch of the Battle of Nordlingen, painted for a triumphal arch by Rubens, worth all the works of Verrio, plastered as they are with real ultramarine. They say it was painted in four-and-twenty hours. Certainly genius can do great things. The last time I saw this Guard Chamber was on a solemn occasion;—but I shall never forget the scene which it presented. In costume, in arrangement, in every particular, it carried the imagination back three centuries. That occasion was when George III. closed his long years of suffering, and lay in state previous to interment. This chamber was tenanted by the yeomen of the guard. The room was darkened—there was no light but that of the flickering wood fire which burnt on an ancient hearth, with dogs, as they are called, on each side the room; on the ground lay the beds on which the yeomen had slept during the night: they stood in their ancient dresses of state, with broad scarves of crape across their breasts, and crape on their halberds—and as the red light of the burning brands gleamed on their rough faces, and glanced ever and anon amongst the lances, and coats of mail, and tattered banners that hung around the room,—all the reality connected with their presence in that place vanished from my view, and I felt as if about to be ushered into the stern presence of the last Harry,—and my head was uneasy. In a few moments I was in the chamber of death, and all the rest was black velvet and wax lights.

STANZAS.

—————
To —————

THE sun is in the West,
The stars are on the sea,—
Each kindly hand I've press'd,
And now—farewell to thee !—
Our cup of parting's done,
'Tis the darkest I can sip,
And I've pledged them, every one,
With my heart, and with my lip ;
But I came to thee the last
That in sadness we might throw
One long look o'er the past
Together,—ere I go.

I met thee in my spring,
When my heart was like the fly
That on it's airy wing
Sports the live-long summer by ;
I loved thee with the love
Of a wild, and burning boy,
Thy being was inwove
With my grief—and with my joy ;
Thou wert to me a star
In the silence of the night,—
A thing to see from far,
With a fear—and a delight.

The hour of joy is gone,—
When man and man depart,
The deep-wrung hand alone
May tell the anguish'd heart ;
No tear may stain the eye,
And their parting look must be
'Like the stillness in the sky,
Ere the storm hath swept the sea :
But when we say farewell
To her we love the best,
One bitter tear may swell
Nor shame the stoutest breast.

I would not that my name
Should ever meet thine ear ;
I have smiles for men's acclaim,
For their censure, not a fear :—
Nor would I, when thy home
Looks joyously, and bright,
That the thought of me should come
To sadden thy delight :

I would dwell a thing apart
For thy spirit to descry,—
A brightness on thy heart,
A shadow on thine eye.

When the wine cup circles round,
I will quaff it with the rest,
But thy name shall never sound
At the revel, or the feast :
But with him who shares my heart,
When the banquet-hall is lone,
In one deep cup, ere we part,
We will pledge thee—lovely one !
Thy name I'll murmur then
With a prayer, if heav'n allow,
To embrace thee once again
As close as I do now.

Beloved one—farewell !
And tho' no hope be given,
Thy name shall be a spell,
To turn my thoughts to Heaven ;
And thy memory to me,
What the dew is to the rose,
It shall come as gratefully
In the hour of my repose ;
It shall be—what it has been—
A lamp within a tomb—
To burn—tho' all unseen,
To light—tho' but a gloom.

When the shade is on thy dwelling,
And the murmur on thine ear,
When the breeze is round thee swelling,
And the landscape dark—and drear ;
When no lover is beside thee
To flatter—and to smile,
When there be none to guide thee,
And many to beguile,—
When wither'd is the token,
And all unlink'd the chain,—
With a faith unwarp'd—unbroken,
I may kneel to thee again.

DIARY

FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY.

10th.—WE concluded our Diary, last month, with some notice of the Duke of Wellington's letter on the Catholic Question: we shall begin that for the present month with Lord Anglesey's. But, though the subject is the same, the task of commenting upon these two productions is, indeed, most different. In the present case, there is no need to strain the mind to guess the meaning of words, which, as their direct sense would involve an impossibility, must be used in some qualified signification. We do not find here hot and cold from the same mouth—a "sincere desire" expressed in one sentence, with a recoiling from putting it into action in the next. No; Lord Anglesey's letter is a fine, manly, outspoken effusion of a mind which is clear in its opinions, firm in its principles, generous in its feelings. It is one of the frankest and most direct professions of faith ever made by a man in high office. His lordship may be proud of the document in itself, and proud of the contrast it affords to the production of his superior—in military rank and political power.

We shall not enter into the turmoil that has been made about this letter having caused Lord Anglesey's recall, or being written in retaliation for it: for, it has been proved by dates—the most stubborn of all facts in a discussion—that the letter was not known in London when the recall was despatched, and that the recall did not reach Dublin till after the letter was written and sent. That Lord Anglesey might, when he thus addressed Dr. Curtis, have believed his recall to be highly probable, is a very natural supposition. But we wish to notice the letter itself, and not enter into the gossip about the moment of its composition.

The first thing which strikes you, is that the Lord Lieutenant had been kept in ignorance of the Duke of Wellington's opinion on the Catholic Question. • On the subject which affected Ireland more than all others together, the Prime Minister had not condescended to inform the Viceroy what his views were! Truly, this self-enwrapped dignity—this silence of the oracle without its recompensing dicta—are pleasing qualities to bring into the government of such a country as our's! The first Lord of the Treasury leaves the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in ignorance of his "sentiments upon the present state of the Catholic Question"! If the Lord Lieutenant were not fit to be trusted, he ought not to have been there; if he were fit, he should not have been kept in ignorance on such a subject.

Lord Anglesey, then, proffers his opinion as to the most advisable course, grounded on his newly-acquired knowledge of the Duke of Wellington's views. He repeats his conviction of the impossibility of Ireland enjoying happiness or peace while Catholic emancipation is withheld, and expresses his disappointment at there being no pros-

pect of its being granted in the approaching session of Parliament. "I, however," adds his Lordship, "derive some consolation from observing that his Grace is not wholly adverse to the measure; for if he can be induced to promote it, he, of all men, will have the greatest facility of carrying it into effect." And then Lord Anglesey, with a forgetfulness of personal feeling, which, at that moment, proves beyond doubt that the good of Ireland was the idea paramount in his mind, urges that the Duke should be propitiated, "and that ample allowances should be made for the difficulties of his situation." He admits that he differs from the Duke as to the attempt to throw the question into oblivion for a time, because he does not believe it to be possible, and does not think it desirable, if it were. But while he urges the utmost forbearance and temper, he recommends the most constant and unceasing perseverance in pressing the question forward:—

What I do recommend is, that the measure should not be for a moment lost sight of; that anxiety should continue to be manifested; that all constitutional (in contradistinction to merely legal) means should be resorted to, to forward the cause; but that, at the same time, the most patient forbearance, the most submissive obedience to the laws should be inculcated, that no personal and offensive language should be held towards those who oppose the claims.

On the whole, we cannot look upon this letter otherwise than as a production calculated to do Lord Anglesey honour, both as to heart and to mind, at any time: but when we consider the circumstances under which it was written, it must encrease almost twofold our admiration of his temper, his magnanimity, his pure and fine singleness of public purpose, and his total carelessness of self.

Lord Anglesey's recall has now been announced; we may, therefore, take a quick glance at the brief period of his government. It is little more than a year since he went to Ireland, and undoubtedly there seldom has been a period of twelve months so productive of fame to an individual statesman. Lord Anglesey had certainly given the friends of religious liberty no ground for hope: his last public declaration on that subject had been singularly inimical to it. But his ideas must have undergone considerable change even before his going to Ireland; for he seems from the first to have determined to view every thing with fairness and impartiality, and to have most completely shaken his mind free from those sentiments of violence into which he had suffered himself to be betrayed with regard to Ireland. From his very arrival, he was immovable in his uprightness, and it soon became clear to him which side uprightness tended to foster. The Orange idea of uprightness is lop-sided to a very singular degree.

We remember, on Lord Anglesey's assuming the government, we feared that the old times of the Duke of Richmond were to be revived. It had been with pain we heard of his appointment, and with fear that we saw him go to fulfil it. But, from the first, he surprised all parties: he was mild, firm, and even-handed; there was no violence displayed, no corruption used—there was no appealing, as in the old times to which we have alluded, to a narrow

and bigoted set as to who should be named to such and such a place ; —in a word, the old Irish system of jobbery was not restored, as was fondly hoped by the one side, and dreaded by the other.

As the summer advanced, Lord Anglesey made journies through the country, and the answers he gave to the addresses presented, at once shewed that he was determined to act on the spirit of conciliation. We have turned to our number for last October, in which, in an article entitled " On the present State of Opinion in Ireland," we notice these speeches, which had occurred about a month before ; and we, even then, expressed our belief that Lord Anglesey was one of the most popular Lord Lieutenants that Ireland had ever had, and add our unqualified opinion that his popularity was more deserved than that of nearly all his predecessors*. His speech to his tenantry at Curlingford completely set our minds at rest. It was his first public declaration in favour of Emancipation ; for, though he did not make it in direct terms, some of his expressions could bear no other interpretation without a mean duplicity quite foreign from Lord Anglesey's character at all periods of his life. From that moment, we were convinced he would keep on in his firm, straightforward, manly path ; and he has done so. With regard to one or two individual steps, we have differed from him ; but his general course has been that of an upright, temperate, and benevolent statesman. Truly, the two former qualities in a Governor of Ireland carry the latter along with it.

We, naturally, lament very sincerely Lord Anglesey's removal—and we doubt not that he himself regrets it from the conviction which he must have felt that the course of government he had adopted would prove beneficial to Ireland. But he will leave it with the consolation of having, in a period singularly brief, won both the admiration and the affection of at least eight tenths of the people over whom he was set to govern.

12th. Really the English are a most extraordinary people—(we believe, by the way, that the French, certainly the Parisians, are, on this point, just as much so)—in being run away with by a subject—a topic—the adventure of the moment, the talk of the day. These fits have reminded us of some pieces of music, that begin piano, and with only a few players, but the crescendo of which is awfully rapid, and brings all the instruments into action in a few minutes, at their very utmost pitch—trumpet, big-drum, double-bass, cymbals, and all !

Two such strains are at this moment going on in London—different in key, but similar in motivo. They unhappily occasionally cross each other, and, strange to say, with much less detriment to themselves than to the comfort of their hearers. Our readers will readily perceive that we allude to the two choruses of the *Edinburgh Murders*, and *Rowland Stephenson's flight*, which, for the last ten days or a fortnight, have been splitting the drums of all his Majesty's

* We had not forgotten Lord Fitzwilliam ; but those were violent times, and we question whether his popularity was very extended. The ultra people on both sides were displeased with him ; for he neither encouraged rebellion, nor the outrageous oppression which produced it. Now, the one side has had less power, and the other more temperance.

liege subjects' ears. Because there have been atrocities committed in Edinburgh on poor defenceless wretches whose pitiable condition, or calling, necessarily puts them very much out of the pale of society; because one banker, out of five hundred, has proved a rogue,—no one is to stir out of his door here in London without being murdered, or have an account, save at the Bank of England, without being robbed. A surgeon and a cannibal are convertible terms—banker and bandit are synonymous. The opening of the London University having raised the rent of the houses in that neighbourhood above the means of its former description of inhabitants, it is alleged that, taking warning by their unhappy sisters in Edinburgh, they have fled for fear of dissection! and the financiers who hold correspondence with the public press in the shape of Constant Readers, and all the initials from A. to Z. and back again, have made the great commercial discovery that the only honest mode of banking is to keep all the money of all the customers in the house, ready for instant delivery! Such a bank would be very *green* indeed! It is true, it would evince noble disinterestedness for men to hire large houses from St. Paul's to Fenchurch Street, well barred and watched, with a large establishment of clerks, porters, partners, and what not, all for the sake of rendering the unselfish service of taking the care of their neighbours' money off their hands, being responsible for its safety, and pledged to its instant production on demand, for—nothing! For, how the profit of a penny per cent. could be derived from a bank in which *all* the gold was to be kept, like the finches which bear its name, in a cage—and never for a moment let out for fear it should fly chirping away,—we leave it to the financiers above-named to discover. It would be amusing if they were made to realize their own projects for a few years.

We are quite ready to admit that the Edinburgh murders were very horrible—appalling. But, whenever a murder becomes a pet public one, the details quickly run into exaggerations so gross as to be manifestly absurd inventions—equally filthy in conception, and hurtful in effect, from rendering the minds of young and uninformed people injuriously familiar with scenes and images of blood. Instead of endeavouring to frighten weak people out of *their* wits, by telling them they could not walk from Charing Cross to Temple Bar, after night-fall, without being put to death, the press should, while lamenting that *any thing* could seduce human nature to the condition of Burke and Hare, have pointed out the true lesson to be derived from the occurrence, namely, that it displays the real wickedness to which the fostering of prejudice leads; that the denying surgeons a legal mode of procuring the means *necessary* to learn to keep people alive, *causes* people to be killed directly by ruffians, to say nothing of indirectly by the ignorance which the holders of that prejudice are *forcing* upon the medical profession.

As for the attack which has been made upon the whole body of bankers, because Mr. Rowland Stephenson has absconded with his customers' money, it is a piece of injustice so extravagant, as really to fail of its intended effect from becoming ludicrous. An outcry has been made because some of the wealthiest men in England keep

carriages and country houses. We hate to allude to names; but why the partners of a dozen houses, perhaps double that number, that we *could* name, should not enjoy the profits of their industry and skill, we see no more than why the wealthiest of our list of lords should not keep establishments in proportion to their income. So that the amount of that income is kept duly in view, it matters not whence it arises, from land or ledger, from rents or *rentes*. For the rest, there certainly have, during the last century, been more swindling lords than fraudulent bankers; and we have not yet heard that peer and pickpocket are synonymous. Indeed, we think the outcry that has been made against bankers, because in the course of a vast number of years two or three knaves have been found among them, to be about as just as it would be to call the army cowards, because since the days of Marlborough some half dozen instances might be picked out of persons who had a singular predilection for safety—or to say that no member of the Church of England should be trusted with pen and ink, because Dr. Dodd was hanged for forgery.

— Talking of pickpockets, we went yesterday to see Mr. Burford's Panorama of Sydney. Some of our facetious contemporaries have observed that so beautiful a representation of so beautiful a place is calculated to increase the number of "adepts at irregular appropriation;" or rather that larcenies will be perpetuated with a distinct view to detection, for the sole purpose of getting transported to our transporting antipodes. We are generally philanthropic, and therefore will give a few words of advice to those persons whose desire of travel exceeds their means, and yet who are so smitten with Sydney, (we mean no indelicate allusion to Lady Morgan) as to commit a sort of paying-in-kind larceny to defray the expenses of a "transit" to the other side "mundi." Luckily for them, as we were writing the words "talking of pickpockets," a friend of our's, who has been some few years at the bar, was announced, and on our mentioning to him the "case" on which we were advising, he was pleased to respond—"You advise! Pooh! Give your philo-locomotive clients the following opinion from me, upon the promise that the first who profits by it, and hits the exact mark of transportation, will duly give me the fee of the guinea which would otherwise have gone to one of the Old Bailey proficientes to get him off—for, as he will wish to be convicted, of course he will take care not to retain any of them.

"Imprimis, then, let them be aware that the point of actual transportation is a very nice one to hit. They have to steer through a passage narrower than that of the classic Colossus—one heel may be considered as representing the hulks, and the other the halter. Probably, in their ignorance, they know not that people transported for seven years are never transported at all. The Penitentiary impounds them, the hulks hold them fast. One instance is better than an hour's generalizing. Was not Carter, the pseudo-Champion of England, transported for seven years, and did he ever get farther than Chatham Dock-yard? But he was pretty-behaved there, and got out at the end of three years and a half, having been a sort of corporal for a considerable portion of that time, as I believe is the fate of all the

cream of that confraternity. But Carter, you know, was innocent, and convicted by mistake. All the Sporting papers assured us of it.

"Your clients, therefore, must take care not to commit too small a crime, or the only ships they will go on board will be off Woolwich, or moored in Portsmouth Harbour. I don't know whether any are sent to Pembroke Dockyard—but that's in *old* South Wales. But, then again, if, in endeavouring to reach a competency of crime, they get involved in the mazes of our very distinct law, the danger may probably be greater, for they may get *settled*, instead of going out as a convict. Instead of hearing a long yarn by moonlight, as they cross the line, on their way to the other side of the world, a shorter yarn, at sunrise, will prove a line that will cross them on their way out of the world altogether. No; the only way to hit the happy medium, is to read the fourth volume of Blackstone maturely—Hale and Hawkins with diligence and attention—Russell on Crimes, minutely—and the edition of Archbold, which has been published since Mr. Peel's and Lord Lansdown's Acts, with the most scrupulous and vital attention. This course of study, to people impelled equally by a desire to improve their lectorial powers, (from the beauties of style in which their subject naturally compels the above-named writers to abound,) and their residence, by a change from the middle of hot-water here, to the borders of the Pacific Ocean on the other side of the globe—with such persons this study will not occupy above seven years. If they be what they themselves would call 'cute, they may, by great good luck, find the clue to the labyrinth of the Minos who may preside at their trial. But I should rather fear that the learning of such a student might lead him to a capital end, and, you know, as Wolsey says—

' ——— when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.' "

Such are our friend's legal reasons against any *cove* making the attempt to reach *Sydney* by means of law. We will just give another reason. Let them look well at Mr. Burford's admirable view of the place of their desire. They will see natives employed in the amiable amusement of hurling lances at each other's bodies—the skill of the *butt* equally displayed in warding off the ~~weapon~~, with a huge buckler, as that of the darter of these ~~keen~~ *rallies* (qu. ? is the lance made of willow ?) is in aiming them. This game (which my legal friend calls a cricket in which no *bail* is taken)—is going on gaily before the eyes of the Governor, who is riding by in full costume: but there is also another group just passed from the light of his Excellency's countenance—a body of convicts, namely, going off, not at all gaily, from work, towards a large building in the distance, designated in the explanation as "Prisoners' Barracks." We fear, sadly, this sort of employment at the antipodes is a few degrees below honest work here, to say nothing of the agreeable company by which, in such a case, the traveller would be surrounded, in exchange for that of the kind friends, and the father and mother in whose hearts he has planted "the worm that never dies"—but nearly always kills, whom he has left in his early home in England. "Alas!" said our law-friend, in a more serious tone than he had hitherto used, "Would that this truth—for

it is but too true, indeed—were more known to these people before they go thither, or do that which sends them. No one would then say, what I have often heard at Assizes with a shudder, ‘Thank ye, my Lord,’ in answer to a sentence of transportation. The frying-pan may be no pleasant place, but what is that to the fire ?”

But we will cast these painful associations on one side, and look at Sydney in every point of view, save that which caused it to exist. The climate of New South Wales and Van Diemen’s Land, we believe to be about the finest on the globe; the country is exceedingly fertile; and its facilities for breeding animals of all descriptions are wonderful. The rapidity of the increase of neat cattle, sheep, and horses, of which there was not one on the foundation of our settlement in 1778, is something wonderful. Nay, the human animal (of European stock) thrives there amazingly. The finest body of men we ever saw in our lives was the grenadier company of a regiment recently returned from New South Wales, nearly the whole of which consisted, as the officers assured us, of sons of convicts and some of settlers, who had been born and reared in the colony. The natives themselves, however, all accounts agree in representing as of the lowest grade in which human nature has ever been found. We believe them to be very brutal; even their courage has a tinge of stupid endurance, which is substituted for active and skilful bravery. In the little book of description sold at the Panorama, allusion is made to their mode of fighting with the club as being on the decline, in favour of our science of boxing! We conclude this is introduced as a sample of English civilization. This club-fighting is very curious; we have often had it described to us by the officers of the regiment to which we have already alluded. When two men agree to fight with the waddie, the native name for the club, they begin by trying to irritate each other by all sorts of taunts and grimaces. Each, in turn, runs up to his adversary, stoops his head into an horizontal position, and dares him to strike. Our informants assured us—and we heard it from various persons at various times—that they had seen this repeated several times on each side, without a blow being struck. We did not very clearly gather whether this forbearance arose from a point of honour, or why each tempted the other to give him a blow, applied with all his force, with a heavy club, upon his unprotected skull. At last, the temper of one gives way, he strikes his adversary with his full might, who drops as if shot. It is seldom, however, that death follows. The skulls of these savages are, as we have been informed, of a very different formation from those of Europeans. We have heard, though we fear not on medical authority, that they are double-lined, as it were, with a second, we suppose a thinner, skull throughout. But whether this be so or not, it is undoubted that their skulls are much thicker altogether than those of the European races; it matters little whether there be an interstice or not, in the middle of the bone. That there is a difference, is apparent from the fact that, after thus receiving a blow which would shiver even a Connaught-man’s head, accustomed from his birth to the anointment of shillelahs, into fifty atoms,—the man, after a time, revives; and then his opponent is bound, by the laws of the lists, to hold his head down to be thumped at in turn. And this is sometimes done twice or three

times, on each side, till one is put *hors de combat*. We have been assured that, though death sometimes supervenes, in the majority of instances it does not. Boxing is not, perhaps, the highest instance of English refinement; but we really think it is an improvement upon this.

There is no representation of this game in the panorama; but there is of the hurling of darts, both at each other, and at birds—one of which is represented as falling transfixed. We conclude that it was Mr. Burford's object to bring all the most prominent customs of the colony into view, for we should scarcely conceive that the natives would carry on their trial by ordeal in public, in the outskirts of the capital, and, as in the panorama, with the governor riding by. The practice, we doubt not, is continued—for Mr. Burford's information is derived from Colonel Dumaresq, who is General Darling's aide-de-camp; and, we believe, relation also. But it surely must be done "unknownst." The following is the notice of the practice in the description:—"It is an established point, that, if a member of one tribe is killed by another, one of that tribe must be sacrificed, or the offender must withstand the attacks of the deceased's friends. On this occasion, as here represented, he is provided only with a shield of wood, with which, if expert, he defends himself for a considerable time from the spears cast at him, and escapes with only a few slight wounds."

We cannot think of attempting to describe in words such a *coup-d'œil* as the scene which Mr. Burford puts before the eyes at a glance. We confess, Sydney, in its localities, was not what we expected. The inlets of the sea were more like lakes, the hills were more like mountains—the ———— but we are describing, when we have just said we would not. Go and see it, readers, it will amply repay you.

20th. We have just received the following from a correspondent in Edinburgh, with permission to print it if we like, but with a conviction expressed of certainty that we shall not. Begging our friend's pardon, we certainly shall: the more good-humouredly, perhaps, from finding that he has had the (what shall we call it?)—the—good-luck, suppose we say for modesty's sake—to hit upon exactly the idea with which we began our notice of the murders, and bankruptcies, on the 12th. The very date of his letter, however, proves us to be Shakspeare—that we "thought of it first;"—however, as our MS. certainly has never had the honour of expanding its beauteous cheek in the Attic capital of Scotia, our friend could not have known that he was forestalled; and, therefore, cannot fairly be reduced to the grade of Mr. Puff. The main subject of the letter is, however, upon quite another point: we agree thoroughly with our correspondent, and shall subjoin a few remarks not in comment but addition. There are a few local matters introduced into the discussion—but they are only so local as to give an agreeable spice of description of foreign manners to its tone. Moreover, our Scottish readers,—who must be numerous both on account of our metaphysics, and of our writing their appellation "Scottish"

instead of "Scotch"—will be delighted to have one dram with the true twang of Auld Reekie about it:—

"Edinburgh, 14th January, 1829.

"There is very little going on in this modern Athens just now worthy of recording. Luckily, the excitement occasioned in London by the flight of Mr. Rowland Stephenson reached us, and relieved us, in some measure, from the Burke murders, which had been discussed and re-discussed, *usque ad nauseam*. They have been bad enough of themselves, but you must not take for granted all that 'that very very able paper,' the *Caledonian Mercury*, has written on the subject, though the editor be a whig* like ourselves. The fact is, there is a struggle between two eminent anatomical lecturers, one of whom, *comme de raison*, wishes to *chasser* his rival, and our friend Mercurius has lent himself for the occasion. You may depend upon it, that the whole system was perfectly original, and that Messrs. Burke and Hare were the sole inventors and patentees; that the copartnery was in operation for only about ten months, and the number of victims having already fallen from *thirty-five*, to thirteen, (the devil's own number,) there are hopes that it may still be diminished on the investigation being completed:

"One thing you will notice with reprobation—the attempt making, through an anomaly in our law, to bring the wretch Hare to trial, and this in violation of the pledge of the Lord Advocate, and most strongly against his wish. This is to be done as a private prosecution, got up in the name of the nearest of kin of one of the sufferers. Do those who subscribe to it [in *money* as well as opinion: there is a subscription going on.—Ed.] think themselves acting honourably?—Oh, honour with such a miscreant!—Then you put yourself exactly on a level with him. But it was only the Lord Advocate whose honour was pledged. Did not the Lord Advocate act for the public? If Hare had not freely explained *every thing*, there would have been no clue to get at any of the murders. Oh, but we shall not try him for the murder for which Burke is to suffer. This is a miserable quibble. Hare disclosed *every thing*, and the murder for which Burke was tried, was selected as being thought the most easily proved to a jury. What pledge are you after this to give to a rogue of a king's evidence, when you reserve a quibble like this?—such a one as a set of pick-pockets would be ashamed to make use of! Oh, fie! but, *sit satis*. The attack of the newspaper I have mentioned upon the editor of the *Sun* for the harmless jocularity he used in denominating these murders as 'purely Scotch,' or some such term, was childish and ungentlemanly, and I understand has been settled in a manner both manly and gentlemanly by the *Sun* proprietor."

This business of the *Sun* we "know not of." We believe, from what we hear, that it really shines, and if it were but a morning

* See what it is to be a provincial! We should as soon have expected to hear of a Yorkist or a Lancastrian, at this time of day, as a whig. Our correspondent, however, is only mistaken in date. Whig is tantamount to the hobbleddehoy of what we hope we are now.—Ed.

Sun we should gladly gaze on it. But in London, one has to dine instead of reading the evening papers: at least, at this time of year, if one were to look in at the club late enough, one must give up that delicious hour before dressing or dinner, according to whether the repast be domestic or *en ville*, when, with back reposed in easy chair, and feet basking on the fender, with a reading-lamp on a small table placed at a judicious angle, we read the last new novel which a taster has recommended—one might be poisoned else. As for “taking in” an evening paper, we never heard of a single-man who did it, except a young Tory member who wants to see what the Courier (there never having been, for years, any ministerial morning paper to call a paper) says of his speech. No—evening papers are as peculiar to the country as clouted shoes or clouted cream. You will perceive, reader, that though in our “Room,” last month, we were a married man with seven children, we are single now in our Diary, and “live cleanly, as a bachelor should do.”

But, *passé pour cela*; we want to say how right we think our Scotch friend about the villany of “trying to try Hare,” as he expresses it in the envelope of his frank. (He did not make us pay Edinburgh postage for his lucubrations—faith, we would though, with all our hearts.) Nothing can be truer than if you behave like a rogue to a rogue, the next time you want a rogue he will say with more energy than good-breeding, “You be d——d; I won’t trust you. How did you serve Hare?” We will answer that. If Hare be tried, they will have served him with the basest treachery. It is not for the monster himself we care, though we do think that, whether there be honour among thieves or not, it ought to be kept towards thieves and villains of every denomination; but the great point is, you will vehemently injure the interests of justice: if you do not keep faith with king’s evidence, you will get no such evidence, and that is of use in two ways. In the first place, it enables conviction of the greatest crimes to be obtained, as the greatest are often committed in concert; and, we believe, it checks, in no great degree perhaps, but still somewhat, the commission of such crimes as need confederacy, for the rogues are afraid of trusting one another. The lawyers here will make a pretty clamour if this be suffered to go on. They were not pleased when that wretch Hunt was put upon his trial on the ground that the magistrate had no authority to make the promise he did; for without his confession the body would never have been found, and consequently no one could have been convicted. And this of Hare will be a grosser instance of treachery, for here the promise was made by the authorities. As for *which* murder it may be, that is utter nonsense. You would have known nothing about the murders if it had not been for Hare. You may have gained further information since, but the original clues were all obtained from him. The Lord Advocate will, of course, prevent his being hanged; but if he be tried, it will be of the highest detriment to the administration of criminal justice.

Our friend has added a few lines of Edinburgh gossip, which in his private epistle he repents of, and almost forbids us to publish. But

why? There is nothing at all doing in London; the pantomimes occupy our theatres, and the snow our streets. We have neither the notes of a Catalani at night, nor of a pack of hounds in the morning, like the happy modern Athenians. We have "*the Duke*," however, as well as our northern neighbours; but ours is the whipper-in as well as master of the hounds.

"Had it not been for these murders, the 'guid town' would have been very dull. A kind of typhus fever has prevailed and alarmed many families, and the gaieties usual at the season have not commenced. The theatre, as a provincial one, has an excellent corps, and I have my doubts if there be an actress so good as Mrs. Henry Siddons in town,* nor any actor better than her brother, Murray.† They have lately revived the Hypocrite, and got it up very well: but no one goes to see them, which is quite disheartening:—late dinners and want of theatrical taste! Catalani, too, is here; but with her it is *de pire en pire*—her concerts do not *draw*. The Duke's‡ hounds *do*, however, and nothing can be in better order or more efficient than the pack. To-morrow I hunt with them, and dance at the Haddington ball at night, where all the county will be assembled. So, fourteen miles to covert reminds me to wish you good night."

[There certainly must be something extremely apposite in the simile which forms the subject of the following *morceau* of our Diary, inasmuch as we find the very idea in an article which had not been received from its contributor, when this was sent to the printer. Our readers will find it just touched upon in the second page of this number. Perhaps many who read but never write (with a view to the glories of type), will exclaim against the possibility of the first leaf being printed after one in this part of the volume—but the initiated know that it is not only possible, but very often advisable, in a periodical work, to print the first *sheet* last.]

20th.—We saw last night the Critic, at Drury Lane; and we wonder extremely that the Duke of Montrose, who, in virtue of his office, exercises such a beneficial control over his Majesty's apparel, and the dramatic literature of his country, should have permitted the retention of a passage, which contains a decided allusion to the conduct of a certain distinguished character of the present day, who seems to have modelled his discharge of the duties of First Lord of the Treasury on the example of the Lord Burleigh of the Critic. Might we not have imagined that the silent Burleigh of the stage was the "Man of deeds, not words?" that Dangle and Sneer were

* We have often heard this said before, and think it no very high compliment to Mrs. Henry Siddons to believe it; that is, always with one exception, for we have (alas! this season we have *not*) one actress here whom it is impossible to surpass—we need scarcely name Miss Kelly. We have not seen Miss Phillips at all often enough to judge whether we ought to add her to the exception; but Mrs. Henry Siddons is, as we understand, far more general in her *emploi*.—ED.

† This we never have heard said—and it is a widely different thing.—ED.

‡ *The Duke*, par excellence, now in Scotland, is he of Buccleugh. *Vide* his rent-roll. He is, moreover, deservedly popular. This is treating you a little after the fashion of the *Sporting Magazine*.

the carping, inquisitive politicians, who "want to pry into the plans of his Majesty's government?"—and Puff, one of those "moderate gentlemen" who "don't wish to hurry ministers"—who place great confidence in "the Duke," and feel sure that he means "to do something next Session?"

—"Puff.—Hush! vastly well! vastly well! a most interesting gravity!"

"Dangle.—What isn't he to speak at all?"

"Puff.—Egad, I thought you'd ask me that. Yes, it's a very likely thing, that a minister in his situation, with the whole affairs of the nation on his head, should have time to talk! But hush! or you'll put him out.

"Sneer.—Put him out! How the plague can that be; if he's not going to say anything?"

"Puff.—There's a reason! Why his part is to *think*; and how the plague do you imagine he can *think*, if you keep talking?"

Happy they, who, like Dangle, are converted by such cogent apologies for silence,—observe with strict respect the operation of thoughtful taciturnity,—and acquiesce in the subsequent interpretation of those mysterious shakes of the head, which are all that his Grace and his prototype find time to give in explanation.

"By that shake of the head, he gave you to understand that even though they (clearly meaning either the Catholics or the Brunswickers) had more justice in their cause, and wisdom in their measures; yet, if there was not a greater spirit shown on the part of the people (*i. e.* in Irish elections, or English county-meetings), the country would at last fall a sacrifice, &c. &c."

"The devil! Did he mean all that by shaking his head?"

Yes—he did. And our modern Burleigh, by carefully observing the example of the Elizabethan premier, has discovered that silence is the very best mode of tricking the British people into confidence, because it can always admit of any interpretation which anybody may be interested in fastening on it, and because there is an old prejudice among Britons, that those who say least have most to say. Our Lord High Treasurer is "very perfect indeed."

25th.—The influence of national feelings and manners on governments is sufficiently apparent; nor is the reaction of governments on national manners at all less obvious. For instance, the government of Turkey communicates a tone of constitutional despotism to the domestic relations of the Ottoman people. Nor can anybody walk through a street in London, without perceiving that he is in a land in which the government consists of three estates equally balanced.

Indeed, it is pleasing to observe the extensive ramifications of the aristocratical feeling. The slightest details of parochial business are conducted on a constitutional model: the happy emulation of select vestries presents us with a miniature resemblance of the jobs and jobbers of the government: and the parishes of Marylebone, and St. Paul, Covent-garden, show that a petty irresponsible aristocracy can use their humble means for cheating and oppressing those who are committed to their charge, in a manner worthy of the Par-

liament that gave them their authority. Indeed, it is astonishing that the ingenuity of the "select" should have learned so quickly to wield the powers which were given by their "charte."

The "gens taillables et corvéables" of some parishes in the metropolis have lately begun to cry out. Meetings have been called, accounts have been overhauled, inflammatory speeches uttered, and resolutions of a most revolutionary tendency adopted by the virtually-represented "canaille." Chartered rights have been impugned—the vested interests of vestrymen openly attacked. The aristocratic quarter of St. James's echoes the seditious radicalism of St. Giles's; there are Humes in St. Marylebone—and St. George's, Hanover-square, calculates and calls for reports, and grumbles (*proh pudor!*) about pence.

The constituted authorities have behaved with a very laudable firmness in most instances. The Jacobin anarchy of St. Paul's Covent Garden produced last year a regular 18th Brumaire. The chivalrous Birnie proceeded to the assembly of the parish, surrounded by the army of Bow-street. Nor was he for a moment guilty of the cowardice of Napoleon; but turned the mal-contents out of the room with the decision of a Cromwell, and a suavity—peculiar to himself. We are sorry to see that Mr. Minshall is unworthy of his colleague; and that, on a late occasion, when the accounts of the parish were laid on the Table of Bow-street, he acted with such violence as to drive Mr. Halls (a rising Sir Richard) off the seat of judicature, and then actually taxed many of the items of the bill, an offence aggravated by his advancing the alarming doctrines that overseers may dine too well, even when the parish pays.

But in the parish of Mary-le-bone, we are sorry to see that the "Select" have been slightly intimidated by the threats of the "Tiers Etat," that they would apply to Parliament for redress of grievances, in fact for Reform. And on what plea? The *Examiner* of yesterday gives us the items of the Parochial Budget, which it thinks sufficient to insure success for the application to the House. Fear not, oh! Vestry—Let the fellows apply; and they will find that the Bill will plead in your favour with a Legislature whom you have imitated so well, and that their complaints will be treated with as much contempt as—a report of the Finance Committee. It will be urged, of course, that the rule of the "Select Vestry" has doubled the rates, and involved the parish in a debt of 227,000*l.* Alas! there is now no Pitt, no Castlereagh, and no Vansittart in that house—but there will not be wanting many on whom their mantle hath fallen, and who will show, to the satisfaction of an immense majority, that a parochial debt is as absolutely necessary to the existence of a parish, as a national debt to that of a nation; and that rates, like taxes, are a proof of the wealth of a parish as of a nation, and, indeed, tend to promote the accumulation of capital.

27th. — We remembered to have been so much touched by Mathews's narrative, in one of his At Home's, of M. Mallet's misfortunes as to his letter, that as soon as we saw a drama announced, founded on that story, we determined we would see it as soon as it appeared. We

accordingly went last night, and, undoubtedly, Mathews's representation of the old Frenchman was as beautiful a piece of acting as we ever beheld. We use the word "beautiful" quite advisedly—for the pathetic part of the performance completely bears away the palm from the ludicrous. There were, in many circumstances, traits—nay, whole passages—as powerfully and deeply *touching*, as we have ever seen given by any tragedian. It may seem fantastic to use the term "tragedian," in speaking of Mr. Mathews—but in that division of tragedy which belongs to pathos, we have, from various occasional indications, long been conscious of his excellence, although we never had an opportunity of seeing it so continuously as last night. There is far more scope for this in the new piece than there was in the anecdote, admirably as he recited it. In that he gave only the prominent points; he has now opportunity to add all the details of feeling, which he does with a skill and delicacy nothing short of admirable. We had seen mentioned by one (we forget which) of the papers, that the strange English in which these passages were expressed, caused laughter to subdue the rising of the softer feelings. We confess it had no such effect upon us—nor had it upon the audience generally; as was quite apparent, from there being, once or twice, a very visible indication of impatience, at one man in the gallery laughing mal-apropos. There is, indeed, a reciprocal intelligence between the most general and deeply-seated affections of human nature, which, provided their emotion is conveyed, makes it signify but very little what the means of communication may be.

The interest of the part of M. Mallet by no means depends solely on the letter. The uncertainty, which its non-receipt produces, of the fate of his daughter—the gnawing anxiety which arises from that certainty—his retrospect of his own course through life, and of the misfortunes occasioned by public events, wholly beyond his control—his feelings at his loss of rank and fortune, and at his exile—his pride at having, amid the wreck of all else, "retained his honour"—his alternate rage at what he esteems ill-treatment, and the self-humiliation of an unhappy heart succeeding it—and, at last, his ecstasy at his daughter's restoration to him, and his gratitude to him who has afforded her protection and kindness in her distress, coupled with his prideful joy at being restored to his country, his possessions, and his rank—all these are embodied by Mr. Mathews in a manner which renders *the whole* as perfect a moral picture of the order of character which the combination of such feelings would produce, as it is possible for *our* imagination, at least, to conceive.

The piece, in the portion not relating to M. Mallet, is probably too much spun out. There is, however, a very extravagant, though very entertaining sketch (for it is not too much prolonged) of a Nigger Roscius, which is most irresistibly acted by Mr. Yates; and Wilkinson displays his usual dry and forcible humour in the Post-Master. Perhaps what may be called the intermediate parts of the piece might be shortened—that is, provided Mr. Mathews does not really require them for rest. His performance is, we repeat, excellent; and we recommend every one who admires the purely and perfect representation of the more amiable feelings, to go and see it.

HOBBLEDEHOYS.

“Not a man—nor a boy,
But a Hobbledehoy.”—*Old Song.*

Oh there is a time, a happy time,
When a boy is just half a man ;
When ladies may kiss him without a crime,
And flirt with him like a fan :—
When mammas with their daughters will have him alone,
If he only will seem to fear them ;
While were he a man or a little more grown,
They never would let him near them.

These, Lilly !—these were the days when you
Were my boyhood's earliest flame,—
When I thought it an honour to tie your shoe,
And trembled to hear your name :—
When I scarcely ventured to take a kiss,
Tho' your lips seemed half to invite me ;
But, Lilly ! I soon got over this,—
When I kissed—and they did not bite me.

Oh ! these were gladsome, and fairy times,
And our hearts were then in their spring,
When I passed my nights in writing you rhymes,
And my days in hearing you sing :—
And don't you remember your mother's dismay,
When she found in your drawer my sonnet ;
And the beautiful verses I wrote, one day,
On the ribbon that hung from your bonnet !

And the seat we made by the fountain's gush,
Where your task you were wont to say,—
And how I lay under the holly-bush,
Till your governess went away :—
And how, when too long at your task you sat,
Or whenever a kiss I wanted,
I brayed like an ass—or mewed like a cat,
Till she deemed that the place was haunted !

And do you not, love, remember the days,
When I dressed you for the play,—
When I pinn'd your kerchief, and laced your stays,
In the neatest and tidiest way !—
And do you forget the kiss you gave,
When I tore my hand with the pin ;—
And how you wondered men would not shave
The beards from their horrible chin.

And do you remember the garden wall
I climb'd up every night,—
And the racket we made in the servants' hall,
When the wind had put out the light ;—
When Sally got up in her petticoat,
And John came out in his shirt,—
And I silenced her with a guinea-note,
And blinded him with a squirt !

And don't you remember the horrible bite
 I got from the gard'ner's bitch,
 When John let her out of the kennel, for spite,
 And she seized me, crossing the ditch:—
 And how you wept when you saw my blood,
 And numbered me with Love's martyrs,—
 And how you helped me out of the mud,
 By tying together your garters.

But, Lilly! now I am grown a man,
 And those days have all gone by,—
 And Fortune may give me the best she can,
 And the brightest destiny;
 But I would give every hope and joy
 That my spirit may taste again,
 That I once more were that gladsome boy,
 And that you were as young as then.

ξ.

January 21, 1829.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

No. XI.

WE are delighted when the authors, or compilers, or editors, or publishers of what are called Juvenile Works, favour us with early copies. We have an especial predilection for this sort of reading. The 'Child's Book' is to us much more amusing than the never-ending fashionable novel; and, moreover, we feel our critical step much more firm upon this ground, than upon the shifting sands of our every-day works of imagination. You of course know, reader, that we are a family-man; for with you we have no secrets: and we entreat you to give no credence to any one of our contributors, to whom we allow great license in the way of friendship, when he pretends to what he, unhappy man, would call the freedom of a bachelor. In this said capacity of the father of a very happy race of little people, we have, of course, great assistance in our critical vocation, when we discourse of the lore that pertains to childhood; and, in truth, before we offer an opinion upon any production of this class, we invariably test it by a jury of matrons. It is that circumstance which makes us feel safe in our seat when the labours of Mr. Harris, or Messrs. Darton, or Messrs. Oliver and Boyd (the Newberys of their age) come before us; and be assured that upon these weighty points we express no opinion which is not the result of most deliberate cogitation.

And do not think that in this paticular we throw away our thoughts upon light matters. When we, good-humoured as we are, say a very civil thing of a new poem, or a romance; and when, there being some matters which we think worthy of blame, we in general leave the busy-ones of the circulating libraries to find them out, we do little harm: and, moreover, we encourage a very extensive employment of paper-

makers and compositors, to say nothing of the due encouragement of those who belong to the writing craft. Not that we ever prostitute our opinions to a publisher, or, what requires much greater self-denial, even to our friends. If our readers knew what struggles we sometimes have not to appear too highly to praise those we love—if they knew that we have sometimes even omitted to notice a book upon which the public eye is fixed, because the writer is *one of us*—they would give us credit for more than ordinary integrity in our vocation. But no more of this. We were about to say that we consider it a very serious duty to offer an opinion upon a *child's* book; for by that opinion some mothers, or others intrusted with education, might be guided—and the expression of a false or careless estimate of the value of a production might thus lead to serious mischief. Upon this point we have no right to trifle. We owe to the public sound opinions, if we can form them—at any rate we shall give them matured ones.

In all matters connected with education, the public taste, or rather feeling, has been gradually setting with a strong current towards the cultivation of the reason, in preference to the imagination. In many respects we cannot doubt the wisdom of this; for, in looking back upon the children's books of the last age, it would be difficult to find many in which matters of real utility are either systematically taught or incidentally alluded to. And yet, we confess, the reaction has appeared to us in some degree too strong; and we are not quite sure that in rejecting 'Fairy Tales,' and 'Tales of the Genii,' and even the pure parts of the 'Arabian Nights,' we act quite wisely. In the majority of children the imagination requires to be excited and cultivated quite as much as the reason; for through this excitement and cultivation, under due restraint, all the higher and better aspirations of our intellect must necessarily spring. The old nursery books were, we take it, always distinctly understood by children capable of understanding anything, to be fictions; and thus, in all ages, fables and parables, which are fictions upon the face of them, were held to be a proper medium of juvenile or of popular instruction. We think there is a great deal of philosophy in the playful lines of Cowper, on confabulation; and believe with him that the child who interprets to the letter,

A story of a cock and bull,
Must have a most uncommon skull.

The nursery stories are, however, abolished. The child who knows thoroughly well that a wolf does not talk, and, moreover, cannot by possibility dress itself in an old woman's garments, must not hear a word of 'Little Red Riding Hood;' and 'Cinderella,' with its very charming lessons of meekness and patience, and the punishment of pride, must not be breathed into infant ears, lest it should be believed that fairies ride in chariots drawn by white mice, and that young ladies dance in glass slippers. And what have we got in exchange for the 'Ogre's' seven-league boots, and the wishing cap of 'Fortunatus?' Fearful tales of our northern superstitions, which tread so close upon the regions of reality, that the unhappy child with

——— undoubting mind,
Believes the magic wonders,

and is miserable, till the more palpable, but not more oppressive miseries of real life come to banish the dreaded vision from its dreams. We grieve to say it, that some of the tales which children must and will read—which, indeed, are studiously put in their way by parents, who will peremptorily forbid all the little books of the last age, and greedily take these substitutes, because they are written by gifted men, such as Scott and Lockhart,—‘Little Willie Bell,’ and others of similar tendency,—are calculated to produce evils of the most fearful character, because they are written with that verisimilitude under which a child cannot detect the falsehood. But there are, perhaps, greater evils than these to be found in the bulk of our children’s books. Many of them are little novels, which bring down all the petty vanities and passions of maturer life, to the level of the infant capacity;—and thus produce all that precocity in the knowledge of the things of the world, which is most of all opposed to the simplicity and purity of a youthful understanding. We can detect, in some of the little books which we feel it a duty to read, that despicable attention to what is called fashionable and genteel, which is the most disgusting characteristic of many of our modern novels. The papa and mamma of the little folks who figure in these productions, are generally people with carriages and servants out of number;—and so these unhappy children are getting into and out of the carriage, at every fifth page, to the infinite edification of that vast majority of children, who have the blessing of being born to walk, and to wait upon themselves; but who thus learn to repine at their own lot, and to be envious of those whose condition is not so happily cast as in the vale of mediocrity. And then, how these precocious personages, of nine or ten years old, almost invariably talk.—Ye gods! how they do talk. We have a little book before us,—

THE GIFT OF AN UNCLE;

in which the little heroine (a child of very tender years, we should presume, from the description of the astonishing kissing and waist-encirclings of her papa and mamma,) raves thus, about Ullswater:—“Can any prospect be more exquisitely lovely than this?—Observe the expanse of water sweeping along the base of yon gigantic precipice; the verdant margin of the lake dotted with cottages; the mixture of rich foliage, bare rocks, and gentlemen’s seats; do they not form a landscape, which even a poet’s imagination could not exceed?” But the young gentleman, her brother, who thinks that drinking-glasses are scooped out like wooden bowls, is a match for her. The tourists cross the pass of Llanberris:—“Surely!” cried William, “this is Nature, in ruins! Here, Chaos seems to reign, and universal desolation attends his nod!” Such errors, and grievous indeed are they, proceed from that besetting sin of most book-makers,—the love of fine writing. “When you have written any thing which you think particularly clever, always cut it out.” And yet there is a good deal of useful information in this little book, with all its faults of composition, its high-flown thoughts, its ambiguous and ungrammatical sentences.

We have mentioned this book particularly, as an exemplification of the great fault of many of the juvenile books which are devoted to the

cultivation of the reason. The writers appear to think that plainness of language and poverty of language are convertible terms. How egregiously are they mistaken. But we cannot object this to a book which has afforded us great pleasure, and which we consider one of the very few which a parent would willingly, because safely, put into the hands of a child. This is entitled

DIVERSIONS OF HOLLYCOT ;

and we have nothing to object to it but occasional carelessness of construction, which sometimes amounts to grammatical error.

In a little volume just published, we have two tales for children, apparently by different authors. The first

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY,

is by Miss Blackford ; and we regret to say to this lady that her story comes within the limit of our censure of highly extravagant and improbable plots and incidents, that give a false estimate of the realities of life, and unfit the child for a serious anticipation of its future duties. The second tale,

THE RING ; by an Englishwoman,

has interested us exceedingly. The design of the writer is admirable ; there is great knowledge of character displayed throughout this little production ; the language is forcible and simple ; and the principles inculcated truly excellent.

A SUNDAY BOOK

Consisting of short Sermons and moral Discourses for Young Persons, will, we think, be acceptable to many parents. It is very difficult to find amongst the admirable sermons of the church, any which are exactly adapted for the comprehension of young persons. We do not say that this book entirely supplies the deficiency ; and we fear that in many points it will be considered somewhat tame and commonplace. Several of the discourses are, however, very excellent ; and we would mention with particular praise those on Anger and Happiness. We cannot subscribe to all the positions of the author. For instance, he says, " Education is the instrument for the perfection of the work of creation. The elements of perfection are in ourselves when we are born, and those are our faculties ; which are, in all persons, equally capable of improvement, and, consequently, all persons are equally capable of attaining the highest pitch of mental excellence." There is only one objection to this doctrine, and that may be stated in two words—the experience of mankind, in all ages, and under all conditions of society, proves the contrary. We admit that all persons, unless there be some physical defect, are capable of attaining a *high degree* of mental excellence ; but to say that all men can attain *the highest* is just as reasonable as to maintain that all men may grow to six feet six if they do but train themselves properly for such growth. Children, above all others, should never have *false* encouragements applied to their industry ; and, therefore, it is unwise to say to a very volatile or a very dull child,—you may, if you please, be a Newton or a Pope ; although it is our duty

to say to all,—apply diligently to the attainment of sound knowledge, that you may be happy in yourselves and useful to others.

We must, however, not engross too much of our limited space by talking of these matters, at which some of our readers may sneer; as if *that* could be unimportant which regarded the welfare of the rising generation. In *their* proper instruction we must, after all, lay the foundation of all permanent schemes for the bettering of the human race, both physically and morally.

Connected with the subject of education, we have a debt to pay that we have considered for some time due. Our attention has been accidentally drawn to a new edition (the ninth) of a very useful book, with a very quaint title:

NATURE DISPLAYED, IN HER SYSTEM OF TEACHING LANGUAGES
TO MAN*.

M. DUFIEF's system of teaching French has now long been published, and the different editions through which it has gone are the best proofs that can be adduced of its success, and, consequently, of its merit. Our notice of it will no doubt appear tardy; yet, upon an attentive perusal of M. Dufief's work, and upon a strengthened conviction that its plan and arrangement are good, we have felt almost bound to give it our public attention.

We had heard, some time ago, a great deal about this system, and we found that some of its warmest advocates rather impeded its progress by misrepresentation. Thus, it was said that M. Dufief had discarded grammar. Yet, it is sufficient to read the Introduction, in which the author gives so clear an account of his mode of proceeding, to be convinced of the fallacy of such an assertion. Far from doing so, M. Dufief, on the contrary, never loses sight of grammar. But, unlike his predecessors, he does not make it, at first, the principal object of the student's labour. He does not confine the learner to the dry rules of concord and syntax, but, blending together the different objects to which one must attend to acquire a language, that is to say words—idioms—phrases—distinction of parts of speech—reading—conjugation—*grammar*, he carries every thing *de front*. By this means, the pupil is encouraged, because, like the growing child, he feels his power daily increasing;—after each lesson he retires conscious of his own progress.

The greatest merit of M. Dufief's system is, in our opinion, its being so perfectly adapted to English people. If we attempt to speak or write a foreign language, nothing is more natural than to translate literally our own words, yet, nothing can be more incorrect if the genius of the two languages differ. M. Dufief has felt this strongly, and has consequently strenuously endeavoured to make his work particularly useful on this account. In the copious vocabulary he has given in his first volume, and of which we must praise the division, English and French are constantly brought in contact, and their points of difference rendered more striking.

We must, nevertheless, be candid with M. Dufief. We cannot exactly believe the application of his system so infallible, nor its suc-

* Nature Displayed, in her mode of teaching Language to Man, &c. Ninth Edition. By G. N. Dufief. 2 vols. 8vo. London.

cess so rapid as he would wish us to think. The rapidity of the latter depends entirely on the most retentive memory (a faculty not very common),—on the greatest attention and docility,—and on a mode of discipline (we would almost say mechanical) to which few *English people* will submit.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

WE cannot resist this. Late though we be, we must say something of the new Quarterly, and postpone some of the small fry of Novels and Poems, to which we had intended to dedicate the remainder of our "Room." They are much obliged to the Quarterly, which never notices them itself, and which thus prevents others from noticing them.

In the first article, which is principally a review of 'Dr. Grauville's Travels,' we think we recognize the hand of one of the oldest and most accomplished contributors of the 'Quarterly,' who never uses the whipcord except in right earnest, and who not only "cuts blocks with a razor," but batters the blocks to pieces, to shew how brainless they are. We are glad to see him again, in spite of his occasional prejudices, and his constant loftiness; and we delight in him more especially on this occasion, for he has cheated Murray, and betrayed the 'Quarterly' into liberality, in spite of Southey, and all the high and mighty councillors of Albemarle-street. This comes of having a contributor who will not submit to the pruning knife. Hear, and wonder, ye who chuckled over the frantic denunciations of the dangers of Popery, by the Laureate, in 'Quarterly' the last:—

Unqualified praise is given to the king of Prussia for having founded, in the year 1818, the university of Bonn, with a donation of the castles of Bonn and Poppelsdorf and the land belonging to them; establishing five faculties—three for jurisprudence, medicine, and general science, which includes all branches of literature,—and *two for theology, one for protestant and the other for catholic students.* *In that of literature, there is also a protestant and a catholic professor.* *This is certainly most liberal on the part of his Prussian Majesty, whose declared sentiments on this occasion reflect the greatest honour on his head and his heart.* 'I confidently hope,' his Majesty observes, 'that the university of Bonn will act in the spirit which dictated its foundation, in promoting true piety, sound sense, and good morals. By this my faithful subjects may know and learn with what patriotic affection I view the equal, impartial, and solid instruction of them all; and how much I consider education as the means of preventing those turbulent and fruitless efforts so injurious to the welfare of nations.'

Is not this excellent—*two* faculties for theology, one for protestant and the other for catholic students; and a protestant and a catholic professor in literature also; and then, this is most liberal on the part of his Prussian majesty, and reflects the greatest honour on his head and his heart. And so, the 'Quarterly' proclaims that toleration is the best gem in a monarch's crown, in spite of the Brunswick Clubs. Is it come to this? The conversion of Moore's Almanac to liberality is one of the standing miracles of the age; but it is nothing compared to the sudden change of the 'Quarterly.' Three months—three little months only. Well, then, the weathercock has not rusted to a point.

We can easily forgive the author of that excellent joke, the proposed voyage of discovery to Russell-square, for his delightful affectation of

believing that no one cares for the London University. "How can he imagine" (speaking of Dr. Granville) "that the public takes any interest whether Dr. Granville or Dr. Davis be appointed to deliver lectures, or anything else, even the young Alma Mater herself, in Upper Gower Street?" The affectation is pretty. And again, how delicious is the bit of mock-aristocracy about the German Universities:—

We have no fear, certainly, of Bonn, nor of Berlin, whose university contains upwards of sixteen hundred students. Should they venture to rebel, his Prussian Majesty would not hesitate to march the whole of them into the ranks; and, indeed, this would be a proper measure to pursue every now and then with regard to the German students: a set of young men who certainly pursue their studies with zeal, but who nevertheless are more brutal in conduct, more insolent in manner, more slovenly and ruffian-like in appearance, and more offensive from the fumes of tobacco and beer, onions and sour-cROUT, in which they are enveloped, than are to be met with in any other part of Europe. In a small town of a small state a German university is a horrible nuisance; and how the elegant court of Weimar, in particular, can tolerate the existence of one within an hour's ride of its palace, where we have seen ragamuffins fighting with broad-swords in the market-place, moves 'our special wonder.'

The tobacco and onions are the mortal sins.

After all, there are few men who could write such an article as this first of the 'Quarterly'—dashing and lively, witty and sarcastic—but with a strong vein of good sense running through it. The conclusion is important, for it smacks of official information:—

We are just in time to state the disastrous *finale*, which we have received from an authentic source, of the rash and precipitous invasion of the Turkish territory by Russia—that alarming invasion which, in the opinion of Lieut.-Col. Evans, demanded an immediate armed intervention of all the powers of Europe, to stay the overwhelming career of the autocrat, who aimed at little less than universal dominion. The Turks, however, have done it effectually of themselves, single-handed, without the assistance of any one power, European or Asiatic; and the Sublime Sultan may now boast, with the Roman warrior,

... 'like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Russians in Bulgaria;
Alone I did it.'

Fluttered, indeed, with a vengeance! The rout was complete; resembling, on a smaller scale, that of the French from Moscow. We are told that not a living creature escaped out of this horrible Bulgaria, save man—and he, bare and destitute of everything that constitutes a soldier—without arms, without accoutrements, without baggage, and, as the French would say, completely demoralized!—all the draft horses, and cattle of every kind; all those of the cavalry and artillery, dead;—all the guns, carriages, waggons, ammunition, and provisions, left behind as spoil for the Turks. The extent of these disasters is endeavoured to be concealed at Petersburg, where the war, from the first, was unpopular; but now men shake their heads, by which, like the shake of Burleigh's in the play, they mean a great deal, though they say nothing; and they are afraid to write, as all letters are inspected at the post-office. It is to be hoped that this disastrous campaign will have taught the young emperor a lesson of moderation, which will counsel him to seek for peace rather than conquest.

The second paper on 'Records and Registration' is very learned—and what is a rare case with very learned articles does not lack

amusement. We are really glad to see that the labours of the commissioners for inquiring into the laws of real property have the approval of 'The Quarterly;' and that these commissioners are described as pursuing their inquiries "diligently and ably." We are not suspicious of this praise; for we have reason to believe that neither official frowns nor smiles would deter the gentlemen who form this commission from a stern discharge of their duty. The principles laid down in this article are precisely those upon which the most important parts of the celebrated speech of Mr. Brougham, last session, were grounded. The reviewer speaks thus of a "general registration in England":—

It is evident that the present system is so ingeniously contrived, that it must be admitted to be wrong in whatever manner the question be decided. If the English statutes are advantageous, they ought to be forthwith extended to every county;—if disadvantageous, they should be forthwith repealed; for it is not easily reconciled to any sound principles of legislation that the law of real property should change on passing under Temple Bar—that there should be two different codes for Fulham and for Putney—for Holborn and High Holborn,—or that a protection against fraud should be afforded to Yorkshire which is denied to the men of Lancaster, on the opposite bank of the Ribble.

The article on 'Hajji Baba,' though somewhat late, is exceedingly clever. How true is the philosophy with which it commences:—

An old acquaintance of ours, as remarkable for the grotesque queerness of his physiognomy, as for the kindness and gentleness of his disposition, was asked by a friend, where he had been? He replied, he had been seeing the lion, which was at that time an object of curiosity—(we are not sure whether it was *Nero* or *Cato*)—: 'And what,' rejoined the querist, 'did the lion think of you?' The jest passed as a good one; and yet under it lies something that is serious and true.

When a civilized people have gazed, at their leisure, upon one of those uninstructed productions of rude nature whom they term barbarians, the next object of natural curiosity is, to learn what opinion the barbarian has formed of the new state of society into which he is introduced—what the *lion* thinks of his visitors. Will the simple, unsophisticated being, we ask ourselves, be more inclined to reverence us, who direct the thunder and lightning by our command of electricity—controul the course of the winds by our steam-engines—turn night into day by our gas—erect the most stupendous edifices by our machinery—soar into mid-air like eagles—at pleasure dive into the earth like moles?—or, to take us as individuals, and despise the effeminate child of social policy, whom the community have deprived of half his rights—who dares not avenge a blow without having recourse to a constable—who, like a pampered jade, cannot go but thirty miles a day without a halt—or endure hunger, were it only for twenty-four hours, without suffering and complaint—whose life is undignified by trophies acquired in the chase or the battle—and whose death is not graced by a few preliminary tortures, applied to the most sensitive parts, in order to ascertain his decided superiority to ordinary mortals? We are equally desirous to know what the swarthy stranger may think of our social institutions, of our complicated system of justice in comparison with the *dictum* of the chief, sitting in the gate of the village, or the award of the elders of the tribe, assembled around the council fire; and even, in a lower and lighter point of view, what he thinks of our habits and forms of ordinary life,—that artificial and conventional ceremonial, which so broadly distinguishes different ranks from each other, and binds together so closely those who belong to the same grade.

And now for Mr. Southey. 'Elementary Teaching' is a capital

specimen of the great merits and the great faults of this writer. The quantity of the odds and ends of knowledge which he brings to bear on every question is perfectly astonishing; and no man can tack his scraps together into a more appropriate or graceful garment. In this vesture there is nothing of the formality of the patchwork of indifferent artists—nothing of the violent contrasts of form and colour of which our grandmothers were so proud in their quilting: but the whole is a piece of beautiful embroidery, in which the old and the new are so intimately blended, that neither the ancient tatters of silk, nor the modern bits of buckram can be easily separated by an unpractised eye. The garment is a slightly garment—and it only lacks strength and durability. It will not stand a good tug. Nothing can be more delightful than Mr. Southey's account of the early history of scholastic education; and admirable, indeed, are the lessons which he draws from his storehouse of anecdote:—

Little did King Solomon apprehend, when his unfortunate saying concerning the rod fell from his lips, that it would occasion more havoc among birch trees than was made among the cedars for the building of his temple, and his house of the forest of Lebanon! Many is the phlebotomist who, with this text in his mouth, has taken the rod in hand, when he himself, for ill teaching, or ill temper, or both, has deserved it far more than the poor boy who, whether slow of comprehension, or stupefied by terror, has stood entrussed and trembling before him. But the theory that severity was indispensably required had been formed to justify the practice—as theories never will be wanting in support of any practice, however preposterous and unjust—and then the practice must be continued to support the theory! Boys were flogged, not for any offence which they had committed, not for anything which they had done or left undone, not for incapacity of learning or unwillingness to learn, but upon the abstract principle that they ought to be flogged—and that, upon the authority of the wisest of men, the child would be spoiled if the rod were spared! Erasmus relates an atrocity of one whom he does not indeed name, but who is believed to be Colet, the dean of St. Paul's, a good as well as a munificent man; and, strange as it may seem, said by Erasmus himself to have delighted in children with a natural and Christian feeling: nevertheless he thought no discipline could be too severe in his school, and whenever he dined there, one or two boys were served up to be flogged for the dessert. On one such occasion, when Erasmus was present, he called up a meek, gentle boy of ten years old, who had lately been earnestly commended to his care by a tender mother, ordered him to be flogged for some pretended fault which the child had never committed, and saw him flogged till the victim was fainting under the scourge; 'not that he has deserved this,' said he aside to Erasmus, while this was going on, 'but it is fit to humble him!' These indubitable facts may render credible the commencement of Robert the Devil's career, as related in the romance; and the story of the schoolman, whom the boys put to death with their penknives.

Is not this capital?—Is not this a shaking of our old institutions with a vengeance? What, abolish the rod, Mr. Southey, in spite of King Solomon and Dr. Busby; in spite, too, let us tell you, of many of the Busbys of the present day? Why this is a fearful backsliding of the laureate—this is the "old Thomas Day" of the Joan of Arc times come back. And yet the man does not say a word that can affect any living human being. "Dr. Parr was the last learned schoolmaster who was professedly an amateur of the rod"—and "Charity-

schools seem to have been the last places in which the old system of barbarity was retained." Is the rod then abolished at Eton?—or Winchester? Are not young men of eighteen yet obliged to submit to this horrible degradation, this tearing up of all the feelings of decency and honour? And why do they submit? What is it restrains their natural impulse to spit at the ruthless pedagogue, and tell him that his enforcement of such a custom is a disgrace to the country and the age in which he lives? Because the slightest resistance would be followed by the dreadful and still more atrocious penalty of expulsion. We have stated in a former number what this penalty means—ruin for life. When Dr. Keate came to the head-mastership of Eton, he is said to have flogged eighty of the fifth and sixth forms for a month, on account of their non-compliance with a new, and to them arbitrary, regulation; and we have heard that within these few years one of three brothers, the major, the minor, or the minimus, was flogged every morning—for *stupidity*. And then Mr. Southey talks of these things, as if they belonged to a past age. We wish he had spoken of flogging, as a system, with the same indignation he speaks of fagging. These words, on *that* subject, are in the present 'Quarterly':—

There is nothing to be said in defence of the system which might not be applied in defence of the slave-trade, or the Turkish despotism; and it is to be hoped that public opinion will put it down before some flagrant case of brutality shall call for a public example.

We remember that it was considered a great piece of Jacobinism in the 'Examiner,' about ten years since, to write in much milder terms of this atrocity,

And yet the writer of this article in the 'Quarterly' *does* speak such home truths to the ears of those who would have scouted them from any professedly liberal writer, that we cannot but admire and quote:—

Whatever simplification was made in the old grammar, the method of teaching continued, till our own days, to be what Professor Pillans calls mechanical rather than intellectual. Milton complained that we did "amiss to spend seven or eight years in scraping together as much miserable Latin and Greek as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year;" and he might have added—as is in one year forgotten by the greater number of those who have thus imperfectly acquired it. What was amiss in Milton's time has not been amended. It is observed by Paley that, at our public schools, "quick parts are cultivated, slow ones are neglected." The remark will hold good of all large schools, and of the large majority of smaller ones as well; and the reason wherefore there should be this general failure—wherefore so very few are made scholars so as to retain in *after life* the scholarship which they have acquired in boyhood—is, that few are under the necessity of keeping up their knowledge of this kind, few have the opportunity of exercising it, and fewer still the inclination. Of this, both boys and masters are, each in their station, sensible. The boy, unless he is destined for one of the learned professions, or has a disposition for learning, persuades himself that learning can be of no use to him; that he has been sent to school because it is the custom, and because his father was there before him; but that, as soon as he shall have left school, he may forget his Latin and Greek, as he very well knows his father has forgotten them, and as it is the custom to do. Thus, the whole thick-head family, and a great proportion, also, of those with better wits, who are born to fine linen and the silver

spoon, feel, think, speak, and act accordingly ; and thus, it should be added in justice to all parties, it is generally expected by their parents that they should act.

When, then, will ultimately reform the great schools—banish the flogging and the fagging systems—and make education to be, what the word really means—a preparation for the grave duties of after-life, and not a mode of spending the best years of youth in the most useless and uncomfortable manner that can possibly be devised?—The utter inutility of the systems of those great schools to keep pace with the general intellectual improvement of the age ;—and the growing rivalry of a few schools, where not only what is really useful is taught, but where boys are treated as rational and accountable beings, and not driven into obedience like brute beasts—these things will work the reform. Already two or three of the public schools, which it would be invidious to mention, are falling into utter decay, and are become “the shadows of a shade.” And this will be the case with *all*, unless the principles upon which they are conducted are absolutely changed.—Hear ye, who talk of your superior acquirements, and look down upon the vulgar herd,—hear ye what Mr. Southey says of the condition to which ye are fast coming, if ye do not bestir yourselves in the *race* which ye are now doomed to run :—

In proportion as information is diffused among all classes, it becomes essential not merely to the well-being but to the stability of the state, that the education of the higher classes should be rendered more efficient ; and that they should take with them from our public schools and universities something more than the manners and spirit, and that sort of knowledge of the world which they cannot help acquiring there. For it is not to the hereditary nobility alone that considerable political power,—actual power as well as influence,—is intrusted by our practical constitution. Country gentlemen, and in a less degree those who are born to an inheritance of commercial wealth, have their share of this power, and are born also to the responsibilities and duties which power of any kind brings with it. Now it is for the general good, even more than for that of the privileged classes themselves, that their privileges, power, and influence should be preserved ; but this cannot be, unless the possessors show themselves worthy of the advantages which they enjoy, and able to defend and to maintain them. In a country like this, the constitution cannot be kept together by the attraction of cohesion : assailed it is, and shaken it may be, by some hurricane of popular opinion raised by political jugglers, who, like Lapland witches, “can sell a storm for a dollar, which for ten thousand they cannot allay.” Whatever is for the general good, whatever is just and reasonable, will ultimately stand : but unless they who shall be depositaries of this power, when the storm rages, are so qualified as to make it manifest that it is for the general good, and therefore reasonable and just and necessary that they should continue in their hereditary station, they must fall. It is no wisdom to dissemble this ; the way to overcome danger is to provide against it, and expect it, and meet it resolutely.

This is excellent. But why does Mr. Southey, while he speaks the truth himself, quarrel with others for speaking it?

The schoolmaster, it has been said, is abroad. It was said in a tone and temper implying that, in the opinion of the speaker, certain of our institutions had as much to apprehend from the progress of popular education, as the Roman Catholic religion has to fear from the circulation of the Scriptures.

The temper in which these memorable words were used, as we understand them, was this—that the people, in the schoolmaster, had a shield against the possible oppressions of the soldier;—and that oppression of any kind, whether it came in the form of the power of the sword, or the power of the law, could not stand against that great principle, that government is for the good of all, and for the injury of none. This principle the people learn to assert with the tone of men knowing their own strength, when they understand, thoroughly, in the spread of general information, what are the real foundations upon which the rule of a free and an enlightened nation can alone be built. We entirely agree with Mr. Southey in the following, and many other passages, and cannot in the least understand wherein he differs from the warmest advocates of education; and why he talks of “the tares amongst the wheat,” when he alludes to those men, who, above all others, have made it necessary that the ‘Quarterly Review’ should write in such a style as this:—

The maxim that it is politic to keep the people in ignorance, will not be maintained in any country where the rulers are conscious of upright intentions, and confident likewise in the intrinsic worth of the institutions which it is their duty to uphold, knowing those institutions to be founded on the rock of righteous principles. They know, also, that the best means of preserving them from danger is so to promote the increase of general information, as to make the people perceive how intimately their own well-being depends upon the stability of the state, thus making them wise to obedience. Sir William D’Avenant, who lived in an age little favourable to the principles of free government, saw this truth distinctly. “The received opinion that the people ought to be continued in ignorance,” said he, “is a maxim sounding like the little subtlety of one that is a statesman only by birth or beard, and merits not his place by much thinking. For ignorance is rude, censorious, jealous, obstinate, and proud; these being exactly the ingredients of which disobedience is made: and obedience proceeds from ample consideration, of which knowledge consists; and knowledge will soon put into one scale the weight of oppression, and in the other, the heavy burden which disobedience lays on us in the effects of civil war; and then, even tyranny will seem much lighter, when the hand of supreme power binds up our load, and lays it artfully on us, than disobedience, (the parent of confusion) when we all load one another, in which every one irregularly increases his fellow’s burden to lessen his own.”

But Mr. Southey, while he quotes this excellent passage of D’Avenant, does not tell us wherein we, of these days, differ from that writer, who lived too near a period when men of all sides were apt to run to arms, for the redress of grievances, or the enforcement of tyranny. After the wars of the parliament, he might indeed be pardoned for perceiving only *one* political consequence of knowledge.—“Knowledge will soon put into one scale the weight of *oppression*, and, in the other, the heavy burden which disobedience lays on us in the effects of *civil war*.” But knowledge will do something more now-a-days. It will put into one scale the weight of the oppression;—and it will hang up the scale before the eyes of men, to shew what a hateful thing *oppression* is, and how it disturbs the happy equilibrium of the social state; and, one by one, it will throw its own arguments into the opposite scale—light as a feather perhaps at first, but gradually gathering weight and consistency—and, one by one, it will wring from its adver-

saries admissions and qualifications, (such as those now wrung from the 'Quarterly Review') which will swell, and swell the *counterpoise* of the oppression :—till, at last, the beam trembles—and the scale sinks—and the oppression altogether perishes, or leaves but "dust in the balance ;"—and the schoolmaster triumphs, and rejoices, above all, that such wonders can be wrought by *his* ministry, and that the sword is but a feeble rush, when set against *his* power, which has taught men thoroughly to know, and, knowing, steadily to maintain,

"What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so."

We learn that Mr. Southey disapproves, in some respects, of the London University. We were prepared for this ;—but we were not prepared for this capital preface to this disapproval, of which we must indulge ourselves in quoting some of the best passages :—

It is possible to raise the standard of knowledge in a community, as it is to raise the standard of comforts and there is not the same danger in raising it ; for in the one case uneasy desires and habits of imprudent expenditure may be produced, but with the other the means of enjoyment are imparted, and that enjoyment is the only one in the indulgence of which there can be no excess, and from which no evil can arise. This point will not be contested. Neither is it a question of dispute whether the metropolis is the most convenient place that could be chosen in which to establish a third university. The colleges erected and to be erected in London, cannot have the effect of rendering such an institution less wanted in the north of England ; neither could the foundation of one in the north lessen the necessity for these colleges in London, where the circumstances of the age require them. If the metropolis be, as certainly it is, the most unfitting place to which young men could be brought for collegiate education, who should be under no other restraint than the little which any collegiate discipline, consistent with the usages and spirit and feelings of this nation, can apply, it is as certainly the fittest place in which those who are already domesticated there can receive the education which it is now proposed to offer them,—the only place in which the greater number of them can receive it, and the most convenient for all, all things considered.

Wherefore, then, doth Mr. Southey quarrel with the founders of the London University, the necessity for whose foundation he so distinctly admits ?—First, about a name. He calls the appellation "University, inappropriate and arrogant"—an "assumption of sovereignty ;"—and in a note, in which he quotes Sir William Buck, from Mr. Dyer, he appears to think that such a title is already in force, and that the city of London might claim the dignity of University, seeing that it possesses those valuable institutions of learning, the four Inns of Court, the lesser Inns, and Gresham College. Truly, in many respects, the city of London, in these venerable institutions, offers a very happy likeness of what an University *was*, not many years ago, and what an University *might have long continued to be*, but for the general intellectual advancement of the people. If the four Inns of Court "where degrees are conferred," not a single qualification is required but the eating of a certain number of dinners ;—and though lectures "were delivered there," in days long gone by, it was reserved for the London University first to teach the law student the *rationale* of his profession, by the most effective mode of oral instruction. Gresham College, too,

is on a par with the absurdity of the teaching of the four Inns of Court;—or rather, it goes far beyond them in absurdity. Lectures, during a certain week, are ordered to be delivered in a room over the Royal Exchange;—we believe they must be in Latin;—no one goes to hear them, and that circumstance is a lucky one for the lecturer, seeing that no preparation is made, and, that if an audience did gather together, he would be sadly puzzled what to do with them. So much for Mr. Southey's University of the *City* of London;—and so much for the “arrogance” of those who, professing and teaching every branch of knowledge, (except that one branch, which the most richly endowed body of men in the world are especially appointed to teach, without fee, to all comers) call this institution “an University.” Thus it is with all such reasonings as the piece of logic before us, which clings to forms rather than to realities;—and would prefer the ghost of some piece of antiquity to uphold, than the real flesh and blood vigour of an establishment suited to our times, and doing an infinity of good, at a moderate cost, to all who put themselves under its guidance. We rejoice to say that number is not a small one.*

But we come at last to the old objection on the score that Divinity is not systematically taught at the London University; and here Mr. Southey presses into his service pamphleteers and paragraph writers, as if he was proud of the meanest ally, and doubtful of his own unaided prowess. Mr. Southey, however, is sufficiently bold in his

* Amongst the great advantages of this University to those inhabitants of London who are disposed to cultivate the elegant branches of learning, we think it no mean benefit that, at a convenient hour, and for a very trifling expense, they may attend lectures on the literature of the modern languages. The professors, in these departments, are all exceedingly able men;—and most of them are distinguished as popular writers. The professor of Italian literature, well known as an accomplished scholar, will deliver a course of twelve lectures on the *Orlando Innamorato* of BOJARDO, and BERNI's *Rifacimento*; the *Morgante Maggiore* of PULCI; the *Orlando Furioso* of ARIOSTO; the *Anadigi* of B. TASSO; the *Ricciardetto* of FORTIGUERRA. In the delivery of these lectures abstruse criticism will be avoided, as it is intended to render them interesting, even to persons to whom the study of Italian literature is a matter of mere recreation. The following among other points, will be discussed. A short historical review of the chivalrous ages will be given, wherein some of the various stories of the *romanesque* poets will be traced to their first sources, and thus the history of this species of poetry will be inquired into. The main subjects of the several poems will be so separated, that the individual order and connexion of their plans may become evident, in spite of the variety of incidents. The characters of the most remarkable personages will be analyzed and compared. The kind of machinery employed by these poets will be examined, and its peculiarities pointed out and illustrated. The art with which the episodes are introduced, and the beauty of some of them (both as abstract compositions and constituent parts of a whole poem) will be considered. The descriptive powers of the poets will be weighed, and the general qualities of their style will meet with attention. With reference to the qualities of style, the real merits of BERNI's *Rifacimento* will be investigated, and the charms of ARIOSTO's diction particularly attended to. Original matter will be distinguished from imitations; and what is singular and peculiar from what may be considered as parallel similarities. Authors will be compared one with another, so that they may be severally and duly appreciated. That his arguments may be better understood, the Professor will illustrate them with appropriate quotations. These lectures will begin about the middle of February; and we have the highest expectations they will be productive of great pleasure, as well as the most solid benefit, to those who are fortunate enough to have opportunities of attending them.

assertions, to be able to stand alone; and he calls nick-names, as if he had never felt their annoyance. "That the scheme, as originally framed, would have tended to loosen and dissolve the ties by which men are attached to the constitution of these kingdoms, we know; and that it was intended to do so we believe." So says the reviewer. How then—have you not told us "ignorance is rude, censorious, jealous, obstinate, and proud—these being exactly the ingredients of which disobedience is made;" and will a university in which the useful and liberal arts, the sciences, professional learning, and elegant literature are taught, be an exception to your general rule? But then there is no divinity chair; and "those who are of any denomination which ends in *ist* or *arian*, will properly encourage the college in which any religion may be taught, or none." We, individually, have a deep regard for the church of England—but we have not, therefore, a contempt for those who dissent from her doctrines. We neither • undervalue their numbers nor their power; and even Mr. Southey dare not undervalue the piety of the greater proportion of them. Have the members of these sects, whom even the most intolerant would not scruple to call Christians, made a rout about this non-teaching of theology in the London University, the stale bug-bear and party-cry against it? Look at the names of its council. There is indeed no bishop there—we wish there had been—but there are several men whom some of the best bishops of the present day would embrace with the warmth of Christian fellowship, and own that their motives were above all suspicion. These men are not afraid to leave their young men, in religious matters, to the care of their parents or guardians, and to the guidance of their spiritual pastors. It is the ordinary course of society with regard to young men, after they have passed the age of the mere schoolboy. And why, then, is the church of England to be afraid of the same course; as if its doctrines would incur the danger of falling into disesteem, if they were not made irksome and ridiculous, as the matin and evening bells of Oxford and Cambridge make them. The truth is, the church will be exclusive, even in matters which do not belong to church discipline; and it has a right to be so if it please, for it is rich enough, and powerful enough. But why will its mistaken supporters quarrel with others, because they are not exclusive also? The church has a right, of course, to its colleges in London; but it has no right to say that those are "indifferent to all religion" who send their children to a place of instruction where there are no exclusions; and that those "who are attached by feeling and principle to our free constitution in church and state, must necessarily prefer the King's College." We believe that some of those who are most warmly attached to this constitution, and who have no feeling but that of goodwill towards the church, would rather that she did not make arrogant pretensions to superior holiness, which only cause her adversaries to laugh at her. The reviewer very properly says of these institutions, "There is room enough for both;" but this room is not honestly to be gained, by narrowing the ground upon which either ought to stand.

The fifth article of the present Number is a most interesting notice of Clapperton's 'Second Expedition into the Interior of Africa,' writ-

ten with that intimate knowledge of the subject, and with that agreeable manner of imparting such knowledge, which has given the 'Quarterly' a deservedly high reputation for its mode of treating matters connected with geographical Discovery.

The sixth and seventh articles,—the one, Equitable Jurisdiction over Parents and Children, the other, on the Trade of the United States with the West Indies, we have not had time to peruse.

We have many books on our table which shall receive a speedy notice; our space at present will only allow us to say a word of a pretty trifle,

THE MUSICAL BIJOU.

We ought to have noticed the 'Musical Bijou' at the beginning of the year, inasmuch as it is one of the 'Annuals'—but it is a fitting gift to a fair lady at any season, and needs not the new year to make it acceptable. It is indeed exceedingly suitably got up: the prints are pretty, the songs are pretty, the whole thing is pretty. The waltz, Weber's last composition, is attractive for its own merit, as well as from the singular interest which its being the last effort of a great genius must necessarily throw around it. There are also some very pleasing verses by Sir Walter Scott. But besides these gems, the general character of the whole is extremely agreeable, and singularly well-fitted to make the work a welcome present to the piano-fortes of our fair friends.

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CURRENCY.—MR. TOOKE'S LETTER TO LORD GRENVILLE.*

IF the name of Mr. Tooke affixed to a work of this nature were not of itself a sufficient recommendation, we should venture to point out the matter contained in the 'Letter to Lord Grenville' as peculiarly worthy of the attention of such of our readers as are led, by a sense of its national importance, to take an interest in a subject, the discussion of which affords so little of what, in common parlance, is termed amusement: nor, we are sure, will they deem any apology necessary for the extent of this article, especially at the present moment, when the happy settlement of a question which has long agitated and distracted the political world will, we hope, afford all parties more leisure, as well as more aptitude, for the calm and patient discussion of the numerous questions relating to the financial state of the country. Ever since the great fall of the prices of many commodities, especially of agricultural produce, which took place soon after the passing of the act, commonly called "Mr. Peel's Bill," under which the Bank of England resumed cash payments, a great number and variety of elaborate publications and long speeches have been continually addressed to the legislature and to the public, attributing to that measure effects upon the currency little short of a revolution in the property of the country. "In the discussion," says Mr. Tooke, "which took place in both Houses of Parliament, at the close of last session, on the Small Note Bill, and in the different pamphlets and articles of the periodical press which have appeared upon the subject of the currency, it seems to have been implicitly assumed, that Mr. Ricardo, and all those who with him maintained that the utmost operation of Mr. Peel's bill on the value of the currency could not exceed three or four per cent., have been manifestly wrong, for that the notorious effect of that bill had been to depress prices to an extent computed by the most moderate at not less than twenty-five per cent., but by the generality of persons at a much higher rate. Assertions to this effect have of late been repeated so often, and with so much confidence, while hardly any, or only

* A Letter to Lord Grenville on the Effects ascribed to the Resumption of Cash Payments on the Value of the Currency.—By Thomas Tooke, Esq., F.R.S. Murray. 1829.

a very feeble contradiction has been offered to them, that they seem to pass current and unquestioned as a part of our financial and commercial creed. These assertions, and the doctrines founded upon them, are calculated, while they remain uncontradicted and unrefuted, not only to falsify an important portion of the history of our monetary system, but to exercise a considerable and mischievous influence on the future proceedings of the legislature regarding the currency."

The holders of these opinions have in consequence been continually calling upon the legislature to repair the evil they had produced. To give a detailed account of the various nostrums proposed by these gentlemen would be foreign to our present purpose, as it is not the remedy for the disorder, but its presence, which is the point in dispute; and our attention for the present must be directed to the enquiry as to the accuracy of the arguments, by which certain symptoms are, by the different writers upon this question, held to be conclusive or fallacious in proving the existence of the disease. Thus much we may, perhaps, be allowed to observe, that if a revolution in the value of property really was produced in 1820, to the extent contended for, by an alteration of the value of the currency, as much injustice would be done, and as much confusion produced by another alteration of the standard in 1830, as by that which it is contended was effected by Mr. Peel's bill.

The question as to the amount of the alteration in the exchangeable value of money, or, as it is sometimes called, the amount of the depreciation of the circulating medium during the Bank restriction, we have always considered as set at rest by the admirable writings of Mr. Ricardo upon the subject of currency, particularly by that entitled 'The High Price of Bullion, a Proof of the Depreciation of Bank Notes;' a re-perusal of which we have always found amply sufficient to convince us of the unsoundness of the opinions to which we have just now adverted, and to confirm us in our conviction of the soundness of the doctrine maintained both in the writings and speeches of that most eminent political economist, that the difference between the market and mint price of gold, during the Bank restriction, was an accurate measure of the depreciation of the circulating medium during that period. At the time Mr. Ricardo wrote, he had to contend with adversaries who denied the existence of any depreciation, and their objections to the accuracy of the test he proposed for ascertaining the value of the circulating medium he successfully refuted. His conclusions have been since assailed by the advocates of opinions the very opposite to those which were held by his former opponents—persons who with him would admit the depreciation of the currency, but would carry the amount of that depreciation far beyond the limits which his test would assign to it. The accuracy of this test they impugn, by the production of certain facts which, they maintain, if true, are inconsistent with its validity. The same course was pursued by those who attacked his theory during the discussion which preceded the resumption of cash payments. As may be supposed, the facts of the two parties of assailants are diametrically opposed to each other; their mode of attack is the same—it is what they are pleased to call arguing practically, or from experience, in preference to arguing theoretically. Their method of argument has indeed the

merit of being easy; and if that be a merit in their eyes, it certainly has the merit of being the very reverse of theoretical.

Theory is the deduction of a few inferences from a multitude of facts; every conclusion being supported by inferences from every fact which bears upon it. In the "practical" method (we give it this name, because we do not know what to call it, and it is not worth the invention of a word,) the inferences and conclusions are the multitude, the facts are few and far between.

The facts upon which the ultra-depreciationists (we beg their pardons for giving them such a queer name, but, once for all, it will save us much circumlocution) support their theory, are 1st, The low amount of bullion in the coffers of the Bank during the restriction; 2ndly, the state of prices of a great variety of commodities, at various periods before and during the restriction, and after the enactment of Mr. Peel's bill; 3rdly, The amount of the issues of the Bank of England.

The inferences drawn from the first of these, viz. the state of the coffers of the Bank, include the only one, in our opinion, which has any importance. It is admitted that gold, during the Bank restriction, being no longer used as circulating medium, became a mere commodity. The variations then of the price of gold, occasioned by an excess of the currency, were liable to be counteracted, or enhanced, like those of any other commodity, by intrinsic causes of fluctuation—causes existing in the state of the demand and supply of the precious metals. A vast quantity of gold is alleged by the ultra-depreciationists, to have been thrown upon the bullion market of the world, by the adoption of an inconvertible paper currency in this country; and of this a corresponding depression in the exchangeable value of the precious metals was the natural result. Hence the depreciation of our circulating medium was to be measured from a much lower standard price than that which was in use previous to the Bank restriction. We confess we never attributed much importance even to this point; and were, at the time it was first started, fully satisfied with the arguments by which Mr. Tooke, in a former work, (to which, in the course of this article, we shall have frequent occasion to refer,) combated the facts and reasonings by which it was attempted to prove a general diminution of the exchangeable value of bullion during the twenty years succeeding the year 1797. Mr. Tooke, in his present pamphlet, alludes to these arguments contained in his former work, which he conceives to be "either little known, or not deemed to be conclusive." We suspect the former to be the case; although, had it come from any one but the author himself, we should have entered our protest against the use of the expression "little known," as applied to the work on 'High and Low Prices;' that work, and the valuable matter it contains, are well known and appreciated by all those who are desirous of making themselves acquainted with the subject of currency. To those indeed, and they are a great majority, especially on subjects the investigation of which is attended with some trouble and difficulty, who take up their opinions without making themselves, in any degree, masters of the case, it may be, and, amongst that class, to those who have adopted

the ideas of the ultra-depreciationists it probably is "little known;" as it is not strange that the contents of a book should be unknown to those who habitually dread any research which leads them beyond the pages of a pamphlet, or a review. It is for this reason that we are glad that Mr. Tooke has taken the opportunity afforded him by the permission which he has obtained, to publish some facts hitherto unknown to the public, of reviving the subject and of directing the attention of the public to his former arguments. Mr. Tooke has published in his late pamphlet a Table delivered by the Bank to the committee in 1819; shewing the state of the cash and bullion in the coffers of the Bank, the amount of their discounts, advances to Government, and notes in circulation for each year during the period of the restriction. These accounts were granted by the Bank under a condition that they should not be made public; but ten years having elapsed since the period of its communication to the committee, the reasons, whatever they may have been, which induced the directors to withhold it from the public, seem to have vanished, and Mr. Tooke has obtained permission to publish it.

That part of the Table which shews the amount of bullion kept during the restriction in the coffers of the bank, taken in conjunction with a table of a similar nature in Mr. Tooke's pamphlet on the currency in 1825, tends materially to confirm the arguments of those who maintain that the quantity of the precious metals, which went, in consequence of the bank restriction, to swell the general circulation of the world, was much exaggerated. The bank directors seem by no means to have availed themselves, as has been supposed, of the power which the restriction gave them to liberate that portion of their capital, which, under the ordinary circumstances of liability to pay their notes in cash, they would have been obliged to keep in their coffers in the shape of bullion. On the contrary, the bank directors (for what reasons we know not) seem to have kept a very considerable stock of gold in their coffers during the whole period of the restriction. In the period of ten years succeeding the bank restriction, that is, from 1798 to 1808 inclusive, the average amount of bullion in the bank coffers was, it appears, about six millions, being nearly the same amount as in the period of ten years previous to 1797. In the period of five years next ensuing, that is from 1808 to 1812 both inclusive, the average was about five millions. In the next period of five years the average was about six millions. And the two remaining years, previous to the passing of Mr. Peel's act, exhibit a declining amount of treasure in the coffers of the bank, the amount in 1818 being about ten millions, and in 1819 about six.

Thus it appears that during the bank restriction no great addition can have been made to the stock of bullion in the markets of the world, from the quantity of gold set free from the coffers of the Bank of England. This tends materially to confirm the opinion stated in Mr. Tooke's former work, that a sum of from fourteen to fifteen millions is an ample allowance for the quantity of gold which went from this country to increase the mass of the precious metals in the rest of the world; and which, so far as it went, must have tended, *ceteris paribus*, to diminish their value. But, as Mr. Tooke justly observes, "other

things were not the same. For while, as a consequence of the bank restriction, about twelve or fifteen millions of our coin went abroad, there was, in consequence of the wars on the continent, which were, with few intervals, coincident with the period referred to, a great and unusual absorption of the metals, and particularly gold, in the treasures and military chests of the belligerent powers. It is probable that, at the same time, more of the metals than usual was hoarded by the inhabitants of those states of the continent which were either the seat of war, or which had issued paper to excess. There were likewise some periods of the war, particularly the interval between 1808 and 1813, when, by the violent anti-commercial decrees and regulations of the French government, there was great difficulty and danger attending the transmission of bills of exchange, and when, in fact, commercial operations, depending on credit, were nearly suspended. Such obstructions to circulation were equivalent to a diminution in the amount of the currency. So striking were these circumstances, both separately and collectively considered, that they were, by the great majority of those who at that time took a part in the discussions on this subject, appealed to as very much outweighing the effect of the quantity of gold rendered available for the purposes of the continent, by the substitution of paper in this country."—*High and Low Prices*, 2d edit. p. 23.

Thus, we think, has been successfully disposed of, the argument that "the banishment of the metals, gold principally, from the circulation of this country during the restriction, and the recent recall of them for the resumption, affected, in a considerable degree, the value of gold and silver in the commercial world, diminishing their value during the former, and increasing it in the latter period,"—by which argument it is endeavoured to prove that the depreciation of our currency was, during the restriction, much greater than that which was indicated by the price of gold.

Now, if this argument fails, we do not see what other inference can be drawn on either side of the question, from the state of the reserve of bullion in the coffers of the Bank during the restriction. The amount of that reserve, or its proportion to the issues of the Bank of England notes, proves just nothing—neither that amount, nor that proportion, is an element of calculation upon any method of estimating the depreciation of the circulating medium. With a circulating medium composed of paper convertible into specie, the consequence, indeed, of an excess of currency will be, that its notes will be returned upon the Bank in such quantities, as may draw every ounce of gold from its coffers, if a sufficient stock of bullion is not kept in reserve. But, as long as the paper of the Bank of England, constituting as it did during the restriction the circulating medium of the country, is not convertible into specie on demand—as long as it is not in the power of the holders of notes, or of the bullion merchants, to compel the issuers of paper money to give them gold for notes, or notes for gold—the persons in whose hands the regulation of the circulating medium is placed may keep their reserve of bullion in as large, or as small a proportion to the notes in circulation, as suits their fancy. During the restriction, the Bank directors, as appears by the evidence of some of their body before Parliamentary committees, by the speeches of their organs in

the House of Commons, and by the writings of the supporters of their views, did not profess to regulate their issues by any reference to the price of gold, but to be guided entirely by the applications at the Bank for discounts; this they maintain was the indication of the degree of demand for circulating medium. This, it is now admitted, (we believe universally,) was no criterion at all of the want or abundance of circulating medium; and it is therefore obvious that, following this blind guide, they might, if the market rate of discount had risen above their rate, have diminished their issues, as to occasion a contraction of the circulating medium, sufficient to have sunk the price of gold below the standard, at a time when they might have disposed of every ounce of gold in their coffers; or had their rate of discount happened to be low, as compared with the market rate, the circulation might have been so glutted with their notes, as to raise gold far above the mint price, while at the same time, by buying at the market price, they could fill their coffers with bullion, and, protected by the restriction act, would have kept every ounce of it in their possession. That bullion, indeed, they would have bought at a high price; and in proportion to the height of the price would have been the nominal amount of the capital of the Bank, which they would have condemned to unproductive idleness. But, *à priori*, there is nothing to preclude us from the supposition of erroneous conduct in the management of the affairs of the Bank of England during the period of the restriction. And, in fact, such a course of conduct was actually pursued to a certain extent by the directors. Nothing, indeed, more fully confirms those opinions, which have been pretty generally prevalent ever since the time of the Bullion Committee, as to the complete and profound ignorance of the principles of currency which prevailed in the minds of the Bank directors of the period now under discussion, than the tables lately published by Mr. Tooke. In the first place, they appear to have imagined, somehow or other, that it was necessary for "the safety of their establishment" (they might as well have said "for the honour of the house") to have a large stock of bullion in their treasury; and, at a time when no one could demand from them an ounce of gold, to act in this respect as if they were issuing convertible paper. It may be said, as Mr. Tooke says for them, (we think somewhat hastily) that they acted in contemplation of a resumption of cash payments, but the rest of their conduct negatives such a supposition. It would appear singular to any one not acquainted with their truly peculiar method of managing their affairs, to be told that they regulated their reserve with a view to the resumption of cash payments, when it appears that their stock of bullion was always largest at the time when there was least fear of a run upon them for gold, had such an event happened, as the passing of an act similar to Mr. Peel's bill; and that the amount of the reserve was systematically smallest at the periods when, the currency being in its greatest excess, the occurrence of such an event as the resumption of cash payments would have sent every holder of one of their twenty-eight millions of depreciated notes to demand its full value in bullion at the Bank, upon the first intimation that he was entitled to do so. A most needless accumulation of treasure, if that accumulation was intended as a preparation for a resumption

of cash payments, took place at periods when the currency was least redundant, when the price of gold and the foreign exchanges indicated scarcely any depreciation; stores of gold were purchased and laid up in the Bank at a time when, had they resumed cash payments, little, if any, gold would have been demanded of them. In corroboration of this opinion, we may add, that when, under similar indications, the Bank did resume cash payments, no demand at all was made upon them for gold. The solution of this strange conduct appears to be simply this, that the Bank regulated, not their issues of notes, but their purchases of bullion, by the price of the precious metals—they bought gold only when it was below a certain price, that price being sometimes fixed by their resolutions considerably above the standard, or mint price, of 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* We have already shewn, by reference to the tables, that the periods at which they increased their stores of treasure, were exactly the periods when those reserves of bullion were least required to meet a resumption of cash payments; and the periods at which those reserves ran lowest, were just those at which it behoved them to be best prepared, in case of a resumption, to stand a very considerable run upon them for gold.

Now it is easy to see that this is the necessary consequence of such a rule of conduct: for having affixed a maximum to the price at which they would purchase gold, the moment the currency arrived at a certain point of excess, gold rose above it, and they were forced by their own rule to discontinue purchasing it: their reserve consequently diminished. The reverse effect took place on a contraction of the currency; an influx of the precious metals into their coffers was then the result of their resolutions regarding the purchase of gold. Now if the idea of regulating their issues by keeping their circulation in a certain proportion to their reserve, had ever entered into their heads, (and it would have been fortunate if it had done so, for, as the amount of that reserve depended, under their rule, upon the price of bullion, their issues would have been effectually controlled,) they would either never have allowed the price of gold to remain above their maximum price for seven years, while their treasure was daily diminishing from the supplies of bullion which they afforded to government; or (if they were unaware that they had the remedy in their own hands) they would have felt and expressed alarm at such a state of things, which, had it continued, would have left their coffers absolutely empty, or obliged them to discontinue their supply of bullion to government. But the truth is, that the directors of the Bank of England had as little idea of regulating their issues by the price of gold, or amount of their reserve, as they had of the means by which they had it in their power to have lowered the former and increased the latter. They stoutly asserted that the currency was not in excess, that their notes were not depreciated. Mr. Vansittart moved, and the commons voted, that the contrary proposition was untrue—the depreciation (which existed, notwithstanding all these formidable authorities, and the omnipotence of parliament) might have continued—might have increased to any extent, but that the directors issued their notes and regulated their currency by a rule which made the supply of the circulating medium depend upon the number of applications for discounts at the bank,—in

other words, upon the rate of interest. Now as that rate fluctuates, and as the bank did not closely follow its fluctuations in the regulation of their rate of discounts, it is clear that, according as the bank discounted above the market rate, the circulation might have been reduced so as to enhance the value of the circulating medium to a very great degree, just as, in 1814, an excess of the circulating medium produced its greatest depreciation. Had the Bank directors regulated their issues by the barometer, they could hardly have chosen a more effectual method of securing a continual fluctuation in the value of their notes. The consideration of these circumstances puts an end to all surprise at the strange anomalies presented under this head in the table given by Mr. Tooke, in which it appears that the amount of the reserve in the bank, instead of varying directly as the amount of their notes and the price of gold, during the greatest portion of the time of the restriction, ran low as the amount of their notes increased, and as the price of gold rose. We cannot then agree with Mr. Tooke in the following inference which he draws from the table: "That the Bank directors did, during that long interval, regulate their issues with a pretty constant reference to their eventual liability to pay in specie; for what other possible motive could they have for keeping so large a part of their capital in an unproductive state?"—(*Letter to Lord Grenville*, p. 47.) We think we have shewn that their reserves were so managed as to negative the assumption that they were kept with a view to a resumption of cash payments; that their occasional high amount was the result of a comparatively low price of gold, a price which the Bank directors had no voluntary share in occasioning; and, moreover, that the general conduct of the persons who managed the affairs of the Bank, does not make it absolutely incumbent upon him or upon us, as Mr. Tooke implies by the latter part of the sentence, to give a substantial reason for their acts.

We now come to the second argument advanced by those who have contended against Mr. Ricardo's estimate of the depreciation of the currency. That argument rests upon a rise asserted to have taken place in the price of commodities subsequently to the restriction, and to have continued until the resumption of cash payments under Mr. Peel's bill. But, in order that prices may form any criterion by which the excess or deficiency of the circulating medium is to be ascertained, it is obvious that, in the first place, the rise or fall of price must be common to every commodity; that where the precious metals do not compose any portion of the circulating medium, as they certainly did not during the Bank restriction, during which time gold ceased to be the measure of exchangeable value, and prices were estimated in Bank of England notes, bullion becomes a mere commodity; subject, in the market, to the same laws of exchangeable value as corn, cotton, or iron, and that, therefore, a rise or fall in the price of gold would as necessarily accompany a redundant, or deficient circulation, as a rise in the price of cotton, corn, or iron; and that the rise or fall in gold would not only accompany, and be coincident with the rise or fall in the price of other commodities, but, in the absence of other disturbing causes, extrinsic to the state of the circulation, would be co-extensive. The redundancy, or deficiency

of the circulating medium does not affect prices partially or unequally. If then, under a restriction, the rise in the prices of commodities, bullion included, be not universal and co-extensive, we must look for those disturbing causes intrinsic to the commodities themselves, which we have already alluded to in a former part of this article, when treating of the effects of the Bank restriction on the general value of the precious metals. It becomes necessary then to enquire into the existence and effect of those disturbing causes peculiar to commodities taken individually, arising out of circumstances affecting their demand and supply. The question then becomes one of infinite detail. It becomes absolutely necessary not only to trace the actual variations in price of a vast variety of articles, but to examine, at each period, the state of their production, distribution, and consumption, until we can discover one whose unvaried value may afford a standard whereby to estimate the depreciation, or enhancement of the exchangeable value of the currency. A discrepancy like this between the rise in the price of gold and that of a variety of other commodities being admitted to have existed at the period under consideration, such an analysis becomes necessary; yet at this we have never hitherto seen any attempt, attended with any thing approaching to success, made by any of the antagonists of Mr. Ricardo. On the other hand, Mr. Tooke, in his work on 'High and Low Prices,' has presented a view of the fluctuations in the prices of a vast number of the staple commodities of this country, and traced those fluctuations (and especially those most relied upon by the ultra-depreciationists) very minutely and satisfactorily, to causes intrinsic to the articles themselves; and he has disproved the connexion of a great portion of their rise with the state of the currency: whilst, at the same time, he has shewn the comparative steadiness in the general value of the precious metals, by reasonings which we have already had occasion to revert to. We regret that the length to which this article has already extended precludes our entering, at present, further into this branch of the subject; but, we regret it the less, as we hope that a continuation of the valuable work to which we have already so often alluded, is in process of completion by its author; and the prospect which he holds out in the pamphlet now before us, warrants us in supposing that it will not be long before it will afford us an opportunity of recurring to the subject.

The large amount of Bank of England notes in circulation is frequently referred to by the ultra-depreciationists as a proof of the excess of the currency. But the absolute amount of the circulating medium cannot, as an insulated fact, be of itself a proof of depreciation. That the circulating medium may be increased in absolute amount without necessarily producing a depreciation, is a simple and obvious deduction from the very elementary proposition in the theory of money, that the value of the whole circulating medium must be equal to the value of the exchanges of commodities which are simultaneously performing by means of its intervention; thence we may infer that a greater degree of national wealth or of commercial activity will call for an increase of the circulating medium. This is one cause which, in any country, may produce an extension of the whole

circulating medium, of whatever nature it may be, without necessarily occasioning any depreciation. But in a country like this, where commerce is in a high state of advancement, the circulation is composed of a vast variety of substitutes for money; and in the transaction of mercantile affairs numerous expedients are resorted to for the purpose of avoiding the intervention of so valuable an object as precious metal. Of the nature of the former are bills of exchange, promissory notes; of that of the latter, are bankers' accounts* and credit. All these expedients were in use, and formed a part of the general circulation of the country at the period of the Bank restriction. But where the commercial affairs of a nation are carried on by such a variety of means, the amount of one only of the various descriptions of currency which are in use, affords obviously a very inaccurate criterion of depreciation: for any sudden contraction of any one branch of currency may call for an extension of another, in order to fill up the deficiency in the circulating medium. The amount of Bank of England notes, for instance, may, if they constitute the lawful money of the realm, be increased to a great extent by those circumstances which frequently are the result of over-trading. The losses amongst those who have embarked in speculations which have not been attended with success, occasion frequent, and perhaps, unexpected failures; confidence is impaired; that part of the currency which depends upon confidence for its existence is reduced to so small an amount as to render the whole circulation inadequate to perform even a diminished amount of mercantile exchanges. Under these circumstances, it is obvious, that an extension of any one of the other branches of currency may be affected, not only without producing a depreciation, but may be absolutely necessary to prevent an enhancement of the value of the circulating medium. To give an example: such an event took place upon a great scale in the year 1810. "A great commercial revulsion," says Mr. Tooke (*Letter to Lord Grenville*, p. 89) "began in the summer of that year, as a consequence of the extravagant speculations connected with an extension of credit which had occurred in the two preceding years. Besides numerous and extensive mercantile failures, no fewer than twenty-six country banks failed.

"The applications for discount at the Bank of England rose to an unprecedented height, and an addition was made of four millions to its circulation, making the amount, in August, 1810, 24,446,175*l.*, the greatest amount which it reached before the termination of the war.

"But this addition to the Bank circulation of nearly eight millions, compared with the amount in February, 1808, and six millions and a half, compared with the amount in February, 1809, was hardly sufficient to fill the void in the general circulation created by the diminution of banking and mercantile credit."

Now, during the restriction, when the notes of the Bank of England had been thus thrown into the circulation, they were not, upon the re-

* A very masterly exposition, by Mr. Pennington, of the manner in which exchanges are affected, and intervention of money rendered unnecessary through the medium of bankers' accounts, is given in the appendix to Mr Tooke's pamphlet.

turn of confidence, driven out again by those mercantile securities, whose place they had taken, so soon as a metallic circulating medium would have been : the motive of economizing, which had, in a great degree, given birth to those various substitutes for money, no longer existed, when they could no longer displace anything more valuable than themselves ; and, being no longer a cheaper medium of exchange, it was only in those cases where they were a more convenient one that they re-entered the circulation. This circumstance will tend very materially to account for the great and progressive increase of the amount of Bank of England notes during the restriction.

We must now take leave of this subject. We are conscious that we ourselves have brought no new or original matter to the discussion of it ; but we shall be amply satisfied if we shall have revived, in the recollection of those who have already studied them, or introduced to the notice of those who have not, the arguments of the able writers who have taken a part in this controversy ; and if, by so doing, we shall have in any degree contributed to protect and maintain the integrity of public and private contracts, against the attacks of certain politicians, who, led away by mistaken views and partial considerations of the question we have been discussing, seek to disturb the prosperity of individuals, to violate the rights of the national creditor ; and who do not scruple to affix to their scheme of plunder and injustice the monstrous misnomer of an "*equitable adjustment*."

UNIVERSAL BIOGRAPHIES.

WE are not sure that there is, after all, any better way of making knowledge, of any kind, popular, than that of mixing it up with the human interest of biography. Of course, this is not the method, according to which the *regular* student of any science or branch of literature will prefer instituting himself in the subject he would master : he is strong-headed enough to drink the *merum* of philosophy, its unmixed wine, or if necessary, its thrice concentrated alcohol. But we speak of the case of those, whose customary potations being of a comparatively very weak and uninspiring element, have neither brain nor palate for such potent draughts ; and are apt, therefore, to be overset by their very presentment. As to them, we must remember, that the rule is "milk for babes,"—sugar with the physic,—a plentiful dash of water in the wine. It will not, administered in this fashion, elevate them at so rapid a rate, certainly ; nor perhaps ever lift them to the same transcendental state which men arrive at through means of the unmitigated spirit ; but still, it is by no means incapable of supplying a very comfortable inspiration for all that, and imparting to the mind both enjoyment and refinement. The question then is, not what is the right method of teaching the truths of science to the professed student of science, but rather, how a taste for any kind of knowledge, and an acquaint-

ance with at least its most important principles, may be communicated to the people in general; including in that term, not only our mechanics and labourers, but all those belonging to the higher grades of society, with whom literature is not a profession; but who might yet add greatly, both to their happiness and their influence individually and collectively, without either withdrawing themselves from, or unfitting themselves for, their usual avocations, by making it, at least occasionally, their amusement and relaxation.

We are glad to perceive, that the *Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge* have shewn themselves quite alive to this consideration, by their recent announcement of a 'Library of Entertaining Knowledge,' expressly intended to convey the sort of instruction, and in the manner we have just been describing. Undoubtedly, to a mind properly disciplined for its reception, all knowledge is, in a high sense of the word, entertaining: it excites the mind, and fills it with most exquisite enjoyment. The epithet, therefore, is not, as has been flippantly said, a contradictory or unintelligible one, but perfectly applicable to the thing characterized, and nowise inconsistent even with the other epithet given to the same thing, in the older series of the Society's publications. For in truth, what is commonly called Useful Knowledge differs from what we understand to be here meant by Entertaining Knowledge, not so much in itself as in the manner of its presentment. It is not intended that the new work, because it aims at being entertaining, is not to aim also at being instructive. It is to entertain by the communication of knowledge,—a task really not so impracticable as some people seem to imagine, who talk, or write, as if there were no entertainment in any thing under heaven, except their own daily or hebdomadal batch of bad puns; or their pictures of high life, consisting, for the most part, in an orthodox hatred of steel forks, and all the other knowledge of the Housekeeper's Room.

How easily, as we have remarked, does Biography, for example, admit of being rendered a vehicle for almost any sort of knowledge which it may be desired to communicate, in such a way as that minds, but little accustomed to the exercise of thought, may nevertheless be interested in the subject, and almost imperceptibly introduced to an acquaintance with it! May not the life of a great discoverer in any of the arts or sciences be so written as to form a most instructive history and exposition of his discoveries, and even of the whole department of knowledge to which they relate; not only without being rendered heavy or forbidding on that account, but with the greatest advantage even to the mere interest and popular effect of the narrative? The mind that has soared highest and farthest in the pursuit of science, has taken its first flight from a level of ignorance as humble as that of the most uninformed reader; such a reader may at least, therefore, be made to discern and understand the beginning of that rise, whose termination is even so great a way beyond his ken: and having gained thus much of ascent, may be gradually uplifted to such a companionship with the less daring excursions of the mightiest spirits, as shall open to him a thousand sources of enjoyment he never before dreamed of, and re-

generate and make him a new being altogether. And especially such a use as this may be made of the lives of those, who have been entirely or principally their own teachers, even in the rudiments of learning (the fact being, that in all his loftier acquisitions, every man is necessarily his own teacher): since here we have the mind, not carried, but literally climbing, up to knowledge; and therefore, where the process has been recorded with sufficient minuteness, can point to, and describe every step of the ascent, in such a way, as that it may be followed almost by any one, whatever may be his powers or opportunities. There is really no subject which may not be taught upon this plan, nearly as one would tell a story; for whatever men know has been done or discovered by men, and may be naturally and conveniently unfolded, in relating the lives of those by whom it has been discovered or done. Not that this is the regular, or, in all circumstances, the best mode of teaching science; for those who are able or inclined to study it by itself, it is much better, undoubtedly, that it should be presented without any accompaniment; but still, for persons of merely ordinary digestion, such an admixture as has been mentioned, will be found exciting, and not unsalutary.

We have been led to these reflexions by an examination of the great French work, the *Biographie Universelle*, which has been in course of publication since 1810, and has only been brought to a close a few months ago. We propose to give our readers some account of this remarkable performance, which in respect both of its extent, the difficulties in the midst of which it has been carried on, and the great talent and learning which have co-operated in its production, must be undoubtedly considered as one of the most wonderful efforts of the literature of the nineteenth century. It is not as yet very generally known in this country, where, except among a small number of scholars, the more important productions of the continental press have never excited much interest. Yet some traces we do find in the literature of the day, which shew, that it is occasionally consulted by those, who know where to look for a good thing. It is not many months since we were amused by seeing in a daily paper a communication of some length, signed by a well-known name, on the attraction of comets, which we happened to have read only a few days before in the life of Lalande, by Delambre, in one of the volumes of the *Biographie*. Very recently, another writer in the same paper gave us a dissertation on certain foolish theories, which had been promulgated in regard to Homer, taken, in like manner, nearly verbatim from a life of that poet, by Amar-Duriviez, in the same work. We are very glad to observe these evidences of the manner in which the publication is beginning to be appreciated by the more industrious of our literati.

The first Biographical Dictionary, compiled on a comprehensive plan, was that of Louis Moreri, which only appeared in 1673. It was a medley of biography, history, genealogy, mythology, and geography; and long continued to be the standard authority on all these subjects throughout Europe, undergoing, however, in course

of time, so many transformations, that the latter editions retained scarcely any thing of the author except his name. It is a name, however, that ought to be dear to literature; for poor Moreri died at his task. When the first edition of his dictionary appeared, in a single folio volume, he was only thirty years old; and he was carrying the first volume of a second greatly enlarged edition through the press, when he died, at the age of thirty-seven, in the year 1680, having literally broken down under his eager and incessant labours. Full of inaccuracies, and even defective in plan, as was Moreri's work, it was a stupendous performance for a single individual, and that a young man, working without a model, and obliged to collect his matter from an immense variety of sources in several different languages. It is said to have gone through about twenty editions in French; the last of which appeared in 1759, in ten volumes folio. The famous Jeremy Collier published an English translation of it, in two volumes folio, in 1701; to which he subsequently added two others, by way of supplement. Meantime, it had given birth to the celebrated "Critical Dictionary" of Bayle, which first appeared in 1697, in two volumes folio, having been originally conceived and undertaken simply as a supplement to Moreri; whose omissions and mistakes Bayle proposed to correct and supply. In pursuing this design, however, he produced an original work, which not only remains, to this day unrivalled, but, rich as it is in qualities over whose attraction time has no power, must continue to delight the readers of every generation, and can never be supplanted by any imitation or recasting of its materials. For it is not its materials, the mere facts which it contains—although, in general, highly curious, and drawn from a vast treasury of learning—that form the charm or value of the book; but it is the picture which it presents us of the author himself, his opinions, his mode of thinking and reasoning—all, in short, that constitutes the interior of his capacious, peculiar, and curiously furnished mind, that makes us always open it with fresh interest, and never tire in studying it. To talk of the Critical Dictionary becoming obsolete is, in truth, like talking of a reconstruction of the Chronicles of Froissart, or the Essays of Montaigne. The facts in any of the three works might certainly be given within narrower compass, and many of them, perhaps, might be dropt altogether, without much detriment to the sum of our positive knowledge; while the statement of others might possibly admit of being materially altered and corrected; but the text is too sacred a thing to be touched on any of these accounts. As a book to be consulted for information, it is quite right and necessary, to be sure, that Bayle's Dictionary should be accompanied with rectifications of whatever misstatements it has been discovered to contain; but that is the whole amount of the improvement that any one would think of bestowing upon it. We must have the book as Bayle himself wrote it, whatever more we have. Who but would prefer even his blunders as to matters of fact, and most fantastic errors of opinion, to the most minute accuracy, or the gravest sense, that would obliterate either? Such is the privilege of genius.

We have a very good English translation of Bayle's work, by his friend, Peter Desmaiseaux, in five volumes folio, which has gone through two editions. It also forms the foundation of the "General Critical and Historical Dictionary," in ten volumes folio, compiled by that useful literary labourer, Dr. Birch, assisted by George Sale, the translator of the Koran; and one or two other friends. This ponderous publication was begun in 1734, and completed in 1741. A few years after this, appeared the great collection of English biography, entitled the *Biographia Britannica*, in six volumes folio; a work, in many respects, of very high merit, and even at present deservedly held as an authority of much weight. Indeed, the learning and research displayed in many of its articles are most extensive and profound, and such as have not been surpassed in any subsequent work of the same description; while its numerous references to, and citations of, original sources of information, many of them generally inaccessible, give it a value of quite a different sort from that of ordinary compilations. The principal writers in this work are understood to have been William Oldys, the author of several now forgotten works; Philip Morant, the author of the History of Essex, and a very learned antiquary; the Rev. Thomas Broughton, also a voluminous writer; Dr. John Campbell, the author of the Political Survey of Great Britain, whose articles are all very able; a Dr. Nicolls; a Mr. Harris, of Dublin; the Rev. Mr. Hinton, a clergyman who resided in Red Lion Square; and his brother-in-law, Mr. Henry Brougham, then of Took's Court, Cursitor Street, the father, we believe, of the present distinguished member for Winchilsea. A second edition of the *Biographia Britannica* was commenced in 1778, by the late Dr. Andrew Kippis, upon a plan greatly more extensive even than that of the original work, but discontinued on the death of the editor, after the publication of five volumes, which had not nearly completed the design. Dr. Kippis was a very worthy man, and a most indefatigable student; but he manifestly looked upon the art of writing as a mere handicraft, or rather as nothing more than a species of bodily labour, in which he that could hold out longest was the best workman. He used to tell, that for many years of his life he had read regularly at the rate of sixteen hours every day—in which case he must, of course, have left himself not a single moment for thinking during the whole period; a matter, however, which he probably regarded as of very little importance. It was much the same in that respect when he moderated his reading, and turned to the writing of books. His lives are mere confused heaps of remark and quotation, to attempt wading through which can be compared to nothing, except what we are told of the miseries travellers have to encounter in making their way among the loose sand of the desert; in which they are constantly sinking down faster than they move forward; while, if they attempt to look up, they are blinded by a palpable obscure, through which it is impossible to discern aught that lies either before, or on either side of them. Even the deserts of Africa, however, have their green oases, which is more than can be said for those of Dr. Kippis. One of his broad

and floundering dissertations, with its interminable, stormy, and yet drowsily conducted controversies, can only be fitly characterised in the language of Milton; as—

“ A dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth and height,
And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night,
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal assembly, amidst the noise
Of endless war, and by confusion stand.
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery.”

Of which, the last mentioned, we can vouch, is particularly troublesome.

Among the vast mass, however, of facts and documents which Dr. Kippis has collected in the second edition of the *Biographia Britannica*, there are undoubtedly some of interest and value. The learned Editor was assisted in his undertaking by communications from several of the most eminent among his contemporaries, among whom may be particularly mentioned Lord Hardwicke, (son of the great Earl, and author of the *Athenian Letters*;) Dr. Percy, Dr. Douglas, Archdeacon Blackburne, Isaac Reed, &c. The great fault of the new portion of the work is that no part of it is, properly speaking, composed, or put in order, as a book ought to be. The good Doctor seems to have imagined that by proceeding in this free and easy style he was writing in the manner of Bayle, whom he tells us in his preface, with most amusing naïveté, he means to imitate, eschewing, however, his scepticism and other sorts of licence. Indeed, it is quite plain, as we have already said, that he had no notion of any other merit in writing except what might consist in the accumulation of facts. One of his new lives, that of the poet Cleveland, is entirely written by the celebrated Bishop of Dromore; but instead of seeming in the least degree sensible of the spirit the narrative derived from the pen of that elegant, ingenious, and accomplished scholar, he simply tells us, that Dr. Percy could not but write the article in a manner far superior to what he himself could have done, as being a descendant of the person to whom it relates, and having, therefore, peculiar opportunities of being informed as to the facts of his history.

The first English General Biographical Dictionary appeared, we believe, in 1762, in eleven volumes octavo. It is understood to have been projected and principally written by Rev. Dr. Heathcote, who, assisted by the late Mr. Nicholls, brought out a second edition of the work, in twelve volumes, in 1784. A third edition, in fifteen volumes, appeared in 1798, under the superintendence of Mr. Took, the author of the *History of Russia*. It is the last edition of this work, which goes by the name of Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary, and which, having been begun to be published in 1812, was completed in 1817 in thirty-two volumes octavo.

This brings us down to the era of the *Biographie Universelle*, the first volume of which, as we have already mentioned, appeared in

1811. Before this time almost the only collections of general biography which the French language possessed, had been the successive editions of Moreri, and several smaller compilations principally abridged from them. Some of these latter were party works, and written with considerable talent at misrepresentation; but, except as to this matter, the whole were mere compilations, pretending to little more than a bare detail of dates and facts, and distinguished from one another only by the different degrees of fulness with which they recorded the common tale. In none of them was there to be found any thing like either a philosophical discussion of subjects and appreciation of characters, or even eloquent or spirited narrative. The dry chronology was set down sometimes prolixly enough, at other times more briefly; and that was all. It never seems to have entered into any body's head, that lives arranged in the order of the alphabet could possibly be written as they would naturally be, if presented to the public in any other form—just as if, simply because of this peculiarity about the book, Dr. Johnson's "harmless drudge," the lexicographer, was the only description of person qualified to undertake the preparation of it.

The projectors of the *Biographie Universelle* first conceived the idea of producing a general biography, which should have some claim to the character of a classical work. Instead of a compilation nominally, and in reality very imperfectly, superintended by a single known individual, putting his own name on the title-page, and then employing in the dark a crowd of the cheapest hacks he can find to take all the real burden of the labour, it was determined to offer to the world a book written, as other books must be that desire public favour, with uniform care, and the expenditure on every page of it, of the best ability that the writer could bring to his task. The writers employed, it was resolved, should be not the mere menials of literature, as had usually been the case, but persons either well known, and of distinguished reputation in the world of letters, or, at least, quite capable of writing such articles as might be placed without impropriety by the side of the best that their ablest coadjutors could produce. Then, as quite essential to the right execution of the work, and to the ensuring that all the talent and erudition engaged on it should be employed to the best advantage, the different subjects to be treated of were carefully distributed in such a way, as that each was given to the person most familiar with it, and best qualified for its discussion—lives of mathematicians and astronomers, for example, to the men of science; those of statesmen and political characters to the student of history; those of the poets, orators, and general classics of every country, to him who was understood to be most conversant with its language and literature. An editor, it is quite evident, of such a work as a universal biography, cannot possibly be qualified to offer himself as a guide and authority upon all the matters professed to be discussed in his pages. He must take many thousands of the statements he prints upon trust—indeed, probably a thousand at least for every one, the correctness of which he can know or have ascertained by his own research. An ordinary compilations of this kind, therefore, the public, besides being in regard

to the truth or falsehood of the vast and multifarious mass of facts and opinions presented to them in the course of a work of perhaps twenty or thirty volumes, entirely in the hands of an individual, often, or we should rather say generally, of no great literary reputation, are compelled to accept what is offered them through him without having any guarantee whatever, even that he has satisfied himself as to its value. In the work before us, however, the editor professes to undertake nothing more than that part of the business which we are well satisfied to leave in his hands. He does not step forth to take his place between us and the real authors of what we are reading, that he may conceal them from us by his shadow. They come forward into the light as much as he does. Every writer puts his name to what he writes, and stakes his character as a literary man upon the merits of his performance. Of all the distinguishing peculiarities in the plan of the *Biographie Universelle*, we regard this as by far the most important. In our own literature we have as yet no instance of such satisfying honesty and downrightness in any similar publication, if we except the last excellent supplement to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, which owes undoubtedly much of its superiority to the adoption of this principle, and one or two other works of the same kind which have since imitated that good example. From the want of it the best of our Biographical Dictionaries still remains a mere compilation, which no one would quote as an authority, and without any pretensions to be considered a standard work in our literature.

The *Biographie Universelle*, however, was not intended originally to be nearly so extensive a work as it has eventually become. The late learned M. Barbier (author of the admirable *Dictionnaire des Anonymes et Pseudonymes*), informs us in the preface to his *Examen Critique des Dictionnaires Historiques*, that in 1810, one of the projectors of the work came to him to propose that he should undertake its superintendence. "I asked," says Barbier, "six months to prepare the first *livraison*, and two years to make my way to the last. These delays appeared too long. The publisher would give me but eighteen months for the whole work: I could not, in consequence, accept his offers." We believe the work was then carried on under the superintendence principally of Michaud, the publisher, and his elder brother, the well-known author of the *Histoire des Croisades*. In a discourse prefixed to the first volume, and written by M. Auger, (formerly one of the editors of the *Journal des Debats*, and subsequently of the *Journal de France*) it is spoken of as intended to extend to eighteen volumes. In an announcement from the editors, given in the third volume, we find it calculated that the three letters, A, B, and C, will each occupy about two volumes, and that the names under the three together may be considered as constituting about a third of the whole dictionary. In reality these three letters occupy almost ten volumes of the work, and after all, do not form nearly a third of it. On the publication of the ninth volume in 1813, the editors congratulate themselves on having, completed the third part of their task, having, as it turns out, got over in

reality scarcely more than a sixth of it. Seven years after, on the appearance of the twenty-fifth volume, they speak of two-thirds of their work being done, the fact being that they were not yet half through with it. It was at last completed in 1828, in fifty-two volumes, consisting in all of considerably more than 30,000 closely printed pages.

This continual enlargement of plan was the natural consequence of the growing popularity of the work; the accumulation of new materials, to which every day was making additions, and the increased expenditure of attention and talent which its conductors and supporters were induced to bestow upon it by the great success of their enterprise. Although ten volumes appeared in the course of the first three years after its commencement, seldom more than two or three a year were published afterwards, till the undertaking drew towards its termination, when four, and sometimes five, volumes a year were produced. This was a rate of publication, the deliberation of which would, of course, have been quite without apology in the case of a mere compilation, got up as much by the aid of the scissors as of the pen. Accordingly, 'Chalmers's Dictionary' proceeded regularly, we believe, from its commencement to its close, advancing a volume every two months. But then, it was such as any body could write at the rate of so many lines an hour by the clock.

Not so the *Biographie Universelle*. Its articles are always written at least neatly, generally with considerable spirit, and not unfrequently with a degree of learning, eloquence, and philosophy, that would do honour to any work, or any writer. And no wonder that it should be so. The greatest names in the modern literature of France are to be found in the long list of more than three hundred contributors, to whom we are indebted for this work. Biot, Delambre, Lacroix, Malte-Brun, Sylvestre de Sacy, Ginguemé, Sismondi, De Barante, Guizot, Cuvier, Victor Cousin, Chateaubriand, Humboldt, Gerando, Benjamin Constant, Laplace, Madame de Stael, Delille, with many other writers of great, if not equal celebrity, all have their places in the splendid catalogue. The manuscript of the work alone cost him, the publisher tells us, more than sixteen thousand pounds sterling; a sum for which, large as it is, so much copy of the same value certainly would not have been furnished in this country. Nor could it probably even in France, had it not been that the enterprise was undertaken and carried on, not so much in a spirit of commercial speculation, as in the ambition of making the work one which should do honour to the age and country in which it was produced, and that most of the eminent persons concerned in it devoted themselves to its completion with a zeal which looked to the public applause of their labours, and the glory they were contributing to secure for the literature of France, as their best remuneration.

We are not going to attempt the Herculean task of reviewing this extensive work—a task, indeed, which could not be fitly performed except by many individuals, and in many volumes. It has been already subjected, in France, to a good deal of pretty severe criticism in the course of its progress. Madame Genlis, who was originally engaged as a contributor, but is said to have withdrawn

her name before any part of the work was put to press, in consequence of not having been allowed to dictate as she chose in regard to the mode of conducting it, and whose work, entitled *De l'Influence des Femmes dans la Littérature*, is understood to be chiefly composed of the articles she had prepared for the *Biographie Universelle*, attacked the first volume with great keenness in her *Examen Critique*, which she promised to continue regularly on the appearance of every new livraison. She published no more, however, we believe, than another number, when her anger cooled, or she began to perceive that the public did not sympathize with it. Barbier's *Examen des Dictionnaires Historiques*, which we have already mentioned, is also principally devoted to the correction of the errors and omissions of the *Biographie Universelle*. Barbier never contributed to the work himself—the writer of the same name, whose signature we find attached to a variety of articles on English personages, being, we believe, the nephew of the great biographer; but he is known to have exerted himself greatly in procuring subscriptions for it, and to have taken a very warm interest in its success. His *Examen* appeared in 1820, and embraces the first twenty-two volumes of the *Biographie*, or to the close of the letter I. He promised a second volume after the completion of that work; but he died in 1825. The volume, however, was left ready for the press, and his son has engaged that it shall be given to the world. We have not heard that it has yet appeared; but we cannot doubt that, together with its predecessor, it will form a valuable supplement to the great work, as a contribution to which they may be considered as having been offered by their author, and which he has pronounced to be, with all its faults, the best and most complete of the kind in existence, and likely to be as memorable in the literary history of the nineteenth century, as the *Encyclopédie* is in that of the eighteenth.

Some degree of outcry has been raised, we believe, or attempted to be raised, against the work, in Paris as a party publication. Its conductors, in truth, and chief supporters, are well known to be of *Restoration* principles. The elder Michaud distinguished himself in the early part of his career as an active loyalist, and was condemned to death by the government in 1795. Having escaped by flight or some revolution of parties on this occasion, he afterwards returned to Paris and established the *Quotidienne* newspaper; but was a short time after sentenced to banishment, in consequence of some of his articles in that publication. He then, while residing in Switzerland, engaged in a correspondence with the princes of the house of Bourbon, the detection of which it was that principally led to the murder of the unfortunate Duc D'Enghien. Michaud, however, afterwards found his way back to Paris, where we recognise him ere long publishing a poem on the marriage of Buonaparte and Maria-Louisa, under the title of a 'Thirteenth Book of the *Æneid*,' as also an 'Ode on the Birth of the King of Rome;' but not quite succeeding, it is said, in lulling the suspicions of the reigning family by either of these displays of his attachment. On the Restoration he was made an officer of the Legion of Honour and Censor-General of the Journals, and was soon after elected a Member of the Chamber of

Deputies. His brother, the publisher of the work before us, had established himself early in life as a printer in Paris, but, during the times of the Revolution and the Empire, was always suspected of an attachment to the exiled family, and, indeed, was more than once arrested on that account. He is understood to have been promised the place of king's printer, by Monsieur, so early as in 1799, in case the Bourbons should ever regain the throne. He actually obtained this object of his ambition in 1814, but had enjoyed it only a very short time, when it was suddenly taken from him by royal ordinance, in consequence of his having lent his press to the printing of a pamphlet which displeased the government. He could not but feel this usage to be harsh, unmerited, and signally ungrateful; but it is not supposed, we believe, to have affected his attachment to the new régime, or his old principles.

Of the other leading contributors to the work, a few certainly have always belonged to the opposite party in the state, but the greater number, and the most active, have either been all along Bourbonists, or, however they may have begun their political life, have taken their places of late years in the ultra-royalist ranks. We can afford to mention only two or three names from many that we might quote. De Marguerit, the writer of the article on the Duc d'Enghien and several others, was associated with Joseph Michaud in carrying on the correspondence with the Bourbons we have already mentioned. Many of the political lives are written by Lally-Tollendal, the son of the famous Count Lally, and the inheritor of his Jacobite principles. Another chief contributor in this department is M. de Sevelinges, a most accomplished scholar, and able and eloquent writer, but all whose prepossessions are equally monarchical and anti-democratic. Auger, whom we have already mentioned, acted for some time as one of the censors of the press after the return of the Bourbons. Quatremere de Quincy, another able contributor, obtained his first distinction as a literary man, by a most eloquent discourse in defence of *la Liberté des Théâtres*, which he pronounced in the year 1790 before the representatives of the *Commune* of Paris; but after having been first a member of the Legislative Assembly, and then an active Buonapartist was, at last, soon after the Restoration, appointed, under the Bourbons, a member of that very theatrical censorship which it had been almost the earliest public act of his life to denounce. And not very unlike this is the history of several of the other eminent *littérateurs*, whose names are before us.

These things being so, we are, however, we confess, rather surprised that the political tone of the work should be upon the whole so moderate as it is. It was commenced, certainly, as the editors themselves remark, at a time when there was scarcely such a thing known as political discussion or party sentiment in France. The first nine volumes were published under the iron sway of Napoleon. yet even in these we find, generally speaking, a sufficiently correct and impartial statement of facts. In a notice of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, for example, which is given in the first volume, the discomfiture of the French forces in Egypt is related very much as it would be

by an English writer. A curious anecdote with regard to the publication of the tenth volume is mentioned in one of the articles in a subsequent part of the work. That volume was ready, it seems, for publication in December 1813; but upon its being presented to the imperial censors, these officers insisted upon the suppression of so many of the most striking passages in a notice which it contained on Oliver Cromwell, that the author (M. Suard) refused to sign his article in so mutilated a state. But the editors of the work, we are told, "perceiving the imperial power just about to fall, deferred the publication of the volume for a few days; and then, when the censorship was overwhelmed, sent it forth with the article such as the author had written it." The ground of the objection of the censors in this case, is said to have been the vivid picture of the tyranny of the Protector which Suard had drawn, and in which they thought they perceived too just and exciting a representation of the state of matters somewhat nearer home. Upon referring to the article itself, however, we confess we have not been able to find any thing in it which it is easy to imagine could possibly have alarmed them on this score. There is little or nothing said, indeed, of any miseries England suffered during the reign of Cromwell, who is truly represented on the contrary as having elevated his country to a degree of power and greatness she never had before attained—as having made her, in fact, to quote the very words of the writer, "the first nation in Europe." We should rather suppose that the apprehensions of the censors must have arisen from the synopsis which the article gives of the arguments of Colonel Titus's pamphlet (*Killing no Murder*), and its account of the state of suspicion and misery into which Cromwell is said to have been thrown by the perusal of that famous brochure.

Buonaparte has been called the child and champion of the Revolution; but after his assumption of the imperial power, it is well known that he was not accustomed to hold the memory of his alleged parent in much reverence. The heroes of the republic, accordingly, are treated, even in the early volumes of this work, with sufficient freedom, and all manner of reprobation of their conduct indeed is frankly enough expressed, which does not go the length of implying a wish for the restoration of the old dynasty. Some articles, however, supply us with curious illustrations of the condition of the times. A notice of Camille Desmoulins is given in the eleventh volume of the work, which appeared about the beginning of the year 1814. The writer begins by congratulating his readers, that "at the moment that he is addressing them, one of the greatest revolutions which had ever tormented the human race, has just been terminated by the return to France of the august family whose throne it had overturned, and all whose princes it had proscribed." Towards the close of the article he gives from the *Vicux Cordelier*, a periodical conducted by Desmoulins, a scheme of a very atrocious character, for the arrest of suspected persons, which that individual and his associate, Anaxagoras Chaumelle, had, it seems, suggested. This extract, we are told in a note, had formed originally a part of the article on Chaumelle in a former volume; but when submitted to the imperial cen-

sors, they would not permit it to be published. It was thought, of course, to present too naked and lively a picture of the spy system of the existing despot.

Throughout the remainder of the work, the notices that refer to French politics, in so far as we have observed, are, we think, upon the whole fairly written. We cannot say quite so much for those that relate to many of the personages and events of our own history. The writers in this department of the work have generally taken Hume for their principal guide, and satisfied themselves with merely adding a few touches to his statements, in his own style of colouring. Indeed, the articles on English names are, throughout, with a few exceptions, the worst done in the book. The task of reviewing our literature has been committed chiefly to the late M. Suard, who, although a neat writer, was evidently but very superficially acquainted with his subject, and as incapable of looking at it in a spirit of philosophical criticism, as of writing a second Iliad. He was a mere literary *petit-maitre*, who had learned to talk or translate English, and no more. Yet it is amusing to observe with what confidence he expresses himself as to matters about which he really knows nothing. Thus, for example, in his article on Chaucer, he tells us that that poet's *Court of Love* is the earliest poem known to exist in the English language, and that French was till then the only language of poetry in England. It was Dryden, too, it seems, who first formed for us "a poetic language, a thing of which, before him, England had no idea. Till he appeared, poetry, scarcely distinguished from prose by its numbers, was in no respect distinguished from it by choice of expression: English verse seemed to consist of nothing but the observance of the measure!" After Suard's death, M. Valckenaer appears to have taken his place. This gentleman was, we believe, educated in England, and his articles are decidedly superior to those of his predecessor, less meagre, and more judicious and profound. We have a number of notices, too, by-the-bye, of considerable spirit and great pretension in this department, from the pen of M. Villemain, especially a very long one on Shakspeare, and another (which we prefer to it) on Milton. We ought not to forget to add, that there are a few articles on the more eminent of our scientific writers, which (like all those in the same department throughout the work) are excellent, especially a life of Newton by Biot, than which there is perhaps nothing better in the whole collection.

The articles on French literature are written, as might be expected, in a spirit of nationality with which a foreigner will not always sympathize. "After the Scriptures," we are told in one place, "which were inspired by the Holy Ghost, there is nothing so grand as Bossuet." In the same spirit it is remarked of Delille's version of Milton; "The English, jealous of the fame of their great epic poet, persist in maintaining that the *Paradise Lost* has not been translated by Delille: we will not dispute with the English on the fidelity of the translation; but if the French poet remain inferior to Milton in some passages, he has frequently been unfaithful to the English poet only to lend him new beauties," &c. &c. Thus it

is that a Frenchman makes himself happy with an ideal honour, which nobody but himself is likely ever to care about sharing.

Among the very best parts of the work are (as we have already mentioned) all the scientific notices, the articles by Malte-Brun in Geography, Classical Literature, and other departments; those on Oriental subjects by the Baron de Sacy; those on Italian literature by Ginguené and Sismondi; many of those on the literature of Germany and the north of Europe, and those on speculative philosophy by Gerando, Stapfer, and Cousin. Several of these last in particular present an admirable combination of learning, eloquence, and profound and original reflection.

Voluminous as the *Biographie Universelle* already is, its conductors do not consider it as yet quite a complete work; but mean to follow it immediately with a supplement which shall supply its omissions, correct its mistakes, and add to it such names as have "put on immortality" since the course of publication had carried it past their places in the alphabet. In the mean time it ought to be accompanied by the *Biographie des Hommes Vivants*, in five volumes, from the same press, though said to be prepared under another superintendence and by a different body of contributors. This is a more neatly and carefully compiled work than the *Biographie Nouvelle des Contemporains*, which besides, as containing notices of many deceased personages as well as of those that are yet alive, is not so well adapted to form a companion to the *Biographie Universelle*. It is, however, the Buonapartist book, we believe, if that be a recommendation to any one. If to the two works we have mentioned there be added the late edition of Bayle, in seventeen volumes of the same size, the whole will form a collection of nearly every thing that is to be found in the French language, of any value, in this department of literature, and a body of arranged biography and literary history such as, we may venture to say, no other language has to boast of.

We greatly want a work in our own country on the model of the *Biographie Universelle*—not a translation of it, for we have already stated enough to show that that would by no means give us the book we require, but something written on the same plan and with the same ability, and adapted, not certainly exclusively, but yet as completely as possible, to the moral and intellectual climate of England. The French work, we believe, has been already imitated in most of the languages of Europe, and we observe it stated that a translation of it into Italian is at present in progress at Venice, which must, we suppose, be conducted upon a plan admitting of considerable additions to the original, as it is said, although already at the forty-sixth volume, to have only advanced to the letter R, which in the original commences in the middle of volume thirty-six. In even the latest of our English compilations on a large scale, little or no advantage has been taken of the stores of new information presented in this work. Some references are made to it in the earlier volumes of 'Chalmers' Dictionary,' (in the preface to which it is coldly mentioned); but that publication soon outran, by its steady, mechanical motion, the more irregular progress of its competitor, and was

deprived of any benefit it might have derived from its companionship, almost as soon as it had commenced acquaintance with it. Still more, however, than a correct and ample assortment of facts, do we want, in a work of general biography: we require spirited and well-written narrative, and a tone of philosophy and criticism worthy of an enlightened age and country. Some may think this of no great significance—holding that abiological dictionary ought to be merely a record of facts, which, so that they be told accurately and distinctly, will serve their purpose just as well as if they should be wrought up with ever so much eloquence or art, or accompanied with the profoundest reflections. We are of another opinion: we would have the work to be both a national and a popular one, neither of which it is quite evident it ever can be, unless it shall be written both so as to engage the hearts and imaginations of its readers, as well as merely to task their memories, and with all the talent and power which the highest intellect in the country can bring to it. Till we have a work such as this, we shall have left a most important duty unperformed, both to the honour of our national literature and the great cause of general education. And why should we allow France to distance us here as she has done, without even an attempt to follow her? We are persuaded, an English public, if appealed to as it ought to be, would lend as warm an encouragement to such an undertaking as it has already experienced in France. Is it to be said that with our overflowing capital for all other national accommodations and luxuries, we have none for this? or have our publishers the money, but do our scholars and literary men lack the learning and ability requisite for ensuring the success of the enterprise? We trust and believe that it is not, and cannot be so.

One most important department of a general Dictionary of Biography is its bibliographical details. By a right method in the dispensing of this sort of information, it may be rendered almost an index of universal literature,—a work in itself much wanted. The nearest approach to any thing of the kind that we yet have, is that wonderful compilation, 'Watt's Bibliotheca Britannica,'—wonderful at all events when we consider it in connexion with its history. It is the work of a single individual, the late Dr. Robert Watt of Glasgow, whom it occupied for twenty years of his life. Yet he lived only to carry a few sheets of it through the press. It consists of four closely-printed quarto volumes, in the two first of which we have a list of the works of no fewer than 40,000 authors, arranged according to the alphabetical order of the authors' names, and the dates of publication; the whole forming, perhaps, the most extensive and minutely particular catalogue that was ever compiled. In the two other volumes, all these works are distributed and arranged according to the subjects to which they relate; so that the book gives us, in this way, an account of whatever has been written on any subject, and by whom it has been discussed, at least in so far as concerns the productions of the very large number of writers comprehended in its scheme. The publication of the 'Bibliotheca Britannica' commenced in 1819, and it was completed in 1824. Unfortunately it has suffered in point of fulness and accuracy, in

regard especially to its later references, from not having been carried through the press by the author himself. It contains too a good many mistatements, occasioned partly by oversights, scarcely avoidable in the case of so large a work conducted and composed by a single individual; and partly by the imperfect sources of information on which the author, in his remote situation, had been frequently obliged to depend. There are some defects too in the plan of the work, which, for one thing, wants completeness; and had better, perhaps, have either been confined to British publications merely, or extended so as to embrace the whole of European literature. With all these deductions from its utility however, it is still a valuable and highly serviceable work; and as an effort of individual zeal, ingenuity, learning, and industry, quite a stupendous performance, and well entitling its author to the gratitude of every student.

Were we asked to point out the most accurate and perfect Bibliographical work we know, we should name at once Barbier's *Dictionnaire des Anonymes et Pseudonymes*. We never turned to this work without finding the information we were, in quest of. It was the result of a lifetime of reading and research on the part of its author. The first edition of it appeared in 1806, and for nearly twenty succeeding years Barbier's attention and best exertions were devoted to extending and perfecting it. At last the first volume of a new edition was given to the public in 1822, which was completed in three volumes in 1824, about a year before the death of the author. A supplementary volume, left by him in manuscript, has since been published by his son. The work unfortunately embraces only such anonymous and pseudonymous publications as have appeared in French and Latin; but of these it gives an account of the authorship of no fewer than between twenty-three and twenty-four thousand. When will any of the keepers of our great libraries supply us with such a contribution to the literary history of our own country?

Barbier's death, as well as his life, was that of a man of letters. In giving to the world the first volume of the second edition of his Dictionary, in 1822, he had concluded his preface, by a reference to the happiness he had enjoyed, for many years past, in having held a situation, (that of administrator of the king's private libraries,) which gave him such favourable opportunities of prosecuting the studies he loved; and a warm expression of his gratitude to M. Lauriston, (the *Ministre de la Maison du Roy*,) for the kind attention he had constantly shewn to his wishes and suggestions, in regard to the extension and improvement of the valuable collection of which it was his good fortune to have the charge. The old man spoke in the fulness of his heart, little thinking of how his acknowledgments were to be requited. In a few weeks after, in order to facilitate some new arrangement of the household, he was dismissed, by this very M. Lauriston, from the place he had held for twenty-seven years, which it was the pride of his life to fill; and the duties of which there was certainly no man in France better qualified—perhaps none so well qualified—to discharge. Barbier never recovered this blow.

It literally broke his heart, and he died about two years after, at the age of sixty, having just lived, as has been already mentioned, to carry the two remaining volumes of his dictionary through the press. Yet, like Moreri and Watt, he had lived long enough to earn his reward, if not to enjoy it.

There are just two or three minor matters which we would advert to before we conclude. Why will our French neighbours persist in blundering so uniformly whenever they have to copy an English word or phrase? The little English we find in the pages of the *Biographie Universelle* is almost in every case perverted, by writer or printer, into "something new and strange;" and occasionally with such ingenuity, as almost to defy interpretation. In proper names this practice becomes particularly perplexing. It is easy, for example, to translate the novel term, *Desings*, into *Designs*; but it is not quite so obvious, that *Kindoss* means *Kintross*; or that *Bervic* is the name by which our great wood-engraver, *Bewick*, is known in Paris. Why should Lady Austen, too, (Cowper's friend,) be uniformly called *Mistris Austen*; and Sir William Hamilton, generally *Sir Hamilton*, as if he had been only a scholar of Trinity College, Dublin? Above all, why should the members of one of our great political parties be so constantly nicknamed *Wighs*, in addition to being calumniated by all other sorts of misrepresentations? For the sake of correctness as to these, and many more important matters, we cannot help thinking that the editors, or proprietors, of the Universal Biography might have done well in submitting some of their articles to the revision of an English coadjutor. We have to regret, too, the want, in these volumes, of the running titles, and indexes at the end, which make Chalmers's Dictionary so much more commodious for consultation. Should the volume open in the midst of a long article, as in nine cases out of ten it is sure to do, you have generally, owing to the absence of these guides, to turn over and examine first nearly a dozen leaves in one direction, and then as many in the other, before you can find out even at what part of the alphabet you are. We should also have liked more ample lists of authorities than we generally find subjoined to the articles—those by the very learned and accurate M. Weiss excepted. In this respect, also, the English work has an advantage over the French one.

We have not mentioned among our English dictionaries of general biography, the work, in eight volumes quarto, superintended by the late Drs. Aikin and Enfield. It is a compilation on the common plan, and of no extraordinary merit. Of smaller works in the same department the best, beyond all rivalry, is that lately published in two volumes by Messrs. Hunt and Clarke. It is written throughout, not only in a rare spirit of impartiality, but with great talent and elegance. It is the only work, too, of the kind, in our language, in the preparation of which the pages of the *Biographie Universelle* have been consulted.

THE INCONVENIENCE OF HAVING AN ELDER BROTHER.

I do not care for the paternal acres. To say the truth, Halbert Hall never pleased me. As a child, I detested the long, dark avenues of stunted trees; and the heavy, melancholy stream of moaning water; and the long passages, with their doleful echoes and their countless doors, and the vast chambers, with all their pomp and pageantry of faded furniture and family portraits. I am happier here in Lincoln's Inn, though one floor is my palace, and one lackey my establishment; and I leave the Hall, without a sigh, to my elder brother.

I shall not die for the lack of ten thousand a year. I never longed to keep hounds, or an opera dancer; to give champagne dinners, or to represent a county; to win at Doncaster, or to lose at Rouge et Noir. Your true Epicurean does not need great wealth. I can afford to wear a tolerable coat, and drive an unexceptionable cabriolet; to be seen sometimes at the Opera, and keep myself out of reach of the Bench; to throw away a trifle at Picquet, and cook a wild duck for my antagonist. These things content me; and, except when some unusual temptation has awakened my appetite, or some more than common loss ruffled, for a time, my philosophy, I would not readily exchange them for the rent-roll and the three per cents. of my elder brother.

As for the title, it is not to be mentioned seriously as the object of a reasonable man's ambition. In old times, a belted lord had certain privileges and pastimes, which might make life pass pleasantly enough. It was interesting to war upon his equals; it was amusing to trample on his inferiors: there was some merriment in the demolition of an abbey—there was some excitement in the settlement of a succession. Now-a-days, it is as well to be called Tom, as my lord; unless you have a mind to dine at the dullest tables, and make speeches to the drowsiest audience in the world. So I resign my chance of the peerage without reluctance; and, besides, the coronet must pass from the temples of its present apoplectic possessor over an artillery officer, a rural dean, and an attaché to an embassy, before it decorates the honoured brows of my elder brother.

But when I have resigned philosophically all longings after these distinctions and advantages, which would be mine if I could date my birth but a twelvemonth earlier—when I have congratulated myself that I am not bound, by any necessity or interest, to do battle for the privileges of the Order, or talk nonsense in support of the game laws—why am I to be crossed at every turning by some hateful memento of the inferiority to which my unlucky planets have doomed me?—why are smiles to grow colder, and conversation more constrained, at my approach?—why are my witticisms listened to with such imperturbable gravity? and why does Lady Mondragon look zero when I bow, and turn away to whisper 'viper' in her daughter's ear?

Thus it has been from my infancy. My mother, to be sure, had

the usual maternal peculiarities, and was always in our nursery squabbles the unfailing protectress of the party which was most immediately dependent upon her protection. But she died, poor lady, almost before I could be sensible how much I needed her alliance, leaving me to carry on the war unaided against an adversary whose auxiliaries were many and zealous, in the butler's pantry and the servants' hall, in the tenant's cottage, and the keeper's lodge. I was as handsome as Frederic, but his dress was more carefully tended and his ringlets more studiously arranged; I was as ravenous as Frederic, but his acquaintance with the cellar was more close, and his visits to the store closet more frequent; I was the bolder rider, but my pony was as rough as a bear; I was the better shot, but my gun was as heavy as a blunderbuss; both learned the lesson, but the praise and the shilling were for him; both plundered the orchard, but the reproof and the correction were for me. And when our father, with an unwonted exertion of impartiality, sent us to the same school, and supplied us with the same means of extravagance, though my hexameter was as smooth and my laugh as hearty, my scholarship as sound and my pluck as indisputable as my brother's, he had more patrons and more friends than I had; and, some how or other, between Halbert major and Halbert minor there was a plaguy difference, though I scarcely yet suspected where it lay.

But I was soon able to discover of what materials the talisman was composed. My father broke his neck in a fox-chase, and my brother was master of the kennel and the stud; my uncle died of a late division, and my brother represented the borough. We came into the world, and began to jostle for places like the rest of its industrious citizens.

I met Lord Fortalice at a dinner party. What could be more condescending than his Lordship's manner, or more flattering than his expressions? He had heard of my renown at college; he was confident of my success in life; he knew a host of my connexions; he had had the sincerest respect for my father: he could assure me the Duke of Merino entertained the highest opinion of my talents, and Lady Eleanor had pointed me out last week as a model to her son. But when at last his Lordship hoped my principles would allow me to support the Bill which was next week to be before Parliament, and understood from me that the interests of sixty-seven independent men were in my brother's hands, not mine, he gradually withdrew his civilities from me, and devoted himself thenceforth to the entertainment of a pursy divine, who spoke in monosyllables, and took an appalling quantity of snuff.

I was introduced to Tom Manille at the Opera. He was charmed to make my acquaintance; he had been told of my good fortune at the Salon, and was aware what a favourite I had been with the Baronne de Lusignan. Did I want a servant?—a friend of his was going to dismiss one who was worth all the Indies. Was I looking for a hunter?—His cousin had one which would suit my weight exactly. He would make my betting-book, he would superintend my cellar,—he would take me to a soirée chez Mademoiselle,—he would give me a special recommendation to his tailor. He must make me known to the Somerses,—their cook was Ude's first pupil;—of course I should belong to the club,—his influence was omnipotent there,

A few weeks elapsed; and Tom Manille was riding my brother's horses, and drinking my brother's chambertin. He always calls me 'my dear fellow,' and never passes me without a most encouraging nod; but I have never dined with the Somerses, and last week I was black-balled at the club.

I wrote a treatise on the state of the nation, and submitted it to an eminent publisher. He was wonderfully delighted with the work. The views were so sound, the arguments so convincing, the style so pure, the illustrations so apposite. I began to look forward to an infinity of popularity and an eternity of fame; I dreamed of laurel wreaths, I calculated the profits of tenth editions. In imagination I was already the pilot of popular opinion, the setter-up and the putter-down of cabinets. But when I struck out the magical M. P. from the proof sheet of my title-page, my fall was immediate and disastrous. My language lost its elegance, and my subject its importance; and my pamphlet lies forgotten in the limbo of unpublished embryos, wanting only life, and willing to win immortality. I should have been the most influential writer of the day, if I had not had an elder brother.

At Brighton I fell in love with Caroline Merton. She was an angel, of course, and it is not necessary to describe her more particularly. Her mother behaved to me with the greatest kindness: she was a respectable old lady who wore a magnificent cap, and played casino while her daughter was waltzing. Caroline liked me, I am sure, for she discarded a dress because I disliked the colour, and insulted a colonel because I thought him a fool. I was in the seventh heaven for a fortnight; I rode with her on the downs, and walked with her on the Chain Pier. I drew sketches for her scrap-book, and scribbled poetry in her album. I gave her the loveliest poodle that ever was washed with rose-water, and called out a corpulent gentleman for talking politics while she played.—Caroline was a fairy of a thousand spells; she danced like a mountain-nymph, and sang like a syren; she made beautiful card-racks, and knew Wordsworth by heart: but to me her deepest fascination was her simplicity of feeling, her independence of every mercenary consideration, her scorn of stars and garters, her penchant for cottages and water-falls. I was already meditating what county she would choose for her retirement, and what furniture she would prefer for her boudoir, when she asked me at an ill-omened fancy-ball who was that clumsy Turk, in the green turban and the saffron slippers. It was my elder brother. She did not start, nor change colour: well-taught beauties never do: but she danced that night with the clumsy Turk in the green turban and the saffron slippers; and when I made my next visit she was just sealing a note of invitation to him, and had lighted her taper with the prettiest verses I ever wrote in my life.

If your father was an alderman, you may nevertheless be voted *comme il faut*: if your nose is as long as the spire of Strasburg, you may yet be considered good-looking: if you have published a sermon, you may still be reputed a wit: if you have picked a pocket, you may by-and-bye be restored to society. But if you have an elder brother, migrate, go to Crim-Tartary or to Cochin-China, wash the Hottentot, convert the Hindoo: at home you cannot escape the

stigma that pursues you. You may have honesty, genius, industry—no matter : you are ‘a detrimental’ for all that.

Last summer I saw Scribe’s amusing scenes “*Avant, Pendant et Après*,” at the Théâtre de Madame. In the “*Avant*,” when the Duchess of the old regime, after bestowing upon her eldest son unearned military rank and the richest *parti* in all France, was quietly dooming her youngest-born to live poor, unknown, and Chevalier of Malta, a fine little fellow, who was sitting in the front row before me, looked up at his father, and cried, “*Mais nous avons changé tout cela, n’est ce pas, mon papa ?*”

Much of it is changed ; but to change it all, we must wait for a stranger revolution than that which has regenerated France.

P. C.

SCHOOL AND SCHOOLFELLOWS.

“*Floreat Etona.*”

TWELVE years ago I made a mock
Of filthy trades and traffics ;
I wonder’d what they meant by stock,
I wrote delightful sapphics ;
I knew the streets of Rome and Troy,
I supp’d with Fates and Furies ;—
Twelve years ago I was a boy,
A happy boy, at Drury’s.

Twelve years ago!—how many a thought
Of faded pains and pleasures
Those whisper’d syllables have brought
From Memory’s hoarded treasures ;
The fields, the forms, the bats, the books,
The glories, and disgraces,●
The voices of dear friends, the looks
Of old familiar faces.

Kind Mater smiles again to me,
As bright as when we parted ;
I seem again the frank, the free,
Stout limb’d, and simple hearted ;
Pursuing ev’ry idle dream,
And shunning every warning ;
With no hard work but Bovney Stream,
No chill except Long Morning :

Now stopping Harry Vernon’s ball,
That rattled like a rocket ;
Now hearing Wentworth’s “fourteen all,”
And striking for the pocket ;
Now feasting on a cheese and fitch,
Now drinking from the pewter ;
Now leaping over Chalvey ditch,
Now laughing at my tutor.

Where are my friends ? I am alone,
No playmate shares my beaker ;
Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
And some before the Speaker.

And some compose a tragedy,
 And some compose a rondo ;
 And some draw sword for liberty,
 And some draw pleas for John Doe.

Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes,
 Without the fear of sessions ;
 Charles Medlar loath'd false-quantities,
 As much as false professions :
 Now Mill keeps order in the land,
 A magistrate pedantic ;
 And Medlar's feet repose unscann'd,
 Beneath the wide Atlantic.

Wild Nick, whose oaths made such a din,
 Does Doctor Martext's duty ;
 And Mullion, with that monstrous chin,
 Is married to a beauty ;
 And Darrell studies, week by week,
 His Mant, and not his Manton ;
 And Ball, who was but poor at Greek,
 Is very rich at Canton.

And I am eight-and-twenty now ;
 The world's cold chains have bound me ;
 And darker shades are on my brow,
 And sadder scenes around me :
 In Parliament I fill my seat,
 With many other noodles ;
 And lay my head in Jermyn-street,
 And sip my hock at Boodle's.

But often, when the cares of life
 Have set my temples aching ;
 When visions haunt me of a wife,
 When duns await my waking ;
 When Lady Jane is in a pet,
 Or Hobby in a hurry ;
 When Captain Hazard wins a bet,
 Or Beaulieu spoils a curry ;

For hours and hours I think and talk
 Of each remember'd hobby ;
 I long to lounge in Poets' Walk,
 To shiver in the lobby ;
 I wish that I could run away
 From House, and court, and levee,
 Where bearded men appear to-day,
 Just Eton boys, grown heavy ;

That I could bask in childhood's sun,
 And dance o'er childhood's roses ;
 And find huge wealth in one pound one,
 Vast wit in broken noses ;
 And play Sir Giles at Datchet Lane,
 And call the milk-maids Houris ; —
 That I could be a boy again,
 A happy boy, at Drury's !

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF DR. THOMAS BROWN.

WE are induced, by the publication of a new Edition of Dr. Brown's *Lectures on the Philosophy of Mind*, to offer a few remarks on the character of one of the most remarkable men of our times, snatched, too early, from the scene of his important labours.

Though it be far more seemly and in keeping, that those mighty spirits that fling wide the gates of truth to the human sense, and prove that "the ways of wisdom are pleasantness," should have their monuments in the grateful hearts of the wise and good, and their epitaphs in those truths with which they have enriched the book of knowledge, yet it would be gratifying to those who wish for the improvement of the people, to find that even the mere empty honours and distinctions should be given to the real possessors of moral and intellectual power, rather than to the adventitious depositories of power which is merely physical. If the monuments that have been of late years erected in the public places, and at the public expense, in this country, could ever become the only memorials of the period, that period would have all the appearance of one of barbarity and war. He who took a redoubt, or captured a cock-bout, has his tablet or his statue, while the man who devoted a life to the successful advancement of science lies neglected, and his history has no memorial "in storied urn, or animated bust."

The remains of the man of whom we are about to speak lie in the lonely churchyard of Kircudbright. In this there is the less to be regretted, as, since the invention of printing, Wisdom has built her own house; and since the diffusion of a taste for reading news is wide, the remembrance of such great men is safe with the public. We do not, for instance, need to erect monuments to Watt, or Arkwright, or Smeaton; for we have only to look round the country, and there they are, in the works which they constructed, and the successors whom they raised up in emulation.

But while we are conscious of this, and exult in the consciousness of it, we cannot help feeling that there is yet more to be done. Mechanical and constructive power, in all their varieties, and in all the splendid results to which they have led, deserve all the homage that the most elevated can pay them. When we consider that this little island has had to support shocks and bear burdens which would have shattered and crushed any other nation upon the face of the earth, and that, after all, it continues to maintain an eminence, in wealth and in power, of which waste and misrule seem not capable of depriving it,—when we consider these things, and at the same time consider, that to our mechanical skill we are indebted for them, it is not possible for us to help feeling national exultation. When we find skill and industry rising superior to all the accidental distinctions of society, and man ranking higher upon his superiority as man, than upon any of those distinctions upon which barbarians and semi-barbarians look with so much veneration, we cannot

help feeling, that our true dignity lies in the possession of reason and understanding, and that the final triumph of these must be as certain as it is silent and safe in the progress.

Yet, while we rejoice in the effect, we must not forget the cause,—we must bear in mind, that those efforts, important and cheering though they be, are really consequences of something anterior, without which they never could have been. While we concede to the public the praise of aptitude and success as scholars, we must not forget those by whom they have been taught: highly as we prize the inventions of art, we must never forget that they are only deductions from the discoveries of science. When we look at the condition of nations, we find, that desires of accommodation and comfort, and hands for the working of it out, are not what even the rudest of them stand in need of. Men to hew the wood and fashion the stone may be found any where; the grand difficulty lies in getting the intellect to invent the plan, and superintend the erection. For all that has been done for the civilization of mankind, and the vast increase that the arts have made to their comforts, we are indebted to a few silent and retired men, here and there, who have devoted themselves to the study of nature; and who, after having established them upon the sure basis of demonstration, have promulgated those laws, the applications of which have been so beneficial to society. In what are called the Fine Arts, or in what are called the Useful Arts, the distinction is not correct, as the Fine Arts are as useful in contributing to the pleasure of cultivated man, as the others are in contributing to the same purpose, in a less refined and intellectual state;—the work of the mere artist contains in itself his stimulus and reward. Men can see, appreciate, and praise it; and in proportion as they find it gratify them, they gratify him in return. But not only until the discovery has been made, but until it has ripened into invention, the honour and the reward of the man of science are confined within his own breast. In the most busy and crowded community he must labour alone; nor can he derive any advantage from the stimulus of approbation, till he is so far advanced as to be quite independent of it. It is for this reason that the men of real science are so few, and that, even in this age and country of unprecedented application, their numbers have not kept pace with those of any other class of the community. Wherefore no public journalist ever better performs his duty to the public, than by calling their attention to those men who have devoted their time to the interests of science; and, so that the branch of science to which they have devoted themselves be but of sufficient utility and importance, the farther that it lies out of the track of common pursuit the better.

If it be conceded that man is of more service than mere matter,—and few that are men will refuse the concession,—then it must follow that the science of man, as a rational being, is the most interesting of the sciences. Other sciences may be valuable, as they are the foundations of those arts that render life more or less happy in external accommodations; but that is the study of life itself. Pain and sorrow, pleasure and joy, are in the mind itself; and if we be

properly taught to understand and to regulate that, we are safe from contingencies, against which they whose only security is in external things can have no permanent protection.

Considering these things,—considering too the amiable character of the individual—the high intellectual endowments, the ardent love of man in his best affections, and of liberty in its purest forms,—we do not think that we can confer upon our readers a greater benefit than by giving them a little information respecting the life, character, and philosophical labours of that inquirer into the phenomena and laws of our intellectual being, whose name we have given as the title of this article.

Besides its general value as a piece of philosophical delineation, there is a lesson to be deduced from the study of Dr. Brown, which pleads powerfully for philosophy in general, and for that most delightful but most neglected branch, the Philosophy of the Mind, in particular. The great vulgar and the small, those who have learned nothing, and those who have learned to hate all true learning, and to prevent, as far as in them lies, its diffusion, are all in the habit of describing philosophy as the associate of austerity;—saying that the philosopher, more especially the profound philosopher, is a man who abstracts himself from the world, tastes none of its pleasures, feels none of its charities, and is, in short, a contemner of men, and indifferent to their weal or their woe. This allegation, which is as unfounded as it is illiberal, never met with a fuller confutation, in all its parts, than in the case of Dr. Brown. Never was man more warm and disinterested in his friendships; never did man more completely put off the philosopher when he came into society; never did man take a more intense interest in every thing liberal; and never did man, in every individual act of his life, and in the whole tenor of it, shew that he was more sincere. If Dr. Brown was more than usually happy, it was in perceiving that those about him were happy; if ever he felt proud, it was when he felt that he had removed an error, or sapped the foundation of a prejudice; if ever he felt that lofty indignation which only the highly gifted can feel, it was when the lightning of his eloquence (which in those cases was tremendous) was falling upon the memory of some one, who had been the curse and the scourge of the human race; and whenever he triumphed, it was when his cause was liberty, and his weapon truth.

It has been matter of general remark, that the lives of philosophers and literary men are but read in their writings, and that when you come to their lives, though there should be nothing to blame, there is usually just as little to praise. They eat, drink, and sleep like other men, and as their great and favourite deeds are all in the closet, to which only the reader of their works is admitted, they must be caught there or not found. With Dr. Brown, the case was different; and though he had never delivered a lecture, nor written a line, his biography would have been delightful and instructive as a piece of biography.

There is something interesting, not only in the parentage but in the very birth-place of Dr. Brown. The epoch of the Scottish per-

executions, when the simple but sincere inhabitants of the South, in their own quaint but energetic expression, "took up the testimony of their God in the wilderness,"—when the mountain echoes rang to their songs of adoration, which were forbidden in the churches—when the mountain rills ran red with the blood of the butchered, for no other cause than that they would not allow the arm of power to come between them and their Creator; when that was done, painful as it was in the doing, there was something won for that part of the island, which has not to this day been told. There was a devotedness for liberty, a hatred both of tyrannizing and being tyrannized over, that has remained, and has produced far more talent among those mountains than has been elicited in more wide and populous districts that have avoided the same visitation. The rude monuments of "the Martyrs" are still to the people there what the plain of Marathon should be to the Greeks. Among those wilds Dr. Brown was born, and his infant steps were by the very caves where his ancestors had prayed for a blessing upon Scotland, at the same time that they were obliged to grasp the broadsword, in order to save the hearts from which the prayer emanated.

Thomas Brown, whose father and grandfather were, in succession, ministers of the parish in which he himself was born and buried, first saw the light in 1778. From his earliest power of perception there was something ineffably sweet and susceptible in his appearance and demeanour; and before he could lisp, earlier indeed than many children could listen, his mother used to lull him to sleep with his little eyes in tears of sympathy at the mournful melody of "The Flowers of the Forest." Though he was not two years old when his father was in that stage of his last illness which portended a speedy dissolution, such was the activity of his mind, and the uninterrupted happiness of his disposition, that, though he was the youngest of the family of thirteen, his father pointed to him as the one that would be a blessing to his mother, when she should be his only parent; and never was a fond paternal prophecy more amply and literally accomplished. Brown was devoted to his mother to the day of her death; and he has paid to her memory, in the close of his 21st Lecture, perhaps the most true, touching, and exquisite tribute that ever was paid to maternal tenderness.

Soon after the death of his father, his mother removed to Edinburgh, as the best place for her family to receive their education. When not yet three years old, he was quite restless till he should learn to read. The alphabet was but one lesson; and so rapid was his progress, that, ere he was four, he could take the range of all the English books in the library. The Bible was a favourite with him; and he very soon was so familiar with the historical parts of it, as to be a critic. Before he had strength for holding the Bible in any other way than in his lap, a lady called and found him on the parlour floor, with his hands among the leaves, and eagerly looking first at one part and then at another. "Are you going to preach, Tom?" said she. "No," replied the infant critic, "I am only looking at how far the Evangelists differ in their history of Christ; for I see they are not all the same." Indeed, when his mother wished him to remain

quietly in the house, or in bed when he was sick, she had only to give him a book, and be it Bible or ballads, he was satisfied at once. The whole of his initiatory education was communicated by his mother; and as he acquired the mere art of reading with so much facility, he read his books, not as a task, but for the information that they afforded.

At the age of seven years, Dr. Brown was sent to England, where he remained for about nine years at different schools in the vicinity of London. At all of these he made rapid progress, and was a favourite equally with the other pupils and their parents. Many persons, who have since risen to high offices in the State, were among his school-fellows; but, though he was the delight of them all, his ambition was not for mere connection. He continued his reading; indulged in solitary walks beyond the playground—for which he had tasks set him, till his master abandoned it as not being any punishment;—and he composed verses, some of which were published.

At the age of fifteen he entered the University of Edinburgh; and, during the year 1793, he visited Dr. Currie at Liverpool, who recommended him to read the first volume of Professor Stewart's Philosophy. The next winter he attended that eloquent lecturer; and soon gave evidence that he had paid attention to the volume and the lectures: for, at the close of one of them, he walked up to the Professor, who, in his class, was not the most approachable man in the world, and with great firmness, yet with great modesty, read an answer to some of his positions. The Professor told him that the very same objection had been made, and urged by the very same argument, in a private letter which he had received from Professor Prevost of Geneva.

At the age of eighteen, Brown composed his remarks on Dr. Darwin's "Zoonomia," which he conceived himself in courtesy bound to read to the Doctor before publication. The Doctor was at first a little testy with the young philosopher; but as Brown was calm, and maintained his positions with that firmness and acuteness which characterized all his philosophical proceedings, Darwin did not obtain a victory even in the epistolary correspondence.

About the last years that Brown attended the classes in Edinburgh, there was a literary junto formed in that city, which has had as much influence on the literature of Britain as the celebrated junto of Franklin had upon the politics of the States of America. Many young men of great talents were then in Edinburgh, either at the college, or continuing their professional education. So far as we recollect, at this distance of time, it was Brougham who gave the first impulse; but there were others there who were after rather than inferior,—Dr. Brown, Dr. Leyden, Lord William Seymour, the late Mr. Horner, Mr. Jeffrey, and a number of others. On the 7th of January 1797, they formed themselves into a society for the investigation of the phenomena and laws of nature, to which they gave the name of "The Academy of Physics." The laws of that academy were drawn up by Mr. Brougham; and in the first section of them is to be found the germ of that general study of philosophy

which that gentleman has never lost sight of amid all the occupation of business, and all the distraction of politics. Many of the results of this devotion are already proved to the world. In this there is a striking instance of the real advantage that results from giving a proper bias to a powerful mind early in life. Though the Academy of Physics lasted only for about three years, the effect of it, both upon the members and upon society, has been much greater than those, who have not all along attended to the facts, would be apt to suppose. Among men so young in years, and so few in number, there probably never was so much and so varied talent; and in no country was there probably seen such perfect liberality—so unmingled a desire to find out the truth. There was no dogmatism—no appeal to authority—no colouring of the phenomena to meet a theory,—the rule ever was to go straight forward to the result. A good deal of jealousy was excited among a certain class in Edinburgh; but as party politics and religious disputes were wisely excluded, no coercive measure was taken, although it is probable that the vials of vengeance were in some instances bottled up until occasion should serve. From the Academy the spirit ramified into other parts of society; and many, of whom the existence was not then known, caught from it a spirit of philosophy which has carried them forward to stations and degrees of eminence, which, but for this three years' Academy, they would not, in all probability, have reached. The channel into which this tide of talent more immediately flowed was the Edinburgh Review; and probably there never was a publication which took the world so instantly by storm, or which, for so long a period, gave law to opinion on so many subjects. No doubt a reaction came at last; but it was a reaction of good, and not of evil. Other men, whose opinions were on some points different from those advocated in the Review, were compelled to exert themselves; and thus, a knot of striplings, (for they were little else,) in a provincial capital, gave a vast impulse toward intellectual power, to all ranks and classes of people in the empire. Nor did the exercise of such an influence stop here, for it extended to the world; and it would take a good deal of investigation and analysis to find out how much of the improvement, more especially in liberality of opinion, which the present century has witnessed, is not owing to this very association of young men, whose primary object was, we feel convinced, nothing more than their own improvement. The encouragement which this holds out to other young men is great; and the example is of too much value to be hid from the world.

Before entering into this society, Dr. Brown had a strong bias in favour of liberty; but there can be no doubt that it was strengthened by the example of his associates. When they found the increase both of knowledge and of pleasure which they derived from their own little society, it is hardly to be supposed that they should not wish to see the same extended to the great society of the world; and when in after life they found the advantage, which the perfect examination of every argument that the freedom of that society necessarily imparted, gave them over those who had been taught to decide upon authority and not upon evidence, it must have still further confirmed

them; nor can we call to mind one member of "The Academy of Physics" who ever took the side of illiberality, or ever was foiled in argument, or adhered dogmatically to an erroneous theory.

Brown's first professional study was that of the law, with the intention of qualifying himself for practising at the Scottish bar; but he abandoned that pursuit in his twentieth year, and applied himself to the study of Medicine. In that he made great proficiency; but even there his disposition to intellectual philosophy, which had been first evinced in his remarks on Darwin, did not forsake him; for in his thesis "*De Somno*," which he prepared for his graduation, he again reverted to the exception which he had taken to Professor Stewart's account of the cause of the suspension of volition in sleep, with so much force of argument, that Mr. Horner acknowledged that he had got the better of the Professor.

For some time after receiving his degree, Dr. Brown continued to practise as a physician, without however abandoning either his philosophic studies, or the muse. In his poetry there is a great deal of beauty, but it cannot bear a comparison with his philosophical writings in power, or with some of the illustrations in his lectures, even in poetry.

The Leslie controversy was the first occasion that drew forth the powers of Dr. Brown in their full force, and at once raised him to the rank of the most acute metaphysician of his time. The elevation of Professor Playfair to the chair of Moral Philosophy had left that of Mathematics vacant; and the ministers of Edinburgh, who had long been desirous of uniting the professorships in the University to their spiritual cures, set up one of their own number for the vacant office, and began to canvass for him with all their influence. At the same time, Mr. John Leslie, who was then living in philosophic retirement, and whose name stood higher, and deservedly higher, than any of the other candidates, took the field for the Mathematical chair. Mr. Leslie's scientific name and his recommendations were equally invulnerable, and to have attacked them would but have exposed the weakness of the clerical party; and they each sought for some other point of attack. This was found in a note to Leslie's Essay on Heat, in which praise is given to Hume's doctrine of causation,—a doctrine which the ministers looked upon as perfectly heretical. Parties ran high, the advocates of science took part with Leslie, and the ministers, if not quite so philosophical, were to the full as loud against him; but none of them went to the merit of the objection taken to Mr. Leslie. Dr. Brown, without any reference to the dispute, sat coolly down to examine the offensive doctrine, and in an Essay on cause and effect, shewed very clearly that though there were errors in the doctrine of Hume, they were of a merely speculative nature, and in no way calculated to injure the foundations of religion or morality. The Essay was not answered; Mr. Leslie got the appointment; the ministers were beaten; and Dr. Brown, though still a very young man, was at once admitted to be a master of reasoning and intellectual analysis. Mr. Horner wrote a splendid review of the Essay; and the congratulations of those whose party he had so effectually served, without being or pretending to be a

partizan, were as abundantly as justly bestowed upon the essayist. The essay, which was expanded and rendered more complete in future editions, contained the germ of all the improvements which Dr. Brown subsequently introduced into the science of intellectual philosophy; and showed that even then he had studied the whole science with minute attention, and wanted only the proper opportunity to make a most conspicuous figure in it.

In the year 1806, Dr. Brown was associated in the medical profession with the celebrated Dr. Gregory, then the most eminent practitioner in Scotland. The causes and mode of this connexion were equally creditable to the discernment of Dr. Gregory, and to the talents of his young friend. With Dr. Gregory, he had every prospect both of fame and of fortune; but his ambition lay in another direction. When he was only twenty-one, an exertion had been made to place him in the chair of Rhetoric, which was then vacant; but that had failed, by the very same influence, though not upon grounds similar to those which had nearly led to the failure of Mr. Leslie. A vacancy in the chair of Logic led to a similar application, which was followed by a similar result, although, upon that occasion, some of the most influential even of the "court party" were in his favour.

In the session of 1808, the health of Professor Stewart rendered him incapable of attending to his class; and he applied to Dr. Brown, who officiated for him for some little time. In the following winter he was again applied to, and as he had more scope for displaying his talents, he made a much more powerful impression, so powerful, indeed, that some of the most eminent of the professors attended the class regularly, and with apparently great satisfaction; and a committee of the students, in the name of the rest, conveyed to Professor Stewart their high opinion of the talents of his successor. The essay had confirmed that opinion of his powers which had been founded upon his more early productions; and the way in which he had turned those powers to account, gave assurance of his value as a lecturer.

Abilities so searching and so profound, accompanied by eloquence which commanded the most deep attention, adorned by a gracefulness of manner which no one could resist, and without one fault to which even illiberality itself could object—an ardent love of liberty—far removed from party and party politics, and rather deserv-
ing the name of universal benevolence, could not remain concealed; and the more intelligent and philosophical members of the University of Edinburgh could not bear the thought that their seminary, their city, their country, the world, should be deprived of the philosophic labours of Dr. Brown. Accordingly when, at the close of the session for 1810, Professor Stewart intimated his intention of resigning the labours of his professorship, his friends were again in the field. The letters which were on that occasion addressed to the magistrates of Edinburgh, as petitions of the University, by the venerable Professor, by Dr. Gregory, and by the late Lord Meadowbank, contained arguments that were irresistible; and on the second of May, in that year, Dr. Brown was chosen assistant and successor to Professor Stewart. Among the lovers of philosophy,

the appointment was hailed with delight ; and the Doctor's private friends were each more forward than another in congratulating him on his appointment to an office for which he was so eminently qualified, both by nature and by habit. One short sentence from the letter of Francis Horner, whose heart was as true as his mind was clear and comprehensive, and whom nothing but premature death could have prevented from devoting his great talents to his country, in some of the most important offices in the state, may serve as a key to what was done and what was felt upon that occasion. "What gives me," says Mr. Horner, "more pleasure than any other consideration, is to see the University, and through it the interests of philosophical opinion in Scotland, rescued from the danger, which seemed to threaten them with complete ruin, of the chair of Moral Philosophy being filled by one of those political priests who have already brought such disgrace upon the University, and done so much injury to learning."

But though Dr. Brown had thus arrived at the very summit of his ambition, and though he had done so at the early age of thirty-two, the labour which the elevation had cost him, the intense and incessant operation of mind, which, amid the labours of his profession, (which with such a partner as Dr. Gregory were not light,) had already enabled him to see a clear and straight path through the field of mental physiology, chequered and tangled as he found it, had made a permanent inroad upon his bodily health. That constitutional cheerfulness—the eye ever beaming and the face perpetually in smiles, which procured him at school the name of "the little laugher," and which carried him without an enemy to his grave, had not deserted him, did not desert him till his race was run ; but beneath all those indications, they who felt that he should, that he ought to live, and lengthen out the lines of science, could not help seeing the presages of approaching mortality, could not help perceiving that the mental fire which was beaming in his eye and brightening up his features, was at the same time consuming his strength ; and when the season of his academic labours came round, and the splendour of his introductory lecture made the thrilling and ecstatic audience confess that he was the chosen friend of true Philosophy, there mingled with it the mournful foreboding that he was also the victim upon her altar, and that although by his talents and his temper he had subdued party and bigotry for the good of mankind, he had received his death-wound in the conflict. That conflict was probably the most singular that ever was carried on ; for Dr. Brown, without one word of controversy, without any applications to party, overthrew the intolerants of Edinburgh, by combating and cutting down the general reasons of mankind in the silence of his chamber, and by the weapon of abstract philosophy. Out of this there arises a very valuable maxim : men will seldom fail to succeed, if they have first learned to deserve.

After his appointment Dr. Brown retired to the country for the recovery of his health ; and returned to Edinburgh within a few weeks of the opening of the session, with little other preparation for his labour than the consciousness of his own ability. Thus

his lectures were generally composed on the evenings before they were delivered; and as his literary friends were numerous, and sought his society with great eagerness, there were occasions on which the composition of the lecture was not begun till one o'clock in the morning on which it was to be read to the class. Three-fourths of the lectures were composed in this manner; when the author looked back at them more at leisure, he found nothing to alter, and they have been given to the world fresh from the original composition. This may have given rise to an apparent prolixity and exuberance of illustration in some parts; but to it also must be owing that buoyancy and vigour—that glow of the heart and gleam of the imagination, amid the very wilds and fastnesses of metaphysics, which make the lectures of Dr. Brown at once the most instructive and the most delightful book that ever was written upon the subject.

In general it has been the fault of intellectual philosophers, that they have attempted to rise with their philosophy into some airy and imaginary region, above the ken and the feelings of ordinary mortals, as if there were one world for them, and another for the rest of mankind. This appears to have come down from the most ancient times,—to be the *exoteric* and *isoteric* distinction of the earliest schools of philosophy; and while it has scared plain men away from the science, it has been the cause of the greater part of the errors and disputes among the philosophers themselves. Facts and phenomena are open to all who can and will see and hear; but when there is an admixture of pure hypothesis—something supposed in supplement to all that is, it is hardly possible that any two men can have the same opinion of it, unless the one be a servile and unreasoning copyist of the other. Up to the time of Dr. Brown, this was the case with the philosophy of the human mind: every man who paid attention to it was either a disciple or a doubter,—the mere verbalist followed in the rut, and he, who thought for himself, was denounced as an unbeliever. As instances of this phantom of philosophy, (and it is a phantom which none but philosophers have ever dreamed of,) we may mention the “operating principle in causation,”—the mysterious something besides the antecedent and the consequent event, which none but philosophers could see, and no two of them could see in the same light; and the “idea,” as something apart from the perceiving mind, and the thing perceived, which could multiply itself through all variety, and continue its existence through all time; and yet which, like a vestal virgin, did nothing, and was perceptible to nobody but the priests who were admitted within the *cella* of the mystic temple.

The grand labour of Dr. Brown consisted in the rejection of these phantoms,—in bringing Philosophy down from the limbo of dreams, and teaching her to dwell with man in his ordinary habitation, and converse with him in the language of reality; and having accomplished this, down came the whole fabric of error, whether of *ultra* or of *infra* credulity: for the cavils and disputes were all about the gratuitous and supplemental part; and when that was got rid of, there lay the same appeal to the parts in the philosophy of the mind, as in the philosophy of matter; and the proper designation of Dr.

Brown is "the Bacon of Intellectual Philosophy." The misfortune however, and it is not a slight one, is, that mental analysis and induction are confined, as compared with physical; that thus the greater part of those who have occasion to speak of that philosophy, must be simple believers; and that, therefore, the authority of names still continues, and the career of Brown as a public man was too short for enabling him to raise one, which could place his system so before the world, as to have justice done to his merits. On this account, not a little of the good that he did may be lost; and many may cling to the old errors, or neglect and avoid the science on account of them, who, if he had lived to the ordinary term of human life, instead of being cut off as he was, in his forty-second year, and at the very threshold of his usefulness, would have been alike instructed by the truth, and delighted with the beauty of that most interesting of all the sciences. We do not mean to say that blood will never again be shed for the "*Universal à parte rei*;" but we have little doubt that, at this moment, there are many drudging and doubting about the more modern phantoms, with Brown's volumes uncut upon their shelves.

STANZAS.

To ———

"She sung of Love, while o'er her lyre
The rosy rays of evening fell."—*Moore's Melodies*;

If thou would'st pause to wake a string
That will not bear to play,—
If thou would'st yet unloose the wing,
So chainless yesterday;
If thou be'st not that heartless one,
And false as thou art bright;
With smiles for all—and tears for none—
Sing not—sing not to night.

I may have sought, what all would seek,
And knelt, where all would kneel;
The pulse might throb,—the heart be weak,
And yet the lip conceal;
And had I never heard the song,
Or paused upon the tone;
That pulse might yet be free and strong,
That secret still my own.

I might be formed to love, and feel
Love—life—and all decay,—
I was not made to weep, and kneel
As I have knelt to-day:

And had I deemed the heart I nursed
 Could sue for such a healing,
 I would have seen it wither first,
 Ere I had stooped to kneeling.

I'll meet thee where the gayest meet ;
 One look shall not distress ;—
 I'll greet thee as the others greet,
 With words as meaningless ;—
 I'll try to feel as heretofore,
 Or deaden feeling's spring,—
 So thou wilt sing those songs no more,
 Where I may hear thee sing.

Yet one, thou said'st but yesternight,
 Thy lip should learn for me !—
 Oh ! when thou sing'st, and all is bright
 Around thy path—and thee,
 If thou dost feel but half I felt
 Where first those echoes rung ;
 I will not mourn that I have knelt,
 Or weep that thou hast sung.

Σ.

Jan. 21st, 1829.

MODERN FRENCH POETRY.

“ LES ORIENTALES.” PAR VICTOR HUGO.

THIS collection of poems, on Eastern subjects, as the title denotes, was published a few days since at Paris. The author, M. Hugo, though but a young man, has been long known as a popular French writer ; and the rapidity with which his works have succeeded each other is very remarkable. These works are various and opposite in their nature, and unequal in merit ; but all bear the impress of originality and boldness of conception. As a lyrical poet—as a novelist—as a dramatist—he has entered the lists. In each of these characters he has advanced boldly by unfrequented paths ; and his countrymen have placed his name with those of Lamartine, Beranger, and Casimir de la Vigne, though his relative rank among those favourite authors of the day depends on particular predilections, on parties in literature, and on parties in politics.

From his very first attempts, M. Hugo openly showed his aberrations from the classical models ; and he has persisted in an attachment to what the French and the Italians call the *romantic* school of poetry. Besides testifying a religious respect for the institutions of chivalry, as seen through the hallowing medium of centuries, for the pomp and magnificence of Catholic rites, and generally for all that is vague and mysterious ; besides using liberties of language and versification, unsupported by the example of Boileau, Racine, or Voltaire, he poured forth an ode of deep and devout feeling on the funeral of the

late sovereign, Louis XVIII. This was an uncompromising career, and he felt its effects. He was hailed on one side as a poet of feeling and imagination, who, like Lamartine, had broken the trammels of the hackneyed school, and, like him, had found poetical wealth in ideas and associations neglected or despised by the classicists: whilst, on the other hand, he was accused of a vagrant departure from the unalterable codes of order and beauty; styled a *borealist*, a romanticist, and, consequently, an *Ultra*. For, in France, *romanticism* and *ultraism* (strange as the supposed union may appear) are considered, in a writer, consequent on, and inseparable from, each other;—whilst an undeviating, scrupulous attachment to the authors of the age of Louis XIV., (for, after all, the French idea of *classic* is nearly confined to them,)—a supercilious contempt for the literature of other countries—a dread of change or innovation, in language, rhythm, or general costume—*classicism*, in short, as it is understood, is considered as equivalent to *liberalism*, although it is, in fact, an *ultraism* in literature.

These unions between parties in politics, and parties in poetry, really exist in France, as we have described them. The fact presents an evident anomaly, and not one of the least curious of our days. For, according to our general notions of things, the parties certainly should be differently assorted. The *romantic*, or the bold, the innovating, the irregular, in poetry, would ally itself with the speculative, the reforming, the experimental, in politics. On the other side, a scrupulous observance of ancient ordonnances in belles lettres, an exclusive reverence for the works of the great monarchy, for set forms, for the *unities*, for the dictionary of the Academy, (who determined, in their wisdom, some century and a half ago, that they had *fixed* the language of their country, which was thenceforth to know neither change nor augmentation)—in short, a devotion to every thing settled, regular, and legitimate, and an abhorrence of novelties and exotics—*classicism*, in a word, would take refuge in the faubourg St. Germain, the head-quarters of *ultraism**.

M. Hugo, as we have stated, is a *romanticist*; and, with Lamartine, occupies a foremost place in the ranks of the new French school. In the *romantic*, admitting the definition given of that style by its opponents, he would certainly claim precedence of his contemporary; for his flights are incomparably wilder, his licences in language and versification bolder: the choice of his subjects among night-mares, bats, the Satanic Sabbath, fairies of the North, and peris of the East—among phantoms, vampyres, and djinns,—is more exclusively within the regions of romance. But, as a poet, judging of him as he has appeared in his works up to this day, we consider him far beneath M. Lamartine.

If, however, M. Hugo be not spoiled by that flattery, which, in the French capital, is bestowed with such prodigality, and in such a

* We differ greatly from our contributor. First, we disbelieve in any such division of writers into factions as connected with politics—we think that individual opinions have a much greater preponderance; and secondly, judging from a pretty wide observation of modern French literature, we also believe that the *liberals* are the least servile in their adherence to classical models.

variety of ways—from the laudatory letter prefixed to the poet's volume*, to the confined but *merveilleux* article in the friendly journal—from the noisy plaudits of the crowded saloon, to the whispered enthusiasm of the Cabinet de Lecture, (where poetry and politics are eschewed at the cheap rate of about two-pence a sitting)—from the hotel of *virtuosi*, in the Castiglione, to the mercer's shop in the Rue Saint Honoré†—if, we say, he be not spoiled by all this, as so many clever young men have been before him, we may entertain the hope, that the years of study and improvement that are before him may be so employed, as to render him, with the talent and strength he undoubtedly possesses, a poet, whose success shall be independent of modes, and schools, and party associations.

Though we ourselves (were we brought before the tribunal of the classicists) should certainly not be considered as free from the romantic or *boreal* taint‡, yet we could wish to see the romantic somewhat more soberly indulged in—kept a little within the bounds of reason and probability, and restrained from encroaching on the regions of frenzy. At the same time, we would suggest to M. Hugo, that there is an abundance of subjects, novel, striking, and (if he must have them so) *unclassical*, in the visionary, and even in the material world, without his recurring to the ghastly and disgusting. He says boldly, in his preface to the volume before us—" *Il n'y a en poésie, ni bons, ni mauvais sujets, mais de bons et de mauvais poètes. D'ailleurs, tout est sujet; tout relève de l'art; tout a droit de cité en poésie.*" This, perhaps, is generally a good belief to hold, and is certainly likely to lead to brighter results than are to be derived from the hemming in the districts of art, and confining the opera-

* This abuse, which prevails among the French authors of the day, cannot be too severely deprecated. To M. Hugo's present volume there is a fulsome article of the sort attached, under the title of "Prospectus," which extols him most outrageously, throws him in the balance with some of the greatest names of French literature, and enhances his merit at their expense. There is a disgusting babble about his "*ame complète de poète*;" he is asserted to be the only poet since Pindar, that has conceived the ode, "*dans toute sa naïveté, et dans toute sa splendeur.*" His romances are applauded à *outrance*. His drama—his every thing, and all that he has done, marvellous as it is, is nothing to what he is going to do! His being a young man is dwelt upon several times; and the winding up of the article is in these pompous terms,—"*Le drame appartient à l'âge de la virilité la plus mûre. Or, le dix-neuvième siècle est bien jeune encore, et Victor Hugo est plus jeune que le siècle.*" An author is not, in justice, to be rendered accountable for the exaggerations of his friends and admirers, or the puffs of publishers; but for the sake of good taste—for decency—he ought not to permit them, in the form of a long, regular article, to precede, and to be bound up in a volume which he gives to the public. The practice, however, with a very few exceptions, is general: it has been carried to the greatest extent in the Vicomte d'Arlincourt—the supernatural genius, whose works have afforded delight to fourteen nations, translated in the idiom of each. M. Lamartine's volumes have none of this "damning" over-wrought praise. M. Beranger's unfortunately have too much of it.

‡ The marchands de modes, mercers, &c. at Paris, are quick at catching names and circumstances from the novels, poems, and plays that obtain any popularity. Thus, we have the costume à *la Dame Blanche*—*écharpe à l'Elodie*—*robe à la Solitaire*—*voile à l'Iphigénie*, &c. &c. I remember, some years since, all the fashionables of Paris were dressed, from top to toe, in D'Arlincourt's romances, and the Vicomte felt flattered at this manner of their testifying an admiration of his genius!

† The French critics took this word, *boreal*, in the sense they so politely apply it to us and the Germans, from the grandiloquent Italian, the late Vincenzo Monti,

tions of human genius to certain limited and set themes, and to conventional manners of treating them. But, still, that there are subjects that are *bad*—that no writing can elevate—that must sink under their inherent weight and deformity, dragging every thing with them, is evident on a moment's reflection. We could mention a score of such subjects in a breath; and to come home to M. Hugo, we could cull half of that number (not to say the whole) from his various productions.

We believe that several of the rather numerous works of this young French author have, in different ways, been presented to the notice of the English public. We have no intention here of giving an analysis of either; but, contenting ourselves with a list of them, in the order they appeared, shall, after a brief remark or two, hasten to the consideration of his last volume, "*Les Orientales*."

The first thing of any consequence he published, was a collection of Odes and Ballads, which contained some magnificent lines on the *Funeraillles de Louis XVIII.* (In an after edition he added an Ode, equally admired, "*à la Colonne*,"—the Column of Victory.) In prose, he has produced three romances, "*Hans d'Islande*," in 4 vols.; "*Bug Jargâl*," in 3 vols.; "*Le dernier jour d'un condamné*," 1 vol. These three tales are, almost as much as it is possible to be, in the "raw-head and bloody-bone" school:—the horrible is throughout carried to an excess that is painful and repulsive, except occasionally when it lends itself to the ridiculous. He is, moreover, the author of an historical drama on an English subject, "*Cromwell*," written in rhymed verse, as French tragedies are, but on the romantic, or irregular, or what we might call the Shakspearian model. It contains striking passages, but at the same time great misconception of character, and a general vagueness or *indeterminateness* of execution. He has now in the press a new historical romance in two vols. entitled "*Notre Dame de Paris*," which according to his *proneurs*, is very original, replete with character, very dramatic, and—*unlike* Walter Scott! The last merit is not considered the least, as these gentlemen conceive our northern bard has so completely monopolized the domains of romance, that it is, in the present day, next to impossible for an author to enter on them, without assimilating himself to him. "*A une époque, ou l'imitation de Walter Scott est presque une contagion nécessaire, même pour des très hauts talents, Victor Hugo s'est tenu à l'abri du soupçon par une diversité de manière incontestable.*" Such is the complacent assertion of M. Hugo's friend, the author of the *Article de louanges* (which we have referred to) at the head of the "*Orientales*"—and it is an assertion that nobody will be inclined to dispute. The diversity between "*Waverley*," "*Ivanhoe*," the "*Crusaders*," or any other given romance of Sir Walter, and "*Hans d'Islande*," "*Bug Jargâl*," and "*Le dernier jour d'un condamné*," is, in truth, *incontestable! Cela saute aux yeux!* But to his poetry, which is far better than his romances in prose.

The present volume contains a number of short pieces, with a very few exceptions, on Greek and Turkish subjects, and referring to the momentous events of which the Levant has lately been

the scene. The second poem in the collection is devoted to the "good Canaris," the terror of sea-faring Ottomans. It is bold as the hero it celebrates. Canaris is the purest patriot, and altogether the best man (the writer of this article speaks from personal acquaintance) that the Greek revolution has brought on the scene. It is worth while remarking too, even here, that this burner of "high Admirals" with their tens and their hundreds, who, from his terrific exploits, might be deemed some fire-fiend, is in his private character one of the mildest and most humane of men. His modesty and *bonhomie* are extreme, and the more remarkable and admirable, as they are qualities rarely found among the virtues of Greeks, ancient or modern. M. Hugo seems to have been well informed of his real character when he called him "le bon Canaris."

The poem next in order is entitled "Les têtes du Serail," and is equally singular and daring. Canaris, who seems to have occupied the author's mind in a degree inferior only to the great "Lui," figures here also. It was written in 1826, after the taking of Missolonghi by the Turks, at which time it was generally stated that the hero had fallen a victim before the fortress he had in vain attempted to relieve. M. Hugo imagines a dialogue, at the gate of the Seraglio, between the head of Canaris (transferred there), the head of the modern Leonidas, Marco Bozzari, whose body had been exhumated after the capture of Missolonghi, to supply the horrid trophy, (a fable by the bye!) and the head of Joseph, bishop of Rogous, who fell at Missolonghi, as a christian priest and patriot soldier. The dialogue is introduced by a description of the Seraglio, which is poetical, pretty, and not much *unlike* that melancholy and mysterious place. Canaris opens the conversation, and it might amuse the honest sailor to hear how well he can talk when his head is off—he who in his lifetime could *do*, but never *say*—who has ever been so deficient in oratory that, in spite of his brilliant services in the cause, his voice has never been listened to in council—so poor a hand at a speech or a description, that there was scarcely a cabin-boy on board his ships but could give a better account of his burning the Capitan Pasha off Scio, and of his other exploits of the like nature, than he, who conceived and executed all.

La première Voix (or Canaris)

Où suis-je...? mon brûlot! à la voile! à la rame!
Frères, Missolonghi fumante nous réclame,
Les Turcs ont investi ses remparts généreux.
Renvoyons leurs vaisseaux à leurs villes lointaines,
Et que ma torche, ô capitaines!
Soit un phare pour vous, soit un foudre pour eux!
Partons! Adieu Corinthe et ton haut promontoire,
Mers dont chaque rocher porte un nom de victoire,
Ecueils de l'Archipel sur tous les flots semés,
Belles îles des cieux et du printemps chéries,
Qui le jour paraissent des corbeilles fleuries,
La nuit, des vases parfumés!—*

* M. Hugo commits a mistake in making Canaris apostrophize the island of Hydra as his native place,—he is an Ipsariot. Had his advice been taken, the

In rather a long poem on the battle of Navarino, Canaris is again the object of M. Hugo's predilection. He invokes him—he bids him weep “like Crillon exiled from a combat,” that he—the demon of the waters,” was not present at the grand and conclusive scene of blood, and fire, and Ottoman destruction.

Besides the Greek subjects, the “Orientales” contains poems on Turkish manners and superstitions—imitations of the Moresco-Spanish ballad, and certain other matter that can scarcely be called Eastern. In a piece entitled “the Djinns” (malignant spirits that preside at deaths, earthquakes, and the destruction of cities,) the author has taken such unprecedented liberties with French versification, that we *must* quote a few lines.

1.

Murs, ville,
Et port,
Asile
De mort
Mer grise
Où brise
La brise;
Tout dort.

2.

Dans la plaine
Naît un bruit.
C'est l'haleine
De la nuit.
Elle brame.
Comme une âme
Qu'une flamme
Toujours suit.

3.

La voix plus haute
Semble un grelot.—
D'un nain qui saute
C'est le galop:
Il fuit, s'élance,
Puis en cadence
Sur un pied dance
Au bout d'un flot.

4.

La rumeur approche;
L'écho la redit.
C'est comme la cloche
D'un couvent maudit;
Comme un bruit de foule,
Qui tonne et qui roule,
Et tantôt s'écroule
Et tantôt grandit.

5.

Dieu! la voix sépulcrale
Des Djinns...! Quel bruit ils font—

* * * * *

Cris de l'enfer! voix qui hurle et qui pleure!
L'horrible essaim, poussé par l'aiglon,
Sans doute, ô ciel! s'abat sur ma demeure.

* * * * *

This curious rhythm—these lines of a word—these bold attempts at imitative *harmony*—though not uncommon in Italian poetry, since the time of Redi's magnificent Dithyrambic, “Il Bacco in Toscana,” are great novelties in French.

One of the last and best poems in the volume, “*Lui*,” (the pronoun will require no comment) furnishes the following fine passage:—

Toujours lui! lui partout!—ou brulante ou glacée,
Son image sans cesse ébranle ma pensée.
Il verse à mon esprit le souffle créateur.
Je tremble, et dans ma bouche abondent les paroles,
Quand son nom gigantesque, entouré d'auréoles,
Se dresse dans mon vers de toute sa hauteur.

bloody catastrophe at Ipsara, would have been prevented or delayed. He was for meeting the Turkish fleet with the brigs and brulots of the island. The more numerous party relied on a mercenary Albanian garrison, and lost all.

MARCH, 1829.

S

Là, je le vois, guidant l'obus aux bonds rapides ;
 Là, massacrant le peuple au nom des régicides ;
 Là, soldat, aux tribuns arrachant leurs pouvoirs ;
 Là, Consul jeune et fier, amaigri par des veilles
 Que des rêves d'empire emplissaient de merveilles
 Pâle sous ses longs cheveux noirs.

Puis, Empereur puissant, dont la tête s'incline,
 Gouvernant un combat du haut de la colline,
 Promettant une étoile à ses soldats joyeux,
 Faisant signes aux canons qui vomissent des flammes,
 De son âme à la guerre armant six cent mille âmes,
 Grave et serein, avec un éclair dans les yeux.

Puis, pauvre prisonnier, qu'on raille et qu'on tourmente,
 Croisant ses bras oisifs sur son sein qui fermente,
 En proie aux geôliers vils, comme un vil criminel,
 Vaincu, chauve, courbant son front noir de nuages,
 Promenant sur un roc où passent les orages
 Sa pensée, orage éternel.

* * * * *

CRIME, AND ITS PREVENTION.—No. I.

THIS is a very distressing subject, and we approach it with much pain. Not that we go along with those who believe the real increase of crime to be very great—the chief proportion of its apparent increase being, as we shall presently shew, attributable to the increase of population, and to the great number of cases now proceeded in, which were left alone before. But it is impossible to blind ourselves to the fact that a vast mass of crime does take place in this country—to diminish which must be an object most near the heart of every well-wisher of his species. We have before us the reports of two Committees of the House of Commons which sat last Session—one on the Police of the Metropolis, the other on Criminal Commitments and Convictions throughout England. To the former document we must for the present confine ourselves; inasmuch as the more immediate causes, and thence the remedies of crime, are so thoroughly different in London and in the country, that the considering both together would lead only to confusion. We shall hereafter give some attention to the other report we have mentioned—which will embrace the whole subject. And first as to the state of Crime,

The ultimate result of the enquiries of the Committee—all the minutiae of which are given in tables most ingeniously contrived, and elaborately worked out—is, that in the seven years ending 1827, as compared with the seven years ending 1817*, the annual increase of committals is 48 per cent.; and of convictions, 55. Against this the Committee set an increase in the population of the metropolis of 19 per cent.—leaving 36 per cent. still to be accounted for. If this were all attributed to the increase of depravity, it would be a very false

* These series were chosen as “commencing at the period at which the previous Population Returns had been completed.”

deduction. In the first place, a considerable portion of the increase has arisen from more active and general prosecution of petty offences. We shall quote the opinion of the Committee on Criminal Commitments and Convictions, on this—for this applies equally to London and the country :—

“Your Committee have much satisfaction in stating their confirmed opinion, that great part of the increase in the number of criminal commitments arises from other causes than the increase of crime. Offences which were formerly either passed over entirely, or were visited with a summary chastisement on the spot, are now made occasions of commitment to gaol and regular trial. Mr. Dealtry, a magistrate for the West Riding of the county of York, says, ‘I think one reason we may give for the increase of crime, or *the greater exhibition of it to public view*, is the seizure and delivery to the police of all those who commit offences, that are styled offences at all. I remember, in former days, persons were taken and pumped upon, or something of that sort; but now they are handed over to the police, and tried on it.’ Sir Thomas Baring, and other witnesses, gave a similar testimony. The Malicious Trespass Act, the Act for paying prosecutors their expenses in cases of misdemeanour, and other acts not necessary to mention, have tended to fill the prisons, without any positive increase of crime. The magistrates, likewise, are more ready to commit than they used to be; and, the fees paid to their clerks are a temptation to bring before them every case of petty offence arising out of village squabbles, or trifling disorders.”—*Report from Select Committee on Criminal Commitments and Convictions*, p. 4.

Sir Thomas Baring, in his evidence, explains this last allusion, by saying, that the clerks of magistrates being paid by fees, the increase of business is an advantage to them, and that therefore they may be tempted to induce the constables to bring petty offences before the magistrates which otherwise would not be prosecuted. He does not “wish to state that it is positively the case”—but it is manifest from the tone of his evidence, that, though he does not *know* an individual instance, he believes such a practice to exist. And, indeed, it is natural that it should. This is a petty instance of the abominable system, of which we shall shew the darker effects presently, which pervades the whole of our criminal jurisprudence,—the making it, namely, the interest of those whose business it is to suppress crime that crime should exist.

It is to be observed—and the observation is most consolatory, that the whole of the increase of crime has been among the petty offences—small thefts especially. The darker class has greatly decreased;—crimes against the person, and all crimes of violence and ferocity are fewer. There never was a time at which the lives and persons of the community were so safe. The increase has been wholly among the minor order of thefts—and, we think, both these results can easily be attributed to their real causes.

The decrease of violence is immediately deducible from the progress of civilization. As the minds of men are cultivated, their fiercer passions decline, and they cease to commit crimes springing from such sources. All the more violent impulses of human nature are softened

and extinguished by education. Even in its present early state, it has been able to do this—may we not hope that, as it advances to maturity, its moralizing effects will extend into wider ramifications?

The increase of the lower order of larcenies may likewise be traced to the progress of civilization—in a different branch of its effects. We mean to the increase of wealth, and especially of that description of property which is much exposed, and easily removed and disposed of. More things are stolen than formerly;—Granted. But, besides the fact of there being more people to steal, there are more things to be stolen. The temptation has increased, and with it the degree of crime.

With regard to London, the following passage from Mr. Alderman Wood's evidence is well worth attention:—

Adverting to the great increase in the number of commitments within the last two years, has your attention been called to the subject, and can you state your views with respect to the causes of that increase?—In the first instance, I do not think there is a very great increase of crime; that there is an increase of commitments, of course, is very evident; but I will state how I think those commitments arise. There is a very extraordinary change in the mode of trying prisoners in the city of London within the last four or five years, by two courts sitting at the same time in the Old Bailey; we had formerly sessions that lasted nineteen days; I had it in my shrievalty. We now scarcely ever exceed about five or six days; we sometimes have done in four days, but six days is about the number; and we hardly ever get into the sixth day, except it is a very heavy sessions. I think that the people are induced very much to prosecute in consequence of this arrangement; they will come to the sessions, and will look at the list that is arranged for that day, and they see that they shall be called that day or the following day, and in consequence of their time being so little occupied they are induced to come and give evidence; whereas, in the former times to which I have alluded, I have known persons from Brentford, from Uxbridge, and from the districts around as far as Middlesex extends, kept a fortnight, and I have known them kept so long that they have been quite worn out. I therefore conclude, that on those occasions they would of course avoid coming as much as they possibly could, it broke so much upon their general business. Now, I say, that is, in my opinion, one very considerable cause for the commitments being more than they used to be.—On account of the greater facility of the administration of justice?—Yes.

But, however different minds may vary in their conclusions as to the degree in which crime can be said to have increased, there is no doubt that its actual extent is painfully great. We shall now, therefore, proceed to state what, from a diligent attention to the subject, appear to us to be the principal causes of crime, and what remedies we believe to be most likely to have effect.

One of the first great causes of crime, as nearly all who give their evidence before the Committee seem to agree, is the laxity in which children are bred in London. It appears that boys are allowed to run about the streets, congregating together in numbers, and indulging in all manner of bad habits, but more especially in *gaming*. Then, regular thieves get hold of them, and train them by degrees to crime. "I know," says Mr. Wontner, the very respectable and intelligent keeper of Newgate, "from enquiry both of the boys and other persons who are competent to give me information upon it, that there is a regular system of nurture by the old thieves of the young lads." The

object of these persons is, that they may have thefts committed by proxy, and thereby reap the benefit without running the risk.

The extent to which this system is carried is something awful. A very large proportion of the increase of crime is committed by young offenders—boys from eight years of age to sixteen. The Committee appear to have devoted a great deal of their attention to this subject. The following part of Sir Richard Birnie's evidence merits attention in itself—and we wish to make a few comments on the plan which he proposes:—

Are there not gangs of young boys who subsist by depredation?—Yes.—Do not you think it might be of advantage, if there were established some tribunal that was almost permanently sitting, which disposed of cases of that kind; the question refers to cases of simple larceny committed by young offenders?—It would have an excellent effect; for they are kept so long in prison between session and session, that they come out more depraved than they went in.—Do not you think there is a great evil in committing a young boy to Newgate for simple larceny, and leaving him two months before he is brought to trial?—Very great, to Newgate or any other prison.—Do not you think, if there was a separate prison established for the reception of persons of that kind, and they were brought to trial as soon as it was possible to bring them to trial, consistently with affording them an opportunity of making their defence, and of getting together all the evidence, and that afterwards they were immediately sent to suffer whatever punishment might be inflicted upon them, that that would have a material effect in checking the progress of crime?—Very material.—In what way would you advise that young boys should be punished?—I am sorry in this country to say so, but I should recommend a little flogging at a certain age.*—You think transportation is not a fit punishment for a boy of fourteen or fifteen years of age?—I am talking of those at nine and ten.—Do you conceive that transportation is a proper punishment for a boy below the age of fifteen?—A great many of them would like to go, there are such excellent accounts of the climate and country, that I believe they deem it no punishment at all:† the training up of boys is a great evil; now it will appear very strange, that there were last night, and it will be the same to night, perhaps from ten to fifteen or eighteen boys sleeping under the green stalls in Covent Garden, who dare not go home without money, sent out by their parents, to beg ostensibly, but to steal if they can get it; and I have reason to believe, although I do not wish to interfere with the city, that it is the same in Fleet market, and other markets, little urchins that I have taken, out at night, with no home to go to, or if they have, they dare not go home under sixpence, and then those boys become a prey to older boys, and so organized gangs are established; to get away those boys before they are completely contaminated would be a great national object; I would venture to say†thievery could be

* Mr. Wontner, who has every opportunity of judging of how prisoners regard punishments, says that the boys do dread flogging more than anything else, but that "they soon forget it afterwards." He attributes the same absence of permanency to the effects of the system of flogging altogether.

† Mr. Wontner agrees in thinking that boys do not dread transportation, but he ascribes strongly contrary feelings to grown people. They dread, above everything, separation from their friends and relations, and this makes them, when under sentence of transportation, use every influence, and conduct themselves as well as possible, to be sent to the Penitentiary or the Hulks, instead of to New South Wales. We are glad to have this fact given on such testimony; for, we confess, we had begun to fall into the opinion, evidently shared by some members of the committee, that Botany Bay was fast losing its terrors. Mr. Wontner speaks with the utmost confidence to the contrary.

cut up by the roots.—Can you suggest any way of trying and punishing those persons, which shall afford the prospect of immediate trial and summary punishment, and at the same time give them the advantage of a trial by jury?—No, I do not think I could combine the two; but I am talking of those children from the age of eight to twelve; that if they could be taken even from their parents when they are found in the streets, and put into some asylum, where they could be trained up to industry, it would be an immense thing, and then the gangs would want recruits, and would fall to decay.—How could you compel them to enter into an institution of that kind, without having some evidence of their having committed a crime?—There is an un repealed Act of Anne, which authorizes a magistrate, with the consent of the churchwardens of the parish where the delinquent is found, who either begs, or his parents beg, who cannot give a proper account of himself, to bind that boy to the sea service; but the great objection is, that nobody will take him. Now my plan would be this, and it would not be expensive, neither would government have much to do with it, to get a good old roomy Indiaman, and moor her off Woolwich, and to put in her a master and a superannuated gunner and carpenter, whom government must otherwise provide for, and to bind these boys to those men; and after they had been three years under the discipline of such men as those, every merchantman would be glad to take them.—You propose that they should be sent to a hulk instead of being bound to the sea service?—Bound to the gentlemen that should have the command of the hulk, to instruct them either in seamanship, or as carpenters or gunners, or to be properly brought up to the sea service.—You are speaking of boys that have committed no offence?—I am speaking of boys that have never been before a magistrate. I want to begin at the root of the evil, those poor children that have not been before a magistrate at all would not be very numerous: but I venture to say it would stop the recruiting service with those gangs.

We have in a former number (for January, p. 71) expressed some doubt whether Sir Richard Birnie's construction of the statute of Anne be correct. But this matters not; supposing any measure of the kind to be adopted, it would be right to have an act of Parliament expressly for the purpose. And we are strongly inclined to think that, under proper regulations, such powers might be very advantageously applied. Mr. Alderman Wood seems to have looked minutely into this point; and his experience of the whole system in the city is almost unparalleled:—on these subjects we think his evidence entitled to great attention:—

Supposing that a number of those boys were instructed in the rudiments of seamanship, in climbing up the rigging of a vessel, and in making ropes, and in carpenter's work; do not you think that the boys are of that age and of that description, that they could be usefully employed on board King's ships?—I have no doubt that it would be very useful, if arrangements could be made to take those boys off as the Marine Society do; but they are now very guarded about the morals of the boys they take, because they have such a choice, and they will not take our thieving boys; in the time of war we got off a great many, but now they will not take the bad boys.—Do you think there is such a deep taint of depravity in their characters that, if they were submitted to a discipline of a couple of years, and were completely separated from their associates previously to their being sent on board a ship, there is any reason whatever why they should not be made very useful seamen?—Quite so; I think that more than three-fourths of those boys might be saved by some arrangement of that sort, where they might be placed so that they could be made, some time or other, useful members of society.

We should be very glad that some such plan should be adopted. We confess we do not exactly see why the system should be confined to the sea-service: there is no great lack, we believe, of men to man the ships in the merchant-service, which of course would be those to which these lads would most commonly be sent: we do not see why the principle might not be generalized—unless, indeed, that might be considered to be likely to “make the food it fed on,” and bring boys into the streets on purpose to be thus provided for, while the idea of the sea-service would probably not be very popular at first, although the individuals would, we doubt not, thoroughly become reconciled to it after a time. Some care should be taken, in drawing up the act, to define with accuracy who should be subject to it—but we have no doubt that it would not be very difficult to draw the line so as to prevent its being a means of oppression. There could be scarcely any motive, and the regulations might easily prevent any such tendency.

There is also another plan, with reference to the young offenders, which seems to be universally approved of—viz., establishing a distinct gaol for them, “in which they should be classed, not altogether according to their age, but according to their characters, and the offences with which they were charged.” The Committee directly recommend this: but they add alternatives of hulks or a ward of the Penitentiary, in the event that “considerations of expense” should postpone or prevent the construction of such a prison. We cannot understand that such considerations should be taken into account for a moment. The first duty of every society is to reduce crime as much as possible; and, surely, looking at the things for which we do consider ourselves rich enough, we should hope we are not too poor to take steps which all conversant with the subject declare they believe would tend greatly towards the diminution of crime. For every reason, no cost should be spared to reduce this branch of criminals. It is nothing short of awful to think of youth being thus devoted by their elders to the acquisition of guilty skill;—of so large a portion of those among whom we live being reared from their childhood to pass a life of constant misdoing and evil. We have no doubt that something of the nature of the measures we have just mentioned would be most strongly efficacious in correcting so revolting a system; and they ought to be set to work upon forthwith.

There is another measure, with reference to the young class of offenders, which, though not exactly proposed by the Committee, is often alluded to in the evidence—namely, that, for slight offences, magistrates might be allowed summarily to convict, and order immediate corporal punishment in lieu of sending the boy to gaol. This would require mature deliberation on more than one point: in the first place, as to corporal punishment at all. The evidence differs considerably as to the effect of this. We have already seen Mr. Wontner’s opinion—that it is much feared at the moment, but little remembered; and Mr. Cope, the City Marshal, says, he believes its tendency in every case is to harden; and that he thinks it “a bad plan” with regard to all. Moreover, the placing the jury’s office in the hands of a magistrate should be deeply weighed before it be adopted. We extract the following striking answer from the evidence of the Hon. Captain Waldegrave, (R. N.) a magistrate for Somersetshire, before the Committee, on criminal commitments in the country generally. It had been asked

him, not directly with reference to children, whether it would not be advisable to give to magistrates the power of summary conviction, for petty thefts, and other small offences—on the grounds of avoiding the evil communication in gaol, of saving the expense of prosecution, and of sparing the offender the exposure for a crime, which scarcely deserved it. Captain Waldegrave answers:—"I think it would; but it is a most formidable power to give to us magistrates.—How would it be likely to be abused?—*From our own passions*: I think that we sometimes get irritated with offenders."—"This is a fine, manly, sensible answer. We should not be in the least afraid to trust the man who made it with such power; but local influences, and many other causes would require us to pause considerably before we gave it to every two magistrates throughout the country.

As regards boys in London, if the prison were built for them which has been spoken of above, the evil of remaining in that a short time longer would not be sufficiently great to render the risks attending the summary conviction advisable. We would however, extend the frequency with which the sessions are held in London and Middlesex to the whole district, whether in Kent, Surrey, or Essex, over which the general police establishment, of which the reader will hear presently, extended*.

We cannot close that part of the subject which relates to youthful criminals without just extracting the following *fact* from Alderman Wood's evidence. We have most self-denyingly restrained ourselves from entering into the subject of education, as regards crime. We think, therefore, we may be permitted to *repay* ourselves a little by the following quotation:—

I wish to make an observation with reference to a statement which was made by a magistrate a few days ago; that, in his opinion, the circumstance of boys congregating together in the National schools tended to produce crime. Now, I have belonged to one of those public schools, of which the late Mr. Whitbread was the founder, where 7,000 children have been educated, and I can state that there has been no instance of any one of them being brought up for trial, either in Middlesex or in the city of London. I have enquired most minutely in every possible way, and that is the result of my enquiries; and I think that the employment of six hours a day, which they have in that school, is a very material check to crime.

Bravo the schoolmaster!

* This is eight times a year. The Committee seem to labour under some error on this point. "There is also another measure which has been pressed upon the attention of your Committee, as likely to promote every improvement that may be introduced in Police arrangements, and therefore they the more readily recommend it to the serious and favorable attention of the House. The measure thus alluded to is the holding more frequently Sessions of the Peace within the Metropolis and neighbouring Districts, at which all such prisoners as are usually tried at the Quarter Sessions may be disposed of. Your Committee are assured, that no impediment is opposed to the adoption of such a measure in Surrey, Kent, and Essex; and that the point of form which prevents the county of Middlesex from immediately participating in the advantage, might be without difficulty removed. The benefits that would result from abridging the period between the apprehension and trial of all, and more particularly of juvenile offenders, cannot but be evident." Now the Sessions in London, Westminster, and Middlesex, are held eight times a year,—and as applied to them, we do not understand the use of the term *Quarter Sessions*. Whether the period should be made monthly is a question worthy consideration.

We now come to the consideration of the state of our prisons—and, really, it would almost seem that the object of their existence was to serve as academies for crime. We feel that if we were thoroughly to go into this part of the subject, it would of itself be sufficient to make an article, which, perhaps, we shall do in a month or two. Our readers may, therefore, take our word, and that of the Committee, who have visited, in subdivisions, every gaol in the metropolis, that their condition is as bad, as regards their tendencies to corrupt, and to continue corruption, as it is possible for even a fertile imagination to conceive. The evidence of Mr. Wontner, the able keeper of Newgate, is most striking. From its physical deficiencies—and several regulations, not made in the prison but affecting it directly, and which ought to be, and might be at once removed,—it is a very nursery of guilt. And, as you read, it is impossible not to reflect, if it be thus under a man so evidently sensible and humane, what would it not be under a worse governor!—Taking, therefore, the prisons at as low a pitch as possible*, we proceed.

It is said, that the reducing the duty on spirits has, by lowering the price of gin, been an assistance to the increase of crime. We confess, we hate as a principle, any other interference with food than that which has a view to the revenue:—the heightening of the duties would, it is true, be on the surface a “money-bill,”—but its object, in this instance, would be the reduction of consumption. We are always very loth, in all cases, to admit of any exception to the application of a sound principle; but, knowing how impossible it is to deny the fact of the hideous consequences which indulgence in that which, with a tone of prophetic jesting almost revolting, they have themselves called their “Ruin,” we cannot but desire that obstacles should be thrown in the way of the great consumption of gin by the lower classes in London.

But the houses where this physical and moral poison is imbibed are productive of more evil than even that poison itself. Oyster-houses, coffee-shops, and flash-houses of every description, are dens for the refuge and the meeting of thieves:—they afford them means of planning robberies, and facilities to dispose of the goods afterwards. That this system should have been more than connived at—almost sanctioned by the police, we can consider nothing short of a disgrace. The absurd fallacy, that it gives the officers means of knowing the principal thieves, no one dared defend before the Committee, on the ground of necessity, when the question was directly put—and yet the magistrates have suffered such courses to continue flourishing under their very nose. The Committee speak strongly, in their report, upon this question:—

Of the evils that prevail in counteraction of every plan and regulation that has for its object the improvement of the habits of the lower classes, none works with more dreadful certainty than the obscure houses which are opened in every part of the town under various designations, but better known under the comprehensive term of “Flash Houses;” they are the resort of notorious thieves, of professed gamblers, of idle and dissolute persons

* We do not mean as to food, hardship, &c.—the grounds complained of some years ago. That is all on a very different footing now:—we allude to the arrangements which tend to render and keep the immorality of the prisoners fearful.

of both sexes, are frequently kept without licence, and never in conformity to the provisions enacted by law; from the penalties of which, it has been proved to your Committee, that the keepers become secured by their annual contributions to common informers, and by the accustomed negligence or connivance of the public and parochial authorities.

To these sinks of profligacy and dissipation your Committee learnt with concern that sundry police officers are (as has been stated to have been the case in former times) in the habit of resorting, under the specious pretext that their object is to see, and to become acquainted with the persons of public depredators, in order that they may the more readily counteract them when, in the pursuit of plunder, and secure their persons when become amenable to law. But none of the Justices, and scarce any of the officers have defended the practice on the score of necessity. Your Committee therefore trust that the Magistrates will be required to take decisive and effectual steps for the suppression of this long-endured nuisance, by the prosecution of every unlicensed victualler, and by compelling those that are licensed, to observe such good rule and order as can alone warrant the renewal of their licence. Motives of equity towards the licensed and orderly publican claim such an exercise of magisterial authority; motives of sound policy towards the community at large prohibit any licence or act, be it of commission or omission, that can serve as a cloak or a protection to a disorderly publican.

The real result of this system, as regards the police officers is, that it affords means for a familiarity between them and the thieves, in every way, direct and indirect, conducive to crime. It gives, as it were, official sanction to the doings of these ruffians, unless in some particular instance for which they may be "wanted" at the moment; and—which is the chief evil—it enables the officers to enter into a regular system of composition with the thieves; sometimes, perhaps, for information against each other, but chiefly for the restoration of goods to the owners, in consideration of a certain per centage. That this last system must have the most direct tendency to foster crime, and that of the worst sort—crime, namely, put upon a regular, systematic, tradesman-like footing, is, we think, as manifest, as that one and one make two. The Committee have given a very large share of their attention to this:—

Your Committee have assiduously directed their attention to those compromises for the restitution of stolen property, which general rumour and belief had represented so often to have taken place. They regret to say, that their enquiries have proved such compromises to have been negotiated with an unchecked frequency and under an organized system, far beyond what had been supposed to exist.

Your Committee have deemed it advisable, for obvious reasons, not to annex the evidence relating to this subject; but they are very desirous, by stating the general result, to impress upon the Government and the Legislature the necessity of some effectual stop to this increasing evil. These compromises have generally been negotiated by solicitors or police officers, or by both, with the plotters of the robbery, and receivers; or, as they are commonly called, "the Putters-up," and "Fences." These persons have usually planned the robbery, found the means, purchased the information necessary, and employed the actual thieves as their agents; themselves running no material risk.

Considerable sums have been paid to regain this property by the parties robbed, generally stipulated to be paid in cash, for fear of the clue to discovery of those concerned that notes might give. These sums have been

apportioned, mostly by a per centage on the value of the property lost; but modified by a reference to the nature of the securities or goods, and to the facility of circulating or disposing of them with profit and safety.

The report then proceeds to give a detail of instances which have occurred with reference to the depredations committed upon bankers. It is unnecessary for us to go into these details—but the number and amount are startling.

The Committee seem not to be by any means satisfied with the evidence of some of the magistrates on this head. Sir Richard Birnie says unqualifiedly (Report, p. 11.) that he thinks it impossible these practices could exist to any extent without the knowledge of the magistrates; and Mr. Halls (p. 12.) as distinctly, though not quite as directly, to the same effect. The Committee, however, do get the most undeniable proof that they were carried to the extent of *being a system*:—

Your Committee having discovered, that through those years compromises have repeatedly taken place by the intervention of police officers, and a regular system to facilitate them has been gradually maturing, conceive it is incumbent upon Government to exact from the Magistrates a more vigilant and intelligent superintendence generally, and more active enquiries whenever suspicion shall arise.

Your Committee think it right to state, that, however readily the officers of Bow-street and the City police have undertaken the negotiation of these compromises, they seem in some instances to have been induced to it without a corrupt or dishonest motive; and individuals of them have been satisfied with a much less sum for effecting the compromise, than the reward offered for the apprehension of the guilty parties. Suspicion has arisen in one case, that 800*l.* more was received by the officer who negotiated than the thieves asked or received; and in another, 50*l.* was paid to procure restitution of 500*l.*, and neither the 500*l.* nor the 50*l.* were ever restored. In no case, however, does it appear in evidence, that any one of them stipulated for a reward beforehand; nor connived at the escape of a thief; nor negotiated a compromise when he possessed any clue that might lead to the detection of the guilty*. Your Committee have before adverted to the ignorance in which the Magistrates appear to have been kept as to these practices by their officers. It should seem from the evidence of Sir Richard Birnie, that they only suppose a very small number of compromises to have taken place, and those through the medium of attorneys. Looking, however, to the regular system and undisturbed security with which the officers acted, it would not be strange if they should have conceived that the Magistrates did not disapprove; and entertaining the same opinion as Sir Richard Birnie, “that the Magistrates must have means of detecting them,” should have thought them disinclined to interfere, unless some unlucky publicity forced these practices upon their notice. It has been distinctly asserted to your Committee by officers, that they had the sanction of higher persons of their establishment for engaging in such negotiations. This, however, has been as distinctly contradicted; but that a belief in the connivance of the Magistrates has existed, is corroborated by the evidence of an officer long retired from Bow-street, and on whom no such charge has been fixed. He has said, “If the men who have been before this Committee had been cautioned by the Magistrates not to interfere in any such thing, I am convinced that part of these men would never have interfered; they have thought they were doing a good thing for the parties losing the property, and that no notice would be taken of it.”

* It was scarcely possible that such things should appear in evidence, when the witnesses were the parties concerned.—Ed.

We may seem to be dwelling too long upon this part of the subject—but we do most thoroughly believe, and our conviction is completely in accordance with that of the Committee, that this system of composition, in alliance with that of receiving, is productive of an exceedingly large proportion of the heavier order of crimes against property. The following passage of the report contains such curious facts, accompanied by remarks of such admirable good sense, that we are tempted to extract it at length, more especially as the Reports of the Committees of the House of Commons, not being published, do not usually come into the hands of general readers. The Committee, after recommending severe provisions against all parties concerned in compounding felony,—including to a certain extent the owner of the lost goods himself, proceed thus:—

Your Committee are well aware that it may seem severe to proceed with rigour against an act, which at first sight contains nothing repugnant to honesty; namely, helping an owner to regain, or he himself regaining the property of which he has been robbed. But their enquiries have entirely convinced them, that the frequency of these seemingly blameless transactions has led to the organization of a system which undermines the security of all valuable property, *which gives police officers a direct interest that robberies to a large amount should not be prevented*; and which has established a set of “Putters-up,” and “Fences,” with means of evading, if not defying, the arm of the law; who are wealthy enough, if large rewards are offered for their detection, to double them for their impunity; and who would in one case have given 1000*l.* to get rid of a single witness. Some of these persons ostensibly carry on a trade; one, who had been tried formerly for robbing a coach, afterwards carried on business as a Springfield drover, and died, worth, it is believed, 15,000*l.* Your Committee could not ascertain how many of these persons there are at present, but four of the principal have been pointed out. One was lately the farmer of one of the greatest turnpike trusts in the Metropolis. He was formerly tried for receiving the contents of a stolen letter, and as a receiver of tolls employed by him was also tried for stealing that very letter, being then a postman, it is not too much to infer that the possession of these turnpikes is not unserviceable for the purposes of depredation. Another has, it is said, been a surgeon in the army. The two others of the four have no trade, but live like men of property; and one of these, who appears to be the chief of the whole set, is well known on the turf, and is stated, on good grounds, to be worth 30,000*l.* Three of these notorious depredators were let out of custody, as before stated, when there was a fair prospect of identifying and convicting them. It is alarming to have observed how long these persons have successfully carried on their plans of plunder; themselves living in affluence and apparent respectability, bribing confidential servants to betray the transactions of their employers, possessing accurate information as to the means and precautions by which valuable parcels are transmitted; then corrupting others to perpetrate the robberies planned in consequence, and finally receiving, by means of these compromises, a large emolument, with secure impunity to themselves and their accomplices. It is scarcely necessary to point out the difficulties which must obstruct these persons, even after they may have amassed a fortune in betaking themselves to any honest pursuit. This, your Committee have evidence, is deeply felt by themselves; and the fear of being betrayed by their confederates, should they desert them, and of becoming objects for sacrifice by the police, to whom they at present consider themselves of use, leaves little hope of any stop to their career, but by detection and justice. The owners of stolen property have thus purchased indemnity for present losses, by strengthening

and continuing a system, which re-acts upon themselves and the community by reiterated depredations, committed with almost certain success and safety. Your Committee believe they have not drawn a stronger picture than the evidence before them warrants; and whatever measures may be necessary to abolish such a system, such measures, however severe, should be provided.

This leads us at once to the consideration of the proposed measures for the remodelling the Police. We have put one sentence into Italics from its being almost word for word what we have said before we saw this report. In our Diary for last December, in commenting upon the burglaries in the outskirts of London which then prevailed so much, in speaking of the pay of the Police Officers being so miserably scanty—five-and-twenty shillings a week*,—we use the following expressions:—"When we consider what they are called upon to do in the case of an extensive robbery, executed with skill, such a salary as this manifestly *necessitates* their being otherwise rewarded. They are, and they must be, paid by the job. Now, it is impossible there can be a more evil principle than this. It is giving the officers of police a direct interest in the commission of crime."

It is, however, quite natural that so clear and immediate a conclusion should find expression in almost the same words. That the system *is* a direct premium to the officers of police not to prevent crime is manifest; and yet it has continued in action up to the present time. We cannot blame the public—or that portion of it in particular who would, we doubt not, have interfered—for it was impossible to *conceive* that such a thing should be—and nobody told them. If the gentleman from whom we learned that one pound, five shillings, by the week, formed the pay given to the superior police officers, had not been one whose veracity and means of information are unquestionable, we really should have doubted whether so ingenious a contrivance for the creation of crime could have existed in the metropolis of Great Britain in the second quarter of the nineteenth century.

This brings us at once to the great statistical remedy which is proposed by the Committee, and which, if undertaken on the scale, and with the regulations of detail, that are fitting; will, we have very strong confidence, tend most greatly to diminish crime in London and its neighbourhood. This is a total remodelling of the present system of police, including the nightly watch. The evidence on this last point proves, beyond the shadow of a question, the total inefficiency of this watch, in the great majority of parishes; and where there is, as in the instance of Mary-le-bone, one which makes its establishment effective, it only relieves itself at the expense of its neighbour, which may be ill-watched. Unanimity is the great desideratum in matters of police. The jurisdiction of such an office ending here, and the limit of such a parish being there, throw the greatest impediments in the way of justice. We shall extract the greater portion of the outline of the plan given by the committee, and then make a few comments upon it of our own:—

Your Committee trust that they have now established, as they proposed to

* We expressed in a note that we were so startled at this, that we should not have given credit to it, only that our information was derived from a police-magistrate. We now find that it was given in evidence before this Committee.

establish, from authority of previous Committees, and from the evidence as to recent facts, that there is a strong presumption in favour of a material change in the system of police which at present exists in the metropolis and its neighbourhood. The interval that has elapsed since the examinations of your Committee were concluded, has not been sufficient to enable them to mature a detailed arrangement, to be substituted in lieu of the present. But they are strongly inclined to recommend a plan, of which the following suggestions contain the general outline:—That there should be constituted an office of police acting under the immediate directions of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, upon which should be devolved the general control over the whole of the establishments of police of every denomination, including the nightly watch: that the immediate superintendence of this department should extend over a circumference comprising the whole of that thickly inhabited district which may be considered to include the metropolis and its environs: that the Magistrates attached to this office should be relieved from the discharge of those ordinary duties which necessarily occupy so much of the time of the present police Magistrates; and that they should be the centre of an intimate and constant communication with the other police offices on all matters relating to the disturbance of the public peace, and to the commission of all offences of a serious character. Your Committee is fully aware of the difficulty of interfering with the discretion of Magistrates in the performance of any duties of a strictly judicial nature. Magistrates are immediately responsible to the law for the exercise of the power committed to them in the ordinary administration of justice, and must be left to act according to the best of their judgment, uncontrolled in this respect by any extrinsic authority. But the police Magistrate in a great city, may be considered as an executive as well as a judicial officer; and one of the chief advantages of the establishment of a head office of police would consist, in the opinion of your Committee, in its possessing a general superintending authority in matters of police, which should remedy the inconvenience that at present results from the independent and unconnected action of the several police offices. Your Committee are disposed to recommend, that the entire control over the nightly watch should be assumed by this department, not immediately and simultaneously, but gradually; and that the powers which are now exercised with respect to the nightly watch, either by parish vestries or by Commissioners or Trustees appointed by local acts, should be continued to be exercised until an efficient substitute in each case shall have been provided, subject to such modifications as may be thought advisable. That authority should be given to the department of police to direct the discontinuance of the parochial watch in any parish, on certifying to the proper authorities of that parish that arrangements had been made for the due performance of the duties theretofore assigned to the watch. Your Committee are of opinion, that the public funds ought to continue to be charged with the amount of the expense not less than that to which they are at present subject on account of the police establishment of the metropolis, and that the charge which will be incurred by the increase of that establishment, at least as far as it can be considered as contributing to local protection, ought to be a local charge, to be defrayed, according to certain principles to be hereafter determined, by the parishes or districts included within the superintendence of the new police. There will be a manifest advantage in considering the whole force, of whatever denomination it may consist, as one united establishment, in introducing an efficient system of control and inspection through a regular gradation of intermediate authorities, and in holding out every inducement to good conduct, by giving promotion as much as possible to the deserving officers.

In the benefit arising from a general establishment of this nature, it is impossible, we think, not to agree. There are not above one or

two of the witnesses who do not express the strongest confidence in its success. One of them (Sir Thomas Farquhar) carries his sense of the evil of petty parochial divisions so far, that he even wishes the paving and lighting, as well as the watching, to be under the same general controul. We confess we would not divert the attention of the general office to such minute matters. Lighting has something to say to the prevention of crime, and this head-establishment, whatever name it might bear, should have a summary power to prevent any neglect of the parish on that score—but really there are no more robberies committed on a roughly-paved street than on a smooth one. Sir Thomas shewed plainly enough that where, as is often the case, one half of a street was longitudinally in one parish, and one in another, the line of demarcation might be much more correctly called that where they separate than that where they unite. But we cannot but consider this a little beside the question of crime, and its prevention.

The other parts, however, of Sir Thomas's evidence, which is nearly all with reference to this question of generalization, is very sound and sensible.

Mr. Frederick Byng—who seems to have taken the most active part in the management of the watch of St. George's parish*,—and who gave a great many very valuable details, is also most strongly of opinion that a general board would be a most essential improvement. But we need not go into the opinions of individuals, except to notice their great unanimity on this point. It is a matter of principle, as is apparent at once.

We hope, then, that a general establishment will be formed on a grand, sound, and extensive scale. Let there be one chief establishment, with an able officer at its head; the jurisdiction to extend to such distance around London, as may, upon detailed investigation, be fixed upon. Let there be as many minor divisions as local circumstances of every description may render desirable. Let there be a corps of police officers, in different grades, so as to afford hope of promotion, but all amply paid, to put them above temptation; and, perhaps, an extra reward upon crimes involving property to a certain amount, would be advisable. The night-watch should be one branch of this corps,—responsible only to the division of the establishment in which its locality might place it, and wholly unconnected with the parish. The parishes, however, as is recommended by the Committee, should be rated for this protection—and they seem to think that the amount would not be greater than that they at present pay for so much worse a system. Those parishes in the outskirts, which have either an irregular or no arrangement of this nature, would, of course, have to contribute to the fund from which the expenses of this branch of the officers would be defrayed. For ourselves, however, we really think that in a matter of such vast national moment, as the due prevention of crime in the metropolis, "pecuniary considerations" should not be allowed to have any very great weight.

* Having come in rotation upon the committee of watch, he most laudably determined to exert himself, and appears to have been of the utmost service.

The Committee, it will have been seen, recommend that the magistrates "should be relieved from the discharge of those ordinary duties which necessarily occupy so much of the time of the present police magistrates." We conclude this means those matters which all magistrates, as such, may be called upon to attend to—but which are foreign from the duties of the police. This, we think, is very advisable. The establishment should, indeed, be in the nature of a Lieutenancy of Police—but, for many reasons, had better have a thoroughly English name. If, indeed, there were the remotest possibility that a system of preventive police, upon the principle of which the reader is now in possession, would tend to infringe upon what every one must respect under the term of "the liberty of the subject," we trust it is unnecessary for us to assure our readers, that nothing could induce us to advocate any such thing. But if anything approaching to a fair consideration of the subject be given to it, we have no shadow of doubt that the conviction the mind of the enquirers will come to, will be, that all honest folks will live in much greater security and peace, and that no liberty will be meddled with—except that of thieves.

The details of this proposed system are not entered into by the Committee, nor in so general a document as a report must necessarily be was it to be expected they should*. We hope, however, that (if anything can be attended to this Session but the Catholic Question) a few of its members will sit in council together, and, proceeding to exert the same admirable spirit which distinguishes their report, with the same industry and skill of detail for which the documents they have framed are singularly remarkable, bring in a bill for the regulation of the Police of the Metropolis, which shall gain the country's grateful thanks to every one concerned in its production.

Here we pause:—our purport is next to digest and investigate the report from the Committee on crime, in the remainder of England and Wales.—And, at the close, when we look at the subject in the mass, it is probable we may find need to say a few words on the hopes which may be formed of a gradual, but effectual, amelioration of morals through the means of Education.

* One thing we may just mention. The Committee shrink from touching the exclusive jurisdiction of the city. We are quite aware that that respected enclosure is free from very many of the objections urged against the circumjacent territory—and that it has latterly shewn a disposition to improve. Still, we confess, we do not like *imperium in imperio*, even though the interior *imperium* be excellent. The civic authorities, the other day, refused to agree to a proposal that the warrants of the city and the county should run reciprocally into each. This is exactly in point.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF STATISTICS.

WE have adverted in former numbers to the deficiencies and inaccuracies of our statistical inquiries and documents, and we observed that our continental neighbours excel us in this essential branch of political science. Among statistical writers, Dupin, Maltebrun, and Balbi, stand prominent. The latter, an Italian long resident at Paris, published in 1822 an excellent statistical work on the kingdom of Portugal, and he has since undertaken a similar work on France. One of his countrymen, Gioia of Piacenza, has lately written an important work on the science itself, under the title of 'The Philosophy of Statistics*,' in which he undertakes to fix its principles, course, and limits. Gioia was already known as the writer of several works on political economy; and he had, while employed in the administration of the kingdom of Italy, prepared models of tables which were to compose a complete statistical description of all the parts of the state. But the plan was considered as too vast, and was never executed. He has now collected and embodied his principles in the present work, on what we may call the theory of the science.

Our author defines the science of statistics to consist in collecting, classifying, and comparing those facts which influence the economy of a country and the condition of its inhabitants, and in distinguishing between those that are uncontrollable by man, and those which are susceptible of alteration. Statistics has its fixed principles, its axioms, according to which certain causes will always produce certain effects; and this is what Gioia has demonstrated against the assertion of Say, who, in his "*Traité d'Economie Politique*," having confounded permanent statistics with annual reports, had pronounced somewhat hastily, that "statistical descriptions, even supposing them to be perfectly accurate at the moment of their being collected, are no longer so by the time they are consulted." In these words, observes Gioia, there is a manifest error, which is contradicted by a thousand facts. Among statistical agencies there are many and most important ones, which will continue as long as the present system of our globe. There are others which cannot undergo alteration but after a period of ages, which period may be ascertained by calculation. Lastly, we have other agents which are liable to vicissitudes, though seldom sudden or unforeseen. The advantages of statistical knowledge are not confined to statesmen and political economists; they affect all classes of citizens, and concern every individual who has an interest in the welfare of his nation.

In the distribution of his work, Gioia first places topography—which includes the latitude of a country, its geographical position, its extent, and geodetical surface, its geology and hydraulics, and its atmosphere and climate. In the second part he treats of popu-

* *Filosofia della Statistica*, esposta da Melchiorre Gioia. 2 vols. 8vo., Milano. 1827.

lation and all its phenomena. He afterwards considers the productions and industry of the country, then its institutions, finances, and administration; and, lastly, the character and habits of the people, *influenced as they are by all the causes above enumerated*. The latter sentence explains in fact the object of statistics. Whatever influences permanently the physical and moral condition of a country or nation, ought to be noticed in a complete statistical account of the same. It is upon such information that the legislator and the political economist must frame their plans of administration, and establish their measures for the improvement of the community. Statistics are to political science what the principles of drawing and perspective are to painting and architecture. The proper definition and arrangement of the signs and value of statistical elements would save much waste labour, and loads of useless papers covered with figures, which the agents of government transmit to their superiors without order or discrimination, and which tend to no purpose but to perplex and confuse the mind. Such is the object of our author. We shall now proceed to extract some of the many interesting facts which he states, and some of the inferences which he draws from these facts.

Under the head of topography, we find a scale of the growth of the most useful plants, such as the date, the sugar-cane, cotton, olive, rice, wheat, the vine, &c., as limited within certain parallels of latitude, and also by certain limits of height above the level of the sea. These must of course influence the commercial relations between countries. The north wants the wines and the other produce of the south, the plains want the timber and charcoal from the mountains, and the mountains the corn from the plains. In most countries the cattle migrate from the lowlands to the highlands in the summer, and return to the plains at the approach of winter. Hence a change of intercourse, and the relations of commerce between the various countries and districts.

As we ascend in latitude we find that heat and light decrease, and this fact has a powerful influence on all living creatures. It also creates two branches of additional expense, fuel and artificial light. In countries placed near the tropics, day and night being nearly even, the wants, the pleasures, the occupations of life are more uniform; and this may partly account for the immutability in the habits of the inhabitants of those countries.

In the ratio of the height of level, heat decreases, and therefore seed-time is earlier, and harvest later. At the same time, the power of contagious and epidemic diseases diminishes also; the fevers of the coast of Mexico do not spread beyond a certain height of the central table land. The power of defence, however, increases in the same proportion; and several of the victories of the Swiss, and other mountaineers, must be, in great measure, attributed to the disadvantage under which an aggressor lies who has to ascend a steep hill, and to fight at the same time.

The exposure of a district influences its climate and productions: thus the French side of the Pyrenees experiences a much severer winter than the Spanish reverse of the same mountains. In the vallies to the south of the Apennines, the orange, lemon, and olive

trees grow in full luxuriance ; while those on the opposite side partake of the nature of northern countries.

The position of a town or district should be considered with regard to its healthiness, security, and facility of communication. Peter the Great committed a statistical error in building his capital in the swamps of Ingria, exposed to frequent inundations of the Neva. Petersburg has been overflowed no less than six times since its foundation in 1709. The last inundation, in 1824, cost the lives of about 11,000 people. It was an error of statistics that led Napoleon to remain too long at Moscow ; and through a similar error, the Russian army suffered considerably last autumn, by attempting to keep the field in the low plains of Bulgaria, after the rains had set in.

The facility of communication between the various points of a province, ought to form a very essential consideration in its administrative jurisdiction ; whether civil, military, judiciary, or ecclesiastical. The central seat of authority ought to be, as much as possible, at equal travelling distances from the extreme points. Our author observes, that the French, in their organization of foreign countries annexed to the empire, often erred in this particular from want of local knowledge ; they often fixed the *chef lieu* of a department or district, in a spot too remote from the mass of the population. It is not geometrical distance alone that ought to regulate the position of capitals, but the relative distance from market towns, the direction and intersection of the principal roads, and the level or mountainous surface of the land.

It seems an unquestionable fact, that the shape of a country influences the political destinies of its inhabitants. Of this, the Italian peninsula affords a striking evidence. Long and narrow, with an immense line of coasts, it is vulnerable on innumerable points from the sea ; whilst, on the land side, the line of defence formed by the Alps, is rendered weak by the crescent form of the range of mountains, affording numerous passes to an invader. Again, the disproportionate length of the peninsula, intersected throughout by the Apennines, is an obstacle to its unity, by preventing the formation of a common central capital. If Italy were shorter and broader, its strength of adhesion would be much greater.

Rivers are a much less durable and secure line of frontier, than mountains. One of the advantages of the latter is derived from the principle, that the social and commercial relations of nations generally follow the direction of the waters that flow from either side of a chain. Thence similarity of interest, sympathy, and mutual defence.

The temperature or climate of a country, may be the result of the following causes : latitude, elevation of the soil, situation with regard to some great chain of mountains, configuration of the surface of the land, nature of the soil, volume of the water, whether of rivers or lakes, insular situation, action of prevailing winds, state of the population, and agriculture. The effects of the latitude are often modified or counteracted by the other circumstances just mentioned ; and it was from ignorance or neglect of this truth, that the

ancients fancied the torrid zone to be uninhabitable. Bogota, Quito, and other places in South America, enjoy a temperate climate; while many valleys in Switzerland, and even in much higher latitudes, are exposed in summer to an almost tropical heat. The climate of Tripolizza, in the Morea, is cold and foggy; while the plain of Argos, at one day's distance, is parched by an ardent sun. The eastern parts of Europe; the plains of Poland; the Steppes of Southern Russia, exposed to the cold winds from the frozen Arctic regions, or from the high bleak plateau of Tartary, are subject to a much greater severity of winter, than countries in a parallel latitude in the west of Europe. On the other side, the effects of the hot and suffocating scirocco, on the otherwise temperate regions of Italy and Spain, are too well known to require illustration.

The temperature of peculiar districts may be materially affected, in course of time, by local circumstances, such as the increase or decrease of population, and, consequently, of fires; by the cutting down of forests; the draining of marshes; by volcanic agents, &c. It seems proved, that the climate of Rome was colder and healthier in the times of Horace and of Juvenal, than it is at present. But, in general, the average temperature of countries and towns in a given number of years is not found to alter considerably.

The knowledge of *atmospheric topography*, as our author calls it, is essential to the good administration of colleges, hospitals, prisons, and barracks; to the establishment of police regulations and sanitary laws: it is important to the physician, the architect, the traveller, the soldier, the merchant. Were mercantile men better acquainted with the climate of distant countries, they would avoid ruinous speculations and expensive blunders; such as sending consignments of stoves and thick woollen cloths to South America, and even skates to Buenos Ayres. The want of knowledge of localities has also occasioned fatal mistakes in the mining speculations of Englishmen with South America. Steam-engines have been sent to be worked in places almost inaccessible, and where there was no fuel to put them in motion.

In treating of the atmosphere, Gioia refers to the observations by the hygrometer, which he considers as the best criterion of the salubrity of a country. Not only the quantity of rain, but also the average number of rainy days, ought to be taken into consideration.

Under the head of hydrography we notice the following remarks: "Many rivers raise their own bed by the deposition of the soil they carry along, especially if restrained by dykes. It is owing to this progress that the level of the water of the Po has become higher than the roofs of the houses of the city of Ferrara. The mud which rivers discharge at their mouths, assisted by the action of the winds, slowly encroaches upon the sea. Ravenna, under the Roman empire, was a maritime city; it stood in the midst of Lagoons, like Venice now, while at present Ravenna is three miles inland. The same will happen to Venice, unless the continued efforts of man prevents it."

The velocity of a current affords a facility for exportation from the upper banks, and a corresponding difficulty and delay in the importa-

tion of returns. This may be now, however, counteracted by the power of steam.

The quantity of water which issues out of the emissary of a marshy tract, if compared to the quantity of rain, will show whether there exists any internal influx of water; and will serve in the direction of the works for draining and recovering the land.

In the second part our author treats of population, of the influence of topographical causes on the forms and size of the people, on their temperament and habits, on longevity, and on the periods of puberty and of senility. In some mountainous and poor regions the young men migrate at the approach of winter, to seek employment in the towns of the neighbouring countries; and return home in the spring, when their own fields are free from snow. This is a regular practice in several of the high valleys of the Alps, on the Italian and Savoy sides. Speaking of the comparative density of the population, our author observes, that from the proportion of deaths, inferences may be drawn concerning the wisdom of the institutions and the comforts of the people. The mortality in different trades and professions should be separately considered, in order to ascertain the effects of each on the human frame. With regard to marriages, it appears that they are most numerous in unwholesome countries; but then a great proportion of these alliances are contracted by widowers and widows.

In the old continental states, the population employed in agriculture undergoes little numerical variation, except when a new method of cultivation is introduced, which increases the quantity of the produce.

It is generally supposed that northern people are stronger than those of the southern countries. This, however, is not universally true. The Fellahs of Egypt, some of the black races, the Indians employed in the mines of South America, and even the common porters of the maritime towns of Italy, carry with ease burdens which few Englishmen would attempt to lift.

Our author proceeds to treat of the various produce of countries,—game, fisheries, mines, &c. In speaking of fisheries, he notices a frequent error of legislation, through which enactments are made against the destruction of fish, as if the spawning season were the same on the different coasts of the same country; while the fact is, that the epoch varies in consequence of local or topographical influences.

The important chapter of agriculture follows, in which Gioia notices those agrarian facts which are invariable, or nearly so, in each respective country, because they result from climate and the nature of the soil, and which might be therefore called statistical axioms. Certain countries will never rear certain plants in the open air. Particular plants will also grow to better perfection in some districts than in others. Here, our author observes that improvement in the methods of cultivation can do much; but that experience has till now shown, that of all the arts agriculture is perhaps the one whose progress is slowest. The adoption of new methods in husbandry in Europe has been calculated by some to

spread in the ratio of *one league in ten years*. Although such an assertion appears somewhat hazarded, yet our author thinks it not far from truth.

The arts and industry of each country are considered by Gioia as influenced by the following causes: abundance or scarcity of prime materials—excessive heat or cold—prosperity or misery of the inhabitants—civil and religious habits of the people. He then treats of governments, of laws, and institutions; of the greater or less facility of improvement, in consequence of statistical influences; and, lastly, he examines the habits of the different nations and races, which he classes in intellectual, economical, moral, and religious habits, noticing their various degrees of tenacity and duration. All these subjects are illustrated with copious and interesting facts and phenomena.

“The result of all this,” and we conclude with our author, “is that the chief elements or principles of the statistical science are distinguishable into two classes—the first consisting of invariable principles, which are mostly deduced from topographical causes over which man has little or no control—the second, of facts which are subject to change; some after a period of several generations, others in a lesser space of time. To this second class belong the vicissitudes of population, those in the arts and commerce, and in the habits of men. From these variable quantities we can deduce middle ones, applicable to the existing generation. The principles of statistics ought to be distinguished from *annual tables* and documents, which are useful only by comparison with the former. The economical description of a nation cannot be restricted within a few pages, containing lists of births, deaths, marriages, and other detached facts, which serve only to satisfy curiosity for a moment, and from which no lasting and useful inference can be drawn. Models of statistical reports, framed on a more intelligent plan, begin to be adopted now in France in the various departments; they were executed in the kingdom of Italy as early as 1808. That kingdom would have been the first to have its statistics complete, had the minister of the day known how to appreciate the utility of the undertaking.”

In addition, we may mention the following Works that have lately appeared on the Continent upon the same subject. ‘Statistics and National Economy, or Materials for the Statistics of Europe, by Baron de Mascus, Stutgard, 1826.’ ‘History of Statistics from its origin to the end of the Eighteenth Century, by A. Quadri, Secretary to the Imperial Government, Venice, 1826.’ ‘A Dictionary of European Statistics, by Dr. Lanzani, Padua, 1826.’ ‘Topographical and Statistical Description of the Province of Pomerania, by M. de Reslorf, Berlin, 1827.’ ‘Notices on the Public Economy of the Prussian States, by M. de Krug, Councillor of State. Berlin, 1826.’

THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

WHEN, in February, we took a brief view of the state and prospects of this country, as regards its connexion with Ireland, we said that the nation would watch with intense anxiety the first demonstrations of opinion on the part of its Ministers,—that a crisis was approaching such as had never before awakened the hopes and fears of the enlightened portion of the community,—that the mingled prayers and denunciations of a whole people must at last be either listened to or silenced. In what manner the struggle between intolerance and liberality would be carried on, it was difficult to guess; how it would close, it was vain to anticipate. It was possible that after another session of animosity and recrimination, we might once more have the Commons at variance with the Lords, and the Cabinet divided against itself; the Church in ill-omened triumph, and Ireland in open rebellion. It was possible that the members of administration, unable to maintain their ground against an opposition comprising in its ranks, with a solitary exception, all the influential members of the House of Commons, and supported without the walls of parliament by an almost unprecedented unanimity of sentiment among the educated classes, might surrender their situations to successors who, with the most upright intentions, and the clearest views, had yet been found, from their lack of concert, and their disregard of those things which compose mere party strength, powerless to effect reform or remedy abuse. It was possible again that those individuals, in whom error had grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength, might retire from their official stations; and that those who could with less inconsistency be right, might join with the leaders of the liberal party in the introduction of a measure of great and necessary justice.

If we called the crisis a momentous one, the events of a few days certainly confirmed and justified our expressions. If the conjectures of the public mind were various and many, assuredly the wildest of them never shaped out for Destiny so marvellous a course as that by which she is proceeding.

His Majesty recommends to his parliament to take into consideration the civil disabilities under which his Catholic subjects labour, with a view to their removal or relaxation: and a bill for Catholic Emancipation is accordingly to be introduced to the House of Lords by the Duke of Wellington, and to the House of Commons by Mr. Peel; it is to be sanctioned by all the authority of Government, and supported by all the influence of the Crown. "Oh day and night, but this is wondrous strange!" Now, indeed, nothing shall henceforth surprise us. We will expect honesty from a Greek, humility from a Spaniard, generosity from a Jew. We will dream of water springing from the dry rocks, and herbage blooming on the barren sands. In process of time, if no untoward event check the advance of this blessed reformation, even Winchelsea may grow moderate—even Knatchbull may become enlightened.

Seriously, however, we rejoice most heartily in a victory which, by whatever arms achieved, is at once rightful, certain, and immediate.

The shaft which hath struck down our quarry, is not the less welcome because it has come from what has been hitherto a hostile bow; the winds which have wafted us into harbour have our gratitude, though yesterday they were making sad havoc with our rigging. From this hour agitation may subside, and bigotry be still; the Irish barrister may leave his unfinished metaphor—the Hampshire curate may burn his no Popery discourse: Captain Rock has thrown up his commission—Sir Harcourt's occupation is gone. In a word, Catholic Emancipation is carried.

We say "carried" advisedly; although we do not forget that the announcement of the intention of the Cabinet has roused the ancient lords and ancient ladies of our legislature into more than wonted exertions, and called into active play all the energies of those illustrious statesmen who have no aim in their political career but to keep our souls from the contamination of the mass, and our bodies from the flames of Smithfield. The Ministers will have to encounter, in every stage of their proposed measure, as candid and as courteous an opposition as that which embarrassed their final labours in the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. Nevertheless, we repeat, we consider the Emancipation of the Catholics carried; not merely because they who were most powerful in its postponement are likely to be far more powerful in its advocacy—not merely because there is now no man in his sober senses, who does not see the sheer impossibility of forming, from the materials of the existing parliament, an anti-Catholic administration—not merely because some of our most talented theologians are with us—not merely because the reluctance of a certain great personage has given way—but chiefly, and above all, because there has now been time for an appeal to the country; because that appeal has been made, zealously and authoritatively made; and because it has been made in vain.

If, at the commencement of the present session of parliament, Ministers had given a hint, a bare hint, of their intention to remove some of those bulwarks by which we English hold that our liberties are secured,—if, for instance, they had menaced the Habeas Corpus Act, or shewn hostility to the Trial by Jury,—nay, if they had only threatened the imposition of an unusually grievous duty, or an unusually obnoxious tax, what a ferment would have been excited in the country! The *Times* might have spared its labours, Cobbett might have held his tongue; our peasantry would not have waited for advice from the pulpit, or orders from the manor-house. From the Land's-End to the border there would have been demonstrations of popular feeling, which the grossest ignorance could not mistake, nor the boldest effrontery deny. We all remember the plain terms in which public opinion has been spoken on the question of the corn laws, and on the case of the late queen. Look then at the state of the country to-day; when every method which the ingenuity of disappointed intolerance could suggest has been adopted, for the obtaining of a forcible manifestation of sentiment. We defy criticism to point out in the harangues of Mr. Hunt any thing more vulgarly inflammatory than the addresses of the Earl of Winchilsea. How have they been answered? Do we assert too much when we say that if the majority of the people of England be

opposed to the concession of the Catholic claims, their opposition is one of lukewarmness and indifference?—or are we too confident, when we affirm, that, if Parliament were dissolved to-morrow, after an election more than usually noisy, and squabbles more than ordinarily fierce, we should find in St. Stephen's Chapel a set of men fully prepared to begin where their predecessors left off, and to complete the good work with the same honesty, the same wisdom, and the same perseverance? Names are easily obtained to petitions *pro* and *con*: and we could tell some laughable stories of the means we have seen employed for the multiplication of them on both sides: but we speak as well from our own observation as from the confessions of our antagonists, when we express our conviction that the country at large is willing to rely on the prudence of those whom it has constituted its representatives. Since the delivery of the king's speech no county meeting has been attempted. Of the two which were got up previously, the first gave the Anti-Catholics no very decisive victory; the second allowed them scarcely more than a drawn fight. In the metropolis the Duke of Wellington seems to have one adversary only; a lawyer whom we have heard characterized by one of the most eminent members of his profession as “a singularly wrong-headed young man.”

We, therefore, prophecy that the great captain will find this the easiest battle which it has ever been his lot to win. In his manœuvres before the engagement he seems to have made some remarkable blunders, and to have raised unnecessary difficulties in the way of his march. The memorable letter to Dr. Curtis,—we do not stop to discuss the object of the writer, or the propriety of the publication,—could only be productive of evil effects. It strengthened the hopes of the Orange party, and of course made its subsequent exasperation more bitter. It disclaimed all idea of doing that which was in less than a month to be done; and thus it has given an appearance of slovenliness and precipitancy to a plan which ought to be submitted to our senate as the result of forethought and deliberation. We shall probably find much to displease us in the details of the measure itself. The Minister has deemed fit to preface it by an Act for the suppression of the Catholic Association. If emancipation be conceded the Act is unnecessary; if it be denied the Act is futile and ineffectual. It is very difficult to take away a voice where there exists a grievance; and if it were easy it would not be wise. The mightiest discontents are those which men brood over in silence; the fiercest currents are those which are the furthest removed from our gaze. The Act, too, which admits Catholics into the Houses of Parliament is to provide “securities” for the Protestant establishment. What is to be the nature of these “securities” it is not our business to divine. We think we shall hardly be called upon to contribute to the support of the Catholic hierarchy. Such a boon would be of all boons the most ill-judged. The givers would give it with grudging; the receivers would receive it with disgust. But we do fear that the disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders must be thrown as a sop to the angry prejudices of the patricians. Of course one of these poor helots will lose little in parting with the terrible prerogative which compels him to make periodically his choice between temporal privation and eternal punishment—between the notice to quit

of his landlord, and the anathema maranatha of his priest. But after the use they have lately made of their suffrage, the abolition of it will be a very ungracious procedure. They are not free agents, forsooth ! to be sure they are not. We never intended them to be so. We take away their franchise not because they are slaves, but because they are slaves to other masters than those we chose for them.

The best measures in the way of securities are those which will do, as nearly as possible, nothing. If there be danger in the admission of Roman Catholics to political power, that danger will not be diminished when you have settled a pension on Dr. Murray, and stripped Paddy Kelleher of his vote. But Dr. Phillpotts insists upon securities ; moderate men look for securities ; old enemies of concession, who lack a pretext for conversion, beg that they may have one in securities. By all means let us prepare them. "There are two kinds of sleep," says Sir John Sinclair ; "sleep with a nightcap, and sleep without."—"There are two kinds of emancipation," says Dr. Phillpotts ; "emancipation with securities, and emancipation without." Let us sleep, and let us emancipate ; and let our nurses take care of our nightcaps, and Lord Eldon attend to our securities.

Our most earnest hope is that the measure of emancipation, in whatever shape it may come before us, may not be considered final. Its opponents say that it will not cure the miseries of Ireland. Undoubtedly it will not. Long, long years of oppression and misrule bring evils to maturity which cannot be eradicated by the benevolence of a single day. But we shall now have time to breathe. Ireland will no longer look upon our alliance with loathing, and upon our proposals with distrust. Let us at once set ourselves to the investigation of her more real evils ; let us address her in other tones than those of despotism, and bestow upon her other blessings than bayonets and dragoons. Let us at once determine to cultivate, to instruct, to improve.

In the consequences which have resulted from the change of opinions avowed by his Majesty's councillors, public men will learn a useful lesson. They will know the value of those testimonies to general merit, which are drawn forth by exertions in a particular cause. While Mr. Peel was the champion of the church, he was an orator from whose encounter Brougham retired overwhelmed,—a reformer of the law, beside whose meridian fame the memory of Romilly looked dim. Now, his law reforms are insignificant, and his eloquence below mediocrity. He is "a little man." The virulence with which he is assailed by his old worshippers is, of course, in exact proportion to the need they had of his continued patronage. We were at Manchester when so much cleverness was wasted in the endeavour to draw from him a profession of his unswerving orthodoxy, a pledge of his unshrinking zeal. It was as if the inhabitants of a beleaguered city were forging chains for their God, lest he should depart from among them. But the Deity has deserted them nevertheless ; and he must look to have his statues thrown down, and his divinity called in question.

When Mr. Peel was the idol of the Orange Associations we did not arraign him for being the son of a cotton-spinner : when the Duke of

Wellington was the hope and stay of the Brunswick Clubs, to us the battle of Waterloo was all its admirers asserted, and the Marchioness of Westmeath all her husband denied. We did not lampoon these men because they were our enemies; we will not flatter them because they are most unexpectedly our friends. The Duke of Wellington can scarcely be called inconsistent in the course he now pursues. No one ever seriously suspected that he had formed any very inflexible opinion upon the subject of the Catholic claims. With Mr. Peel the case is not the same. If he has not incurred the guilt of apostacy, he has certainly deserved its obloquy: and he must be content to bear it. The statesman who abandons in a few months the opinion which he has upheld for many years, may possibly be a convert; he is, *primâ facie*, a renegade.

Mr. Peel assures us his conduct is the result of a sincere conviction. We believe it; we believe more. We believe the conviction lurked in his mind long ago, and that he was prevented from acting upon it, by feelings to which a greater man would have been a stranger. He shows us, that his choice lay between emancipation and civil war, and that he has but preferred the possible to the certain calamity. We do not think he was blind, in earlier times, to the coming on of the crisis which he was vainly conjured to prevent. "Grant," said his opponents, "grant these privileges as a free gift now; the time will come when you will have power to withhold them no longer." "I will not grant them as a free gift now;" was, for a long period, the answer; and lo, Mr. Peel rises in his place to tell us, the time is come when he can "withhold them no longer." It may be politic for the liberals in parliament to applaud his new light; it may be praiseworthy in the Catholics of Ireland to forgive the evil he has wrought them. But he who has a proper sense of what makes or mars a character, will not value a tardy relinquishment of what is wrong, so highly as a steady adherence to what is right.

When history shall treat of the epoch which saw the abolition of a set of restrictions continued through so many years, for reasons which she will scarcely be able to explain, she will not bestow her rewards upon the labourers who came at the eleventh hour, but upon those who bore the burden and heat of the day. She will write, that Catholic emancipation was carried by our Lansdowne and our Holland, our Canning and our Brougham. These men, and their coadjutors, have persevered through good report and evil report, in the recommendation of a policy which the throne has at last sanctioned, and which Great Britain, to the remotest ages, will have daily more reason to bless. Unsupported by the authority of official station, they have exercised over public opinion an influence to which those in official station have been compelled to bow. Whatever despotism may do on the continent, they have fortified in these islands a safe home for civil and religious liberty. "Give me," said the philosopher, "a spot of ground on which I may rest my foot; and I will move the world." Those of whom we speak are making for their descendants, in a free, united, educated nation, that spot of ground which the Syracusan could not find.

POPE LEO XII.

THE Cardinal Della Genga was elected to succeed Pius VII.; in 1823, after a conclave which lasted twenty-eight days. On this, as on many other occasions of the like kind, the state of health of the candidate probably determined the choice of the most eminent brethren. On this point, however, it may be observed, that the selection of a weak or infirm person arises, more generally than is supposed, out of the natural circumstances of the case, rather than out of any wary and preconceived resolution to procure a speedy return of the opportunity for another election. Two or three candidates, equally powerful, divide the conclave. Neither party seems disposed to yield; all grow weary of their confinement and their contentions; the chance of unanimity is desperate; then it is that they look around for a brother who shall unite all suffrages. If there be one among them whose condition promises that he cannot long retain the keys of St. Peter, but that his election, while serving as a pretext for each combatant to withdraw without dishonour, without yielding the path to his antagonist, will afford them the opportunity of recruiting their force and their influence for a new occasion, it is perfectly natural that on such a person the choice should fall.

On his elevation, Della Genga assumed the title of Leo XII., by so doing, professing to take Leo IV. (St. Leo), who was a rigid upholder of the pretences, and enforcer of the ordinances and of the church, as his model. On the point of health it was soon very clear that Leo had played no trick on his brethren. He had not hobbled into the conclave with his crutch, and thrown it away as soon as the decision in his favour was proclaimed. Leo, in fact, proved a bed-ridden Pope; and was no sooner elected than reports, not without foundation, were spread abroad of the probability of his speedy dissolution. He was said to be afflicted with a painful and incurable disorder; and, during his whole reign, both clergy and laity have been held in continual expectation of another election. His wretched condition, however, did not prevent the exercise of the temporal or spiritual functions of his office. Some important ceremonies which required his presence were, it is true, postponed; but there was no obstacle to his affixing his signature to a bull or an edict, and these soon showed in what spirit he proposed to govern.

The former Pope, the benevolent Pius VII., under the guidance of his sagacious Minister, Consalvi, had adopted a system of government as liberal and as much in accord with the spirit of the times as could be expected from a Pope ruling temporally over a petty state on the confines of the Austrian Empire, and a Cardinal, his Minister. The very first acts of Leo were wholly in a different temper to that which prompted those of his predecessor. Consalvi was dismissed; and a new Cardinal-Secretary, and other Ministers, were appointed, who, like the most holy father himself, had lived without profiting by their lives, having retained all the notions, prejudices, and habits that characterized the Church before the influence of the French Revolution had reached Rome, and an utter abhorrence of that Revolution and its

principles. Accordingly, there commenced immediately the most vexatious system of domestic government—the most petty and illiberal interference with the habits of the people. The old custom was resorted to of obliging the Jews to confine themselves within the Ghetto, which was enlarged for their better accommodation, if the stinking hole in which their thronging habitations are huddled together can be so described;—the walls were repaired, the hinges of the gates put in order, sentinels regularly posted there night and day, and all ingress and egress forbidden, after an early hour of the evening. If the great banker himself had entered the Eternal City on his route from Vienna to Naples, to negotiate a loan for the use even of the most legitimate of legitimates, it is doubtful whether he would not have had to pay handsomely for a dispensation for the privilege of passing a night in the Piazza di Spagna*, or the Piazza di Venezia†. Another vexatious decree, which professed to have the morals of the people for its object, was that which prohibited the allowing wine to be drunk in any *osteria*, or public-house, where the customers were not also served with food; and a strong bar and railing (*cancelletto*) was erected in every pot-house, beyond which the buyers were not allowed to pass. This was a regulation most oppressive to the poor people, and of most unseemly consequences to the dignity of the city itself, since it was the custom of the labourers and servants to bring their meals from home in the morning, and retire at the usual hour, to enjoy their dinner at a public-house, where they might moisten it with a Foglietta of Vino de' Castelli. The Ordinance deprived them of this convenience; they were obliged to remove their portion of wine from the tavern as soon as procured, and were to be seen taking their meals in the streets, on the steps, and at the doors of houses: and, as in Rome, the male servants are mostly on board wages, this unbecoming spectacle was daily exhibited by the livery servants of Cardinals and Nobles, in front of their palaces‡.

Regulations were also threatened, but as long as the writer of this notice remained in Rome not put in execution, forbidding women to appear on the stage, and prescribing the use of a three-cornered hat and other distinguishing marks of dress, to all married men. Among other edicts actually published, however, was one, subjecting those who misbehaved themselves at the theatre to the *cavalletto*, or punishment by whipping in the pillory. Pasquino did not fail to take advantage of these absurdities; and consequently his statue, one fine morning in the month of March, presented the following epigram, which was soon circulated all over the city:—

Al teatro il cavalletto,
All' osteria il cancelletto,
Agl' Ebrei è steso il Ghetto,
Il Sovrano sempre al letto;
O che governo maledetto!

* The quarter where the hotels for foreigners are situated.

† Where the hotel of the Austrian Ambassador is situated, formerly that of the Venetian Republic.

‡ The writer himself experienced the unpleasant action of this edict. On return from a walk to Monte Mario, on a hot summer's day, he went into an *osteria*, and called for a glass of wine, but on pouring it out to drink, was prevented by the landlord, and actually abused as a spy and informer.

These evils, though galling enough, were of trifling consequence compared with the mischief which had been produced in the provinces by the relaxation of the reins of government. Consalvi himself had not kept so tight a hand on the brigands as he might have done; but still his power and spirit were known, and had inspired them with some degree of awe. No sooner, however, was he removed from the government, than these ruffians felt the difference of the hand that guided it: they gave a loose to their insolence, committed the most daring outrages, pillaged academies, massacring the provosts, and taking the pupils away for the sake of ransom: they added all sorts of insults to their violence; and if the report current in Rome be true, absolutely cut off the beards of all the inmates of a Capuchin Convent in the neighbourhood of Albano. What was Leo's conduct in this emergency? He withdrew the few troops that remained as a check to these excesses, and sent the Cardinal Pallotta with a proclamation, calling on the banditti to abstain, and submit themselves, in the name of St. Peter and the Holy Virgin! The consequences were such as might have been expected; the robbers became more audacious than ever, and entering a small town in the neighbourhood of Frosignone, where the holy legate had taken up his head-quarters, on a Sunday when the inhabitants were at mass, they tore down the proclamation from the church-door, dragged the mayor of the place from the altar, and massacred him on consecrated ground without side the holy edifice. After six weeks' trial of the efficacy of the sacred name of the Virgin, and of the respect of the banditti for the Apostolic Church, (but not before he had exhausted a purse of 200,000 crowns,) the Cardinal Pallotta returned to Rome. Of course, he became the ridicule of all circles of society, excepting in the papal court, where he was well received, and admitted to mutual condolences with his Holiness. On this occasion, also, Pasquino could not refrain from exhibiting his satire and learning in the following epitaph:—

ANTONIO PALLOTTA
 Ingenii fatuitate clarissimo
 Furente quadraginta dierum imperio
 Hernicis Volscisque depressis
 Campaniâ totâ devastata
 Erario spoliato
 Latrones mercenissimi posuere.

Such was the character, such were the consequences, of the government of Leo in its commencement. His well-known bull against the English Bible societies was attended with very similar effects, being every where laughed at, except by those who thought it to their interest to regard it in a serious light. In his Anno Santo, we believe, he was thoroughly disappointed. Indeed, the events of his whole reign must have convinced any but the most obstinate and bigoted, of the perfect absurdity of the attempt to bring back the good old times of St. Leo. The only good result emanating from this spirit has been a certain would-be-independence in his relations with foreign states; but even in those negotiations he has suffered much mortification, and has had to feel that the respect for a papal bull, or for the church in general, was something altered in the nineteenth century. On first seating himself in the chair of St.

Peter, he showed some impartiality towards political sects, by ordering that the asylum which the carbonari of other states had found within his dominions, should be respected. Not that this order proceeded from any favourable disposition towards political sects, for more than that of the former pope was his government inimical to secret societies; but his conduct in this respect was regulated by the old church principle of the sanctity of a refuge sought in the dominions of his Holiness. He was fond of religious ceremonies when able to officiate, and is, on more than one occasion, said to have risked his life in assisting at them in person. His own part he performed with much dignity and great fervour, and a devotion which had every appearance of proceeding from the heart.

DIARY

FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

3rd. The Opera opened on Saturday, after a tremendous newspaper warfare of some continuance. The parties seem to have been threefold;—first, the discharged musicians—next, the patrons of the rights of the pit, and lastly, M. Laporte the lessee. Now, we are the farthest in the world from wishing to sneer at any fair attempt to keep a monopoly in order. The worthy English commercial maxim—"Take it or leave it," does not apply to the commodities vended at Patent Theatres. There, it is the choice of the celebrated Hobson—this or none. The public have, therefore, certainly a right to see that *this* shall be something worth having. Still, we like only fair attempts; and we really think M. Laporte makes out a very good case in the letter he has published within these few days. The musicians complain of M. Laporte wanting to restrain them from going to morning concerts. M. Laporte responds that, as matters were last year, it was impossible ever to get them to attend rehearsals, which, as being necessary to the due performance of operas, he must insist upon. Into the diversities of opinion, however, between the manager and the musicians, we do not wish to enter—inasmuch as with this subject we think the public have nothing to do. All that they have a right to exact is to have good operas well performed—but we do not see that they have a right to dictate the engagement of Monsieur *un tel* to play upon any given instrument.

With the stalls, however, we think the public have a great deal to do; and if we thought "my pensive public" had any real "wherefore" to "look sad" on this subject, we should be the first to wield our pen in their support. But we really think these stalls an advantage to the world in general. We can perfectly conceive that a right

reverend bishop, with a fine family of boys between the first year of Eton and the last of Oxford, may consider this far too weighty a phrase for any but *prebendal* states. But, even granting this, we still think that many of the lay frequenters of the Opera will be much inconvenienced, and none at all annoyed by, the arrangement. We mean that the additional luxury of finding an excellent seat at any time in the evening will be enjoyed by those who choose to pay for it without the slightest inconvenience to those who are contented to remain in *gurgite vasto*,—we hope, for the sake of *Gusto*, not *rari nantis*.

But this introduction of stalls is not an innovation. Mr. Ebers adopted it during the last part of his last year of management, and M. Laporte had it last season—and no objection was made. Now the same thing has been done in a more convenient way, and “Vive le parterre!” is echoed through every journal as far as the Land’s End. But there had been no civil war then! There was, however, no row on Saturday as was announced, after we came into the house, which was less than half way through the first act—and we were told it was only the slightest thing in the world, at the beginning.

Pass we, however, these extraneous feuds—and let us consider the opera itself—for no fewer than three first appearances call for judgment. We shall, contrary to all rules, but for due reasons of our own, begin with the gentleman first. Signor Donzelli is a fine, clear, fresh, straight-forward tenor. Not quite so powerful, perhaps, as the most powerful we have heard; but with more than sufficient force to give perfect effect to any music belonging to his order of voice. He will be a great acquisition to the theatre, and will, we doubt not, add the admiration of London in general to the *suffrages* he has already obtained. Mademoiselle Monticelli appeared as Elena:—and though she seems now and then, rather startlingly in comparison with her general performance, to have considerable powers of voice, we do not think that she made, or indeed quite deserved, *un grand succès*. In one or two pieces, she both drew forth and deserved very warm applause—but we question whether she be quite equal to be the prima donna of the season. Still, she is a singer of whom we have no sort of inclination to speak lightly. She is a little like Madame Ronzi de Begnis about the eyes, and less, though something, like Pasta about the forehead—and the hair was dressed after her. We think if the consciousness of these slight resemblances were not present in Mademoiselle Monticelli’s mind, her manner would be simpler, and thence more pleasing and effective.

Come we now to Madame Pisoni—to speak of whom last was our real object in beginning with the Signor. This is, indeed, a *succès*—great, true,—and we may say as though the future were already the present—permanent. We delight in a triumph like that of this lady on Saturday, for it is that of genius over the niggardliness of nature in physical gifts. We need not from false delicacy abstain from saying this with regard to Madame Pisoni,—for we have been told, and we believe, more than one very frank, simple, and touching trait of her own consciousness on this subject. Still, when you get near the stage, and can fix the expression of the eye, it proves to be fine,

as, we are convinced that of every person of genius, which is free from actual defect, always is and must be.

We are by no means lavish of the word genius—but we apply it at once to Madame Pisoni. Her singing is splendid;—she has a contralto voice of a force, fervour, and beauty, which we did not think the least diminished when a musical friend who was near us did us the unkind kindness to point out certain little imperfections, which *occasionally* we could not quite deny, though they required to be listened for;—and which certainly we never should have heard in the midst of the delight which the rich, fresh, natural and ardent manner, in which Madame Pisoni sings, excites. There is really *soul* in every sound she breathes. We almost shrink from using a term made so *faded* by silly misapplication and inveterate over-use; but it is in vain to seek any other word which can convey the character of Madame Pisoni's execution. The words are distinctly given—her whole being seems enwrapped in the feeling she expresses, and you hang upon every note which her vivid and spirit-stirring voice sends forth.

Madame Pisoni is the very opposite of what is called a *sol fa* singer—and, therefore, she is to us the more delightful. Not but what she is, as we are told by those much more conversant with such matters technically than we pretend to be, a most cultivated musician;—but she is not a mere musician. She is not an instrument, which issues notes perhaps the sweetest and the grandest—but without any reference to sentiment or sense—with no feeling, with no meaning*. No—passion thrills upon her accent—streams upon her rushing voice. Love, sorrow, indignation—she had occasion to express them all—nobody with ears, whether they understood the language or not, but must have thoroughly followed their variations;—by those who have ought within that can appreciate what the ears convey, the sensations which *Ah, si pera* excited will long be remembered, and felt.

Upon reading over what we have said of Madame Pisoni, we see it may be considered high-flown. But we think it just—and therefore we let it stand. It is not written under the impression of the moment: our sensations are revived at the end of three days, and, therefore, we do not consider them exaggerated;—others may. And yet, we think not many;—for we heard nothing around us but admiration—and we saw that of one or two whose judgment at the Opera is of no little value, beaming upon their countenances unrestrained.

6th. Lord Burleigh has spoken at last, and to some purpose. Never did the inventive genius of the fair narrator of the tales of the Thousand and One Nights bring forward, throughout their whole course, a transformation more magically sudden, total, and complete than that of the writer of the letter to Dr. Curtis six weeks ago, into the conductor of the King's speech of yesterday! "Oblivion," quotha!—if the united

* We hope we shall not be mistaken as meaning to apply these remarks to *real instruments*, when in the hands of our first professors. So far from it, that we have often heard some of them bring forth from the string or the wood more *meaning* than the style of the singers we are endeavouring to describe above, have done with the aid of words. They are human instruments that we are speaking of.

and constant exertion of every tongue, every pen, and every printing-press—first in the United Kingdom, next in Europe, then in America—soon in Africa, ere long in Asia, and ultimately in New Holland—if this be likely to produce oblivion, then is the Catholic Question “buried in oblivion” not for a short time as recommended by His Grace of Wellington—but past all redemption.

Moreover, what has taken place on this subject shews a power of keeping a secret, beyond that proverbially a wonder. Six days before the meeting of Parliament, not a soul knew a word about the matter out of the cabinet—when, suddenly, out comes a paragraph in one or two of the papers manifestly from good authority which blurs out the whole change at once as a quiet fact. See the danger of prophecy!—see the danger of judging of the future from the past! No—our Premier has determined that his having been formerly blind, shall not be any reason for his choosing to refuse to see, now the scales have fallen from his eyes.

The debates in both houses are highly interesting. The Duke, Mr. Peel, Lord Bathurst—all declare they consider the question in a new light, because they regard it as being in a totally new position. Mr. Peel, indeed—woe to the punsters! their punning præuomen is gone for ever—says that he still thinks emancipation a measure not to be chosen for its own merits—but merely as by far the least evil of many; viz., a divided cabinet—the two houses of Parliament being the one Aye, and the one No—and above all a country in the wretched and also the dangerous state in which Ireland is now. But we shall not go into the broad question at all, at this time or in this place. Let matters roll on a little, and we may have a few words to say more generally. We cannot, however, conclude our notice of the opening of the session, without making mention of Lord Anglesey’s manly and admirable speech. It is evident that at the period of his recall, he had no sort of inkling of what was in contemplation. Indeed, he talks of some accusations having been brought against him of not having “acted in his high trust, in a manner consistent with his duty as the king’s representative.” Lord Anglesey then adds—“These, your lordships will admit to be grave charges, and I might well have expected that when they were made, I should somehow or another have been placed in a situation of explaining or defending my actions. I have, however, been disappointed in this expectation, and although I should have been obliged, with great reluctance, to have called your lordships’ attention; as well as that of the public, to my private wrongs; yet I cannot think of doing it on the present occasion, when the public wrongs of so many millions of my fellow-subjects are brought forward for allusion, in the strong expectation of their receiving ultimate redress. (Hear, hear.)”

We are quite aware that this is merely a very narrow episode of the grand epopœia now in progress. But it is not the less creditable to Lord Anglesey, who seems to have been personally attacked, to forget self so totally and at once in the triumph of the cause, in the promotion of which he had suffered. We have the highest admiration of the whole of Lord Anglesey’s conduct in Ireland from first to last; and we think this speech a worthy epilogue to such a drama.

11th. We hope that people will soon have had enough of the recent literary fashion of talking of dreams and omens as things to be attended to. Here is a man sets fire to York Minster in consequence of "two remarkable dreams!" Read the following awful statement of the wretched man Martin, which appears in the papers of this morning, and then judge whether the currency of these preternatural visitings should be kept up.

"I set fire to the Minster in consequence of two remarkable dreams. I dreamt that one stood by me, with a bow and a sheaf of arrows, and he shot one through the Minster door. I said I wanted to try to shoot, and he presented me the bow. I took an arrow from the sheaf, and shot, but the arrow hit the flags, and I lost it. I also dreamt that a large thick cloud came down over the Minster and extended to my lodgings; from these things I thought that I was to set fire to the Minster. I took these things away with me for fear somebody else should be blamed; I cut off the fringe and the tassels from the pulpit and bishop's throne, or what you call it, for I do not know their names, as a witness against me, to show that I had done it by myself."

We are not so fantastic as to say that the mind of this unhappy individual has been shaken by the prevailing practice to which we have alluded—but we do think that such things being frequently brought before the minds of weak and slightly-educated people may have an effect little thought of indeed by the writers to whom we allude. Some of the chief of these it is impossible to mention without the highest degree of admiration and respect—and even that feeling of regard which is called forth by the manifestation of general kindness of heart. But we are convinced that this frequent use of supernatural means—we do not mean fairies or genii, but dreams, ghosts, foretellings, forebodings—nay even something approaching almost to a regular defence of the belief in them—is very much calculated to do mischief—unintentional, we grant, but still mischief. If these things were done like the Arabian Nights, or the Tales of the Genii, we are most far indeed from thinking that their shifts and changes would do more harm than those in a pantomime. But the tone which has been adopted—we have, at this moment, two pieces, by two very distinguished authors more especially in our recollection—is really scarcely short, in one instance not at all so, of conveying the impression that the writers themselves believe in what they are narrating. The other instance, however, is, we think, more—we were going to say calculated, but we are certain the strict interpretation of that word would be grossly misapplied—likely to do harm; for it is far more simple than the other, told with great sweetness and quiet power, and it also calls some of the most honourable feelings of our nature into play, in connection with the appearance of a spirit in bodily shape. And it is designed for children.

We cannot but consider such things calculated to weaken young, and delicate minds—and the weakness often remains when the originating cause has passed away.

We must again protest against being understood to ascribe in the most remote manner the awful act of Martin to anything arising from such writers as those to which we have alluded. All we mean is to

shew to what an extreme the belief in these fantasies may lead minds in themselves weak and tottering—and, consequently that it were surely wiser, in the first place, not to spread narratives of a tendency to feed these depraved thoughts; and, still more, not to enable a person, whose reason is already quivering on the fearful edge of madness, to say—"See! these celebrated writers think as I do!"

12th. Our readers will doubtless recollect the name of Backler, in conjunction with a most striking Exhibition, some years back, of painted glass. Indeed, he may almost be said to have revived the art in this country—for he brought it to a degree of merit which had not been witnessed since the old days. We have chanced very lately to see a work of this gentleman's, which he has recently been employed upon, in Limehouse Church. We say employed upon, because the original groundwork of the piece was executed seventeen years ago. It then consisted of a single colossal figure of our Saviour, after West, standing in the attitude of preaching, with the right arm raised, the forefinger pointing to heaven, and the left hand slightly extended from the side in a posture of persuasion. The face is mild, firm, and persuasive; and the whole figure has great grace and dignity. Such, as we understand, was the window originally—all the back-ground being left plain ground glass. But, within these few months, Mr. Backler has again been employed upon his early work, and has now given it accompaniments well worthy of the ability displayed in the figure itself. That, however, has also been repainted. For, after being glazed for so many years, it was impracticable to take the window to pieces for the purpose of burning in the additional work, and therefore the whole has been repainted in metallic colours. We believe this is the first time they have been so applied; the artist has every confidence in its durability. The beauty and brilliancy of the colouring are, at present, admirable. The rich crimson of the great curtain which is represented as shrouding all the upper part of the window—the fine deep blue of the outward robe in which our Saviour is enveloped—the golden hair traditionally given to Jesus—in a word, all the colouring, which is blended with great good taste, proves that this work must be the production of one who is no slight master of that branch of art.

We are surprised, indeed, that this peculiar description of painting is not more general in this country. The King, we believe, is introducing it in some degree in Buckingham Palace. But we wonder that it is not more generally adopted in the higher order of residences in London; for there are many instances, from the nature of our localities, in which, though the rooms may be splendid, the view from the windows is a pleasing mixture of black mud, and brick but a few shades lighter. But even where there is the advantage of a more agreeable prospect, either from the parks or a private garden, one room—say a library—lighted through painted windows is a great addition both to the grandeur and beauty of the house. Now that so many and such splendid edifices are being reared, we wonder that some of the noble and wealthy builders do not apply to Mr. Backler and his brethren to "give," to use the words of the old poet,

“ ——— the rays of the garish sun,
A score of colours 'stead of one,”

in some room chosen to be decked in the antique fashion, to be in unison with the window, than which no style can combine more richness, grace, and comfort.

15th. So!—the filth and folly which distinguished the mode in which several of the papers treated the Edinburgh murders have taken a new line. The manner in which they record the out-bursts of violence, which seem to be daily occurring against Hare and Helen M'Dougal, since their liberation, would seem to indicate that they consider such conduct exceedingly praiseworthy. We confess our sympathy with the two persons to be very slight indeed—we can have no feelings of gratification at their escape: but we do hold ferocity, *however excited*, to be so awful a passion to encourage among the people, that we must lift up our voice, as all else are silent, to exclaim against their taking justice into their hands, which thereby, at once, becomes injustice, and putting these people to death, which has very nearly happened three or four times over. The absence of all blame is, in some cases, equivalent to praise. The recording what has occurred in various places in the South of Scotland and North of England, with respect to Burke and M'Dougal, without ever seeming to think there is anything to gainsay in such proceedings, is certainly negatively adjudging them to be perfectly correct: nay more, the tone which is adopted—the character of the epithets chosen, go near to shew that the opinions of the writers go along with those who are attempting to revenge murder by murder. We are as far as possible from saying that the moral guilt of these homicides would be anything like equal. Our whole argument has another object—namely, that if the passions of a large concourse of people, in a state of violent excitation, are in any case to be recognised as the proper, or even pardonable, means of judging whether any given individual shall be put to death upon the spot or not,—they will not always continue to draw very nice distinctions as to how much that individual may morally deserve death, though he may have escaped it by law. We grant that such cases are not often likely to occur:—but they *may*, even in instances of real innocence;—and—which is the thing most to be feared practically—such a mode of treating such doings is a direct encouragement to those feelings of ferocity and revenge, which are, without exception, the most hateful belonging to human nature; and which, thank Heaven, the progress of civilization is, as has been demonstrated, lessening every day. Let the laws, in their execution, be respected: any needful amendment is quite a different question, to be examined in quite a different way. But if mob-tribunals be suffered to massacre every person, the continuance of whose life they may choose to object to, the community will soon find this a very unpleasant world to live in. The reasonings of the joint judges and executioners would become less equitable every day.

It may seem to be an anti-climax to notice after this another odious effect which the constant dwelling upon these awful murders has occasioned. And yet it is not so—for where ferocity would, in one

instance, be contagious, the evils of which we are about to speak, would in twenty. We mean that the repeated details poured forth day after day, increasing in minuteness, and consequently in hurtfulness, at every succeeding publication do, beyond doubt, *familiarize* the minds of—we dread to say the numbers we were about to write—to the contemplation of all the horrors of crime, till at last they cease to be horrors at all. We think that persons who have passed the last three months in London, may have acquired unquestionable knowledge of this fact by merely walking along the streets. The first hints swelled with a most nauseous rapidity into broad and brutal jests about the supposed means used by these murderers to secure their victims*. It is impossible to walk through three streets without hearing these odious exclamations pass from mouth to mouth. Nay, the very name of the convicted murderer has been turned into a verb to typify his occupation.

Still, however much we may be shocked and disgusted at all this, we do not fear, in the very least, the effect which would seem to be the most direct one. Not a jot. Murder never can become a prevalent crime in this country. It is even now exceedingly rare as compared with the bulk of the population:—the very tumult that a murder excites proves this sufficiently. What we fear is, that the familiar and habitual admission, even in the shape of jest, of guilty thoughts into the mind, occasions general corruption. The moral system is very much condensed; and *habitual* bad thoughts of almost any kind will produce almost every kind of evil.

We do not mean to say that we dread any great actual increase of depravity from this one case; but it is part of a system; and that system is one which tends, we are firmly convinced, to keep up crime at its present fearful pitch. The minutiae into which nearly all newspapers go with regard to crime, and the slang in which some indulge in the language in which it is recorded, are most fruitful sources of crime. Would that those who conduct our public journals—and some even who are not beyond reproach on this score, are as respectable as others are the reverse—judging in both cases from their papers only—would that they would consider what an awful engine it is they wield, what power they possess, and therefore to what a responsibility they are subject. When they reflect for a moment upon how much good, and how much harm they may do, they should shrink from a system which has such hurtful consequences upon the morals and the happiness of so large a portion of their fellow-creatures!

16th. This day the dissolution of the Catholic Association has been announced in London. No act could be wiser; and this termination of the body will have done the cause of the Catholics nearly as much good as the whole course of its existence. Still, we think, notwithstanding the not unfrequent violence of a few of its members, and the much more rare instances in which that violence has appeared, that the Association has greatly contributed to bring the Catholic Question to the point at which it at present stands. Mr. Shiel's speech, moving

* We say "supposed means," inasmuch as the real ones were the old system of making the miserable beings drunk—then they could be killed at leisure.

for the dissolution, ~~was~~, in our opinion, both an eloquent and an honest one. We rather quaked when he acceded to the request of Mr. O'Connell's son, to wait till they heard again from his father; but we can respect his motives for yielding; and probably he was pretty well assured that O'Connell would not oppose the dissolution. The very slight resistance which the resolution met with, is also very creditable to the Association. They seemed to know, and be guided by, their best friends—Lord Holland, Lord Anglesey, Sir John Newport, the Knight of Kerry, and Mr. Brougham, are all names quoted by Mr. Shiel. The Catholic bishops also were unanimous in begging the Association to dissolve.

What, then, is the use of the Suppression Bill which is proceeding rapidly through the House?—Great use. In the first place, it will prevent the revival of the Catholic Association, in case the Emancipation Bill should not quite please them. This, as we strongly hope that the Bill will be such as ought to please them, we think perfectly right—for no irritation should be excited for trifling causes, and there are some members of the Association who are scarcely to be trusted to argue a fine-drawn question; and broad generalities will then have ceased. The real use, however, of the Bill now, will be to keep down the Orangemen. It is to suppress all dangerous associations and meetings. Whence the danger to tranquillity will arise, in case the Relief Bill passes, we think it needs no knowledge of magic to discover. "But then, the Orangemen are all loyal—no danger can come to the Government from them"—We believe not much—for Government will take right good care to keep them down—"But their intentions?"—Oh! their intentions? Truly their intentions are very moderate and composed. One of their leaders publishes an address to the people of England declaring the House of Peers in a state of treason and sedition.—Another says that the question lies only between a Popish Parliament and a Protestant one. Others, again, talk of the royal assent to the Relief Bill being in itself a forfeiture of the crown;—while some hint at the hereditary claims of the House of Savoy, in a manner that must make the ears of Charles Felix tingle with hopeful joy. Nay, there are others of whom it is impossible to speak in a tone of jest, who have done very little less than directly excite the people to rise, and that in terms which, if successful in their object, would cause the rising to be attended by all the darkest, and most odious passions of human nature. Thank Heaven, the people are as quiet as can be, and, in England at least, seem much less interested in the matter than one would have supposed. In Ireland feelings must be more excited—and, therefore, it is perhaps as well to have the means of preventing bigots from putting forth doctrines of bloodshed with any shew of authority that their meeting in numbers may give. What the Duke of Northumberland may be as a public man it is, of course, impossible yet to know—but that any Lord Lieutenant appointed by the Duke of Wellington will allow either Brunswickers or any one else to congregate to talk of physical resistance, *twice*,—while he has such a weapon as the Bill for the Suppression of Dangerous Associations in his hand, is, on the face of it, impossible.

But we trust that it will not come even to this. * Nothing but the violence of the more bigotted Anti-Catholics can prevent this Act (for it will soon become one) remaining a dead letter. We are quite sure that the more moderate opposers of Emancipation—many of whom are actuated by the most well-intentioned motives—must hate even more than we do the unmeasured violence of their brother-partisans. For they consist of persons peculiarly opposed to all popular tumult, and they must feel how much injury such proceedings must do their cause in the minds of humane and moderate people. For ourselves, we shrink from the appeal to the bayonet and the bullet, quite as much as it is possible for those who call themselves the most regular Church-and-State men to do—and we would gladly lose any benefit that may accrue to our cause, from such means as those upon which we have been commenting.

20th. Oh! this eternal Catholic Question!—Nothing but the Catholic Question. If you write to your friend a hundred miles in the country about a local matter, concerning which you are very much interested, and begging to have detailed answers to several questions, you get half-a-dozen lines on the subject you wrote about, and the rest of the sheet is given to the task of furnishing you with the most particular information of what people say and think upon the Catholic Question, more especially in London, where you yourself chance to reside. We speak feelingly:—an acquaintance of ours was going to Paris not long ago, and promised to give us some little account occasionally of what was going on there. We received his first letter this morning, which begins thus:—“Agreeably to my promise, I sit down to give you some little chit-chat from this gay city, where I arrived about a week since, in the midst of a most inclement season, which has rendered walking and driving (not at any time too agreeable here) particularly dangerous.”

Oh well! thought we—now for some relief from the one topic of chit-chat which reigns in monopolizing tyranny over every dinner-table and soirée, throughout this (just now) dull city. Let us read on:—

“Never did I see in Paris such an interest taken in everything English. English fashions—English manners—the English language are the rage. It follows as a matter of course that English politics are not forgotten.”

Eh? Politics?—Heaven forefend!—Well, it scarcely can be the Catholic Question yet—Oh no—here’s “Mr. Canning—whom the Parisians had seen and greatly admired”—but lo! in the next line we saw, and did not admire (the mention at least of) Lord Anglesey and Ireland—Catholic Claims—Duke of Wellington—Brunswick Clubs—in short every note of that chime which has been pealing in our ears for the last three weeks. No—no—we have enough of this rung at home, without the echoes from Paris. We will, however, just state the fact, that the Parisians absolutely stop their English friends in the street to congratulate them upon what they doubt not every travelled, because educated, Englishman must be rejoiced at. Eight tenths are, no doubt—but we would give a Napoleon to see the face

of a French *petit-maitre* at the reception he would meet with if he chanced to attack the chaplain of an *Archbishop*, or the son of an *Ascendancy* county-member, with felicitations on the king's speech.

Our friend, however, soon becomes a little more Parisian in his talk. The first thing that strikes him is the general improvement in the buildings and pavement of what in Paris is *not* the West End of the Town.

"To a person who recollects Paris several years ago the improvements in every way must appear very striking. The contrasts that the new streets of the Rue Castiglione—Rue Rivoli—several of those north of the Boulevards de la Madeleine and Italien, particularly the fine new street, Rue de Londres, present, when compared with the Rue St. Honoré and the Faubourg, the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs &c., is very remarkable: but even these latter are beginning to be decorated here and there with an appearance of *trottoir*, of which formerly all Paris was destitute; so that now a decently clad christian—a superb Turk—or a magnificent Persian may venture to walk in these streets without the absolute necessity of making a will beforehand; although not without the still tolerably certain prospect of being bespattered from head to foot with the nastiest mud in the universe."

No—no—this is not fair to old London. Our correspondent must be corrupted by Frenchified ideas. What! any mud on the surface of the terraqueous globe surpass that of London in abomination? Fie!—our friend will require a bill of re-naturalization, for having uttered such a piece of *lèse-majesté* against London mud. We have the most thorough recollection of that in the Rue Neuve des Petits-Champs, of which mention is made in the extract above. We tasted of its delights the morning after our first arrival in Paris. We were going from our hotel in the Rue de la Paix to the Post-office, and were directed down this street, the dinginess of which (fashionable for shops though it be) came in striking contrast with the splendid coup-d'œil of the line through the Rue de la Paix and the Place Vendôme to the Tuileries gardens. This street had then not the least "appearance of *trottoir*"—and if it have now, where horses are to trot is beyond our conception. There had been a great deal of rain, and, certainly, the discomfiture arising from the mud was exceedingly Parisian, for if you looked down to pick your way, you would infallibly be knocked by a cabriolet under the wheels of a *fiacre*. Thus, that your trowsers, at the least, if not nearly your whole dress, get a very liberal sprinkling of mud is most undeniable. But such mud!—Poor fissenless stuff, without any of the grand richness, and blackness, and consistency of *real London mud*! We shall soon expect to hear of Paris porter being put into competition with Barclay and Perkins. It is true, you do not get so much of it here—but one good souse is sufficient for a long time. A scavenger's cart is going by, very near the foot-pavement—it gets a thump from a coal waggon on the outside—a slight, but sharp and sudden inclination takes places inward, and you receive an epaulette which, under the new regulations by which it seems rank is to be indicated by size, would require the grade of *generalissimo* to be newly-erected for you to bear. Nay the more humble

sprinkling which arises from a hackney-coach wheel suddenly slapping into a puddle occasioned by the fact of two or three stones in the pavement having sunk under their grievous burdens more speedily than their neighbours—even this is not to be despised if it comes over you impartially;—namely, your clothes being dotted like a Danish dog,—one patch striking full upon your left eye,—and another forcing its way partly into the right-hand corner of your mouth, No one ever tasted such mud in Paris!

Proceed we to matters not exactly of the same description:—

“Amongst the sights of Paris I have found my countrymen, generally speaking, less acquainted with the *Bibliothèque du Roy*, than anything in the place. British travellers, generally speaking, neglect the valuable stores of learning and science that are to be found in so many cities on the Continent. They flock to the public buildings—the palaces—the churches—the theatres—the ruined remains of Roman greatness—whilst they neglect the charming works of so many illustrious writers, that have contributed to render all the views doubly interesting. The truth is, our countrymen, for the most part, read but light books—the current literature of the day.—Indeed our travellers are seldom of a class from whom much study can be expected.

“The *Bibliothèque du Roy* in France is contained in a very magnificent building; and consists of a splendid collection of books, in every known language. These are open to the public, natives and strangers, without passport shewn, or any other formality or delay. The books are arranged in five classes;—Theology, Jurisprudence, History, Philosophy, and the Belles Lettres. The library was founded by Charles V., at which time it consisted of 910 volumes of MS., which were placed in the Tower of the Louvre, under the care of one Giles Mallet (the Mallets would seem to have been at all times men of letters). Under Francis I. the number of volumes had increased to 2000; but the art of printing having then become known, Francis, who was a great lover of the arts and sciences, enlarged it greatly, and placed it in the princely chateau of Fontainebleau. Catherine de Medici ornamented and enriched it with a collection of manuscripts and medals brought from Florence. The troubles attending the time of the league caused these latter, which are said to have been of extreme beauty, rarity, and value, to be dispersed and stolen. There is, however, at present an apartment in the library, consisting of a splendid collection, which, to be appreciated, need only to be seen. Hyppolite Count de Bethuen bequeathed to the library 1500 volumes of great value and interest, especially historical works. But the greatest aid in forming and completing the collection was given by Louis XIV., who went to very great expense in employing the most learned and intelligent men of his time in the collection of books, engravings, and medals. The consequence of their exertions was the purchase of the valuable libraries of Augustus de Loménie, Comte de Brienne—of Francis Roger de Gaignières—of Charles D’Ozier, the famous genealogist—the manuscripts of Etienne Baluze, and of Colbert, who possessed the most considerable collection in Europe. Afterwards, were added 12,000 volumes of Falconet; and in a few years there were altogether about 33,000 manuscripts, and 100,000 volumes in print. But the destruc-

tion of the convents, and other religious houses, contributed more than anything to the extent and value of this noble collection. These amounted in Paris to more than thirty libraries of note, the principal of which were those of the Jacobins, the Feuillans, and the Capucin monks of the Rue St. Honoré—those of the Sorbonne—the Abbey of St. Victor—of St. Germain des Prés—and of Blancs-Manteaux. The three first collections had from ten to twelve thousand, the others from twenty to twenty-five thousand volumes. The collection altogether is one of the most superb monuments of national utility and greatness. Not the least object of admiration to the man of taste is the beautiful collection of engravings, forming a most extensive and rare assemblage of the talent of the most celebrated artists in every country.

“When one takes into consideration, along with the above facts, the great increase of books in Europe since the reign of Louis XIV., especially within the last thirty years, and to which the liberty of the press in France has lately greatly contributed—the stores of knowledge which were collected during the last century, by the profound labours of enlightened individuals, together with the numerous productions of the day which are issued in every country of Europe, with a rapidity hitherto unknown—we shall cease to be surprised, even when we are told that the number of books in MS. and in print, in the Royal Library of France, has reached the astounding quantity of *seven hundred thousand volumes!*”

There is one point in this statement which is to us always a matter of shame, from the comparison which it draws forth between the habits of London and Paris, which is of rather more importance, we fear, than the merely *terrestrial* superiority we have claimed in the matter of mud. We allude to this splendid collection being “open to the public, natives and strangers, without passport shewn, or any other formality or delay.” Now, this is really the true way of conducting a public institution. It is for the benefit of the public, and the public ought to be able to get at it. Now how is it with our British Museum? If a person wish to see it, or to consult works in the very valuable and extensive library, he must find some means of getting at a governor to procure an order. This is all very well for persons fixed in London, who have literary connections, and so forth. But for many even living in town, and nearly to all who merely come for a short time, foreigners especially, the British Museum might as well be at Kamschatka, as in Great Russell-street. They don’t know who to apply to—or, if they did, they probably would have no sort of means of getting at them. We really cannot see why all persons of respectable appearance should not be admitted, and allowed to remain as long as their behaviour was proper. At the utmost the giving name and address should be sufficient. We are quite convinced no sort of evil could arise from such a measure. We have named the British Museum, because it is national as well as public—but we think it would highly become other institutions, which are supported by subscription, to adopt some similar system. Most of them are more easy of access than the Museum, but still quite little enough to keep out all strangers to London who might wish to visit them. These latter, perhaps, might fairly lay down some regulations, to prevent constant benefit being derived from their collections without any

contribution. If any one evinced a disposition to become a *chronic* visitor, it should be hinted to him that the situation of subscriber would become him better. But this does not apply to the British Museum; and we confess we have often thought with pain upon what the ideas of foreigners must be of our practices in these matters.

Our correspondent concludes his letter with a very few words on French politics—we wish he had sent us a few more of *them* :—

“ I have not left myself any space to speak of French politics. I may mention, however, that M. Chateaubriand is stated to have obtained leave to return from Rome to Paris; whether to remain or not is unknown, but all idea of his being the new foreign Minister is, I hear, abandoned. Prince Polignac's speech has satisfied some and dissatisfied others; an effect by no means uncommon in politics as in other matters. I really think he is honest after all. The policy of liberality has decidedly gained much strength in France lately. The law relating to the communes, which you, doubtless, have seen, placing the election of mayors and other officers more immediately in the hands of the people, cannot fail to strengthen the liberal party, and has given general satisfaction to the country.”

25th. Mode of obtaining Signatures to Anti-Catholic Petitions. The following is taken from Mr. Pendarves' admirable speech last night, on the subject of the Anti-Catholic petitions, from some places in Cornwall. He reads it from a letter he had received from a magistrate of that county, for which Mr. Pendarves is member.—“ To give you an idea how cagerly signatures have been caught at, I cannot refrain from mentioning a circumstance which came within my own knowledge, and for the truth of which I can vouch. Two men were brought before me, as a magistrate, for turnip-stealing, which they had been doing on a large scale, and were convicted on the clearest evidence. The case was heard in the attorney's office who acts as the clerk to the magistrates of this division, by whom the anti-Catholic petition was prepared: and these two men *were solicited, and actually signed the petition immediately after their conviction.*” (Loud laughter, and cries of “ Hear.”)

This is admirable. The suspicions which have been lately prevalent concerning the mode in which these signatures have been procured, must now amount to *conviction*.

Every thing must seem an anti-climax after this—but we cannot resist giving, from Mr. Pendarves' speech, one or two more instances of how these petitions were signed.

“ He had now a few words to say upon the mode in which signatures to those petitions had been obtained. At Bodmin, while the sessions were being held, the bellman was sent round the town to call the people to sign the anti-Catholic petition, and he had no doubt that every person of the county who happened to be then in the town, and who was opposed to the Catholic claims, signed the Bodmin petition. (Hear.) Another mode was the diffusion of inflammatory pamphlets, one of which, the most infamous and disgraceful he had ever seen, he then held in his hand. It was called “ Look about you;” and at the head of it was a picture representing the Catholics of Ireland

burning a number of Protestants. (Hear, hear.) At Truro, the table at which the petitions were signed was covered with these pamphlets. (Hear, hear.) Nor was this 'all';—pictures professing to represent scenes in Queen Mary's days—the burning and torturing of Protestants by the Catholics—were also put into the hands of the people. These pictures were furnished, he understood, by a Pater-noster-row Society (loud cries of "hear"), and by them sent into the country. These pictures, together with Lord Winchelsea's letter (hear, and a laugh), were distributed about at Launceston.

Mr. Pendarves also gives one or two very instructive anecdotes about the manner in which some of these petitions were got up. "At Penzance," he says, "only one day's notice of the meeting was given, and the mayor positively refused to put the petition to the vote, because he knew there was a majority against it. (Loud cries of "Hear.") At Launceston, the meeting was exclusive: these only were summoned who were known to be opposed to the Catholic claims, and many of his friends who went to it were told that it was not a meeting called for the purpose of discussion. (Hear, hear.) At Truro the meeting was under the direction of a noble lord who possessed great influence in the neighbourhood, and the day fixed upon for the meeting was that of the opening of the sessions at Bodmin, at which all the magistrates and professional men of Truro were obliged to attend (hear, hear), so that little opposition to the petition could be expected. Another meeting was advertised for the following Tuesday, at which there were present one farmer, two clergymen, the vicar, and his curate. (Hear, and a laugh.) After waiting for some time, and no one else coming, the two clergymen signed the petition, and went away. (Hear.) Another meeting was held at Newlyn, at which there were present only four persons. (Hear.) Now what could be thought of the unanimity of the people of Cornwall, which they had been told of, on this subject? There was doubtless unanimity between the two clergymen (hear, and laughter,) but there was nothing of the sort generally."

The gentlemen who call the meeting to be "all one side," remind us of a meeting in the city during the queen's business, where the first resolution was, "Resolved, that there be no discussion." Truly it is a pretty way to judge whether the majority of the inhabitants of Launceston be for or against emancipation, when you will let no one who is for it come to the meeting.

It seems that these doings are not confined to Cornwall. The Duke of Sussex, in animadverting last night upon a petition from Bristol, says, that he thinks "it right to state, that he had been informed that whole schools were sent up to sign this petition; that the utmost exertions were made to induce individuals of all descriptions to come forward; and that placards were exhibited of so extraordinary a nature, that he would not disgust the ears of their lordships by alluding more particularly to them. Some of those placards he had seen, and he understood that steps were taken to prosecute the printer and publisher of them. Besides, he was informed that several persons had over and over again signed the same petition; and he possessed, in his pocket, a letter from an individual who witnessed persons at the Guildhall, where there were three tables, going and

signing their names at each table. He stated these facts, because it ought to be known how the names to this petition had been procured.

Such statements made on such authority, with regard to different places, tend to throw no very good odour on the tactics by which these petitions are got up. 'With regard to the placards which are alluded to, we believe them to be carried to an excess which we can well understand prevented his Royal Highness from doing more than merely alluding to those of which he spoke. We have not ourselves seen any, for such things have scarcely at all been posted up in London. We have heard of some on Saffron-hill!

Above all, it is to be remarked that the Anti-catholics have not been able to get up any meeting in the metropolis—for we will not be so uncandid as to designate as the meeting of a party, in which there are certainly many eminent names, that assemblage which took place at the Crown and Anchor, some short time back, altogether got up by persons wholly unknown, and the character of which may be estimated by the fact that the first resolution given from the chair,—“That the Constitution is in danger,” was beaten by an amendment moved by Hunt, substituting the word *tithe* for Constitution, by a great majority. And this is the only meeting that has been held in the metropolis against Catholic Emancipation!”—No, no—the days of No Popery in London are passed for ever!

27th. A meeting of the Common Council of London took place yesterday, at which a petition in favour of Emancipation was carried by a majority of very nearly two to one (105 to 54). We thought we did not over-rate the feeling of London.

NOTES ON ART—THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

Looking to the posts of honour and distinction in the British Gallery, and comparing the works of lofty pretension now filling the principal places with the productions of a similar class which figured in the same situations last year, there can be no doubt that the parallel is in favour of the exhibition of 1828. Not that we mean to represent the decline as striking enough to have required notice in His Majesty's gracious Speech on opening the Imperial Parliament! But still it is striking.

In the place of the “Presentation of an English Roman Catholic Family to Pope Pius VII.,” painted by J. P. DAVIS, a picture of more than ordinary power and effect, is now hung the “Adoration of the Shepherds,” by MR. NORTHCOTE, a respectable work from an octogenarian, bespeaking, indeed, a cultivated taste but a feeble hand, and certainly not in any wise comparable with the painting to which it has succeeded. The post of “Hilton's Amphitrite,” a successful display of poetical invention and pictorial skill, is occupied this year by MR. JONES' “Battle of St. Vincent,” a popular and attractive subject it must be conceded, and the representation of a most noble and gallant exploit; but as a work of art entitled only to very qualified commendation, and open to much just animadversion. The substi-

tute for "Fort Rouge, Calais," by STANFIELD, a most spirited production, by an artist completely master of the subject and of his pencil, is the "George III. and Lord Howe" of MR. BRIGGS, a picture superior in pretensions to its predecessor, but much below it in merit, remarkable, indeed, for its insipidity, and as an instance in which a clever artist has been cramped and overpowered by a subject out of his line. There are few either who will place the single figure of MR. PARTRIDGE'S "Satan," in respect to its general importance as a work of art, on a level with the "Judith and Holofernes" of MR. ERTY. Last year, likewise, the gallery possessed a real treasure, from a foreign contributor, in the much-admired picture, "the Execution of Marino Faliero," by DELACROIX, the place of which is now occupied by a "fruit-piece," by MR. LANCE. Lastly, besides minor works by the deservedly-lamented BONNINGTON, we had last year his splendid picture of the "Ducal Palace of Venice."

On the other hand, the collection of 1829 possesses two valuable works from the pencil of DANBY, who on the former occasion was not an exhibitor.

From this view of the progress of the art during the year, we proceed to the notice of a few of the pictures now in the gallery which most attracted our attention. In so doing we have to regret that the want of space enjoins such numerous exclusions, and beg leave to protest, most earnestly, against being supposed to pass any judgment by our silence.

No. 1. "The Adoration of the Shepherds," by JAMES NORTHCOTE, R. A. The frequent treatment of this subject by some of the most powerful pencils ever exercised in the art, forms the ground of a comparison disadvantageous to almost any artist. To this account, perhaps, as much as to the age of the painter, is to be ascribed the perception of a want of vigour in this picture. The "Madonna" is deficient in elevation of style. MR. NORTHCOTE'S "Virgin Mary" has much more the character of an amiable English grand-daughter, escaped unsophisticated from the trainings of governesses, regarding with kindred affection a sister's first-born, than that of the mother of the Saviour.

Nos. 62 and 156 are works painted by commission from the British Institution, to be presented to the Royal Hospital at Greenwich, and the merit of the antecedent works of the two artists charged with their execution, amply justify the choice made by the directors of the objects of their patronage and encouragement. The former is by G. JONES, R. A., and represents an incident in the battle of St. Vincent, the Capture of the San Josef by Nelson, who led his men to board her from the San Nicolas which he had taken, and which lay between his own ship (the Captain) and the San Josef. The time of action is the moment when the English alight on the deck of the enemy's ship with impetuosity so overpowering, that the Spanish captain on the quarter deck seeing resistance hopeless, by tendering his sword and raising his hat gives signal of submission. Lord Nelson is a conspicuous figure in the picture, but he can scarcely be said to be foremost in the fray. He is dressed in full

uniform, such as he would have worn at a levee ;—the whole drapery without a spot—the figure undisordered and unbesmeared by tar or chain-rust, powder or smoke. Had Nelson danced across the broad crowded deck of the *San Nicolas*, or had he passed it combating against a host of enemies ? 'or had the hero of the Nile gone below to dandify between the capture of the one ship and the assault of the other ? In other parts of Mr. Jones' picture there is much bustle and activity, and considerable power of colour.

The subject of the companion commission, No 156, is "George III. after the victory of the 1st June 1794, presenting Lord Howe with a sword," H. P. BRIGGS, A.R.A. The scene is laid on the deck of the *Queen Charlotte* off Spithead, and the King is attended by his Consort and Court. This picture is lamentably deficient both in general and individual expression. The personages want character and dignity, the royal pair are the most tame, stiff, and unmeaning figures conceivable ;—that of Lord Howe with a head somewhat less insignificant, exceeds all in awkwardness. The colouring in general wants depth and power ; and the production altogether must be regarded as a disappointment to the admirers of Mr. Briggs' former works. Here and there a head presents itself invested both with character and expression, and in several parts of the picture may be traced the strokes of an elegant and fanciful pencil sufficiently marked to encourage the hope that, the commission finished, Mr Briggs will resume with undiminished success the line of art which the bent of his talent would lead him to follow, and which he has hitherto so happily pursued.

MR. DANBY'S productions in point of size rank below any we have yet noticed. They are of equal dimensions. 3ft. 8in. in height, and 4ft. 7in. wide. Their subjects are "The Moon rising over a wild mountainous country," No 56, and "Sunset," No 67. Both works bear testimony to the high poetical imagination of the artist. In the former, the moon full orb'd rises over the rugged heights of a mountain chain ; and the valleys and defiles, the sharp-edged ridges, and the pinnacled summits, the rude rocks, the waterfalls now precipitous—now more gently gliding downward, are perceived dimly however, and in mysterious obscurity beneath her pale light. The stars are not yet eclipsed by the perfect brightness of our satellite. A volcano in the distance equalling in height the surrounding mountain summits, throws its flame uprightly towards the sky with a tranquillity finely in harmony with the rest of the picture. This is the most successful attempt to give a pictorial representation of moonlight we ever remember to have seen. In No. 67, a gorgeous 'sunset' throws its deep tints on a bank of clouds collected on the horizon, and on the ocean already freshened by the evening breeze. On the bosom of that ocean floats a gorgeous ancient galley, its gilded prow rendered doubly golden by reflecting the rays of the setting luminary. A pair of lovers in oriental costume are seated on the sandy beach, contemplating the glorious spectacle, in position and attitude full of sentiment, and participating in the loveliness and harmony of the scene before them. It is a picture which we have derived real delight from regarding. It improves by being dwelt on by those whom, at the first glance, it may not have captivated.

Of the visitors of the fair sex who aid in making the gallery so delightful a lounge, we observe that few venture to give more than a glance at Mr. Erry's "Subject from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*." What is not proper to be seen, we apprehend it would not be quite correct to describe. The style is perfectly in character with the *petit-soupe* cabinet of some splendid voluptuary; but it is not a fit subject for public exhibition. We would not be understood to censure this picture on the score of its nudity: we love art too well to raise any such objection. What we complain of is, the absence of the degree of refinement of form necessary to divest this subject of whatever grossness may attach to its representation—a refinement essential in a work of art, professing, as all works of art should do, to gratify the intellectual, and not the sensual faculties. We willingly confess, however, that we have seen former works of Mr. Erry even more amenable to such animadversions as these, than his "*Hermaphroditus and Salmacis*"; but he is still wanting in that refinement which constitutes the perfection of many of the old masters, and especially of Greek sculpture.

The Gallery contains some single figures well deserving notice. Mr. PARTRIDGE's "*Satan*," No. 472, which is hung at the end of the south room, represents the enemy of man when, having assumed the form of a beautiful angel to deceive Uriel, he alights on Mount Niphates, where his evil passions, which are excited in regarding the sun, betray him to the angel. The figure is in the act of addressing the sun, the left hand uplifted as towards the luminary, the right hand grasping a spear, the left leg stepping forward. The picture is elaborately painted, of rich and mellow tone; the figure is simple and grand, and in form calls to mind the wonder of the Vatican. Perhaps it is open to the objection of being somewhat studied.

"The Native of Missolonghi, painted at Rome," No. 155, J. HOLLINS, is a very attractive picture. It represents a single female figure, which, we conclude, is a portrait, reclining on an ottoman, in the splendid costume of her country. The head is extremely beautiful, the features perfectly regular, eyes large and dark, black tresses falling over the shoulder from below a splendid turban and red coif tasseled. The expression is characteristic of a female who must have passed a youth amidst horrors, and become in some measure inured to them. It presents a remarkable mixture, unknown in countries not accustomed to scenes of public trouble and atrocity, of feminine softness, passion, and fierceness. The colouring is exceedingly rich.

Mr. PICKERSGILL's "*Hookah Bearer*," No. 78, is a black slave, treated in most masterly style. "*Cottage Children going to bed*," No. 51, Sir WM. BEECHEY, is a delightful domestic subject, painted, it is said, some years since, and treated with great simplicity of feeling, most artist-like effect, and with very agreeable tone. "*Scene on the Coast of Kent*," No. 22, W. COLLINS, R.A., is a very clever picture, but not altogether a very agreeable one. Mr. EDWIN LANDSEER shines as usual in his animal pieces. His "*Deer Stalking*," "*Conversation*," (of dogs)—"*Faithful Dog*," (a terrier over the grave of his Master,) "*Dead Deer*,"—are treated in the accustomed clever man-

ner of that successful artist. Mr. CONSTABLE has one or two spirited landscapes, and such as would excite much admiration, were it not for the mannered and spotty whiteness which disfigures them. No. 58, a "Turk," by the deceased BONNINGTON, is a delightful *morceau*, purchased by Sir Thomas Lawrence. "The Hall of Cedric, Ivanhoe," Jos. WEST, is another clever little picture, evincing (perhaps too much evincing) a diligent study of the ancient masters. Mr. NEWTON's contributions are, as they never fail to be, delightful productions. Mr. BOADEN's "Old Lady" is clever. His "Lavinia" is in a very different style, but clever also. The characteristic of the soft blue eye is very happily expressed—the melting mouth somewhat approaches the extravagant. Hayter, Nasmyth, Webster, Dearman, Linnell, and Fraser, with a long list of artists whose works, we regret, it is not in our power to do justice to, have contributed largely to the interest of the exhibition. We perceive no remarkable departure from their usual respective characteristics, either in style or degree of merit. We rejoice to perceive, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the atmosphere which has generally prevailed since the opening of the exhibition, that purchasers abound.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

No. XII.

WE have several arrears to discharge (debts of honour) to the authors or publishers of very meritorious works, which have been for several months on our table. We will begin with some of these, without a word of preface :—

THE CASTILIAN*.

In selecting the 'stirring times' of Alfonso XI. and Pedro el Cruel, Kings of Castile, for the subject of an historical romance, it will at once be seen that the author of the "Castilian" has resorted to no unproductive quarry for his materials. The period is indeed most fertile in incident, and in incident of deep, and often of tragic interest. It presents us a King discarding the mother of his legitimate offspring for a mistress, who, in a second family, has perpetuated sources of strife and disaster to the royal house, and of distraction and trouble to the unhappy country cursed by its rule—a successor making the first use of his power to avenge the mother's cause on her ancient rival, and on the innocent issue of the unhallowed intercourse; yet blind to example and reckless of consequences, treading in the steps of his parent, and treating a new-married consort of powerful connexions with contumely and neglect, in deference to another's charms—a tyrant disgusting, by violent and arbitrary sallies of temper the powerful of his kingdom—alienating his *grandees* by his rude austerity, and offending the clergy by his contempt of their ceremonies,—while he is deprived by the artful wiles of a grasping and

* The Castilian. By Don Telesforo de Trubea y Cosío. 3 Vols.

ambitious priesthood, working on the superstitious propensities of the vulgar, of the attachment of the people whose real interests were alone united with his. Hence conspiracies, popular tumults and atrocities, open rebellions, civil wars, foreign aids in which the chivalry of Christendom, knights rivals in prowess as by nation, arrange themselves on the respective sides, battles in which the leaders of the contending armies are brothers, the combatants compatriots and kinsfolk, victories, reverses, crowns lost and won, imprisonment, escapes, treacheries, deaths in the field, and on the scaffold, and struggles in which brothers are the personal and sole combatants, and finally—fratricide. .

Such are the outlines of the picture of the epoch to which we have alluded. Accessories well suited to fill up such a composition, spring naturally from the leading circumstances.

A portion only of this history, however, has been adopted by the author of the 'Castilian,' for the materials of the romance before us,—the second composed by him in the language of a people among whom he has been driven to seek an asylum from disasters which, in an age of general civilization, render his own country the scene of atrocities, but little if at all inferior in horror to those by which it was desolated in the times of general barbarity, which he has undertaken to portray.

The more particular period at which the story of the Castilian commences, is that when Pedro the Cruel, seeks, as a fugitive, the court of Edward the Black Prince, at Guienne, to supplicate the aid of that celebrated hero, and of the English knights, his attendants, to reseat him on the throne of Castile. At that time, death had already removed from him his Queen, Blanche de Bourbon, whose injuries formed the pretext of the rebellion that had dethroned him, and had also deprived him of his adored and haughty mistress, Maria de Padilla. He had been, moreover, defeated by his insurgent subjects headed by his natural brother, Enrique de Trastamara, now about to assume the crown. The cause of Don Pedro is espoused with eagerness by Edward and his knights. The Black Prince marches into Spain, and at the battle of Najara, with far inferior numbers, gives a complete overthrow to Trastamara, and the French knights his adherents under the banners of the famous Bernard Duguesclin.

Pedro, again on the throne, regardless of the engagements which the instances of his noble ally had extorted from him, instead of conciliating his subjects, imposes but a feeble restraint on his tyrannical temper, and betrays the reluctance with which he abstains from wreaking his vengeful and unassuaged wrath on those who had been his enemies. In spite even of the services rendered him by the English, and of a marriage solemnized between the Duke of Lancaster and his daughter, he soon becomes impatient of their presence, disgusts the Black Prince by his ingratitude, and outrages his own most faithful adherents. Fresh conspiracies are the natural consequence. Enrique de Trastamara, with his French allies, again appears in the field at the head of an army of malcontents. A second civil war ensues. Pedro, no longer succoured by the English, is defeated in every rencontre; and besieged in a fated castle, and is

at length decoyed to the tent of Duguesclin, where he is personally assailed by his brother. A single-handed contest takes place in the tent of the French chief. In this strife Don Pedro would have come off victorious and have overpowered his rival, but for the unknighly interference of one of the Frenchmen, spectators of the struggle, who, when the combatants were down, and the King uppermost, with the assent of Duguesclin, whose treachery was then consummated in spite of his reservation, "that he neither marred nor made kings," lent a hand to reverse their position. Trastanara, without delay, availed himself of his advantage, by plunging a dagger to the heart of his brother.

Much of the interest of the story depends on the character and adventures of Don Ferran de Castro, the *Castilian*, a knight of high principles and untarnished honour, and, on that account, with a zeal somewhat mistaken, a faithful adherent of Pedro through all his misfortunes, and under the most trying circumstances—in spite even of personal outrages the most irritating. Don Ferran is betrothed to a high-minded lady, who returns his attachment with a fond devotion, being bound by the firmest of all ties by which the heart of a virtuous woman is to be held—the admiration of her lover's character. Don Ferran has a rival in the opposite party, a man by no means to be despised, either on account of the claim which a former intimacy with Costanza gives him to her hand, or of his personal qualifications, or the power with which the success in arms of the party he had espoused had invested him. The ungrateful king also becomes enamoured of the charms of the noble lady, and thwarts the desires of his over-faithful attendant. The division of motive engendered by these circumstances in the conduct of the Castilian, his resolute fidelity to his sovereign, and his anxiety for the possession and safety of his bride, through all the perils by which they are affected, afford an opportunity which has not been neglected for heightening the interest of the tale.


The work indeed is highly creditable to the talents of the author, who has produced a very interesting romance. The outline is well designed, and the details are filled in both with spirit and judgment. The incidents, although sufficiently romantic to be deeply interesting, are, at the same time, never improbable; and if the descriptions and characters want, in some degree, the vigorous delineation, the forcible portraiture, the warmth and glow of colouring from which we have been so long accustomed to receive with delight, and which have spoiled us in a measure for the enjoyment of historical romances from any pen but one, allowances are to be made for the fact that the author does not write in his native tongue. Regarded, indeed, merely as a work in the English language, by a foreigner, "The Castilian" is a very remarkable performance.

The rare production of a work in the English language by a Spaniard (perhaps the best example of the command of English style by a foreigner, if we except the "Italy" of M. Vieusseux), naturally leads us to glance at the foreign talent now directed in this metropolis to literary undertakings. A pretty little French journal claims our attention:—

LE FURET DE LONDRES.

The appearance on our table of a series of this periodical, in the form of a volume, purporting to be the third since the commencement of the publication, will be received, we doubt not, as a fair excuse for reminding our readers of its existence. We hesitate the less in noticing a work which, in its original form, is merely a weekly paper, from the persuasion we entertain of the great advantage to the students of a foreign tongue, of the practice of resorting to journals and other ephemeral publications for their reading. Treating, as these do, of subjects of every-day occurrence and of the events of ordinary life, they afford facilities for acquiring speedily, and with little labour, the familiar terms of conversation—which facilities are not to be derived from the perusal of books in general, not even of the productions of the stage. Actual intercourse with native foreigners alone has the advantage over the habit we recommend. On this account, as on many others, we lament the difficulties thrown in the way of such publications by the operation of our stamp duties, and other anomalous regulations, by which the press in England is affected, and which in foreign, not less than in English, publications, have a tendency to check the growth of what is good and improving, if it happen to be connected in any way with intelligence or politics; while they fall almost innocuous on publications which pander to the lowest and coarsest tastes. It is clear that the readers of a publication in a foreign language must, under any circumstances, be small; and that, in order to make any return whatever to those who risk in it their capital or bestow on it their labour, it should embrace every class of information without a single exception. To exclude, therefore, articles of intelligence, or even political discussion, is to deprive them of what would be of one of their greatest recommendations; since it cannot be denied that, much as we owe to our daily journals, they afford us very imperfect records of the details, often highly interesting, of the transactions of foreign states. A well-conducted French paper, published in London, which should confine itself to imparting continental intelligence, is still a desideratum. The want, no doubt, would not long continue, but that the Stamp Act would step in to swallow up not the profits alone, but even the gross receipts. The “Furet de Londres” is as an agreeable substitute, as under all the disadvantageous circumstances can be expected. It is light and amusing, devoted principally to notices of the theatres and the opera, interspersed with diverting anecdotes, calembourgs, &c. &c.; but sometimes launching forth into the wide waters of criticism, and giving notices of literary and even scientific productions. It is very well calculated for the purpose, which, as we have hinted above, such publications might be well made to serve, namely, that of facilitating the acquisition of the French language.

While on the subject of journals in foreign languages, we are led to notice another, which, to use a phrase familiar in parliamentary language, has “caught the eye” of the Editor. The foreign postman has just placed on our table “The Hamburg Reporter,” a journal in English, published in Hamburg twice a week—and which, to



judge from the Number of the specimen before us (103, Feb. 17), must have been in existence about a year. Casting a glance over its contents, which are, of course, miscellaneous, embracing every sort of topic and subject, we perceive one short article, which invites us to transcribe it, as having claims both to general and particular interest; and being a matter of scientific importance, as such it ought to have found a place in our Journal of Facts:—

“THE THEATRE.—A just subject of complaint among the visitors to the Hamburg theatre, has for a long time been the very imperfect manner in which the house has been warmed, and more particularly the disagreeable current of air which was felt on the rising of the curtain. The effect of this has been most severely felt during the course of the present season, when the cold has been as low as 17° Réaumur (6° below zero Fahrenheit); but the recurrence of any similar subject of complaint seems likely to be effectually prevented for the future. By means of an ingenious apparatus, invented by Mr. Sylvester, of London, and applied by Mr. Stedman Whitwell, an English engineer, whose name the present arrangement is likely to introduce in a very favourable manner in Germany, the whole of the interior of the theatre, comprising a space of nearly a million of cubic feet, was yesterday evening effectually maintained at a temperature of from 10 to 15° Réaumur (55 to 66° Fahrenheit), and the current of air so justly complained of, completely disappeared. This is the first time, we believe, that a similar achievement has been effected in any country; and so far from any danger of fire being connected with the arrangement, an additional security has been effected; for the temperature at which the interior of the house will constantly be kept, will prevent the possibility, even in the severest winter, of the reservoirs and water-pipes freezing, as has already been repeatedly the case in the course of the present season. The strictest inquiries of the police have been made to ascertain the perfect safety of the apparatus; and it was only after a satisfactory result had been obtained to these inquiries, that its present application was authorized.”

The performance of French plays in London must have a considerable influence in promoting the acquisition of the French language and literature; and in this respect particularly, we have to thank M. Gombert for the publication of “The French Drama.” The best plays of Racine, Corneille, and Moliere, may now be had separately, with excellent notes on the phraseology of the French language, and the English interpretation of the different passages. Besides schools (for which this publication is chiefly intended), the frequenters of the French theatre will find it extremely useful whenever any of the *chef-d’œuvre* of that stage, above mentioned, are performed.

BERNAYS’ GERMAN POETICAL ANTHOLOGY.

This is a book, by a foreigner, that will well bear to be recommended. In the first place, a good publication of the kind was wanted by the students of German language and literature, the number of whom, as we believe, is fast increasing amongst us.

although the proportion of those who judge and talk of the latter, from translated works, is still far too great. The collection consists of Odes and other short pieces of almost every description of metrical composition in the German tongue. These are prefaced by a short, but instructive outline, of the history of German poetry; and with brief notices of the authors from whose pages the compiler has made his extracts. The selections, as well as regards the merit in composition, as attention to the choice of pieces calculated for readers of all ages, have been made with great judgment. The arrangement of the pieces according to the scale of their increasing difficulty, if it pretend not to the praise of novelty, deserves, at any rate, to be commended for its utility.

From foreign books we naturally turn to foreign lands. Were we about to start on a tour to the countries of classical recollections (and can we help envying the man engaged in preparing for such an undertaking?), we should certainly take the dimensions, in length and breadth, of the *ETON COMPARATIVE ATLAS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN GEOGRAPHY*, by Arrowsmith, to our trunk-maker. It is a most admirable article in the equipment of a traveller; and we are only astonished how such a work can have been dispensed with for such a length of time since "the Continent has been opened." Like most other modest works, this also abounds in merit. While it professes to be for the use of the Eton School, the greatest explorer in or out of the Travellers' Club (against which, by-the-bye, complaints of dandy propensities have been loud and deep for some time past) might derive instruction from it. The work contains twenty-six pair of comparative maps (the one ancient, and the other modern, of each pair), and a single map of the Western Hemisphere. The latest discoveries, and the best-substantiated opinions, have been adopted; the delineation and etching are remarkable for their clearness and beauty. The Atlas itself, moreover, is of the exact size which admits of its combining portability with the greatest distinctness; the maps given most in detail—the most interesting, those of Greece and Italy, are so given—are on a scale varying, in different plates, between twelve and twenty geographical miles to the inch. For the exercise of learners, a set of blank maps, in outline, to be filled in by the student, accompanies the Atlas.

We often hear it said that there is no encouragement to the aspirants in the walks of poetry—that the public will not purchase the commodity—that booksellers turn up their noses at two thousand lines, as if there were no mind and oil expended on their production. We know not how this matter is; but, certainly, if the demand be small there is no falling off in the supply. We have ten goodly volumes of verse at this moment on our table. Mr. Bayly has printed "Fifty Lyrical Ballads," and we are indebted to him for a private copy. We could add nothing to their popularity by reprinting any one of these agreeable productions. "The Harp of Inisfail," dedicated to Mr. O'Connell, must be a very satisfactory production to the friends of the harper. "The Sorrows of Rosalie" have been praised to the echo, and they deserve it for the beauty of some of the

lines; the story might have been better chosen. "Scenes of War" are not very striking—yet quite enough so to make us sick of war. The author, in one of his minor poems, says "there's nothing true but love." That is a mistake. It is true that war is the most stupid and brutal propensity of civilized man. "Montmorency" is a tragic drama—"the first of a series." The dialogue is conducted in the following succinct and explicit manner:—

Chat. By whom were these reports?

Gus. A friend from Paris.

The heroic lines, too, are of this fashion:—

"I stir him to some deed of perdition."

The "Dews of Castalie" are full of sighs and tears, put together in the most enlivening and natural manner in the world. For instance:

THE HARP OF TEARS.

Love, once on a time, with Sorrow his bride
Was amid the Nine bright Sisters' choir,
And, as Sorrow was brushing a tear aside,
It fell on the strings of a Muse's lyre.

Oh! the golden chords had a *soul* before,
But the warm drop gave them a *heart* beside;
And Love has hallow'd the sweet harp more
Ever since it was wet by his tearful bride.

"The Opening of the Sixth Seal," and "Poetical Sketches from the Historical Books of the Old Testament," are poems on Sacred Subjects, of which, as it appears to us, the success might have been as safely predicated, as of Mr. Montgomery's "Omnipresence."—"Belgic Pastorals," by Francis Glasse, Esq., is a glorious book. How shall we repay Mr. G. for the delight he has afforded us! The truth, the nature of the poem, constitute its great charm. The Belgic shepherds talk as charmingly as the shepherds of most pastorals; and really they are most innocent and virtuous personages. The very arguments of the pastorals (turn to that of the fifth as a specimen) share the beautiful simplicity that pervades the whole work.

The smaller poems of Mr. Glasse's collection are equally interesting:

SONG.

When I muse on the sweet rural life,
Which I, in my boyhood enjoy'd;
My heart grows quite sick, at the strife
I find that I cannot avoid.

For mixt with the crowd, I in vain,
Those innocent pleasures do seek;
Which heav'n bestows on the swain,
Who's honest, contented, and meek.

He knows not the world, yet is blest,
Nor envy, nor strife, stings his heart;
Ah! none at a court feel such rest,
As fate to this swain does impart.

I'm rich, and I'm envy'd, 'tis true;
For princes their favours do show;
Alas! but thro' life, I shall rue
The day, that a court I first knew.

If fate will those pleasures restore,
Which I, in my boyhood enjoy'd,
The country I'll never quit more,
'Tis princes and courts I'll avoid!

Who would trouble "the sweet shady side of Pall-Mall" after this — Mr. Glasse is not, however, uniformly excellent. He has condescended to copy inferior authors, instead of drawing upon the richness of his own original thoughts, and most felicitous modes of expression. For example:—

"Silence is the best of lovers,
Be my love by actions known;
*In my eyes you'll best discover
All the influence of your own.*"

The words in *Italics* are in Voltaire's Lines to Lady Hervey. How easy is it to perceive the difference between such hackneyed scribblers as Voltaire, and fresh and vigorous poets, such as Mr. Glasse—

But we turn to more sober matters.—

A SECOND JUDGMENT OF BABYLON THE GREAT.

The celebrity of the first series of this work, under the title of "Babylon the Great, or Men and Things in the British Capital," relieves us of the necessity of furnishing the present volumes with a formal introduction to our readers. Few of those readers, we think, will be so partial and unjust as to refuse the *cadet* (really a deserving stripling) a place at table with the *frère aîné*.—It cannot be denied that the family resemblance is strong, and from the topics on which both elder and younger delight to entertain their company, no less than the stern, serious, and inspiring manner in which they discuss the subjects on which they animadvert, it is evident that the minds of the two were cast in the same mould.

But to facts. The principal subjects which, in the two new volumes, fall under the lash of the satirist, if any picture so devoid of caricature and ridicule—so closely adhering to the truth—so faithful to the nature of the abuses held up to view in all their naked ugliness, can be called satire—are the following:—the operation of our law practices, whether in matters of civil process, or in criminal affairs, or in police transactions [Mr. Humble will do well to recommend the first chapter of the first volume of his countryman's second series of lucubrations to the attention of his hearers in the legislature]—the Babylonian system of banking, a monster of deformities—hells and theatres—Sunday occupations—[items all affording abundant matter for the censor]; and, lastly, three chapters of miscellaneous iniquities, in learned subdivisions of Iniquities Alpha, Iniquities Beta, and Iniquities Gamma [Iniquities Omega alas! we look for in vain].

With regard to the execution, we have already hinted at the severity of tone which pervades the work. The descriptions of the popular abuses and vices of our overgrown capital cannot be certainly termed lively; but they are just—they shock without going so far as to disgust—they excite abhorrence of the practices they expose

without so far mortifying as to cause us to turn from the mirror. The forte of the author is clearly that of dissertation rather than of description, and hence his work is less amusing than it might have been. This bent also leads him into occasional paradoxes, and hence in his resolution to keep the dark side of the picture ever before him, he sometimes draws conclusions not quite authorized by his premises. On the whole however, the work will be read with interest and in many respects is calculated to do much good. The observations on the state of the theatres we recommend to the serious attention of all whom it may concern—the lovers of the drama more especially. The following is but too faithful a picture of a crying evil.

Unless the individual, or the party, engage a whole box, they may, for the whole evening, be compelled to hear language, and see gestures, which even ordinary delicacy cannot endure; and when the hour of half-price lets loose the thoughtless and untutored youth of the Babylon, the scene becomes loose beyond description. This half-price is, indeed, the grand curse of the theatres, the fertile cause of the profits of the depraved, both without and within the theatre. Giddy youths who have just left the comparative purity of the country, or shaken off the control of their parents, bands of persons who have quaffed themselves into a ripeness for being vicious, with those who hope to profit by these, throng into all parts of the house, and, by the irregularity of their conduct, sometimes render it altogether impossible to attend to the play. In some rare instances, when it proceeds to an outrageous height, the parties are turned out of the theatre, or taken into custody by the constables and officers; but in these cases, there is some danger that the cure shall be worse than the disease; for the ejection, or the capture, occasions a disturbance, the very thing which the thieves want, and they fail not to make use of it to the cost of the unsuspecting.

It would, perhaps, be illiberal to the public, and it would certainly be injurious to the treasures of the theatres, as these establishments are now conducted, to abolish this cheap admission, at an hour, and for purposes, when, and for which, morality and good taste equally forbid admission; but, really, while it is continued, it would be too much to hope for any thing like a respectable drama, either as to audience, or as to acting. One cannot attend without being compelled to notice vice in the most broad, open, and unblushing character, apparently encouraged as a thriving and regular part of the establishment; and therefore it becomes impossible to think of the theatre, without associating with it this accompaniment. Nor can there be any doubt that this has caused the drama to be deserted by the really respectable part of the British nation; and this being the case, the managers have been compelled to lower the taste of the entertainments to that of the audience. Refined sentiment, elegant language, and chaste and graceful attitudes and gestures, would not be relished by the ladies of the saloons and the loungers in the lobbies. These have humours and tastes of their own; and as they are the "nature" to which "the mirror is held up," the mirror would be deserted if it did not show their own features.

They manage these things better in France. The whole continent, indeed, proves that decency of demeanor may be insisted on without undue infringement of the liberty of the subject. We choose the following extract as forcibly illustrating a subject of which we have before treated, and which cannot possibly go on long without reformation—that of crime and police:—

Notwithstanding the dismal stories of "holes in the wall," "pitfalls in the pavement," and all the horrible things which appear so formidable in

ancient story, and of which the echoes have not yet entirely ceased, if I were to form my theory from my own observation, I should be very apt to say that a man cannot come by personal violence in the streets of Babylon, unless he, in some way or other, brings it upon himself. In making that "examination for myself," which first induced me to inflict these volumes upon the public, I was in all streets at all hours, an entire stranger, and with no more knowledge of the characters of the neighbourhoods, than what I could gather from their external appearance; and yet I never met with a threatening act, or an uncivil word, neither did I ever see one, who conducted himself in a proper manner, meet with either. Probably the alleged indifference of the guardians of the night to crimes of another description, may tend to lessen the number of wanton and malicious brawls in the streets. The persons who engage in these—unless when they are instigated as a cover for robbery, and then the instigators take care not to appear as principals—are generally heroes under the inspiration of nocturnal valour,—the persons who will compound with the watch when they cool, or who can pay when they come before his worship in the morning.

Still this good may be accompanied by a certain admixture of evil. The same current which makes the crowd race by the angry, must make them turn a deaf ear to the wounded in spirit. The desolation and misery that can find no relief and no sympathy, may harden into crime; and the passion that can find no pride in showing itself, may, like the sword of the hero before he went forth upon his exploits,

"Eat into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack;"

or, like the sting of the scorpion when he cannot escape from the fire that surrounds him, it may be changed from a weapon of defence to an instrument of death. Destitution, in the midst of undoubted wealth; desolation, where every street is a crowd; the world around, and yet comfort from no lip, and pity from no eye; and the wound, by whatever inflicted, all the while working within, and rankling unheeded and unknown, these, singly or together, may be the cause of many of those droppings down from rectitude, or dashes out of life, that blacken the page of Babylonian story; and thus the desperation, the death, and especially the mental agony, may not be less, than if man strove with man, and the turbulence of passion fermented and bubbled over in the streets."

There is a somewhat sensible chapter on the Buildings of London, too didactic, but still smart and pithy.

The following passage will be received by the reader, favourably or otherwise, according to his previous impressions on such subjects:—

The first principle of rational architecture is adaptation to the climate, the situation, and the use; and if that be not attended to, all the rest goes for very little, or rather for a great deal the wrong way. A Grecian or a Roman temple may be a very beautiful thing in itself, though certainly it wants the magic sublimity of an Egyptian one; and it may have been the very best adapted for the climate, the situation, the costume, and the manners of those people. Still it by no means follows, that it, or any part of it, should be the acmé of perfection—the model after which all that can be received as ornament must be shaped, and besides which all is tasteless and vulgar. As the tastes of the inventors of these temples must have been produced by the circumstances under which they were placed, they must have been in harmony with all the other parts of the character both of the country and the people. If, then, the Babylonians are to be tied to them in one thing, congruity demands that they should be tied to them in every thing,—that is, every

thing that is mere art, or fashion, or fancy, and does not rest upon any scientific principles. Their language should be spoken, their dress worn, and all their customs restored : Kemble should spout from a cart ; Southey sing ballads in the streets ; Malthus live in a tub ; the " black broth " drive away turtle from the Mansion-house ; and (but, by the way, we are not very unlike them in that) the courts of law and equity should grope their way in the dark.

The open styles, the wide intercolumniations, the frosted mouldings, and all the appearances of the public architecture of the Greeks and Romans, impress one with ideas of a clear and dry atmosphere, and an unlimited command of stone in huge blocks ; and therefore, they are out of keeping with the moist and acrid air of the Babylon, and the natural material, brick. The older style of this country, which those who prefer the importation, call *Gothic* in derision—though these same Goths were able to beat the inventors of the other—is much more in keeping with the climate and the materials of England. There is never the appearance of a vast pressure upon a straight lintel, or architrave, there ; nay, when the best adapted curves are used, such as the logarithmic spiral in St. George's chapel at Windsor, there does not appear to be any pressure even upon the pillars,—the roof melts away from the pillar, just as the mass of foliage does from the bole of a tree, and you are no more apprehensive of the fall of the one than of the other. The grand difference between the two styles of architecture, leaving mere appearance out of the question, seems to be, that the Grecian and Roman is all mere art—an attempt to produce form, and leave the stability to the materials ; while the other is scientific, depending less upon the natural mass or cohesion of the materials, than upon the skill with which they are put together. Hence the airy lightness of the parts of a Gothic structure ; hence the binding and bearing of the mass ; and hence not only their durability, but the ease with which any one stone in them can be replaced when it decays.

The mention of architecture leads us to notice, " A Catalogue of Books on the Fine and Useful Arts," just published, by Messrs, Priestley and Weale. This collection of books, on architectural subjects, is very extensive and valuable ; and the catalogue is got up with a care that must render it highly useful to students in that department of art. The vignette frontispiece of the south entrance of Windsor Castle is very striking and beautiful.

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THE ONE SUBJECT.

DURING the present month, there is certainly but one subject talked of—the Catholic Question. All other public matters, and there are many very important, are neglected, because *this*, the most important of all, must be settled first. We must, however, do “the subject” the justice to say, it is no longer confined to the dull generalities which used heretofore to grace it. We are coming now to “something real.” The Relief Bill has actually been brought in, and the discussions which have arisen upon it, have called forth *facts* as well as tropes; and many of these are of the highest interest, and demand the fullest attention. About ninety-eight hundredths of the Catholic Question, as a practical matter, refer to Ireland. The effect of Emancipation upon that, at present, most awfully-suffering country, is at last the chief object that is considered. The most able debaters look the matter fairly in the face—and we are relieved, in a great degree, from the old prosing about the Acts of Charles II., and what might have been advisable a hundred and fifty years ago. There is, to be sure, some twaddle about the Revolution, brought forward by the reasoners who mistake its accidents for its principles. But the men of sense are busy as to what is most advisable *now*.

In this spirit, it is our intention to keep our eye upon the one subject throughout the month—namely, to consider the doing more than the saying. We may probably be led to say a few words about the conduct of the Ministers, in bringing it forward—but in our comments, from time to time, upon what takes place on the subject, we shall chiefly confine ourselves to those which are to become *practical measures*.

First, as to the Bill itself. Mr. Peel introduced it last night (5th March) in a speech, for the most part exceedingly able, lucid, and powerful in argument. Indeed, the close, consecutive reasoning, founded on facts—each undeniably proved as soon as stated—which he applies to the adoption of the measure generally, cannot but cause exceeding surprise, that it should have been so long before Mr. Peel regarded the matter in a light which he now advocates, with so much strength and clearness. We think he dwells somewhat too long on the details of the history of the embarrassments of the various Administrations for the last five-and-thirty years, on the Catholic Question. This smacks, when car-

ried to such great length, rather too much of the old official school; the spirit of which is most strikingly absent from the bulk of Mr. Peel's speech. With regard to himself, Mr. Peel seems always to have wished to retire from office, when in a minority in the House of Commons on so momentous a subject as the Catholic Question. He did not think that a fitting position for a minister. When in 1825, he was so placed for the first time, he intimated to Lord Liverpool his desire to resign. Mr. Peel had had occasion previously to the debate of last night, to state this fact, as also that Lord Liverpool had begged him to remain, as his retirement would involve his own, and the dissolution of the ministry. We hope it is not possible that any one can have expressed doubt of an assertion thus made—but at this moment of personal virulence on this question, there is no knowing how far it may be carried. We speak thus from the extraordinary circumstance of Mr. Peel having brought down, last night, "a document,"—we conclude a letter—which he offered to submit "to the perusal of any gentleman who might be doubtful of the fact he had stated." If any such person were indeed in the House, he very discreetly did not avow himself. Mr. Peel then accounts for his not retiring in 1825, from feelings of personal respect and regard for Lord Liverpool. "I had entered," he says, "into public life with him; and, at the time of which I am speaking, that nobleman was approaching the close of his political life; and I did, therefore, shrink from the painful task of determining his retirement by an act of my own, and becoming responsible for the dissolution of the Government. It may be said, that I ought to have acted on my own impressions: still these were the motives of my conduct." And motives, we think, which it is impossible not to respect—especially when we call to mind, that there was to be a general election the following year. Accordingly, to use his own words, Mr. Peel "undertook to wait for the decision of a new House of Commons."

The first vote of that House on the question, was against the Catholics. The next year—but we will now let Mr. Peel speak for himself. Our readers may think that we are swerving from our resolution, of confining ourselves to the practical parts of the question;—but we also stated that we should find it necessary to touch upon the motives which had guided the ministers. It would be injustice to them—especially to Mr. Peel, who has been more particularly the object of attack—if we did not:—and, moreover, our readers will find that this will lead us at once to the state of Ireland—Mr. Peel's change of opinion as to the best course, arose from *that*—and that, we have said, and shall say to the last, is the real point to be looked to, to guide us with regard to the Catholic question:—

In 1828, however, the same House of Commons took a different course. It did not pass a bill, but it came to a resolution determining the principle; and that being the case, he did say the sense of the country had been fairly taken. A new parliament having now decided in favour of this measure, he determined that no consideration should induce him to remain an obstacle to the passing of the measure, being at the same time charged with the duties of a responsible Minister of the Crown. That was the course which he had pursued in reference to this question. Last year the House of Commons, for the first time since the election, decided in favour of the Catholic claims.

It would, perhaps, have been wiser in him to have anticipated such a result. It was a painful course at all times to act contrary to preconceived principles, to separate from friends, and to adopt a course inconsistent with that which he had before followed. The events of the last six weeks (hear, hear,) might have convinced any one that this was no easy task, and he would say, in the magnificent words of Dryden, when assailed under very nearly the same circumstances.

'Tis said with ease, but, oh ! how hardly tried
By haughty souls to human honour tied !
O ! sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing pride !

After the House of Commons came to the decision he had stated, in 1828, he was prepared to take the course which he had been prepared to take in 1825, with this addition. He intimated to the noble Duke at the head of His Majesty's Government, that he was not only prepared to retire from office, but that, seeing the current of public opinion, he was ready to make a sacrifice of consistency and of friendship, and by whatever parties the settlement of the question was undertaken, he, for one, was prepared, in whatever post he might be, to support the measure, provided he thought it was undertaken on principles safe for the Protestant establishment. (Hear.) He had detailed on a former evening the communication which had been made to him with respect to the state of Ireland, in order to shew that civil intercourse was poisoned in that country,—that family was divided against family,—that the bonds of civil life were burst asunder,—that the tranquillity of the country was disturbed, and that the fountains of justice were turned from their proper direction. (Hear.) What was the answer which was given to this statement ? “This is the old story,—the repetition of facts with which we have been familiar for the last twenty-five years ; therefore, there is no reason for any change.” It was because it was the old story,—because the facts were well known—because it was found impossible to put an end to them, that he was tired of maintaining the present system.

It was the old story—but the old story with additions. There had been great changes in the shape of encrease, but none in the shape of diminution, of the causes of irritation and disquiet in Ireland. The forty-shilling freeholders had become, from the mere instrument of the aristocracy, the weapon of the Catholic clergy. They used it with force and with effect—and who shall blame them ? The instrument, to continue the metaphor, had been employed for oppression—the weapon was wielded to get free. Thus the Catholics *must* have argued the question ; and we are not, by any means, prepared to say that the argument was unsound. Next, the Catholic Association had risen into might, and the Brunswick Clubs had arrayed themselves against it. The policy of the Catholics had, during the last year, been that of peace—and the Association certainly prevented risings which the violence of their opponents was calculated to excite. But who could tell how long this policy might last ?—Who could prophesy that the two factions might not soon irritate each other beyond endurance, and involve the country in scenes of horror, to which it is painful even to allude ? It is fears like these—or at least the belief that such things were possible—in addition to the constant continuance of the old system of disunion—which, we do think, the more moderate opponents of concession had hoped would die away—it is this view of the question, and we regard it as a most sound one—that has changed the opinions of Mr. Peel, and of many others, with regard to Catholic Emancipa-

tion. Our only wonder is, that they did not earlier see the fallacy of their old belief*.

But they now *have* seen it ;—they now have the will, as well as the power, to grant Emancipation. And a blessing and a mercy will that be to Ireland ! Can there be, indeed, a greater mercy than to give tranquillity in the room of constant irritation—to substitute fellowship for ill-will—confidence for distrust—kindness and good offices for quarrels and bloodshed—and the pure administration of justice between man and man, for partiality and oppression ? Can there be a greater mercy than that the spreading of peace should enable the good and the wise to concert measures for the relief of the *starving Poor* ? †

We now come to the consideration of the Bill of Relief, introduced by Mr. Peel. We delight at its broad, general, generous spirit of concession. Its principle is most truly, as he declares, “the abolition of civil distinctions, and the equality of political rights.” And this principle is fairly and fully carried throughout it. The exceptions most truly merit the name—they are very few, and on strictly special grounds. We rejoice at there being none of those securities exacted, about which there have been so many prettinesses spoken for years past. We have always thought it must be apparent to anything approaching sound sense that, if such securities as those talked of were needed, they must be of no avail. If slight, they would be only needless irritations ; and if they amounted, as was wished, to sweeping exclusions, matters might as well remain as they are : for the great practical object sought in Catholic Emancipation is peace to Ireland—and men subject to exclusions on account of religion will never remain at peace. The reservations almost wholly relate to the established church ; and seem quite fair and reasonable.

The principal provisions of the bill may be shortly given. First, the abolition of some penal laws regarding the possession of real property, which, to say the truth, had fallen into disuse, but which still existed. This places Catholic and Protestant upon a similar footing as regards property. Next, as to political rights. Mr. Peel justly lays down that “the whole question of admission to political power turns upon the admission of Roman Catholics into Parliament.” They are to be admitted, and on the same footing as their Protestant members. We regret much that we have not space for this most highly able part of Mr. Peel’s speech, in which he states his reasons for not imposing any limit, as had been suggested, upon their numbers or their power of voting. We consider his arguments upon this point quite unanswerable. Many of them must have suggested themselves to those who have thought on the subject—but they are all most

* It may, perhaps, be as well to state, that Mr. Peel declares, that not only himself, but also Mr. Pitt and Lord Liverpool, always thought the objection alleged to arise from the Coronation Oath, wholly void of foundation. Even the story of the speech of the late King to Lord Grenville (which is stuck in the shop-windows in gold letters on purple satin) is now proved to be a falsity, having been distinctly denied, on Lord Grenville’s direct authority, in the House of Lords. But, as Mr. Peel justly felt, this objection needs but little consideration, now.

† Our readers must not regard the words “the starving poor” as mere words, used to round a sentence. In a subsequent debate, the subject was more distinctly alluded to—and in our comments on it, a few pages farther on, we have shewn the extent to which Want permanently exists in Ireland.

forcibly and clearly put—several in a new light, and some we now see for the first time.

Mr. Peel then proceeds to read the oath which he proposes that the Catholics shall take upon their entrance into Parliament. He prefaces this by stating, that “he was sure that it would be a great relief to the Roman Catholic, and a great satisfaction, he believed he might say, to many Protestant members, (loud cries of Hear!) to hear that he proposed to repeal the declaration against transubstantiation! (loud cheering).” We rejoice that this announcement was received in this spirit. The oath itself first promises allegiance—next, support to the succession, as arranged by the Act of Settlement. It abjures the opinion that princes, excommunicated or deprived by the pope, or any authority of the see of Rome, may be deposed or murdered. It renounces all temporal authority of the pope, or any foreign potentate, within this realm. It promises support to the settlement of property as established by law,—abjures all intention to subvert the Church-Establishment,—and declares that the maker of the oath never will exercise any privilege “to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion, or Protestant government, in this kingdom.”

Such are the provisions of this oath, and we have not one single exception to take to them. So far from it, we ardently wish that,—of course, with the omission of the declaration of professing the Catholic religion,—the same oath were adopted for the Protestant members, in lieu of those now taken. The declaration against transubstantiation is, it seems, to be abolished: and we could wish the Oath of Supremacy to be, at the least, revised. We cannot, indeed, see much utility in causing it to be taken, now that it is imposed only upon those by whom the King’s supremacy is manifestly acknowledged. If, however, it be thought of moment, let this stand: but there is a passage in the abnegation which requires reference to matters not stated in the wording of the oath; which necessity, we have reason to know, is not quite palatable to some persons of strict conscience*. Nay, the effect of this very Act for the emancipation of the Catholics may probably add to the difficulty to which we allude. Certainly, this is beside the general question;—but, when we are noticing the oath framed for the Catholics, it is not wandering very far to express a wish, that those imposed on the Protestants may be also looked to. The members of the House of Commons seem to have expressed vivid satisfaction at being released from one.

The Catholics are to be admitted, not only to Parliament, but to all civil offices, with two exceptions—those of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and of Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, in all of its technical modifications. Appointments to the Universities, and our collegiate schools, are also naturally excepted, as also the right to nominate to such appointments; and the right, whether arising from situation or property, to church patronage of any kind: the nomination, on such occasions, to be vested in the Crown. The last exception declares, that it shall not be lawful “for any Catholic to advise

* It is to be recollected that this oath is imposed in numberless instances besides that of admission into Parliament.

the Crown in the investiture or distribution of any ecclesiastical dignity in the Established Church of England or Ireland." And truly these exceptions are very moderate. The spirit of the whole series seems to be no more than the prevention of Catholic interference with the Established Church. Well may Mr. Peel say, "that they rest upon specific grounds, and do not, in the slightest degree, invade the great principle upon which the bill proceeds, of an equal civilization of civil rights."

But the only "security," or balance, or whatever it may be termed, to the admission of the Catholics to their share of political power, is the raising the qualification of the Irish county voter to £10. This is the only measure of the kind of any moment—and this, too, regards Ireland only. If it were an integral measure, much might be said on both sides. We dislike exceedingly to see the franchise limited—but a principle may be excellent, and yet its application may not be always wise, even as regards its own advancement. The truth is, if it must be spoken, that, according to the present system of election, the 40s. freeholder in Ireland is not equal to the privilege of voting. It is, we in our hearts believe, an admirable thing for their country that they were created—for we are of opinion that it is their *application* by the Catholic leaders and the priesthood that has won Emancipation. But loaded guns, though excellent things for troops in war, are not only useless, but may perhaps be dangerous, to quiet citizens in time of peace—and such times, we hope, are now dawning upon Ireland.

We are quite aware that the sudden increase of the franchise to £10. will be considered a vast price to pay for Emancipation—but is not Emancipation worth it? We do not think the 40s. men themselves were the better off for their votes—it created idleness and cabals, ill-will, fights, and, we were going to add, whiskey—but at the Clare election the priesthood kept them even from that*. Still, it was a power the Catholics must feel grieved to resign. But Mr. Peel states that, in many parts of Ireland, the majority who hold the franchise will still be among the Catholics at £10. We shall give a short passage from this part of his speech, for we think it excellent:—

It is impossible I can solace myself with the reflection that my plan will be found entirely unobjectionable; but recollect I propose it as part only of a great system of beneficial alteration,—one which will require time to execute, and the devotion of mutual sacrifices. I know that we cannot expect these evils will at once expire, while the paroxysms of party continue, which, depend upon it, will for some time survive after the application of the remedy. I admit I do not think it safe to leave the franchise upon its present footing, but we have here a measure calculated, as I think, to establish a substantial class of yeomanry in Ireland, and to effect a great improvement in the moral condition of that country. I can no longer, I know, vindicate this part of the measure, exclusively as a defence of Protestantism, because I admit that the majority of the 10l. freeholders in the south of Ireland will be Roman Catholics; but they are likely to be independent men and free agents, and to raise an impartial voice in the exercise of their rights. If I am asked in what way I compensate the interests which I have curtailed, I answer to the Ro-

* An Irishman often, if the habit of drunkenness be creeping upon him; and he have an exciting motive to the contrary sufficiently strong, will make an oath against whiskey for a given time—and he never breaks it.

man Catholics, I have removed from you an invidious and excluding distinction—I admit you and your descendants to an eligibility to attain the honours and distinctions of the state. That, I say, is ample compensation to you for the loss, if any it be, of this miserable 40s. privilege, which is, in fact, no privilege at all, in the judgment of any man who has attentively read the evidence given before both Houses of Parliament. What a picture that evidence presents,—the tenant at one time pressed at one side by the temporal interest of his landlord, and at another by the spiritual influence of his priest: see what is the condition of such a man, and then you can estimate how small must be the loss to him of his franchise.

On the whole, with the assurance,—which we have had made somewhat more general by private information,—*that there will be still a fair majority of Catholic voters*,—for the Catholics are a majority, even by Mr. Peel's computation, grounded on the census of 1821, of five to two,—we should scarcely object to this measure if it stood alone. The voters will be more enlightened, purer, freer. But as the price of otherwise unqualified Emancipation! good Catholics, be wise, be wise—and pay it without saying a word.

The adjourned debate on the second reading of the Catholic Relief Bill—which took place last night, the 18th—affords many points most singularly deserving, nay exacting, observation. The debate of the evening before was remarkable only for Mr. Sadler's elaborate speech, of which, in the midst of much of what appears to us to be false-sightedness and mistaken reasoning, there are some parts displaying at the least sound principle and good feeling. These we shall speak of in our comments upon Lord Palmerston's speech; but we must first make bold to express our very humble wonder at the meaning of the following report; we take it from the Morning Chronicle, and we really think the Speaker ought to cause the proprietor of that paper to be indicted for representing the House of Commons as considering common sense, experience, benevolence, and kindness of heart as qualities worthy only of the most indecent ridicule; for, of course, such a representation *cannot* be correct! “Legislate for Ireland, taking with you the lights of common sense and experience [loud and continued laughter]. Go to the task with a warmth of benevolence, and with a kindness in your hearts [loud and continued bursts of laughter].” Really we can see nothing ludicrous in this. Mr. Sadler, who, notwithstanding Lord Palmerston's sneers, has certainly studied the state, if not the history, of Ireland, far more than his lordship, recommends attention to the condition of that country in a spirit of kindness and good feeling—and this excites roars of laughter! But, though we consider it as speaking exceedingly ill for the laughers that this part of Mr. Sadler's speech should have been received with ridicule, we are very far from agreeing with the major part of it. For instance, we consider him to be wholly wrong as to the nullity of power of Catholic Emancipation to relieve the present state of Ireland. We believe no people of common sense ever have regarded it as, in itself, a panacea, which is, at once, to cure all the evils that afflict the unhappy Irish; but they believe it to be the necessary preliminary to all else. Years and years of evil cannot be cured by one enthusiastic burst in which “the ayes have it” by a majority of more than doubling their opponents. Alas! no; but the disabilities have

been a constant source of insult and irritation, which have prevented the due administration of ordinary justice—the common feeling between neighbour and neighbour—in short, *Peace* has been unknown. That Catholic Emancipation will produce this, we fully believe; but, in itself, it will do no more. It will not create food, or rather money to buy it; for of food there is nearly always plenty, and to spare,—but it will give the benevolently-disposed and the clear-sighted opportunity to create employment by well-digested measures, into the details of which we shall not now enter, but which will suggest themselves to every mind. But, in the mean time, and for many a sad year yet to come, these measures will not operate sufficiently to prevent that which now continually is taking place in Ireland. *What*, reader, think you, is *this*?—our fellow-creatures daily dying of want! Mark you; we do not wish to exaggerate; we do not say, of direct hunger—but of that wretched decay, and of those disorders, which are brought on by the insufficient supply of the first needs of nature. That the poverty in Ireland is at a pitch that causes premature death we are certain. We seldom speak of what is contained in our own work; but, in a matter of evidence, we will. Such of our readers as may chance to bind up our numbers will find in the second of the series which we have conducted, a paper entitled “The Condition of the Irish Poor*.” We will pledge ourselves that every fact there stated is true to the letter. Indeed, as that was printed eleven months ago, as magazine articles are soon forgotten, and as we want these facts to bear against Lord Palmerston’s arguments, we will reprint two passages; but we pray those readers who have the paper, to read it all. They will find sad and painful facts there; and, if they have “kindness in their hearts,” they may probably give it play without being assailed by “loud and continued bursts of laughter” for their pains:—

I live within nineteen miles of Dublin, and personally know nothing of the most wretched parts of Ireland; yet what I see *here* you would scarcely credit. This is quite a corn district, which, of course, is favourable in affording employment; the neighbouring fishing towns, although they have but few boats in comparison to what you might suppose their proximity to the Dublin market would support, still maintain a considerable number of families, so that anything I can relate to you will, in fact, convey no sample of what really is the degree of suffering poverty in Ireland. I believe some political economists say that the Roman Catholic religion is productive of mendicity; whether it is so or not I shall not examine; but it most undoubtedly fosters a degree of charity which is equally striking as the want which it relieves. I am told nearly all the families of the men who go to England and Scotland for the harvest, live, during the absence of their husbands and fathers, by begging—and I can well credit it from what I see here. You will meet a woman with scarcely any other clothes than a patched and ragged cloak, followed by three or four children—generally, indeed, with one of them on her back—a tin kettle and a small sack carried by the biggest;—she tells you her husband “is gone to look work; she has tired out her own people; or she has none to look to her; and she is *walking the world*, begging her bit for Go!’s sake;” and she will often return at night to the temporary lodging she has secured, with her sack full of potatoes, which may have been collected from the small farmers, or by twos and threes at the houses of the poorest inhabitants. I know several widows who have, for a constancy, entirely existed, together

* London Magazine, Third Series, vol. I. p. 177.

with their children, on the benevolence of their neighbours. "Looking their bit," is a regular phrase to denote this way of living. But imagine what it is!—the scanty meal of cold potatoes, or the wretched fire which is made of "sprigs," (that is, bits of furze pulled from the few fences that offer even that,) and morsels of manure, which have been dried to supply the fuel necessary to boil the small refuse potatoes which they glean, if I may so term it, from the general digging of the neighbouring crops!—Think of such a family, on a winter's day, wandering along the country with not always the degree of covering necessary for decency, never that sufficient for warmth;—look at the bare legs, mottled blue with cold, and scarred with burns which they have scarcely felt, when, in their eagerness to profit by the permission to warm themselves, they have almost put their limbs into the fire!—The mother deploring the existence of her children, and looking with double sadness at the inclemency of a day of storm, when they must remain within their cabin, destitute both of food and warmth—their bed, on which they try to sleep away some of the hours of misery, a heap of worn-out straw, without other covering than the tattered cloak, a piece of an old sack, or, may be, the remains of a blanket, which you would think too vile a rag to hang out amongst your peas as a scarecrow! This is no fancy drawn picture—I know several families equally destitute.

Last spring, though there had not been an absolute failure of potatoes, they were very dear; and I will give you one instance of the sufferings endured by a family consisting of a man, his wife, and five children, the eldest a girl about twelve years old. The man, whose name is Donough, usually works with a farmer who feeds him, and gives him seven-pence a day; but in the scarcest part of the spring, the farmer diminished his number of labourers, and this poor man could find no employment. He left home to seek for work, and at the end of three weeks returned scarcely able, through weakness from want of food, to crawl to his door. His wife was not in a much better condition;—they begged from the neighbours, but what they got was only sufficient to preserve them from actual famine;—they constantly passed two days without food—their children would, as she expressed it to me, get megrims in their heads through emptiness, and then they would fall down on the floor, and sleep—but they would groan in their sleep, and their father would cry out, 'Well, thank God, they will die, and be out of their pain before morning, and I shall not hear those heart-breaking moans any longer.' The father could scarcely endure his home where he witnessed such things. What did the mother feel? She regretted that she was a wife and a mother, and all the fond overflowing warm feelings of nature, the best emotions of the heart, were turned to bitterness and despair;—she wished to stand alone in the world, she hugged her infants in agony, and prayed God would take them! But they lived through their sufferings. Summer came, and with it employment; hay-making, gleaning, and, above all, the potatoes. They lived through their sufferings, to endure them probably again, or, if not equal misery, something very nearly approaching to it. At this moment, I am supporting a family where the father is in the ague, and the wife lying-in of her sixth child. You would think their cabin not good enough for a cow-shed; the bed the poor woman lies on is not as warm as the litter in your dog-kennel. Their landlord is a man who holds an acre and a half of ground, and finds it difficult enough to support his own family; yet he is very patient for their rent, a pound a year, which I cannot imagine how they ever pay. You would scarcely take this woman to belong to the United Kingdom;—her hair hangs in the jagged locks which you see represented in prints of the Esquimaux women—filth begrimes her, till her naturally fair complexion is imperceptible—her large blue eyes looked wild and haggard with misery—her tone is that of hopelessness. You cannot imagine the sad dead tone of voice which accompanies this state of destitution.

We did not mean to extract so much, but we could not stop.—We wished our readers should behold the state of *one of the most prosperous parts of Ireland*. A general statistical improvement cannot remove these things in one year, or in two years, or in ten—and is it fitting they should last? There is but *one* cure, or rather alleviation,—*the poor-laws*. Nay, do not start at the word, good reader. The poor laws in this country are clogged with a variety of evil customs of administration—the growth of two centuries and a half; though, even here, in some parts, they work well enough, now. But there is a clear stage in Ireland. Things may be done better when we begin at the beginning, as we hope to convince you presently, when you have fairly considered what Lord Palmerston says on the other side. We have cherished this idea long, as we believe has Mr. Sadler, who urged it last night. We have been waiting for a fitting opportunity to give it breath, when thoughts might be bent towards Ireland. Thank Heaven it is now come! For the first time in the history of the two countries, the government, the general government, now turns towards Ireland with feelings of compassion, with actions of redress. The Irish, then, must starve no longer.

And now, begging our readers to bear in mind the facts they have just read, we will lay Lord Palmerston's arguments before them:—

“As to the proposal for the introduction of the poor-laws into Ireland, if he were not restrained by the respect he entertained for the Hon. Member who made the proposition, he should say it was an insult, a mockery of the distress of Ireland. (Cheers.) The people of Ireland had been reproached with being an improvident people—was the provision held out by the poor-laws calculated to make them provident? (Hear.) Ireland was said to be embarrassed by a redundant population. (Hear.) Were the poor-laws likely to relieve them from this embarrassment, or to increase it? The poor of Ireland, too, were said to be an indolent and degraded class of men,—the poor-laws, were, of course, most admirably calculated to stimulate them to industry, and parish relief would doubtless exalt them. (Cheers and laughter.) They had had the benefit of the talents and exertions of the most able and enlightened legislators in the attempt to relieve England from the curse of her poor-laws; but he believed that it never occurred to any one before, that the poor-laws were a blessing to this country, and much less that such a blessing should be imparted to Ireland.”

My Lord, it does “occur to” us, and we have a very confident belief, that, if your Lordship's household and family were in the condition described in the last page, your Lordship's self would consider the poor-laws a very great blessing indeed. Things may move very well for the rich, as they are,—but we must look at the condition of the poor. We consider the *principle* of the poor-laws the most beautiful, the most perfect, that the goodness of the human heart ever imparted to legislation. It may be considered a very immediate application of *that* precept, which has ever been held to raise the moral beauty of Christianity far above that of any other system of religion, “All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.” The principle of the poor-laws does, indeed,

closely approximate to this:—It is simply, “Your neighbour who is willing to work shall not be suffered to die of want.”

To the man who has religious or humane feelings, we think this should speak strongly. For the mere politician we have arguments also*. We may say that by the original formation of society, every man, willing to labour and conduct himself properly, has a right to have the means to live. And this is a right which, if withheld for a constancy, will necessarily be asserted in a manner from the very idea of which the heart revolts. No matter whence the mismanagement has arisen,—it is there. And that society never can be duly constituted in which, while some have great wealth, others die of need. The security of life and property is the foundation of all society; and accursed be that man who would do aught to infringe upon either. But they must *both* be looked to—and the first, first. The absolute security, to a farthing-coin, of the property of every man in the country we would put above every consideration, save one;—and that is the lives of our honest and industrious, but helpless fellow-creatures. If such as be of good conduct, and would work for their bread, cannot get work, some means must be found that they shall not absolutely perish. No society can long exist without *that* condition, and God forbid that it should!

We will now go through Lord Palmerston’s arguments one by one. We will express no belief, for, indeed, we have not been able, from the language *as it stands in the Report*, very accurately to form any; as to whether his Lordship adopts the opinions in aggravation of which, if we may so speak, he brings forward the poor-laws. “The people of Ireland have been reproached with being an improvident people,” says Lord Palmerston, and, without stating whether or not he thinks the reproach just, he adds, that the poor-laws would make them more so. We deny the premises, and we dissent from the inference. We do not believe that the Irish are an improvident people. They have (of course we speak of those who would come under the operation of the poor-laws,) most miserably little to be provident of;—but in the few instances in which it is possible for them to be so we think they generally are. There is one great era in the year of the poor Irish, in which it is certain that the great majority of them do display both self denial and fore-thought—we allude to their coming to the hay and corn harvest in England. Nearly every man who has a family brings home the bulk of his earnings to carry them through the winter. This does not look like improvidence. Neither do we think that the poor-laws would increase that most self-punishing fault: for, if those laws were duly framed,—as they might, and we hope they would be,—we think they would tend to give a regularity of conduct that would prepare the pauper to be steady, as a workman,

* We earnestly beg we may not be considered as desiring to exclude Lord Palmerston from the former class. Our belief is, that his Lordship has been led by generalization of reasoning, to overlook these facts and their application. We could not, if we would, which is most far, indeed, from our desire, impute badness of heart to his Lordship in a speech, the very next portion of which displays, as we shall presently see, the best feelings of humanity. Still we must be permitted to support, as strongly as we can, our belief of the fallacy of his arguments on this point.

and careful, as the head of a family, should the amelioration arising from other measures throw free employment within his reach.

Next, Lord Palmerston says that Ireland is over-peopled, and that the poor-laws would make it more so. That the population is excessive as at present arranged there can be no doubt—and perhaps, though of this we are by no means convinced, it may be so numerically. But we have the greatest faith in the plans that have received the approbation of people of all parties, with regard to the great uncultivated districts of available land in Ireland itself. We think these might be of the utmost assistance to the poor-law system at starting. In Holland, the pauper colonies no longer deserve the name. At the worst, there is the melancholy resource of emigration—which might, should it be strictly necessary, but which, to any extent, we hope and believe it would not, be used by the government to reduce the “redundancy” of the population. As to the poor-laws encreasing it, we think that, under proper regulation, they would in no degree make early marriages (which of course is the cause aimed at) *more* frequent than they are. On the contrary, we believe that the *certainly of not starving*, which the poor-laws would introduce, would go far to check that recklessness which now leads the peasants to intermarry under the feeling—“We cannot be worse off married than single.” And, certainly, if any general system of internal colonization—if we may be allowed the phrase—were to be adopted, we are confident that the gradual encrease of decent comforts would tend to check improvident marriages. This, we believe, is an axiom subscribed to by political economists of all classes. *Now*, they marry in despair—“Why wait?—we shall never be better.”—*Then*, a man would have, not only his own good feelings, but numberless obstacles from the girl’s parents, to prevent his taking her from a comfortable home, unless he were able to maintain her fairly. They would not then despair—and they would wait; and thus, marrying less early, the population would encrease less fast. These ideas are not visionary—for they are founded upon a recognized principle, which would apply in Ireland as elsewhere.

Last, “the poor of Ireland are said to be an indolent and degraded class of men.” Indolent!—What, in the name of injustice, will come next? Indolent!!—Ask the English labourer—ask the men who are complaining to the Lord Mayor of being *undersold* by the immigrant Irish in their work. The Irish work all day, for that which the English won’t take—because they say it cannot support life. The Irishman takes it, and works on, and starves by degrees. The Englishman will do no such thing; and wisely—he has a parish to go to—and he goes. The Irishman has none—and thus is the price of English labour undersold—the labourer suffers for it in the first instance, and the parishes at last. *They* will petition soon for poor-laws in Ireland.

The poor class of Irish are indolent, are they? When they can’t find employment at home, don’t they come hither in crowds to *work*?—They know they will not be supported gratis in England;—this does not look like indolence. Nay, take them in their own country.—We do not believe that there exists the resident Irish country gentleman, be his politics what they may, who would lay his hand upon his head and say that the lower Irish were other than a hard-working race of people.

As for the poor-laws making them less so, then they are not the poor-laws that we hope to see introduced. Industry should be a necessary condition of relief: except in sickness—and who would begrudge the *Sick Poor* relief?

As for the lower Irish being “degraded”—one cannot expect any great things from people in so wretched a state—but we are most far from thinking they deserve so harsh an epithet.—We believe them to be quite as honest as the English—nay, we incline to think more so: we have not a return at hand to refer to, but we are sure that the convictions for theft are not so many, in proportion, as in England. But they have one quality which cannot, we think, co-exist with their being really *degraded*.—We allude to that mutual charity—that active, efficient, self-deu'ying kindness to each other, by which they are so remarkably distinguished. There is not a cabin in Ireland where a miserable pot of potatoes is contrived to be boiled, that the beggar would not have a share, and a night's shelter in the hut! Those who have next to nothing, give of that to those who have actually nothing. Every one who knows Ireland, must be aware how true this is. But there are many who know nothing of Ireland, and we must, in mere justice to people who are called degraded, quote just two facts from our correspondent of last year. In despite of all their harassing poverty, “yet have they warmer feelings of relationship than any other people. I have found what might even be termed sentimental delicacy of feeling, amongst those who have only not been reduced to the last stage of living by ‘begging their bit.’ I have known the wife hide her illness and suffering from her husband, ‘that he might not fret,’ or spend his money in trying to get her bread, when she was unable to swallow potatoes. I have known them give up the likelihood of permanent employment in a distant part of the country, in order to stay and watch the last years of their helpless parents—as my poor woman at Balrothery said to me, ‘Sure I would not leave my mother, if the paving stones of the road were made of silver.’”

These may appear but simple tales to some—but we hope that most will think that people who feel thus are not yet “degraded.” But this practice of mutual help extends beyond the ties of blood. We have long thought that one individual fact makes more impression than a mass of generalization:—we shall, therefore, make no apology—those whom we hope to carry with us we are sure will need none—for relating the following anecdote from our own stock. We will only premise that we take it from a private letter of the writer of that of last year to which we have referred so often; and we beg that it may be borne in mind that the family which afforded the charity is identical with that of which the reader has seen a picture, under the name of Donough in page 313! The present occurrence took place in the beginning of last January—therefore, in the depth of winter:—“I don't know whether you recollect Mary Donough; but I think you have heard me speak of her and her husband's poverty. They live in a cabin consisting of one small room, so small that there is but just space for the door to open against the fire-place; and, at the other side of the fire, there is the miserable straw, confined between a board and the wall, on the clay floor, which is their bed. I don't think it is made

into a pallet; but if it is, it is equally one of the most wretched beds, and their only one. Into this habitation, Mary received for charity, a poor old woman, a stranger, but who occasionally comes about here, and passes a week or ten days at the different farmers' houses, working at her needle for her food, when any job can be had. She gave her a night's shelter, 'for God's sake,' on Saturday. Sunday, the woman did not chuse to travel; and on Monday she complained of being ill—pain in her chest, and difficulty of breathing—Mary did what she could for her! the old woman had been in a hospital in Dublin, was sickly, but Mary had no idea she was so ill, for on Thursday she died, while Mary was eating her dinner close beside her. She complained of great pain, and begged she would warm a trencher and put it on her stomach. Mary did so, and the poor woman died so quietly, the trencher remained on her, and the children around were eating their potatoes when she breathed her last. The neighbours sent poor Mary some candles, to *wake* her, and some linen to bury her in: and there is some parish provision for a coffin, as she went to Mr. ———, (the clergyman,) for an order for one;—but he was out—and therefore she was obliged to *wake* the corpse a second night—and for those two nights, neither she nor her children were able to take off their clothes. She told it me to account for a severe cold one of them had. She said they scarcely knew where to put themselves 'in so small a place when the poor woman had the luck to die with them.' And the children are so afraid if she leaves them after dusk, they say they see the old woman on the bed, for it is so small a place she had no where else to lay her.—Is not this a picture of poverty?—The poor woman wandering about,—she was from Wexford*—dying with such patience in a stranger's hovel—and Mary and her children sharing their only bed for charity, and giving it up to a corpse! 'Though it were better, perhaps, that the living should occupy the bed than the dead who would not shrink from the cold, yet, with the ideas of the Irish on these subjects, this was as honourable to her feelings as the rest.'

To be sure it was—and noble were her feelings altogether. We have left this letter as it was written to an intimate friend without the most remote idea of publication.—We have suppressed none of the details—for, given as they are under the warm impulse of the recency of the occurrence, we think they present a picture which must touch every one who has a heart—a picture not only of poverty, but of that most beautiful and blessed virtue, the Charity of the Poor to one another! And when we confidently assert that this feeling and its practice are general in Ireland, are these people, we ask, to be branded with the appellation of "a degraded class of men"?

It is to alleviate poverty such as we have described,—to prevent those who are willing to work,—those who do work,—dying of necessity, that it is wished by many that the poor-laws should be introduced into Ireland. We are convinced, that if a fitting body of members of the House of Commons were to be formed into a committee to frame an adaptation of the poor-laws to Ireland, they would be able to produce a system that

* This was in the northern part of the county of Dublin—considerably above a hundred miles from the nearest part of Wexford.—Ed.

would embrace all the benefits, and be nearly free from the drawbacks of those in England. There would be no existing interests or prejudices to consult or humour. In Ireland there is plain ground to work upon, —and we have no sort of doubt, that the measure, properly framed, would be nothing short of a blessing to that suffering country. There are members of the House of Commons, who, we are sure, could, by uniting, produce a bill thoroughly effective. The union of high general intellect—of practical sense—of experience as to the poor-laws here, and of local knowledge with respect to Ireland, that might be brought together within the compass of a committee, could not fail to do the work effectually. Ardently do we desire that some influential member would bring this question forward, when the Emancipation-bill is passed; and take means that materials should be collected and digested, so that early in the next session, Emancipation having provided for the Peace of Ireland, the first stone of her Prosperity should be thus laid. We doubt not that a measure on this principle *must* be adopted ere long;—we cannot, therefore, but hope most strongly that no untoward differences may arise to retard it*.

The remainder of Lord Palmerston's speech is strikingly in contrast with that portion of it on which we have been commenting. It is a very vivid out-burst of indignation against the idea of settling the Catholic question by a civil war. We beg our readers not to attribute to us a collocation of words which seems like a jest. On such a subject we should consider jesting nothing short of an indecency. But some of the more violent anti-Catholics, who, if not insane on this subject, must be something worse, have really done nothing short of putting the adoption of a civil war forward as a serious proposition—that is, if they know the meaning of their own words. But we think Lord Palmerston quite wrong in attributing any thing like this to Mr. Sadler. He seems to us to have totally mistaken the passage of that gentleman's speech upon which he founds his attack. Mr. Sadler alludes to the difference of the conduct of government towards the "demagogues" who had influenced the minds of the distressed manufacturers in this country, ten and twelve years ago, and with regard to the "agitators" lately in Ireland. But Mr. Sadler clearly refers to legal, not military, proceedings. We have no knowledge whatever of that gentleman; but we are convinced, from the whole tone of his speech, that he is one of the very last who would join in the hideous cry of—"civil war." He wishes to feed the poor Irish,—not to bayonet and shoot them.

Still, Lord Palmerston's sense of disgust and indignation against civil war is very forcibly and eloquently given. A little less generalization, perhaps—one or two brief pictures of facts, given in a few graphic words—might have brought still more strongly home, the miseries and horrors of that awful state. But probably this was not

* We shall recur to this subject, and discuss it individually. Where so much human life, to say nothing of human happiness, is at stake, a little attention may well be given by ourselves, and fairly asked from our readers. We shall notice Mr. Sadler's work on Ireland. By the way, we are glad to see this gentleman in parliament, as we are to see all men there, who apply strong sense to humane purposes. We regret, however, that his return was at the expense of Mr. Serjeant Wilde's;—but that gentleman's talents, and the degree to which they are popularly known, must be sufficient to ensure his coming, as he ought, into parliament, ere long.

easy in a brilliant peroration like Lord Palmerston's;—for it really *was* such. We could wish, however, that in every case in which *War* is lightly mentioned, some member would, in the spirit which Lord Palmerston displayed last night, recall to the house *what it really is*. Our country has not been the seat of war for ages,—we know not what *that is*,—we should be told, and often. But, CIVIL WAR!!—Gracious heaven! and can this be really talked of as a *possible* alternative? There are many living who were in the midst of the conflict in Ireland in 1798. Let them tell a simple story of what then took place, on both sides; and we shall hear no more of civil war. We thank Lord Palmerston much, for the sense of indignation he raised in the house on the subject.

It was fortunate that Lord Milton spoke for a short time before the Attorney-General rose;—for the contrast which that learned gentleman's exhibition must have afforded to the termination of Lord Palmerston's speech, would, without some intervention, have been rather *too* violent. It is quite beside our purpose to enter into the very incomprehensible tirade of the learned member;—more especially as we are eager to give expression to what we feel concerning Mr. Peel's speech, which immediately followed the Attorney-General's, and closed the debate.

We think it, indeed, quite impossible to read the speech delivered by Mr. Peel last night, without feelings of the highest individual admiration and respect for that gentleman. We are certain that all the sensible and respectable members of the anti-Catholic party must feel that the personal obloquy thrown upon Mr. Peel, since the meeting of Parliament, is undeserved;—for no one but a man of high honour and of excellent feeling, could have spoken as he did last night.

We confess, we fully shared in the general surprise excited by Mr. Peel's change of measures as regarded the Catholic question,—but we never shared in the least in the belief so industriously propagated, that he was actuated by the narrow desire of retaining the power arising from the possession of office. It has been our fortune to be opposed in opinion to Mr. Peel in the far greater part of his political conduct,—but we never, at any period, saw the least reason to entertain for him any tinge, even, of personal disrespect; whereas we cannot at this moment find words strong enough to express the degree of scorn which every honest mind must feel, at a man who would act against his conscience on such a subject as the Catholic question, from the desire to retain office! Mr. Peel has before now, without an instant's hesitation, resigned office,—and on the score of principle;—for he must have felt that his junction with Mr. Canning would have brought with it to that administration the very parliamentary strength it needed, and have made it thoroughly secure.

But, in the present instance, all the enticements of ambition lay the other way. Except *mere, mere* office, every thing calculated to attract a public man lay in the path upon which Mr. Peel turned his back. He must have felt—from every circumstance he is the man who could best appreciate—the *power*, to say nothing of the other attributes of the position, which would have been his as leader of the Anti-Catholics of England at this moment. *This* would have spared him the annoy-

ance which he must have felt at the public announcement of departure from a long-pursued course of conduct, even supposing it not to be a change of a long-held system of opinion;—*this* would have saved him from reproaches which must have been painful from those who formerly fought by his side, to say nothing of the flood of filthy malice which the line he did pursue was sure to call forth; but which a man of Mr. Peel's strength of mind cannot but despise.—Above all, *this* would have needed none of those sacrifices to which he alludes last night with so much tenderness of expression,—“the abandonment of personal friends, and the rupture of many of the tenderest ties.”

On the contrary, his joining the anti-Catholic party would have placed him on a higher eminence than was ever, probably, reached by any individual, not a minister, in this country. Grattan, in Ireland, in 1782, held a somewhat similar, and what of course *we* should consider, a far prouder, position. But setting, naturally, aside the direct contrast of principle, and avoiding all personal comparison, there is another striking difference to notice,—namely, with regard to the party-dictator of the time. Grattan, pre-eminent as he was, was not the only great name of his party. Where are we to look for the Charlemont, where for the Flood, of our Anti-Catholics? Take Lord Charlemont alone. Can the No-Popery benches of the House of Lords produce any one who, in general intellect, public knowledge, and public virtue conjoined, is fit to be named with Lord Charlemont*? No.—Mr. Peel would, in truth, have been *κατ' ἐξοχήν* the ruler, the unquestioned, omnipotent head of the anti-Catholic party. His very adhering to it would have given it an unity, a weight, a condensed and active strength, which they now so lamentably want. Active, certainly, they are; but their present furious fidgets no more resemble the steady, combined, effective activity Mr. Peel would have given them, than do the fantastic gambols of the equestrians at Astley's a charge of a squadron of the Blues. The more moderate of the party, instead of suffering under sometimes shame and sometimes disgust, at the now absurd, and now furious, conduct of their most prominent brethren, would have had a chief whom they could name with respect, and who would, moreover, have been the recognized organ of a fitting opposition to government, maturing the mode of proceeding, and preventing the outbreaks which must give so much pain to the more reasonable. No one has been found among them able to do this, not even Lord Eldon, the only *name* of any eminence they can throw in our teeth.

Mr. Peel had thus every motive to join, and of course, joining, to head, the Brunswickers, save one—Principle. He repeats, in a declaration, into which he was forced last night, by some irregular disclosures made by the Attorney-General in the course of his most singular exhibition, that it was originally his intention to have left office, but still to have supported the present measure: “In answer to the imputations upon myself, I repeat what I said on a former

* Lord Eldon, we suppose; very well. Take the three items into consideration, and we fear the ex-Chancellor would weigh but lightly. His friends even have scarcely ever attributed to him an expanded mind or any statesman-like knowledge of the interests of the country.

occasion, that up to a late period, I did entertain a hope that my noble friend would have enabled me to give him my support, that cordial support which I would have given him in a private capacity. Instead of incurring the charge of apostacy, I was ready, I was desirous to relinquish office; but, having been ready to pay that penalty, no man has a right to say, that in the advice I gave the King I meant to conform to the views of any party. I will tell the honourable and learned gentleman when it was I said to my noble friend, "I will not abandon you, I will commit my fortunes with yours; and be the consequences what they may, I am ready to incur them and to share them." This was at a period when even greater difficulties appeared to obstruct our course than now I hope and believe will impede it. It was upon the day when it was intimated to my noble friend by the highest authorities in the church, that they could not countenance and support his measures. I then said, "Happen what may, I will not abandon my post—I will support you." [much cheering].

Nobly does Mr. Peel add—"I was content to incur all the imputations which I then could easily foresee." He then continues to observe upon what the Attorney-General had said~~relating~~ relating to their intercourse with respect to the bill, with facts; and in a tone, which must have satisfied every member of the House, except probably one, of the immeasurable distance that exists between the two individuals whose conduct was the subject of discussion. He totally overthrows the complaints of the Attorney-General for having been left in the dark so long. He says, what must be clear to every man of sense, that it was a very complicated question; that it had occupied the cabinet for weeks; and that till the cabinet had agreed, it would have been the height of imprudence to have said a word on the subject, to any one not a member of it. This totally contradicts the facetious assertion of the Attorney-General, that "no member of the cabinet" knew any thing of the matter till he did! Mr. Peel then says, that the Attorney-General was the very first man out of the cabinet to whom he spoke on the subject, and that he did so the moment he was at liberty to speak, which was not until the date stated by Sir Charles Wetherell, namely, seven days before the meeting of the Parliament. He must have known the causes which delayed the communication as well as the fact of the delay; but *he* did not state them. It is exceedingly amusing to find, after all the ravings of the learned member against the atrocities and horrors of the bill, that he received Mr. Peel's details of the measures contemplated, and the reasons for adopting them, with the utmost composure, and scarcely any objection. Listen to Mr. Peel's uncontradicted statement—"I must observe, that if he really then entertained the horror at this atrocious proceeding which he has to-night expressed, I never saw a man who possessed such control over his countenance [cheers and laughter.] If the honourable and learned gentleman thought that what was designed presented such insuperable objections, and that the Coronation Oath absolutely precluded even the consideration of the question, would it not have been fair that he should have warned me, his friend, that such was his opinion? Might I not expect that he would say at once, 'You are pursuing a course replete with ruin, in

which I, the Attorney-General, cannot assist you, and from the sanction of which His Majesty is precluded by the sacred obligation of an oath?" He will do me the justice to say, that not one word of so fatal an objection did I hear from him when I made the communication to which I have referred."—We wonder whether the right honourable and learned member had *ear* enough—it would not need a nice one—to distinguish between the *tone* in which the "cheers and laughter" that are reported to have been excited by certain passages in each speech, must have been delivered.

We have not space to give Mr. Peel's observations on the state of Ireland: we wish every anti-Catholic would read it; and if they can do it without shuddering, we envy their nerves. We must, however, give the conclusion of the speech; which we do almost as a debt of justice to Mr. Peel; for we confess we have once or twice rather been inclined to agree with certain taunts about his having been somewhat over-tact under praise for measures not too strictly his due. He is determined the same feeling shall not arise on this score:—

I wish, before I conclude, to say one parting word to the Honourable Member for Donegal (Lord Mountcharles), and other Honourable Members who have awarded me a credit with respect to this question which I do not deserve. Sir, the credit of accomplishing this object is due to Mr. Fox, to Mr. Grattan, to Mr. Plunkett, and to the Honourable Gentlemen opposite; and to an illustrious and Right Honourable Friend of mine, who is now no more. No credit is due to me for advancing this Question, but that which may be awarded me for abandoning a fruitless opposition. I will not conceal from the house that in the course of this debate, allusions have been made to the memory of my Right Honourable Friend, now no more, which have been most painful to my feelings. An Honourable Baronet has spoken of the cruel manner in which my Right Honourable Friend was hunted down. Whether the Honourable Baronet was one of those who hunted him down, I know not; but this I do know, that whoever joined in the inhuman cry which was raised against him, I was not one. (Cheers.) I was on terms of the most friendly intimacy with that illustrious statesman down even to the day of his death; and I say with as much sincerity of heart as man can speak, that I wish he was now alive among us to reap the harvest which he sowed, and to enjoy the triumph which his exertions gained. I would say of him, as he said in his own eloquent language of the late Mr. Perceval—"Would that he were here to take part in our debates."

"Tuque tuis armis: nos te poteremur, Achille."

(*Loud cheering.*)

We conclude, with regard to this speech of Mr. Peel's, as we began. If any man, not irretrievably warped by party feeling, will take the trouble to read it, especially if it be reported in the first person,—we think, whatever his political ideas may be, he cannot lay down the paper without coming to the conclusion, that Mr. Peel is a most upright and generous statesman, a highly effective and able speaker, and a most honourable and amiable man. *Heaven knows we have had no predilections to lead us to this belief!

We are now writing at the end of the month, and we rejoice at the intelligence of the manner in which the raising the franchise has been received in Ireland. The Catholic clergy have declared to a man

against any remonstrance being made, and the freeholders have submitted most cheerfully. The readiness on both sides has been peculiarly manifest in *Clare*!—we shall ever respect that body of clergy: they encouraged their flocks to vote for what they regarded the true cause, but they restrained them from violence and excess. And they now make a great sacrifice without one murmur, because they feel it is for the general good. When we know, not only that the Catholic Relief Bill would never pass without this stipulation, but that it has gained the most respectable of the converts to concession, we may well estimate it a cheap price for Tranquillity to Ireland. All her hopes must rest on *that*!

We were in hopes we should have no more to say upon “the one subject” for this month; but we must add a few words with regard to the petitions presented to both houses last night (26th). It is somewhat in consonance with the character of the petitions, in general, against the Catholic claims, and especially with that of the origin of the great majority, that the petition presented by Lord Eldon, from what his Lordship chooses to call *the Inhabitant Householders of London and Westminster*, sprang from that abortive and ludicrous meeting at the Crown and Anchor, at which, it may be recollected, such a person as Mr. Hunt was able to turn the whole thing into ridicule by moving a farcical amendment, which was carried by an immense majority. This Lord Eldon calls “perverting the object of the meeting”—the totally unknown leaders of which accordingly circulate their petition for signature, which purports to be signed by 113,000 persons—the odd thirteen of which Lord Eldon agrees to knock off as bad votes. This result in itself proves the majority of the inhabitants of London and Westminster to be, to say the least, not opposed to the concessions—to say nothing of the gross improbability, considering the efforts used to gain signatures, that one-half of them are really the subscriptions of inhabitant householders. It should never be forgotten, also, that no stir has been made by the advocates of Emancipation—things are going on as they wish, and they have not made the slightest efforts to get up any petition at all. Those which have come from their side have been quite spontaneous, and almost needless.

But we wish to say a few words as to the means that have been used to agitate, excite, nay, to infuriate the people. Lord Eldon denies being a party to this, and, though some passages in his speeches are questionable, yet we do not wish to include him personally in the accusation. But we ask, without fear of the answer, has he, the recognized head of the anti-Catholic party, in any one instance, expressed even disapprobation, not to say indignation and disgust, at the hideous methods employed by his immediate adherents to excite the people to actual insurrection? Has he even said one word in blame of a letter, signed by one of the most prominent peers of his party, which contained expressions scarcely short of direct incitations to rebellion? Has he disclaimed, in the name of the body who regard him as their head—and many of whom must shudder at the proceedings to which we allude—the circulation of tracts and prints of

the most odious and despicable description? Inflammatory we were about to call them; but, thank God! they have not so proved. Lord Grey, in the House of Lords, and Mr. Denison, in the House of Commons, alluded to the circulation of hand-bills headed "Queen Mary's Days," printed by the Society for Circulating Religious Tracts! And do these people dare to call themselves Christians who thus promulgate writings, the only effect of which, if it produce any, must be *blood*—the blood of their own countrymen shed by each other? Mr. Denison says, that some of the leading members of the society named had stated to him, that they had printed, but had not distributed, the bill—and that it was done with a religious not a political motive. What! did they print this scandalous paper to keep it locked up?—Motives of religion!—do they wish then for all the evil passions of a religious, to be added to those of a civil, war?—Shame, shame!

Lord Grey justly observes, that attempts to create agitation have been made for some time past, and these are the means! Prints displaying Protestants burned by Catholics—the days of Smithfield recalled in all their horrors. It is most highly to the credit of the Catholics that they have not been excited by these abominations to retaliate—for *it is historically false* that more Protestants were put to death by Catholics than Catholics by Protestants, in the violent days of the Reformation in England*. But such are not the arguments of the advocates of Concession—they appeal to reason, not to the most furious and blindest passions. Thank heaven! these efforts have been of no avail—London is perfectly tranquil—the aspect of the streets is exactly as usual—the interest even the question excites seems to be much less than could have been expected. The ordinary indications of popular excitement are nowhere apparent. The appeals to popular violence have wholly failed, in despite of the unremitting activity with

* This point of historical misrepresentation leads us to notice a pamphlet, in which a multitude of instances in support of the real state of the case are given. It is entitled, "A few Words in favour of our Roman Catholic Brethren," and is published in the form of "An Address to his Parishioners; by the Rev. Edward Stanley, M. A., Rector of Alderley." It is very long since we have met with a composition in every respect so admirable. It is couched in precisely the language in which a Christian minister should address his flock—kind, clear, simple, but without the least *affectation* of plainness—and the sentiments are those which form the characteristics of the religion of CHARITY, in all the nobler sense of that most expressive word. The arguments are peculiarly becoming to the quarter from which they emanate, and the subject to which they are applied—being equally distinguished for their force in themselves, and the beautiful calmness with which they are brought forward. In what we have said above, we chiefly alluded to the executions of Catholics in Henry VIII.'s reign, beginning with those of Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More;—but Mr. Stanley produces, and in the most unostentatious manner, a crowd of historical facts, of all periods, down to our own time, bearing upon the praise-worthy conduct of the Catholics, in answer to the uncharitable misconstructions and slanders to which they have been subjected. We cannot conclude without expressing our delight that there are clergymen who write thus—a pamphlet more befitting a minister of the gospel of peace and good-will cannot be conceived. We recommend it to all our readers, and we rejoice to hear that its circulation has been remarkable. It is a subject for which to be grateful that there still are members of our church who remember that Peace-making is its distinguishing property: Archdeacon Wrangham has just published a pamphlet in this spirit; the same spirit breathes throughout a beautiful quotation in Mr. Stanley's pamphlet, from a sermon by the Bishop of Chester; and truly does it pervade the characteristic speech of his brother, the amiable and excellent Bishop of Winchester,

which they have been urged. The tranquillity is entirely due to the good sense of the people, not to the conduct of the leading anti-Catholics. We confess we should not envy Lord Eldon his feelings if these efforts had resulted in a repetition of the outrages of 1780—to which their tendency was direct. The silence of such a man, while his adherents were publicly and privately pursuing such measures, could not be construed otherwise than as approbation. This we do not, we cannot, believe that Lord Eldon felt. We regard him to be a just and humane man, and we hope he will yet exercise the qualities of justice and humanity by a distinct expression of abhorrence of the proceedings of which we have spoken. He knows the weight such a declaration would carry with it.

It is with feelings of great relief that we turn to the petition presented to the House of Commons by Sir James Macintosh, with almost every name distinguished in any branch of eminence in Scotland signed beneath it. Sir James, in the very beautiful, amiable, and at the same time statesman-like, speech with which he introduces the petition, states that it emanates from four-fifths of “the respectable classes of the community of the ancient capital of the most Protestant part of this Protestant empire.” He then proceeds to shew that the signatures, generally (amounting to 8000 each, with a place of abode attached, and received under the severest possible scrutiny) are from the vast majority of those classes in which intelligence is to be looked for. All the professions,—including the clergy,—the landed proprietors, the chief merchants, the respectable shop-keepers—have declared in favour of Emancipation—and these without distinction of Whig and Tory. In a word, the sense of the mass of the intelligence of Scotland is conveyed by this most satisfactory document. Such are the petitions in favour of Religious and Civil Liberty*! It is remarkable, as Sir James Macintosh states, that the first name in British science, as well as the first name in British literature, has placed itself on record in support of Emancipation. He alludes to the touching letter to that effect written by Sir Humphry Davy from his bed of sickness—we trust not of death—from Rome. Sir James introduces this in allusion to the fact of the first signature to the requisition for the meeting, and almost the first to the petition, being that of the other celebrated individual of whom we have just spoken. We cannot, indeed, better conclude an article on this subject, in a Journal devoted to literature as well as to public matters, than by quoting the admirable passage in which the distinguished presenter of the petition makes that statement to the House:—

“I take the liberty of remarking, that the petition contains no common names. At the head of the requisitionists for the meeting, and nearly at the head of the signatures to the petition, is the name of the most celebrated writer in the world—of a writer, who has given more

* We are the farthest in the world from undervaluing the petitions of the people. But we do not regard those presented at all to speak the general sense of the people. The most extraordinary exertions have been used on the one side, none at all on the other. We are so confident, indeed, that the majority of the adult people of the three kingdoms are in favour of Emancipation, that we would willingly stake the success of the question upon their being polled, man by man.

delight to a greater number of human beings, in a shorter space of time, than, I will venture to say, any author who has preceded him could ever boast of having communicated. What is more pertinent to the subject before the House, he is a man, to the full, as much above the common standard in sense and rectitude of judgment as in other more conspicuous, but not more valuable, qualities. I need not add that this illustrious name is that of Sir Walter Scott."

THE REV. THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D.

PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

[THE brilliant speech made at the late Edinburgh meeting by this powerful and truly philosophic divine, renders the publication of the following notice of him, by a gentleman who has known him long and intimately, peculiarly seasonable. This notice does not trench upon the ground which we took in our Magazine for October last, in offering a general delineation of the peculiar powers of Chalmers as a minister. The following paper has more of the anecdotal parts of a biography about it. The writer has known the great divine in his "social hour;" but he has not sat under his hospitable roof* to abuse the confidence of hospitality.—*Ed.*]

Whether we consider the intellectual powers of Dr. Chalmers, the number and variety of the subjects to which they have been turned, or the success which he has had in all of them, we cannot help classing him with the most extraordinary men that ever lived; and both the fame that he has obtained, and the solid basis on which that fame rests, are his own. Not that he is a self-educated man in the vulgar meaning of the term, for he attended a regular course of literature, science, and divinity, at the College of St. Andrew's; but then his acquirements are so different, both in extent and in kind, not only from those which are usually carried away from such places by students, but from any that are usually found among professors and lecturers, that what he learned at college must be considered as but a small portion of his acquirements. In making those great powers the instruments of winning, not ordinary popularity, but celebrity,—a name which is known every where, and which is dear to men of all creeds,—Dr. Chalmers has never been in the least indebted to what is termed fortune. He never had the popularity of the multitude; and, during the greater part of his stay at Kilmeny, in Fife, where the foundation of his fame was laid, those who affect to run after what they call popular and powerful preachers shunned him, and even presumed to despise him. We have heard some of his best sermons preached, not to pews altogether empty, but to pews certainly not half-filled. The few, however, always admired him; and, though the mass of the people were indifferent, there were always some present, whose approbation was more dear to the young divine than the most tumultuous applause of the crowd. There were fre-

quently about him young men of his own age, some of whom had been the play-mates of his infancy, and others his class-fellows at college, and all of them, like himself, devoted to literature and science. Though it made little or no noise at the time, there have, probably, been a few associations so limited in number, so totally without pedantry or system, and so avowedly made for the mere purposes of glee and hilarity, as that which existed, with some occasional changes, at the manse of Kilmeny, during the first ten years of the present century; and we could point out many works, both literary and scientific, that never would have existed but for the excitement and play of mind which were called forth there.

Dr. Chalmers was born (about fifty years ago) in the small borough of Austruther-Wester, in the county of Fife. That borough and the neighbouring one of Austruther-Easter have always had a soul of literature. The Doctor's father was a clothier and draper; a man of the most exemplary piety, of well-informed mind, great liberality of sentiment, and the most delightful manners. He had many sons and daughters, the greater part of whom have fallen victims to disease, at the most promising period of life; and he had to sustain one of the most painful family afflictions to which man can be subjected. But still he was resigned, cheerful, and even playful, and shewed that the most punctual attendance to the duties of religion (for there was religious worship in his family every morning and evening,) instead of damping the pleasure of social intercourse, imparts to it its highest zest. We have deemed it proper to state this circumstance (which we do from the very delightful recollection of our personal knowledge) in order that we may be spared the formal refutation of a calumny which has sometimes been brought against Dr. Chalmers both by the unthinking part of the public, and by those pseudo-religionists who can find no Christianity but in a mysterious and miraculous conversion,—the class of persons whom Chalmers used so well to characterize as “gossiping malignants.” Those persons have said that Chalmers was at one time a sceptic, and that he was converted in we know not what wonderful manner. Now, apart from our personal knowledge that such is not the fact, we appeal to the understanding of any unbiassed reader, whether one who had been instructed in his early years by the precepts and the example of such a father, and who continued with him in all the reciprocal affection of a loved and a loving man, could have been a sceptic on those great doctrines of which he witnessed such delightful effects. To have done so he must have been equally destitute of discernment and feeling,—qualities without which no man ever was, or ever can be, the tithe of a Dr. Chalmers.

From his earliest years Dr. Chalmers was enthusiastically fond of reading, so that when a little boy in the chimney-corner with his book, he got the name of “the minister,” not from any view to his future profession, but from his delight being in books. At the same time he was a most active and energetic boy, and when he did enter into sports he took the lead. In very early life indeed, that restless activity of mind, and that determination to seize and to master all subjects, even the most contrary, which has enabled him to do so

much more than almost any other man of his time, were abundantly conspicuous. His progress at school was rapid; he went early to college, and, while but a youth, he did the duty of mathematical professor. Though above the average, his attainments in classical literature were not very great. The bent of his mind lay more towards subjects of which the practical application was more obvious. He was a mathematician, a natural philosopher, and, though there was no regular professor of that science at St. Andrew's, a chemist.

About the close of the last century he was admitted to orders, and soon after went to assist the Rev. Dr. Charteries, a venerable and eminent preacher near the border. Some years after this the College of St. Andrew's appointed him to the church of Kilmeny, where he set about the discharge of his duties with great energy; but he was not very popular at the outset. This arose, in part, from the want of mental correspondence between the inhabitants of a country parish and a man of so much energy as their pastor, and partly from that very energy itself. He had the utmost dislike of gossiping, cared not much for forms of rustic politeness, and could not find half occupation for his time in his parochial labours. Accordingly, he took to a number of other avocations: he lectured in the different towns on chemistry and other subjects; he became an officer of a volunteer corps, and he wrote a book on the resources of the country, besides pamphlets on some of the topics of the day; and when the Edinburgh Encyclopedia was projected, he was invited to be a contributor, and engaged to furnish the article "Christianity;" which he afterwards completed with so much ability. These supplemental avocations had nothing improper in them; and yet they were not usual among the Doctor's professional brethren, who generally filled up the intervals of their time in visiting and conversations; but the event has shewn that, instead of the mental activity which Chalmers thus kept up being injurious to the very highest theological powers, they have been the chief means of the development of them. And, though there be not much merit in publishing a prophecy after the event, it was in these very causes of want of village popularity, that the friends of Dr. Chalmers placed their new hopes of the eminence to which he would rise.

Even then, he was a most wonderful man. All life and energy, he was here, there, and everywhere, both bodily and mentally. Mathematics, botany, conchology, astronomy, politics, political economy, theology, polemics,—he was at them all; and yet his most intimate friends hardly knew when he studied. Indeed the whole of his progress seemed more like the inspiration of heaven, than that of any other man that we ever knew or heard of. Mention a new subject to him, with which you had made yourself familiar, and a week after he would beat you upon it; the cause seemed to be this: he did not plod over books, and become the retailer of recorded opinions. He thought himself, set every one with whom he met thinking, and then generalized the whole. We have often been quite astonished at the quantity of information which we had acquired during a few hours' conversation with Chalmers, upon a subject of which neither of us knew much at the outset.

As a friend, his attachment and disinterestedness were unbounded;

but he had a great dislike to forms; and though he was very hospitable, his friends very often found him with an empty larder. One day three or four friends called on him; he was just setting out for Edinburgh, but insisted on their dining with him, which was readily agreed to. After giving old Effie (Euphemia) who was the whole of his establishment, her orders, they all sat down to that combination of information and glee, which shortens time most, by actually lengthening it in pleasure and utility. Dinner was soon announced; and two large covered dishes, with a smoking plate of potatoes between, appeared on the table. "Gentlemen," said Chalmers, "under this cover there is hard fish from Dundee, and under that cover there is hard fish from St. Andrew's; take your choice." We have been at many and various feasts, but we have seldom enjoyed an evening like that one.

Sometimes there was not even hard fish, but still there was a resource. We have seen John Bouthron's "kail pot," broth, beef, and all, brought over to the manse—we have helped to bring it. John was a retired farmer, a very plain but very pleasant old man.

We mention these traits in the character of Dr. Chalmers, as a most effectual means of refuting and reproving those persons who maintain that formality of deportment is essential to eminence, more especially to clerical eminence,—as if dulness were the badge of intellect. Here was the the most effective preacher that the age has produced, as innocent certainly, but at the same time as playful as a child. Nor must it be supposed that he was not the same great man and great preacher then as now. Even in his every-day sermons, which he called "short handers," from their being written in short hand on a slip of paper about double the size of a playing card, there were chains of reasoning, and bursts of imagination and feeling, which we have seldom seen equalled, and never excelled. They were done in no time too; for after a morning's ramble among the rocks and woods in the north of Fife, we have seen him compose a whole sermon in half an hour—aye, in less. Some of his most choice orations were composed thus: as for instance, the matchless charity sermon from the text, "Blessed is he that *considereth* the poor,"—a sermon in which the line between genuine charity, and that ostentatious alms-giving which so often usurps its place, is more clearly marked than in any other composition with which we are acquainted. To mention the good ones would only be to give a list; there are degrees of excellence; but we never heard a sermon, or even a remark of Chalmers, in which there was not some indication of genius—some touch of the hand of a master.

We shall never forget the arch face of a jolly farmer, and the observation that he made to us upon leaving the church one Sunday. The sermon is throughout an argument for temperance; and if we mistake not, it was composed as a college exercise. The text was, "Look not on the wine when it is red in the cup; for it shall bite as a serpent and sting as an adder." The opening is a very glowing and graphic delineation of the seductions of bacchanalian indulgence; and it began with these words: "There is a pleasure, my brethren, in the progress of intoxication." As we were moving along the churchyard path, the farmer said, "I'm thinking the minister and you have been

taking a glass extra last night ; for he g'ies the same account that I myself could have g'ien fifty times."

It was not in the nature of things that a man possessing such talents could remain in concealment. The people began to understand and relish his sermons ; some speeches that he made in the General Assembly attracted the notice both of the clergy and of the Scottish barristers, many of whom attended the annual convocations of the kirk in the capacity of ruling elders.* From these, and a number of other circumstances, the popularity of Dr. Chalmers was waxing apace, when about the year 1811 a severe and protracted malady had nearly put an end to all his labours. His constitution never had been of that confirmed strength which a mind of so restless energies would have required ; and probably he had exposed himself to fatigue and the inclemency of the weather, in a way which one, who thought less about his mind and more about his body, would have avoided. He was attacked by a very severe and obstinate liver complaint, for the removal of which the administration of a great deal of mercury became necessary. The disease was subdued, but before his system had recovered the requisite tone, he resumed his labours ; and having exposed himself to cold, the disease returned with more inveteracy and obstinacy than ever. So alarming was the relapse that his physician had to resort to the boldest means of treatment ; and what with the disease, what with the means of cure, he presented for months a spectacle of physical exhaustion which we have seldom seen equalled ; nor do we believe that any man of weaker mind could have survived it. In the agony of pain, in the exhaustion of nature, and almost in the absence of hope, the firmness and placidity, nay the cheerfulness of his temper never forsook him ; and when we have sat by the side of his bed or his couch, in that gloomy mood which steals over one on such occasions, some bright saying, which came but in a half articulated whisper, has compelled us to laugh, at the same time that the undiminished force and lustre of his mind, amid a physical wreck so nearly total, afforded a very strong argument for mental immortality. We have seen Dr. Chalmers in many attitudes ; in the glee of social enjoyment, in the sublimity of science, and in the terrible power of a Christian orator ; but we are not sure that we ever saw him more truly in the character of a great man, than when, to all appearances, the scale of life was doubtful, and his friends were trembling for his fate. Since that time he has come more before the world, and commanded admiration from quarters which he then little thought of ; but physically, he has never been the same man ; and mentally, though his experience has been enlarged, his powers did not admit of enlargement.

It has been said, that certain fears which occurred in the course of this illness, led Dr. Chalmers to the study of religion, and produced some change in his opinions on that important subject. We were with him often, and we saw no sign of fear, even of the simple fear of death ; we heard his opinions before the illness, and we heard them after : we knew no difference ; and, therefore, we can see no foundation for what is alleged, the more so that the allegation originated with those who did not know Dr. Chalmers, then, or previously.

At the same time we do not deny, that there were circumstances

arising out of that illness, which tended both to increase the popularity of Dr. Chalmers, and to cause him to devote a greater portion of his time to the study of theology. The value of many things is found out only when we have been deprived of them; and this was, in a considerable degree, the case with the theological powers of Dr. Chalmers. When he was laid on his sick bed, the people found out that those by whom his place was supplied were far from being equal to him. This made them anxious to have him back again, and also disposed to pay more attention both to his ministry and to himself after he was so far recovered as to be able to discharge his duties. This was the cause of a great increase of local popularity.

Then as to theological study, there were several causes. The time in which he had to complete the article "Christianity" had been much shortened by his illness; and that led him to a closer course of reading, than would otherwise have been necessary. His bodily weakness confined him a good deal to the house, and prevented that range of occupations which he had followed in times of more physical vigour. The joint influence of these circumstances, though it produced no change upon the Doctor's principles, caused the public to view them in a different light; and those very persons who, when they did not hear Dr. Chalmers, imputed to him doctrines which they disliked, but which he never held, now that they thronged to attend him, imputed to him those favourite notions and prejudices of their own, to which he had just as little claim.

The grand feature in the theology of Dr. Chalmers, apart from his power as a practical divine, is his meeting the sceptic on grounds, and combating him with weapons, to which he cannot object. Instead of taking up what is called the *internal* evidence of Christianity, which is a matter of feeling and not of argument, he rests the whole upon the *external*, upon that which has the same evidence as any other fact; and the truth being demonstrated upon this basis, cannot be shaken. Now we know, that this was the mode in which he proposed to treat the subject, for we heard him mention it, a long time previous to his illness.

Not very long after his recovery, Dr. Chalmers married a lady whose maiden name was Pratt; with her he got a small addition to his fortune, and a great deal to the comforts of his home; in which there were no more double dishes of salt-fish, or borrowing of John Bouthron's "kail pot;" and as he had less occasion to go abroad for society, his health was soon, in a great measure, restored.

In a few years he was invited to St. John's Church, Glasgow, (which had just been built,) in a manner highly complimentary to his talents; and though many of his friends dissuaded him, from an idea that the labour would be too much for his bodily strength, and tried to persuade him that he would be more useful living in comparative literary ease at Kilmeny, he resolved, at all hazards, to go. The impression which he made at Glasgow was very great; and his fame soon spread over the whole country. When he visited London, the hold that he took on the minds of men was quite unprecedented. It was a time of strong political feeling; but even that was unheeded, and all parties thronged to hear the Scottish preacher. The very best judges were not prepared

for the display that they heard. Canning and Wilberforce went together; and got into a pew near the door. The elder in attendance stood close by the pew. Chalmers began in his usual unpromising way, by stating a few nearly self-evident propositions, neither in the choicest language, nor in the most impressive voice. "If this be all," said Canning to his companion, "it will never do." Chalmers went on: the shuffling of the congregation gradually subsided. He got into the mass of his subject; his weakness became strength; his hesitation was turned into energy; and, bringing the whole volume of his mind to bear upon it, he poured forth a torrent of the most close and conclusive argument, brilliant with all the exuberance of an imagination which ranged over all nature for illustrations, and yet managed and applied each of them with the same unerring dexterity, as if that single one had been the study of a whole life. "The tartan beats us," said Canning, "we have no preaching like that in England."

The measure of his pulpit celebrity was now full; and after about two years in Glasgow, during which he published several works, he was appointed to the chair of Moral Philosophy in St. Andrew's. Of his conduct there we are not informed; but we are inclined to think that the place was too confined for him. In Edinburgh his office is more important; and if his life be continued, he will do much to extend sound and liberal views among the Scottish clergy. Of his tolerance we have just had an example.

TOUJOURS PERDRIX.

WE have all been occupied for a great many years in considering whether we ought to emancipate the Catholics from their disabilities. Let us at last begin to think whether it is not high time to emancipate ourselves from the discussion of them. My respectable and popish cousin, Arthur M'Carmick, inhabits a charming entresol in the Rue St. Honoré, where he copies Vernet and reads Delavigne, dreams of Pauline Latour, and spends six hundred a year in the greatest freedom imaginable: yet, because he is not yet entitled to frank letters and address the speaker's chair, Arthur M'Carmick wants to be emancipated. I, whom fate and a profession confine in my native country, am fettered by the thralldom, and haunted by the grievance, at every turn I take. In vain I fly from the doors of parliament, and make a circuit of five miles, to avoid the very echo of the County Meeting: my friend in the club, and my mistress in the ball-room, the ballad singer in the street, and the preacher in the pulpit, all combine to harass my nerves, and weary my forbearance: even Dr. Somnolent wakes occasionally after dinner, to indulge in a guttural murmur concerning martyrdom and the Real Presence; and Sir Roger, when the hounds are at fault, reins up at my side, and harks back to the revolution of 1688. Our very servants wear our prejudices as constantly as our cast off clothes, and our tradesmen offer us their theories more punctually than their bills. Not a week ago, my groom assured me that there was no reason to be alarmed, for the Pope lived a great way off; and my barber on the same day hinted, that he knew as much as most people, and that all he

knew was this, that if ever the Catholics were uppermost, they would play the old bear with the Church. I could not sleep that night for thinking of Ursa Major and the beast in the Revelations. Yet I, because I may put on a silk gown whenever it shall please his Majesty to adorn me in such radiant attire, and because, some twenty years hence, I may have hope to be in the great council of the nation, the mouth-piece of some two or three dozen of independent individuals,—I, forsooth, am to petition for no emancipation.

There are persons who cannot bear the uninterrupted ticking of a pendulum in their chamber. The sustained converse of a wife vexes many. I have heard of a prisoner who was driven mad by the continued plashing of water against the wall of his cell. Such things are lively illustrations of the disquiet I endure. It is not that I am thwarted in an argument or beat on a division: it is not that I have a horror of innovation or a hatred of intolerance: you are welcome to trample upon my opinions if you will not tread upon my toes. I will waltz with any fair Whig who has a tolerable ear and a pretty figure, and I will gladly dine with any septuagenarian Tory who is liberal in his culinary system and puts no restrictions upon his cellar. The Question kills me; no matter in what garb or under what banner it come. Brunswick and Liberator, reasoner and declaimer, song and speech, pamphlet and sermon,—I hate them all.

Look at that handsome young man who is so pleasantly settling himself at his table at the 'Travellers'. He spends two hours daily upon his curls, and the rings on his fingers would make manacles for a burglar: surely he has no leisure for the affairs of the nation. The waiter has just disclosed to his view the *anguilles en matelotte*, and the steward is setting down beside him the pint of *Johannisberg*. And he only arrived yesterday from Versailles; it is impossible he can have been infected in less than four-and-twenty hours. Alas! there is the *Courier* extended beside his plate: and the dish grows cold and the wine grows warm, while Morrison sympathizes with the feelings of the Home Secretary, or penetrates the mysteries of the Attorney General's philippic. Watch Lady Lansquenet as she takes up her hand from the whist-table. With what an extacy of delight does she marshal the brocaded warriors who are the strength of her battle; how indignantly does she thrust into their appointed station the more ignoble combatants, who are distinguished, like hackney-coaches, only by their number; how reverentially does she draw towards her those three last lingering cards, as if the magic alchemy of delay were of power to transmute a spade into a club, or exalt a plebeian into a prince. Then, with what an air of anxiety does she observe the changes and chances of the contest; now flushed with triumph, now palsied with alarm; and bestowing alternately upon her adversary and her ally equal shares of her impartial indignation. Lady Lansquenet is neither pretty, nor young, nor musical, nor literary. She does not know a Raphael from a Teniers, nor a scene by Shakspeare from a melody by Moore. Yet to me she seems the most conversible person in the room; for at least the Question is nothing to Lady Lansquenet. One may ask what her winnings have been without fear. "I have lost," says her Ladyship, "twenty points. I am seldom so unfortunate; but what could I expect, you know—with a Popish partner!"

I will go and see Frederic Marston. He has been in love for six weeks. In ordinary cases, I shrink with an unfeigned horror from the conversation of a lover—barley broth is not more terrible to an Alderman, nor metaphysics to a blockhead, nor argument to a wit. But now, in mere self-defence, I will go and see Frederic Marston. He will talk of wood-pigeons and wildernesses, of eye-brows and ringlets, of sympathies and quadrilles, of “meet me by moon-light!” and the brightest eyes in the world. I will endure it all; for he will have no thought to waste upon the wickedness of the Duke of Wellington, or the disfranchisement of Larry O’Shane. So I spoke in the bitterness of my heart; and after a brief and painful struggle with a Treasury clerk in the Haymarket, and a narrow escape in Regent-street from the heavy artillery of a Somersetshire divine, I flung myself into my old school-fellow’s arm-chair, and awaited his raptures or his apprehensions, as patiently as the wrecked mariner awaits the lions or the savages, when he has escaped from the billow and the blast. “My dear fellow,” said my unhappy friend, and pointed, as he spoke, to a letter which was lying open on the table; “I am the most miserable of fortune’s playthings. It is but a week since every obstacle was removed. The dresses were bespoke; the ring was bought; the Dean had been applied to, and the lawyer was at work. I had written out ten copies of an advertisement, and sold *Hambletonian* for half his value. A plague on all uncles! Sir George has discovered ‘an insuperable objection.’ One may guess his meaning without comment.”

“Upon my life, not I—have you criticized his *Correggio*?”

“Never.”

“Have you abused his claret?”

“Never.”

“You have thinned his preserves then?”

“I never carried a gun there!”

“Or slept while his chaplain was preaching?”

“I never sat in his pew.”

A horrible foreboding came over me. I sat in silent anticipation of the blow which was to overwhelm me. “Oh my dear friend,” said Frederic, after a long pause, “why was I born under so fatal a planet? And why did my second cousin sign that infernal petition?”

My father’s ancient and valued friend, Martin Marston, Esq. of Marston Hall, has vegetated for forty years in his paternal estate in the west of England, proud and happy in the enjoyment of every thing which makes the life of a country gentleman enviable. He is an upright magistrate, a kind master, a merciful landlord, and a hearty friend. If you believe his neighbours, he has not been guilty of a fault for ten years, but when he forgave the butler who plundered his plate-closet; nor uttered a complaint for twenty, except when the gout drove him out of his saddle, and compelled him to take refuge in the pony-chair. If his son were not the readiest Grecian at Westminster, he was nearly the best shot in the county; and if his daughters had little interest in the civil dissensions of the King’s Theatre, and thought of Almack’s much as a metropolitan thinks of Timbuctoo, they had nevertheless as much beauty as one looks for in a part-

ner, and quite as many accomplishments as one wants in a wife. Mr. Marston has always been a liberal politician; partly because his own studies and connection have that way determined him, and partly because an ancestor of his bore a command in the Parliamentary army, at the battle of Edgehill. But his principles never interfered with his comforts. He had always a knife and fork for the Vicar, a furious high-church man; and suffered his next neighbour, a violent Tory, to talk him to sleep without resistance or remonstrance,—in consequence of which Dr. Gloss declared he had never found any man so open to conviction, and Sir Walter vowed that old Marston was the only Radical that ever listened to reason.

When I visited Marston Hall two months ago, on my road to Penzance, matters were strangely altered in the establishment. I found the old gentleman sitting in his library with a huge bundle of printed placards before him, and a quantity of scribbled paper lying on his table! The County Meeting was in agitation, and Mr. Marston, to the astonishment of every one, had determined to take the field against bigotry and persecution. He was composing a speech. Poachers were neglected, and turnip-stealers forgotten; his favourite songs echoed unheeded, and the urn simmered in vain. He hunted authorities, he consulted references, he hammered periods into shape, he strung metaphors together like beads, he translated, he transcribed. He was determined that if the good folk of the West remained unenlightened, the fault should not rest upon his shoulders. Every pursuit and amusement were at an end. He had been planning a new line of road through part of his estate, but the labourers were now at a standstill; and he had left off reading in the middle of the third volume of the *Disowned*. I found that Sir Walter had not dined at his table for five weeks; and when I talked of accompanying his party to the parish church on Sunday, Emily silenced me with a look, and whispered that her papa read the prayers at home now, for that Dr. Gloss was a detestable fanatic, who went about getting up petitions. Mr. Marston could talk about nothing but the Question, and the speech he meant to make upon it.—“Talk of the dangers of Popery,” he said,—“why old Tom Sarney, who died the other day, was a Papist; I hunted with him for ten years; never saw a man ride with better judgment. When I had that horrid tumble at Fen Brook, if Tom Sarney had not been at my side, my Protestant neck would not have been worth a whistle that day. Danger, forsooth! They are Papists at Eastwood Park, you know; and if my son’s word is to be credited, there is one pretty Catholic there who would save at least one heretic from the bon-fire. My tenant Connell is a Papist:—never flinches at Lady-day and Michaelmas. Lady Dryburgh is a Papist; and Dr. Gloss says she keeps a jesuit in her house:—by George, sir, she may have a worse faith than I, but she contrived to give twice as many blankets to the poor last Christmas. And so I shall tell my friends from the hustings next week.”

When I observed the report of the proceedings at the County Meeting in the newspaper, a fortnight afterwards, I find only that Mr. Marston “spoke amidst considerable uproar.” But I learn from private channels that his speech has been by no means thrown away. For it is quoted with much emphasis by his game-keeper, and it occupies thirteen closely written pages in Emily’s album.

BARBA YORGHI, THE GREEK PILOT.

IN the course of some excursions on the coast of Asia Minor, in the autumn of 1827, I chanced to establish my quarters, for awhile, at a small town, called by the Turks Chesmé (Anglicè, the fountains.) In reference to classical antiquity, I may mention, that Chesmé lies between Erythræ and Teos, which once ranked among the fairest cities of the "elegant Ionia." In modern history it is distinguished as having been the scene of the destruction of the Ottoman fleet by the Russians, on the 7th of July, 1770. Its mercantile celebrity, which is of greater advantage than its ancient or modern recollections, is derived from an extensive trade in raisins; nearly all that fruit, denominated in England Smyrna raisins, being the product of its neighbourhood, and shipped at Chesmé. It is situated on a narrow creek, opposite to the unfortunate island and city of Scio, from which it is about nine miles distant.

By the kindness of my friend Mr. P. W——, I was tolerably lodged in the house of a Turk, who had vacated it for his use. In this Eastern mansion were many strange things; but the strangest of all was an old Greek we engaged as servant, who acted as valet, cook, and groom, and who was called Barba Yorghi (Uncle George.) This man, I was informed, had been on board the ship of the Captain Pasha, when the Greek Captain Canaris blew the lofty Moslemin into the air, off Scio. It is not often one has an opportunity of learning details from the survivor of such a night—besides, the peculiarity of his appearance and manner, his intelligence, and a rude but striking sort of eloquence he possessed, interested me. One evening, therefore, I invited him to come into my room, and discuss the narrative of his life at length.

Leaving his slippers at the door, Barba Yorghi advanced to the upper end of the room, sat down cross-legged on a low sofa, cleared his throat with a glass of Scio rakie, and began his tale, which was, indeed, one of adventure and woe. But as this narrative was of great length, and the reader in England may not have all the leisure and taste for a "long story" that I had in my Asiatic solitude, I will hastily dispatch the early adventures, and merely let Barba Yorghi tell himself the last and most interesting of them.—He was a native of Chesmé, and the son of respectable Greek parents of the place. His father died when he was about twelve years of age; his mother soon followed, and he was left a helpless orphan. By the assistance of a *charitable relation* he was shipped on board a Turkish *saccolava*, where he was exposed to brutal treatment. In process of time, he rose from cabin-boy to the rank of sailor; and in that capacity visited Smyrna, Scio, and most of the Greek islands. In some of these places he picked up money; but among the famous swimmers and sponge-divers of the islands of Calymna and Stanchio, he improved himself in an acquirement (i. e. swimming) to which he was destined twice to owe his life, and in a rare manner: the first time was in his young days, at Stanchio. Getting into a love scrape, and being pursued by the enraged relatives of the fair islander (by night,) he leaped into the sea, and made for the opposite island of Calymna; swimming farther, and probably faster, *from* his mistress than ever did the enamoured

Leander, of swimming memory, to his. The distance from one island to the other is more than five miles; but having rested on one of the two small islets about midway between them, he reached at last the island of Calymna.

After this important adventure he became more prudent in his love, and (as men will do) more careful of his money. By dint of labour, and economy, he more than once acquired what, in his humble ideas, was wealth,—but as often was he reduced, by misfortune and oppression, to his primitive poverty. At last, however, when he was penniless and almost hopeless, a relation, who in his life-time had never given him any thing but a few *paras**, and a deal of good advice, on dying left him the property he could no longer keep, and which, of the two, he would rather have fall into Yorghı's hands than into the sultan's coffers. Barba Yorghı now became a ship-owner and merchant; and being well to do in the world, soon found a wife at the village of Aya-Paraskevis (close to Chesmé,) who brought an addition to his fortune of a good house and an extensive vineyard. The Greek couple had a daughter—an only child. After describing, in an affecting manner, his boundless affection for the offspring of his old age, the brilliant projects he formed, and the hopes he entertained, poor Yorghı terminated his sad tale thus:—

You shall hear, Sir, how cruelly all these hopes were blighted,—how my proud confidence was humbled to the dust, and how I became the lonely, wretched, besotted old man you now see me.

On a day fatal for us, an affray took place in our village (Aya-Paraskevis, inhabited solely by Greeks,) in which a Turk of some consequence was killed, and two of his attendants wounded. I was absent at the time, shooting partridges with my wife's brother, on the hill of Alacchitta, but when I arrived and heard the fact, I trembled at the certain consequences. It was true the Turk had been killed in an attempt to commit the grossest injury upon a beautiful Greek girl of the village, by her relations, and a young man her lover; and that they who had done the deed, and she who had been the innocent cause, had prudently taken flight. But I too well knew the vindictive spirit of the Turks, the comprehensiveness of Turkish justice, its eagerness on every occasion to effect an *avaniah*, to drain money right or wrong, and to use the advantages of force to the utmost extent. The most, however, that I and my wife apprehended, (and that to us blind, avaricious fools that we were, seemed a mighty evil,) was, that we, from our comparative wealth, should be obliged to contribute largely to the fine to be imposed on the village, for a transaction in which we had no more to do than if we had been living in the sultan's palace at Stamboul.—Oh, God! this would have been nothing—nothing! At a late hour in the evening, a numerous body of furious Turks rushed into the village, discharging their fire-arms in all directions, as is their wont. A pistol-ball penetrated through one of my slight shutters, and struck my Helenizza! my lovely—my innocent—my happy child! who, scarcely comprehending the alarm of her parents, had fallen quietly asleep on a sofa by the window. One shrill shriek, which still rings in my ears,

* Para is the smallest Turkish coin; forty go to a piaster, and a piaster is now less than four-pence English.

and turns my blood to ice, warned us of our unutterable woe! She threw herself off the sofa towards me, and expired at my feet. Oh, Sir, you have never known what is pain if you have not felt the agony, the madness of a fond father! What succeeded around us for some time I have no idea, and, had it not been for the care of our servant and a friend or two who ran into our apartment, we should have expired, lying prostrate by the side of our child, in the flames that had already reached our house from the deserted residence of the fugitives that the Turks had set fire to. When made sensible, I took my darling in my arms, and we went into the garden behind the house; there, on the bare ground, with the cold, pallid, blood-stained corpse on my knees, I sat in mute despair, heedless of the destruction of my property, and of all the horrors committing in the village. Thus passed the night. When the morning dawned, the hour at which, in my happy days, I had been accustomed to arise, and, ere repairing to the business of the day, to kiss my sweet little slumberer—heaven and earth! what a scene did its hateful light disclose! Could it, indeed, be she? my rose, my brilliant floweret—my darling—late so full of life, and now colourless, inanimate as the marble of the fountain! was it possible? Could a morsel of dull lead, scarcely larger than the black pupil of her eye, work such a change as this? could the art of man do so much and so soon? But it was even so—she was dead—dead! and the blood that stained my hands, my face, my bosom, was her life's blood. My brain was bewildered; and when my friends consolingly said, Helenizza would be a saint in heaven, I could not comprehend how her pure, holy spirit could be severed or separated from the pure, angelic form I still clasped in my arms.

In the course of the morning some neighbours came to inform me of the aga's will, and of the sum I was expected to contribute; for even the Turks had not heart to face the wretchedness they had made. I took the money from my casket, which the attention of my servant or friends (and none of mine) had rescued from the fire, and mechanically counted out the pieces. It was a heavy sum, but it cost me not a thought; I could have thrown all that was left to me at my oppressors' feet with the same indifference. We were carried (the remains of my Helenizza, my wife, and myself) to a neighbour's house, ours being a heap of ruins. The women engaged themselves in preparations for the funeral, and at the evening hour, borne down with grief, I staggered after the flower-covered corpse of my child to the grave. As she lay extended on her little bier, by the side of the dark pit, which the priests were sanctifying with prayer and incense, and holy water, the rosy glow of the setting sun flushed over her face; it was so like the glow of infantile health when in repose, that again I could not understand she was sleeping for ever; but they lowered her into the grave, laid the pillow under her head, placed the cross on her breast, and hid my child from my sight. Even then, so near did my state of mind approach to madness, that, had I not been restrained, I would have torn up the cold earth and the hated boards that concealed her, to attempt, if yet the warmth of a father's embrace—a father's heart—could not recall her to light and life. But I afflict you, sir, and will touch lightly on the rest of my sorrows.

The loss of her child and her fortune, and my dissipation and proflusion, for it was only when stupified by wine that I could find peace, and for the remnant of my property I cared nothing, soon sent my wife to her daughter's resting place. I continued to live on in an alternation of drinking and sleeping, for I dared not face the horrors of my solitary room, or lay me down on my lowly couch until the potent wine cup had deluged memory and reflection—had fallen from my unsteady hand; and when sleep, by far the kinder of my two friends, abandoned me, I returned instantly to wine. In this mode of life I persisted, until I had not a *para* left me in the world, and it was only the pressure of want, the gnawings of famine, that aroused me once more to exertion—to the duties and labours of a poor man's life; though several times I would fain have laid myself down to die, even by the painful death of hunger. When I did look about me, to see what I could do, an Ipsariot captain, who had known me many years, suggested that I might embark as a pilot, a post which my long experience in the Archipelago, my acquaintance with all its scattered islands and narrow passages, must certainly qualify me for. A pilot, therefore, I became, and again threaded through the Cyclades, sometimes with fair weather, sometimes with foul; sometimes with a good, friendly captain, who would share his cheering glass with me,—sometimes with a penurious brute, who would set me on shore, with my body shrunk from want of food, and my belly swollen with unwholesome water; with Imperialists, French, English, with Italians, Spaniards, and God knows what other nations. In this way I contrived to live: busy and dangerous occupations, a rapid variety in associates and scenes, and, more than all, the course of time, tempered the poignancy of my afflictions, and having saved a little money, about seven years ago, I thought of returning to this, my native place, to rest awhile in peace,—to breathe my last where my Helenizza had been,—to recommend some kind being to see me laid by her side. With this idea I undertook a voyage (which I intended should be my last) to the Dardanelles. My usual good fortune went with me; we were detained by a Turkish frigate; the Turkish fleet was in want of pilots, and some kind friend mentioned my qualifications in a flattering manner. I was ordered on board the frigate, and, instead of returning to Chesmé, was carried to Constantinople, thence to conduct, where they might list, the tyrants to whom I had so many obligations. But I am wrong, I should not say conduct, as the Turks will hardly ever deign to listen to their pilot. For my part, I do not know what they want with a pilot at all, unless it be to have the pleasure of cutting off his head, when, by their own ignorance, they have run their ship upon a rock. A short time after our arrival at Constantinople, I was transferred to a large ship of the line, which had been laid up for years, but was now destined to go somewhere, and do something, though the *where* and the *what* were not yet decided; and had it not been for the Greek revolution, it might have been long ere she had emerged from the Dardanelles, or my pilot-craft been exercised in any thing but an occasional sail to the Prince's Islands, or some such other trip, to contribute to the splendour and pleasure of a blooming holiday.

You are aware, Sir, that before our revolution, all the *seamen* of the Ottoman navy were Greeks, the Turks confining themselves to the more noble occupation of firing the guns, and despising all the nautical portion of the service, as a thing far beneath them. When the rising of our nation became generally known, many of these sailors fled, as opportunity offered, from the ships of the tyrant to those of their countrymen. The condition of those who could not escape became dreadful; the Turks, though they knew they could not do without their services, were unable to repress their hate and revenge. Whenever intelligence came of any success obtained by our brethren in Greece, the pistol and yataghan were sure to go to work among us. Even in times of no extraordinary excitement I have seen a man cut down by my side, merely because the Turk imagined his features bore an expression of joy or triumph. A word of sympathy in the cause of his country, that might escape a Greek, ensured him instant death. Indeed, no state could well be worse than ours; and what aggravated its bitterness beyond endurance, was, that we were to be made, in the hands of our tyrants, the means of carrying ruin and death to our friends and countrymen. If we turned our eyes towards the shore, there was nothing calculated to console us there. The turbulent populace of the immense capital was burning with the fiercest of passions, and eager for blood and pillage; every day saw some of the noblest or richest of our unhappy caste fall unresisting victims; and the blood of the ministers of our holy religion, even of the venerated head of our church, was shed with remorseless profusion. But, to continue my story.—It was on board of the ship where I, and about a hundred other Greeks, were compelled to serve, that the Captain Pasha embarked early in the year of 1822. Shortly afterwards the strong fleet, that was then all ready, set sail. The first place that the long gathering tempest fell upon was the island of Scio, and every body knows with what violence it fell. The scenes of horror that were played off there, for the space of six weeks, have been made familiar to the world; and, coupled with the more recent destruction of Ipsara, the fall of Scio will long be held as the very perfection of atrocity, beyond which it would be difficult even for fiends to proceed. By day I heard the shrieks of the fleeing, and the curses of the pursuers; the supplicating voices of women, children, and old men, dying away in the short, tremulous cry of death's agony. Day after day I heard the irregular discharge of musketry, with, now and then, the deep roar of artillery; I heard the crash of stately houses, as their marble walls fell to the earth; I saw the smoke extend in dense masses over the fair city, and rise, at intervals, from the pleasant villas and olive groves, from the bright gardens of oranges and citrons, and from the *bosquets* of the favourite mastic.

But by night how fearful was the spectacle! The murderer reposed from his bloody labours; a deathly silence reigned, broken, occasionally, by the loud crackling of the consuming fire, the fall of a building, or the savage cry of some Asiatic sentinel. The flames rose high from tower and grove, lighting up the destruction they were making; they, darted in broad, red masses across the channel that divides the island from the main, and reflected on the black sides and lofty summit of

Cape Karabournou. Then I saw consuming the beautiful city, the fairest, the politest of all the Levant, where, at different periods of my life, I had passed many a happy day; then I saw the ravage of the destructive element among those lovely gardens, the odour of whose fruit trees had so often saluted me across the calm waves, charmed my senses, and given me the pleasant assurance that I was approaching home. Many and many a time, as I have been sailing out of the bay of Smyrna, have I scented, at the distance of miles, the sweet blossoms of the orange tree, the citron, and the almond, that were prodigal of beauty and wealth to the dwellers in the happy island of Scio. What had the marble halls and inoffensive plants done that they should thus be destroyed! One would have thought that the love of possession would have saved them, and that the Turks, contenting themselves with wrenching them from those who had built and planted them, would have stayed the hand of injury, and kept them for their own use and enjoyment. But it is part of their brutal character to delight in destruction; perhaps, they are anxious to efface works they themselves know not how to imitate; they may have considered the symmetric, elegant, comfortable edifices a reproach to their own paltry constructions of lath and mortar: perhaps,—but why speculate on the motives of their barbarity? the fact is,—and alas! how often has it been proved of late years—the Turk ever finishes with fire what he has begun with the sword, and so soon as he has pillaged the money and jewels, and secured such women as may have charms for his brutal lust, or who he imagines will sell well, he hastens to render the scene of his triumph a heap of desolate ruins. To do this in Scio required hard work, and the perverse industry which the Turks displayed to accomplish their purpose was truly astonishing. The houses, being well built of hard stone and marble, with scarcely any wood in them but the doors and window-frames, were very difficult to burn; they had the barbarous constancy of purpose to return to the same building five, ten, or fifteen days, successively, and even after all, the strong outer walls are nearly all yet standing. I except, however, the palace of the Bishop, where the short assemblies of the Greek people were held, and the Greek college, in which, before our troubles, from four to five hundred youths of Scio, and other islands of the Archipelago, were educated; these two edifices were razed to the ground—not a stone was left upon another. It is a sad thing now, Sir, as you must have felt, to walk through that desolate town; to see those smoked, scorched, skeletons of houses that were once so beautiful. When I was there, a few days ago, I walked through street after street and did not meet a human being. I started a covey of partridges in the *Strada de' Primatei*, which I had known so populated and gay. I saw an unowned starved bitch giving suck to her miserable litter in the corner of a marble paved hall, that had belonged to a wealthy merchant, and which I had seen frequented, in other days, by a large and handsome family, and numerous and smiling friends. Sturdy shoots of the wild fig-tree had sprung up within the holy church; the floor was overgrown with nettles, weeds hung from the walls, swarms of insects were seen rushing to their secret holes, and an odious black

snake lay coiled on the very altar stone! I could have wept to see such changes.

Before I proceed to finish my adventures, there is one particular story of the massacre of Scio which I must tell you, because it is not generally known, and because I can answer for its authenticity, having seen the villains before the scowl and flush of anger were off their countenances, and having heard the recital as it fell, without one expression of relenting or remorse, from the lips of the murderers. A party of about a dozen Turks had taken, among other female captives, a young lady of extreme beauty, and could not agree to whose lot she should fall, each being inflamed with a desire of possessing so fair a prize, and determined not to relinquish her to another. After a long and violent altercation they grew furious, and were drawing their arms to fight among themselves, when one of them proposed, that, as they could not all obtain her, nobody should, and that, to prevent further quarrelling, they should shoot her. This being unanimously agreed to, the barbarians went into the room where the poor creature was, already well nigh dead with fear; each of them discharged his pistol at her, and left her a disfigured corse.

I now, Sir, come to the night on which our brave Canaris took his signal vengeance on the Turks for the cruelties they had committed, and were then committing, against us. A terrible night, Sir, it was. When I look back to it, it seems like some horrible dream; such a dream as might visit a guilty soul, when labouring under remorse of conscience, and the dread of everlasting perdition; a vision of the day of judgment; a scene of the deep abyss of unquenchable flame, from which may the Virgin and saints deliver us! The Turkish fleet was lying quietly and unsuspectingly at anchor off Scio, on a fine night, in the month of June; the hour was waxing very late; the coffee-shops on board had ceased to give out the chibouques and cups; the Turks were reposing, huddled together like sheep, on the decks; the Captain Pasha had retired to his splendid cabin, his officers had followed his example; no regular watch being ever kept on board a Turkish man of war. I, and a few Greek lads, still lingered on the upper deck, and, for want of better amusement, were watching the progress of a dark sail, which we saw emerge from the Spalmadore Islands, and bear down the channel in our direction. She came stilly on, approaching us nearer and nearer, and we kept gazing at her, without, however, apprehending any thing, until we saw another sail in sight, and perceived that the vessel we had first made out was hauling up in such a manner as would soon bring her right alongside our lofty three-decker. I then ventured to go below and speak to one of the Turkish officers. This gentleman cursed me for disturbing him, called me a fool, and after speaking disrespectfully of the mother that bore me, grumbled out that they must be merchant vessels from Smyrna, turned himself on his other side, and fell again to sleep. Still the suspicious ship came on nearer and nearer; I spoke to some of the men, who replied much in the same manner as the officer had done, wondering what I had got into my head, to be running about breaking people's rest at such a time of the night. What more could I do?

When I again ascended the quarter deck, the vessel was close astern—within hail. She was a large brig, as black as Satan, but not a soul could I see on board except the man at the helm. Of my own accord, I cried out to them to hold off, or he would be split to pieces against us. No answer was returned, but, favoured by a gentle breeze, on came the brig, silent and sombre as the grave. Whilst fixing my eyes intently on these incomprehensible proceedings, I saw the helmsman leave his post, having secured his tiller hard a-port—the next instant I heard a noise like that made by the manning of oars—then I saw a boat drop astern from under the lee of the brig—and ere I could again draw breath, the brig struck violently against our side, to which (by means I could not then conceive) she became at once attached like a crab, or the many-armed polypus. Before one third of the slumbering Turks were aroused, before a dozen of them had seized their pikes and spars to detach the dangerous neighbour—she exploded!—A discharge—a fire—a shock, like the mighty eruption of some vast volcano, rose from the dark, narrow bosom, and quickly she was scattered in minute fragments, high in the astonished, but placid heavens, wide over the sea, and among our decks and rigging—destroyed herself in the act of destroying, though we could see the hands that had directed and impelled the movement of the dreadful engine pulling fast away in the boat. They might have taken it more coolly, for the Turks had other matters to think of, than pursuing them—our ship was on a blaze—the flames were running like lightning along our rigging, and had seized on so many parts at once, that the confused crew knew not where to direct their attention. The Captain Pasha rushed upon deck like a man who had heard the sound of the last trumpet; he did not, however, lose much time in beating his forehead and tearing his beard; he proceeded with great firmness of mind to give judicious orders, but the fire was too widely spread, and the consternation of the crew too excessive to admit of any good being done. While he gave commands to intercept the flames that were already playing down the main-topmast, he heard the cry from below, that the lower deck was on fire, and numbers of his men rushed by him and leaped into the sea. It was in vain he ran from place to place, attempting by prayers and threats to establish something like a unity and purpose of action—the fellows had lost their reason in their extreme fear.—It was all in vain that he drew forth his splendid purse, and scattered its rich contents before them—what was money to a man who felt that, if he lingered for a minute, he should be sent into the air on the wings of gunpowder! Some of our boats had caught fire; others were lowered, and you will not wonder that these were all swamped or upset by the numbers that rushed into them. Meanwhile the fire spread, and spread—at each instant it might reach the powder magazines—the guns too, that were all double-shotted or crammed with grape, began to be heated; and as the flames flashed over them, already went off at intervals with tremendous roar. The wild shrieks, curses, and phrensiad actions of some of the crew; the speechless despair, and stupid passiveness of others; and the shrill, reckless maniac laugh (for many of them were downright mad), were horrible to witness. People may talk about Mahometan resignation, and the surprising influence of their doctrine of fatalism,

but, for my part, I saw little result from their boasted equanimity or firm-set belief: they seemed to be affected just as other mortals would have been in a similar trying situation, and indeed (with the exception of a few of superior rank among the Turks) the despised Greeks shewed infinitely more firmness and presence of mind than their masters. The far greater part of the latter leaped into the sea without reflecting whether they could swim two miles—or, indeed, whether they could swim at all, (among nearly eight hundred Turks, you may imagine, Sir, what a number of fat fellows there were,) and without calculating the certain havoc to be committed on them in the water by the terrible discharges of the guns. I shall not attempt to vaunt my own courage; I was a worn-out, spirit-broken man—I was going to throw myself overboard, when a Greek, a townsman of mine, as brave and clever a lad as ever lived, caught hold of my arm, and drew me aside. “What! are you mad, like the stupid Turks?” said he in an under-tone of voice; “if you leap into the water now, you will be either drowned in the dying grasp of some heavy Osmanli, or have your brains knocked out by the cannon shot—the ship may not blow up yet awhile; and do you not see, that now as the cables are cut, and the wind is towards shore, we are every moment drifting nearer to the island? Come along, Yorghì!” I followed my adviser to the bow of the ship—here I saw a number of Greeks, hanging on the bowsprit and on the rigging outside of the bows. We took our station with them, awaiting in almost breathless silence the moment when the powder magazine should explode. I should tell you, though, that before I left the deck I saw the Captain Pasha make an attempt to leave the ship, in a boat that had sustained little injury. His attendants succeeded in embarking his treasures and valuables, and he was descending the ship’s side, when a number of frantic Turks leaped into the boat, and down she went, mahmoudiers*, golden coffee-cups, amber pipes, shawls, Turks, and all! It has been generally said that the Captain Pasha was killed in the boat by the fall of part of the ship’s masts; but this, I can assure you, is not correct—he was blown up with the ship. As I was getting over the bows, I saw him through the smoke and flames, standing with his back against the bulwarks, his hands crossed on his breast, and his head raised towards the heavens, which looked pitilessly and on fire; and one of my companions afterwards assured me he saw him in the same position the very moment before the final explosion. Of the explosion itself I can say little, but that it was indeed tremendous.—I remember nothing but a dreadful roar, an astounding shock, a burst of flames that seemed to threaten the conflagration of the globe, and a rain of fiery matter that fell thick, and hissed in the troubled sea like ten thousand serpents. The shock threw *us* nearly all from the bows; some, though not many, were killed by the falling timbers, the rest swam off for shore, from which we were still distant more than a mile. My limbs had no longer the strength and activity that in former times enabled me to swim from Stanchio to Calymna; but, with the assistance of a floating fragment, I did very well, and was among the foremost of the Greeks who reached the little light-house, that stands on Scio’s ancient and ruined mole. On looking back at the wreck, the fore-part of the ship appeared still afloat, and the foremast erect, but they soon parted, and

* Mahmoudier, a coin, value 25 piastres.

the next day nothing was seen of the immense ship, but minute and innumerable fragments scattered on the water and on the shore of the island. Of about nine hundred persons in all, who were on board, only eighty-three escaped, and among these, as far as I could ascertain, *there was not one Turk!* Many unfortunate Greek prisoners or slaves perished with the ship, and among them, three young Sciote children.

My tale is told;—since that dreadful night my adventures have been of a very homely nature. I am now your servant, Sir, and hope the partridges I cooked for you this evening were to your taste.

EVERY MAN'S MASTER.

L'HYGIENE.—FRENCH AND ENGLISH DIETETICS.

THE literature of England and of France has been of late inundated with books on diet, regimen, digestion, and the like. On the one hand we have Abernethy, Hare, Wilson, Philip, Paris, James Johnson, Kitchener, and many more too numerous to particularize: while on the other, we have Meirieu, Simon, Buches, Trelat, Bricheteau, Rostan, Hallé, Hufeland, &c. “A demand,” says the Political Economist, “produces a supply,” just as naturally as hunger leads to eating, and fatigue to sleep. Precisely so it is in this instance. Now, that the desolating and bloody sword of war has been turned into a pruning hook, and the spear into a ploughshare, mankind, directing their energies to achievements not quite so arduous, it is true, but infinitely more delightful, take Professors Gustaldi, Beauvilliers, Jarrin, and Ude, for their guides; and study the divine arts of “*la cuisine, et la glotonnerie*.” What follows? A very speedy production of books without number on all and every thing connected with that capricious and universal organ—the stomach. Thus is the “demand” established, the “supply” is not long withheld.

It is one thing to write a book, and another to read it; or, at all events, to profit by its perusal: and we very much question the utility (of course we mean to the *reader*) of the numerous works that have been recently put forth on the subject of diet. That a physician should write a book—especially if he have some new theory to promulgate, or some useful information to impart,—is both natural and proper: and if he hit upon a popular and *taking* subject, why, as far as he is concerned, *tant mieux!* But it is the duty of us as reviewers—and a very ungracious duty it very often is—to “read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest” their voluminous lucubrations. In this particular case we really feel it a duty to “digest” what we read. Having, therefore, sifted the wheat from the chaff of a large pile of dietetic works, we must repeat, that—with one or two marked exceptions, we do verily suspect—not only the inutility, but, even the injurious effect of these oracles; because, by submitting all edible articles to the vigilant laws of chemistry, we must detect, in almost every substance, some noxious and unwhole-

some quality. When Mr. Accum published his books on the adulteration of food, garnished with that fearful motto—"There is death in the pot!" all the world was frightened at the communication, and regarded the most ordinary compound substances with extreme suspicion—not to say horror. They may now look with an eye equally distrustful and tremulous upon the different species of meat and vegetables; for the cunning hand of chemistry will detect in them some properties—not, indeed, of sophistication—for dame Nature scorns such knavery—but nevertheless prejudicial—that is, *chemically* prejudicial—to the human stomach.

But, in all this close and rigid analysis, one trifling fact has been entirely overlooked; namely—that the human stomach is neither a crucible, nor a copper,—neither a retort, nor a furnace; neither, to speak learnedly *a vas leviter clausum*, nor a *balneum aquosum*, nor a *balneum arenæ*,—but simply and emphatically, as Dr. Hunter used to say—"a stomach, gentlemen,—a stomach."

There is another circumstance, also, which the sagacious dieteticians have neglected to consider: they have placed nothing to the account of the habits and feelings, nor even to the constitution of their readers. But this is wrong, and decidedly unjust. If the hypochondriac—heaven help him!—cannot take food without referring to some popular work on diet, his situation is very similar to that of a child in leading-strings; and his fears will be constantly excited by the danger of transgression. Truly, there hath been much nonsense thrust upon mankind, by these minatory denunciations against feeding; and our habits, feelings, and even our most innocent inclinations, have been exposed to the action of the crucible, and denounced as perilous.

As eating has been so furiously anathematized, so also has drinking, and with the same bigotry, virulence, and indiscrimination. Of course, if taken to excess, fermented liquors, like every thing else, become pernicious; but it shews a sad lack of wisdom to condemn the *use* of meat and drink, because their *abuse* is attended with ill effects. Why should we "act and feel, as if this bountiful world, brilliant in beauty and overflowing in blessings, was a collection of steel-traps and spring guns, set to catch the body, and shoot the soul?" Is it not much better and wiser, to avail ourselves of the many blessings which Providence has placed within our reach, than to set ourselves to work, to detect poison in our meat, and God knows what in our drink?—It savours of learning, doubtless, to do all this, and of the "musty" air of the schools: but, *cui bono*?

"Preach not to me your musty rules,
Ye drones that mould in idle cell;
The heart is wiser than the schools—
The senses always reason well."

Our grandfathers and their progenitors were well convinced that a good cup of "Sherris sack," or muscadine, comforted the heart and aided digestion; and why the same opinion should not influence us, we must leave to the chemists to decide.

Now, as far as we can see, they do not do these things a whit better in France; and this brings us to the immediate consideration of the works before us.

The reader will have already observed, that the "Résumé" placed at the head of this article, is a volume of one of those "Encyclopédies," for which the French are so celebrated. In the *traité* now by our side, there is a complete *Code Hygiénique*—from infancy to "the last sad scene of all;"—and the book does not contain so many as 270 32mo. pages. There are, also, at the end, a "Biographie des Médecins les plus célèbres qui ont écrit sur l'Hygiène," and a short "Bibliographie Hygiénique, ou Catalogue Raisonné des meilleurs ouvrages écrits sur l'Hygiène," besides a very correct and rather minute index; and all for 3 fr. 50 c.; or about three shillings!

It is not necessary that we should enter into any discussion upon the relative merits of the works of the several authors to whom we have alluded: we shall content ourselves with presenting to the reader the concentrated result of our lucubrations; and, by taking the "Résumé complet d'Hygiène Privée" for our guide, we shall be enabled to perform our task perhaps with interest and satisfaction.

Our Gallic neighbours always "begin at the beginning;" and we consequently find, that not content with embodying a complete code of "règles hygiéniques," they first of all briefly explain the peculiarities of the different stages, or "epochs*" of existence; then those of the sexes; proceeding with those of constitution, habit, profession, climate and seasons; concluding with those of hereditary predisposition; all of which are treated in so familiar a style, that "he who runs may read." The whole is preceded by an "Introduction Historique," which is particularly neat, unaffected, and satisfactory. It embraces a brief, but comprehensive view of the various modes which the legislators of the ancient world, of the Persians, the Egyptians, the Hebrews, the Grecians, the Spartans, and the Romans, adopted to contribute to the health and comfort of the people. It insists, also, upon the many advantages which must necessarily accrue from an implicit obedience to such reasonable and wholesome laws; and concludes by enumerating the several illustrious philosophers who have deemed their time and talent not mis-spent in the inculcation of such doctrines, as well as in the strict and scientific examination of the principles upon which these doctrines are founded. Then follows a short description of the plan of the work, and then of the different compartments of the work itself, which we shall now proceed to consider.

We shall pass over "Les notions générales," &c., and come at once to "Les Fonctions de Nutrition," which comprise a greater variety of subjects than would, *à priori*, appear probable. Following the plan of our "Résumé," we notice, in the first place, the articles

* Their division consists, and very sensibly so, of only five epochs, namely, infancy, youth, puberty, adolescence, or manhood, and old age; while that of the ancients was amplified into seven: *infantia*, *pueritia*, *adolescencia*, *juventus*, *virilis ætas*, *senectus*, et *decrepita ætas*. These were regulated by the septenary principle of calculation; a circumstance that bears ample proof of the close and diligent observation of these "old philosophers." The evolutions of the human body, if we regard them carefully, are considerably influenced by these septenary principles: for instance,—we renew our teeth in the seventh year, we arrive at puberty at fourteen, and at full stature at twenty-one. We could go on to the end of the chapter, but it is not necessary.

"des Boissons;" and "des boissons" are very properly defined as "liquides alimentaires destinées à étancher la soif." Among the best and most salutary of these "liquides alimentaires," *l'eau* is, of course, pre-eminent. It is a universal solvent, which dilutes the contents of the stomach, "et les dispose singulièrement à la digestion." But it is by no means a simple body: there are hydrogen and oxygen conjointly to contend with; and calcareous and other saline matter, with chalybeate, and divers other sophistications, not to mention certain prolific *animalculæ*. We shall go farther than this, and observe how assiduously human art has improved the flavour and quality of this "dissolvant universel;" and adduce, as an example, the preparations of tea and coffee. Such of our readers as imagine these luxuries to be merely toothsome delicacies, are marvellously mistaken; let them not imagine, particularly those who are of the *genus irritabile*, that while they are sipping their tea, or drinking their coffee, they are quenching their thirst, or adding innocently to their enjoyments: no such thing. "Le café et le thé sont généralement nuisibles aux individus irritables, à ceux qui ont le système nerveux très-développé, qui sont d'un tempérament bilieux ou sanguin, qui mènent une vie oisive, et sont en proie à quelque affection chronique."

To counteract the pernicious effects of these luxuries, we have, in the true French style, compositions of citron, oranges, lemons, gooseberries, "ou quelquefois on y ajoute du vinaigre." These potables are perfectly sedative, contribute more certainly to the quenching of thirst than other potables, "et sont très-convenables en été." Lemonade, l'orgeat, emulsions, with "tisans" of sugar and honey, complete these salutary compounds, and constitute, to our Gallic neighbours, a perfect pharmacopœia of unerring remedies. Sugar and water merely, we would add, are highly esteemed by the French, as considerably aiding digestion and quenching the thirst, by increasing "la sécrétion muqueuse de l'estomac."

The abuse of fermented liquors is briefly and pithily pointed out; and above all are they explained to be particularly prejudicial to what the French ladies have so much cause to be proud of, namely, their teeth. But we must pause here, and offer a few remarks of our own on the *use*, as well as *abuse* of fermented liquors.

Many people are aware that Mr. Basil Montague has written a huge octavo volume on this important subject, which volume is entitled "Some Enquiries into the Effects of Fermented Liquors. By a Water Drinker." Much as we admire that gentleman's talent as a lawyer, and greatly as we esteem him as an individual, who fulfils every duty of existence with courtesy, kindness, and diligence, still we must say, that the book in question is as full of absurdities as any book well can be. It is replete with self-sufficiency, false reasoning, and mandlin squeamishness; and fit only for the perusal of those gentle "goodies," who, assuming the title of Pythagoreans, eschew "flesh meat," and feed wholly upon vegetables. To debar us of wine, rosy—sparkling—generous wine, which was expressly bestowed upon us to make our hearts glad, and to chase from our care-worn brows the sullen marks of sorrow!—there is rank impiety in the very notion

of such a monstrous proceeding. Yet has this "water-drinker" written four hundred long octavo pages, which are crammed with illustrations of the pernicious results of the effects "of fermented liquors." Of the *effects* did we say? No such thing; nor of the *use* either; but of the *abuse*—the gross, palpable, abominable abuse. We could tell Mr. Montagué, and his disciples, that if he and they drink too much water, abusing thereby, instead of using, that palatable potion, they will most assuredly experience very ill effects for their imprudence; we will not take upon ourselves to affirm that they may not, eventually, become absolutely dissolved "into thin air," by an unlimited use of this "dissolvant universel." There is not in any one subject so much cant as there is in that of eating and drinking. If you eat this thing, quoth one learned Theban, you commit wilful murder; if you drink that, quoth Sir Peter Prescript, you pour poison into your very vitals. Really this is great nonsense. The books at the Custom-House would shew that an ocean of wine is annually consumed in this blessed kingdom of ours; and look at the brewers' lists every year touching the consumption of ale and porter. And why not? We see no earthly reason why the rich man should not warm his heart with wine, nor the poor man obtain a drop of comfort from a can of stingo. Dr. Whitaker, one of Charles the Second's physicians, wrote a very learned book, entitled the "The Blood of the Grape," in which he proves, beyond all dispute, the various excellent virtues of wine. "That wine (says he) is a medicine, and under such a notion apprehended, the practice of Avicenna, Rhasis, and Averroes, justifies; when themselves used twice every month to move their bodies with the same, either *sursum* vel *deorsum*, or both. (In plain English—they got drunk.) And if my own observations may be acceptable, then I cannot conceal such powerful effects, as myself hath felt, and seen in others:—*scil.* consumptive and extenuate bodies restored to a sarcosity; and from withered bodies, to fresh, plump, fat, and fleshy; and from old and infirm to young and strong; whereas, water and small-beer drinkers " (hear this, ye Pythagoreans, and hide your bloodless faces!) " were countenanced more like apes than men. And if"—concludes this hearty veteran—" I had no other reason but my own experience, it were enough to engage my faith concerning its excellence."

The water-drinkers have quoted the ancients in proof of the terrible and destructive effects of wine, much in the same way as a certain old gentleman, who shall be nameless, has been accused of quoting Scripture to answer his own wicked purposes. Now, neither Hippocrates, nor Galen, (*malgré* the assertions of the "Water-drinker" and his friends,) nor Averroes, nor Rhasis, nor Rufus, nor Avicenna, nor Asclepiades, nor Diogenes (the cynic), nor Cato, nor Pliny, nor Horace, nor Homer, nor, in short, any sensible man living, or who ever has lived, has ever interdicted the use of wine, or consigned its consumers to everlasting perdition. Tout au contraire! for Hippocrates expressly commends its use—the weak kinds in summer, and the more potent in winter*; and Galen is equally strenuous

* We cannot, just at this moment, place our hand upon the particular passage to which the text refers; but another, equally valuable, has just presented itself to

in its praise, while we have already seen to what beneficial purposes others of the wise men, whom we have mentioned, were wont to appropriate it. Were we to descend to modern times, we could produce a multitude of individuals who advocate the use of wine,—if not with the heartiness, at least, with the eloquence of their predecessors ;—but it is needless to proceed farther in this matter ; and we shall, consequently, content ourselves with offering a few serious remarks on the absurdity of that doctrine which forbids the indulgence of even a temperate potation.

We believe that no really sensible person will deny the utility—if not the actual necessity—of a certain degree of stimulus, under certain circumstances of human existence. Those whose employments are particularly laborious, and those who are much exposed to the changes of the atmosphere, require an absolute stimulus over and above that of the food which they eat. It is great nonsense to affirm, that “two ounces of flesh-meat, well digested, beget a greater stock of more durable and useful spirits than ten times as much strong liquors, which nothing but luxury and concupiscence makes (*make*) necessary.” This passage is quoted with great glee from Dr. Cheyne, by the “Water-drinker” already alluded to ; and it affords a striking example of the bad and false reasoning of these squeamish old gentlemen. Now, *ten times* two ounces would, according to the received rules of arithmetic, just make twenty ounces, and twenty ounces of “strong liquors”—of course the learned Doctor means *spirits*,—would be a pint and a quarter,—a sufficient dose, we have every reason to believe, to blow any man's brains out. But suppose we take the *same* quantity of “strong liquors,” or even double it, what will be the consequence then ? Why, that the “spirits” of the consumer will become both “useful” and “durable ;” and he will follow his occupation with increased vigour and activity. What would our gallant tars, and our brave indomitable soldiers have done without their grog ? What would they do now without it ? Will the “Water-drinker” and his Pythagorean followers please to inform us ? We have no fear for their answer : it is already written in the annals of our country.

Dr. Franklin, who was esteemed a perfect model for the imitation of all liberal water-drinkers, was a violent opposer of all social comfort. He inculcated the fact, that a twopenny loaf contained more actual nutriment—meaning, we suppose, more actual *grain*—than three times that worth of beer ; intending to say, that a twopenny loaf would be much better for a working man than sixpenny-worth of porter or ale. In proof of this, he adduces some observations respecting the horse, from Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, implying that the sinewy strength of that noble animal is sufficiently preserved by a draught of water and a mouthful of hay. Now, this again is all twaddle. Dr. Franklin, we presume, preferred no pretensions to a

our recollection : Οἶνος ἴσος ἥσω πινόμενος λυσιτελεῖ τον νόσον. Thus saith Hippocrates ; while Galen, who has been represented almost as the prototype of the celebrated Sangrado, is yet more warm in its praise. He says, that it affords more nourishment than any thing else ; that it increases radical moisture, and prolongs life. He also affirms Τοῦ ὕδατος Οἶνος βελτιων, τα πάντα and we cordially agree with him.

knowledge of physiology, or of the more minute details of comparative anatomy; but Dr. Rush had no right to creep out by such a flimsy loop-hole. He, at least, ought to have known something about the mode in which digestion is performed in the *mammalia*, and in the other large animals. What precious nonsense, then, is his eulogy of the horse! "Look at the horse," he exclaims, "with every muscle of his body swelled from morning till night in the plough, or the team,—does *he* make signs for spirits to enable him to cleave the earth (!) or to climb a hill? No; he requires nothing but cool water and substantial food." This assumption is founded upon premises decidedly erroneous. To enable a hard-working horse to go through his toil with spirit, and to keep him, at the same time, in condition, he must have corn, or some other article subject to *fermentation*. The horse, as well as other animals of this class, has a very capacious digestive apparatus, and one probably adapted to the production of fermentation; so that, in truth, corn is a powerful fermented stimulus to the beast. We do not mean to affirm that the horse can digest corn into whiskey, or even into ale; but we see no reason to doubt,—building our opinion upon our knowledge of his anatomy,—the capability which he possesses of *fermenting* his food, and of transforming it into a source of pleasurable excitation. Let us, therefore, discard the sickening cant of the temperance of the horse; and let us more reasonably believe that Providence, in its goodness, has not denied to so useful an animal some slight gratification, as a reward for the precious benefits which it confers upon mankind.

Let not our readers imagine that, because we have thus eulogized wine, we intend to advocate an unlimited indulgence in its fascination. Far from it: all that we contend for is a moderate, and not an intemperate, use of the comforts which it is calculated to dispense. Let us then assume, as a settled point, that stimulus, in a certain degree, and under certain restrictions, is necessary to sustain the strength and invigorate the frame of the toiling man; the best proof of which are the comfort and energy which it imparts to the consumer: but, if this necessary stimulus be exceeded, then it is abused, and every superfluous mouthful becomes poisonous in its ultimate effect. We will here just trace the succeeding gradations of an intemperate potation. The first physical effect which is produced is upon the internal vascular coat of the stomach, as we may learn from the warmth which is evident to our sensation. By repeating the draught, the heart sympathises with the stomach, and we increase the circulation of the blood, which seems, as it were, to dance through the veins; the pulse becomes quick, and somewhat enlarged; the eyes sparkle; the imagination is quickened; and, in short, the whole frame is brim-full of excitement, as is sufficiently obvious in every word, look, and action. If the matter end here, well and good, if it be not too frequently repeated: for it is an established rule in the animal economy, that excitement, long sustained, or frequently repeated, will, sooner or later, inevitably wear out the machine; and, in proportion to the degree and duration of such excitement, will be the subsequent lassitude and debility. This fact, indeed, will serve to explain nearly all the moral and physical causes of disease: it is, in truth, an excess of

action of either the mental or corporeal functions, which tends to produce all those varied ills "flesh is heir to." "In medio tutissimus ibis" is a safe rule in more senses than that to which the Roman bard intended it should apply; and no person is more frequently reminded of its extreme utility and justness than the physician.

We will suppose, then, that the potation goes on; and we shall find that a new effect is very speedily produced. The brain, and the nerves which arise from it, oppressed by the load of blood thrown up into the head, as well as by the forcible and rapid pulsation of the arteries, become, in a degree, paralyzed; the tongue moves with difficulty, and loses the power of distinct articulation; the limbs become enfeebled and unsteady; the mind is partially deranged, being either worked up into fury, or reduced to ridiculous puerility; and if the stimulus be pushed even further than this, absolute insensibility ensues, accompanied with vomiting, and apparent lifelessness. Such is a brief view of the physical progress of a debauch; and to prove our conviction of the extreme culpability of this abuse, we shall briefly trace its ill effect upon the more important parts, which are subjected to its baneful influence.

As the stomach is the immediate receptacle of this stimulating fluid, it is the first organ which becomes affected by its virulence. Nausea, flatulence, heart-burn, with all the usual and most prominent symptoms of indigestion occur, more especially loss of appetite; the food taken by a confirmed sot being scarcely sufficient, apparently, to sustain life. The liver, with the other glands of the body, subservient to digestion, sympathizes in the derangement. The brain, also, participates in the injury sustained by the other parts; and there is either a constant head-ache, or a dizzy, muzzy, disagreeable sensation, inducing a strong desire to dose, and rendering the individual heavy, dull, and listless. A sure symptom of this effect upon the brain, and unerring characteristic of the condition of the patient, is a partial paralysis of the upper eye-lid, imparting to the eye an appearance of sleepiness. These structural derangements may go on increasing for some time, without proving fatal;—the termination, of course, depending upon the strength and stamina of the devotee. Very often, however, some serious affection of the liver or brain will occur, which, by its extent and intensity, will destroy life very rapidly. It is a common thing for persons addicted to drinking to die suddenly from apoplexy.

No one, after what we have said, can accuse us of advocating, nor even of countenancing, the twaddling propensities of the modern Pythagoreans; but we must, nevertheless, be allowed to reprobate the excessive use, or rather the abuse, of fermented liquors. Although wine was invented, and its use allowed "to make glad the heart of man;" and, although a moderate and prudent indulgence in it can never excite reprehension or cause mischief, still the sin of drunkenness is a withering and a filthy evil. Not only does it demoralize, debase, and finally destroy its unhappy victim, but it renders him incapable of performing the ordinary duties of his station, whatever that station may be, and constitutes him an object of disgust to others, and of pitiable misery to himself. It is well to talk of the Bacchanalian orgies

of talented men, and call them hilarity and glee,—to gloss over their foibles and vices, and place them to the account—not of indiscretion, but of venial weakness, and even simplicity of heart. The flashes of wit “that were wont to set the table in a roar,” the brilliancy of genius, that casts a charm even over sin and folly, the rank and fame of the gifted individual, increase, no doubt, the fascination of his failings;—but, however bright, startling, and even admirable may be the coruscations of his talent, while under the influence of wine, no sooner does the stimulus of the potation subside than the most brilliant mind is enfeebled, the sturdiest frame debilitated; and he, who but a few hours before was the idol of his companions, has degenerated into the tottering, imbecile, nervous, miserable sot. But this is a repulsive and disgusting subject, and we will not dwell any longer upon it.

Having thus temperately advocated the use of fermented liquors, and explained the evil consequences of their abuse, it is right that we should now point out the various chemical properties of the different species in common use. We shall avail ourselves, therefore, of all the information we can collect upon the subject, that our readers may see at one glance how far they are likely to be affected by the beverage which they are ordinarily accustomed to drink.

Of all fermented liquors, that brewed from malt and hops is the most wholesome and nutritious. Its principal component parts are sugar, mucilage, water, alcohol, a small portion of carbonic acid, and of sulphate of lime, with a slight tonic, astringent, aromatic, and narcotic property from the hops. Now it will be seen, that the majority of these ingredients are highly salutary; and as the others exist only in a small proportion, they cannot detract from or neutralize their good effects. The chemists tell us—and they tell us truly—that the London ale is a horrid and narcotic compound; but there are two or three honest men in the metropolis, who sell genuine Kennet, Nottingham, and Scotch ale, from whom it is easy to procure it unmixed and perfectly pure; and where individuals are prevented from brewing their own beer, they cannot do better than procure some of the genuine article to which we have alluded*. Porter (we are speaking, it must be remembered, of genuine articles) is brewed in the same way as ale, with the exception of the malt being burnt, which imparts to that beverage its peculiar taste and colour. That “sophistications vile” are perpetrated, there is no doubt; but we believe that the adulteration is most frequently practised *after* the beer has left the brewery. Indeed, we have reason to know that some very pernicious preparations are often added to it by the retailer, amongst which, green copperas (*sulphate of iron*) is not the most virulent. If malt liquor should contain too much acid, it may be easily neutralized by the addition of any mild alkali, as the carbonates of soda or potass.

Ale and porter appear to belong almost exclusively to this country—in their full perfection they are undoubtedly indigenous. The natives

* The best Kennet ale is to be had at Sherwood's in Vine Street, Piccadilly, or at Chapman's, in Wardour Street: both of these dealers have it direct from Kennet. Normington, near Fitzroy square, has, to use his own words, “a depot for the best Scotch Ale in the world.”

of Flanders have a thick, heavy, and glutinous compound, which *they* call ale; but it will bear no comparison to the invigorating beverage, which is quaffed here. Speaking of our malt liquor, one of the writers whom we have mentioned, says: "La bière légère élanche très-bien la soif.... Cette boisson est nourrissante, surtout quand elle est forte, comme le porter et l'ale ou ale d'Angleterre et d'Ecosse;" but he confesses that our stingo is very apt to play the devil with his countrymen, who are not accustomed to any thing half so potent. "En somme," he concludes, however, "la bière peu forte, ou légèrement étendue d'eau, est une boisson fort salutaire, très propre à rafraîchir, et à faciliter la digestion*."

But Wine is the beverage which chiefly demands our attention, no less for its variety, than from its almost universal potation. We shall only imitate our French Exemplars, if we begin by telling our readers, that wines consist of two distinguishing characteristics—red and white, the former being made from the grape with its husk unremoved, the latter from the juice only: so that the colouring matter is nothing more nor less than a dye from the skin of the grape, with all its astringent bitterness.* "The numerous varieties of wine," says Dr. Andrew Duncan, "depend principally on the proportion of sugar contained in the must, and the manner of its fermentation. When the proportion of sugar is sufficient, and the fermentation complete, the wine is perfect and generous. If the quantity of sugar be too large, part of it remains undecomposed, as the fermentation is languid, and the wine is sweet and luscious; if, on the contrary, it be too small, the wine is thin and weak; and if it be bottled before the fermentation be completed, it will proceed slowly in the bottle, and, on drawing the cork, the wine will sparkle in the glass, as, for example, in Champagne. When the must is separated from the husk of the grape, before it is fermented, the wine has little or no colour: these are called white wines. If, on the contrary, the husks are allowed to remain in the must, while the fermentation is going on, the alcohol dissolves the colouring matter of the husks, and the wine is coloured: such are called red wines. Besides in these principal circumstances, wines vary much in flavour."

It is an object to every wine-drinker to obtain good wine, and the means of doing so are simple enough. Go to a good merchant, and pay a good price. "If you are particular about the *quality* of your wine," says Dr. Kitchener, "the less you ask about the price or the measure of it, the better—if you are not, bargain as hard as you please. With this caution, and with another, which is, not to keep wine *too long*†, the most fastidious wine-bibber may be pleased."

Our attention is now directed to those articles of food, which con-

* Précis Élémentaire d'Hygiène. Par MM. Buchez et Trelat, &c. &c. p. 167.

† The rage for superannuated wine is one of the most ridiculous, vulgar errors of modern epicurism. "The bee's wing," "thick crust," loss of strength, &c., which wine-fanciers consider the beauty of their tawny favourite, "fine old Port," are forbidding manifestations of decomposition, and of the departure of some of the best qualities of the wine.—Kitchener. Wines bottled in good order, may be fit to drink in six months, (especially if bottled in October,) but they are not in perfection before twelve. From that to two years they may continue so; but it would be improper to keep them longer. *Encyclop. Britan.*, vol. xviii., *sub voce* "Wine."

stitute the *edible* portion of our diet; and as we do not intend to be very learned on the subject, we shall take for our guide that portion of the "*Encyclopédie Portative*," which is devoted to the consideration of the "*Effets des alimens considérés d'une manière générale*;" reserving to ourselves the privilege of introducing such illustrations from other authors, as may tend more clearly to elucidate our subject.

In the first place we must observe, that the object of eating is not, exclusively, the satisfying of the appetite. It is true, that the sensation of hunger admonishes us, and, indeed, impels us, to supply those wants, which the machine, by the due performance of its several functions, demands; and that the abatement of this sensation betokens that such want has been supplied. So far, the satisfying of the appetite is a matter of consideration; but a prudent person will take proper cognizance of the mode in which the appetite is best satisfied; that is, he will observe how the frame is best nourished, the appetite being fully satisfied at the same time: for this ought to be the chief object of feeding. There is much truth in the homely adage, that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison;" and a person who has been *musselled**, will, if he wishes to enjoy his health, rigidly eschew that piscatory poison. So, also, will an individual, with a bilious and dyspeptic habit, avoid fat pork, and other delicacies of a like nature; he will not, from a similar feeling, indulge in vegetables, however greatly he may feel disposed to do so. Captain Barclay, who was a clever fellow in his way, informs us, in his *Art of Training*, that our health, vigour, and activity—to which he might have added our comfort—must depend upon our diet and exercise.

Every thing that we eat or drink becomes in some measure, and to a certain extent, incorporated with our frames; and in a manner so subtle and perfect, that it behoves us to be especially careful how we feed ourselves—careful as to the quantity as well as to the quality of our food. It is extremely unwise to distend the stomach at any time; for it is a rule in the animal economy, that if any of the muscular cavities of the body, as the stomach, the heart, the bowels, &c., be too much stretched, their tonicity is weakened, and their powers impaired. This, by the way, is an old doctrine, and the principle of Mr. Abernethy's plan of treatment is founded upon it. Dr. Bailey wrote a judicious tract on the *Preservation of the Eye-sight*, (16mo. 1673) remarks, that "it is holden better to drink oft and small draughts at meat, than seldom and great draughts, for so meat and drink will better mingle." This swilling of the stomach is certainly

* We frequently hear very terrible and awful accounts of people being *musselled*; and it is generally supposed that the mischief is produced by some specifically poisonous quality in the fish. We have seen many cases, but we cannot discover any thing confirmative of this popular opinion. In some instances, only one of a family has been affected, while all have partaken of the *same* mussels. We have known precisely the *same* symptoms produced by pork, salt beef, lobsters, and other shell-fish; and can attribute them to nothing more than an aggravated state of indigestion, dependent upon a certain deranged condition of the patient's stomach. The medical reader will find a very able paper upon this interesting subject in the "*Transactions of the Associated Apothecaries of England and Wales*," a work abounding in sound, practical information. The paper alluded to, was communicated, we believe, by the late Mr. Haden, a gentleman of very great talent and experience.

a great evil, especially with an acrid or a stimulant fluid. It is the quantity more than the quality of the tea, which so frequently debilitates the stomach, not but that strong green tea possesses a sedative virtue, and that to a considerable extent; but when the stomach is distended with a pint or more of fluid, its functions are oppressed, and a debility of its tone or of its elasticity ensues*. We may observe *en passant*, that a habit which "reading men" at college, and elsewhere, so freely indulge in—that, namely, of drinking inordinate quantities of tea, for the purpose of keeping their faculties vigilant, is a most mischievous one. The combined evils arising from thus trifling with and teasing the stomach, and, at the same time, from leading very studious and sedentary lives, derange the health of the students, and frequently lay the foundation of the most obstinate nervous affections.

A question here presents itself, which we ought not to pass by. Is it prejudicial to health to drink at all when we are eating? Mr. Abernethy's interdiction will immediately occur to our readers; and as the *rationale* of that talented philosopher has been greatly misconceived, and, consequently, very vehemently abused, we shall enter a little into its discussion. We need hardly inform our readers, that digestion is a compound action, depending upon the muscular action of the stomach, upon a proper degree of warmth, and, lastly and principally, upon the specific operations of the gastric juice. You may reduce any article of food to a pulp by exposing it to the simple process of maceration in a certain temperature; but digestion is not maceration; and without a due and wholesome supply of gastric juice, that important change could not be effected in the food, which renders it fit for amalgamation with the blood. Now, we think it stands fairly to reason, that in a stomach, the powers of which are impaired, no matter in what way, or by what cause, it is a grand point for the invalid to contribute as much as possible to the renovation of those impaired powers. The gastric juice, we have just seen, is the menstruum which effects digestion; and in nine cases out of ten,—indeed, we may say, in every individual case of dyspepsia, the malady and all its miseries depend upon a bad or imperfect supply of this salutary fluid. Reasoning upon this fact, Mr. Abernethy, with his accustomed acumen, concluded, that any dilution of a fluid, already vitiated or scanty, would necessarily detract from its virtues; and, therefore, he forbade the patient to take any drink, until the gastric juice had begun to act upon the food. Of course this applies only to a weak and deranged stomach; but we think, in this instance, that Mr. Abernethy is rather too strongly bigoted to his system, and we will briefly explain why we think so.

The gastric juice is supplied by numerous minute vessels, which are profusely distributed on the inner lining of the stomach; and as soon as the organ is stimulated by the introduction of food, the vessels are set into action, so as to pour out their contents. This being the case, we cannot see why, when the stomach is debilitated, some gentle

* Blumenbach, in his *Physiology*, informs us that the human stomach of the adult is capable of containing about three quarts of fluid. We presume that the measurement was made after death, as no *living* stomach could possibly endure such cramming.

stimulus—over and above that of the food—should not be administered, to excite the stomach into more energetic action, and to produce a more copious supply of gastric juice. A glass or two of white wine could not, therefore, prove pernicious; instead of diluting the secretion of the stomach, it would add both to its quantity and quality. Let us, then, take the middle path; and while we sincerely deprecate dilution, let us not wholly abjure a gentle stimulus.

To return, however, to our subject, Under ordinary circumstances the consideration of diet might be rendered very simple, if people would but make it so. "The best general rule for diet, that I can write," says Dr. Kitchener, who, amongst a vast quantity of trash and nonsense, has contrived to dove-tail now and then a sensible remark, "is to eat and drink only of such foods—at such times—and in such quantities—as experience has convinced you agree with your constitution;—and absolutely to avoid all other*." After all, "*temperantia medicina optima est*;" and we should bear in mind a quaint apophthegm in "*Lacon*," namely, that "the excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age; payable with interest, about twenty years after date." All excess must be bad, not only in its immediate effect, but in its ultimate consequence; and we most cordially agree with the authors of "*L'Encyclopédie Portative*," when they observe, "*Si les aliments sont pris en quantité modérée, c'est-à-dire, si l'individu ne va jamais jusqu'à la satiété, ils accomplissent parfaitement leur but, sans que leur ingestion dans l'estomac et leur passage dans les voies circulatoires déterminent ni malaise, ni accablement, ni fatigue, ni agitation.*"

[To be concluded in our next.]

AMERICAN CRITICISM.

It was well said by Dr. Johnson, that "the chief glory of a people is its authors." It is in its literature, more than in anything else, that the mind of a nation expresses itself; it is there we have that mind in its most spiritualized essence and highest power; and it is there that it is enshrined, both most enduringly and so as to cast most diffusively abroad, and to send deepest into many hearts, whatever of splendour or beauty may belong to it. If there be any meaning in the term, a nation or people—if it denote anything more than merely a local fragment of the earth's population, so many miles long and so many broad, like the rectangular kingdoms and principalities established by the Congress of Vienna, in which souls were split into halves and quarters, according as they happened to lie under the unrelenting shadow of the dictator's sword,—every people must have its own character just as every individual has—and this character will evidence itself, and may be read throughout the whole part which it plays in the drama of the world's history. It has often been asked,

* *The Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life*.—4th. Ed. p. 33.

whether or no the particular form of a nation's social institutions necessarily exerts any influence over the cast and quality of its literature—and many ingenious theories have been excogitated to determine the principles according to which the one of these things acts upon the other, and the nature and amount of the effect with which it operates. Now it is undoubtedly true that, in so far as the government established in any particular country is the result of what we may call accidental causes, or, in other words, has owed its origin, or the fashion it has taken, not to the free and natural working of the national spirit, but to events in the production of which the nation had little or no share; such as a conquest by the overwhelming numbers of a foreign host, or the usurpation of a dexterous or fortunate adventurer in a moment of civil confusion, that, which has forced everything else, will, in some degree, force the growth and direction of literature also, and the works that are produced will shew that the very intellect of the people has been enslaved. Thus, in our own history, we should mention the unfortunate circumstances which attended the Restoration—the tide of foreign frivolity, which was brought in upon us by the habits and connexions of the new court, and that position of things at home which gave to the tastes and example of the court so lamentable an ascendancy in the country—as accidental influences, not springing at all out of the soil of the English mind, but operating upon it, which for a time changed altogether the old character of its produce of every description, and cast a blight upon our literature especially, which it felt for considerably more than a century, if it may be deemed to have even yet entirely recovered from it. But these are, after all, and at the most, but temporary elements of disturbance, the fact of the occasional intrusion of which does not affect the general truth, that a people's government and institutions, being themselves the growth and manifestation of its moral and intellectual character, not less than its literature, the origin of whatever at least is fundamental and constituent in the latter is not to be sought in the former, but in that common parent of which both are equally the offspring. It is only the national mind shooting forth at the same time in two different directions—the light giving itself out in diverging rays, which, however far separated at the one extremity, are united in a single point at the other. Not that the two emanations may not also give and receive from one another; but it is not this process of mutual reflection that confers its being and character upon either. Each is, in all material respects, an independent derivation—only influencing and influenced by the other in the degree in which any two elements will naturally act, and be acted on, when operating in combination.

It were an inquiry worth the attention of philosophy to review, with reference to this consideration, the principal nations both of antiquity and of modern times, and to compare together their literature on the one hand, with their social institutions and civil history on the other. Such an investigation, if rightly conducted, might fairly be expected to throw not a little of new light on the real character of each of the different races and communities that have figured in the tale of human affairs, and thereby to let us into a more intimate acquaintance with

that of which common history tells us so little, or so little that we can rely upon—the spirit and actuating principle of each scene of the mighty drama. The history of nations would then no longer present us with merely a confusing succession of unconnected exhibitions, the movers in which seem to us to be often as little under the control of any intelligible system in shifting their positions, as so many clouds of dust blown about by the winds;—but we should discern throughout the whole an order and harmony, if not so luminous and susceptible of precise assignment as that of the mechanism of the heavens, at least equal to what we find in every tolerably-constructed moral fiction. In writing the history even of any single people, surely but little is done if there be no effort made to discover, and keep constantly in view, the true elements of its genius and character; and yet how seldom is this attempted or thought of?—this, which it would seem strange to neglect in the Biography of an individual, and unpardonable in the case of the humblest personage introduced to utter three sentences in a novel? A history of any nation, which does not develop the character of that nation, is really not its history at all. Such a work may, and generally does, contain in it a multitude of histories of the more conspicuous individuals who have at different times arisen in the nation; but of the nation itself it is not a history, but a chronology. Is the history of a people to be told in the same way as would be that of Trajan's Pillar or Cleopatra's Needle?

Perhaps the country that, more than any other, engages the attention of mankind in our day, is the United States of America. We do not say that the people of this country are, either on account of their character or their actual achievements, the most interesting on the face of the globe; but in their accidental position they unquestionably are. If we thought, as many do, that they had already completed their grand experiment in government and social regeneration, we should scarcely perhaps say this; but regarding them, as we do, as still on their trial before the world and in the midst of their voyage onward to a mighty fulfilment, or a still mightier failure, we cannot but feel them to be placed as no other nation is for drawing to them the gaze of a liberal and philosophical curiosity. The subject of the hopes and fears that may be felt with regard to them is, in its general scope, greatly too wide a one for us even to enter upon here; but we may possibly take a future opportunity of hazarding a few remarks upon it, when we can give it our undivided attention. In the mean time we have a very few words to say on a sample of the popular literature of our transatlantic brethren, which now lies before us—'The North American Review,' which we noticed, with other American periodicals, in our Number for September last. The last number that has appeared of this work is the sixty-second, dated January in the present year.

The first article in the present number, and perhaps the one of greatest pretension which it contains, purports to be a review of Mr. Hunt's late work on Lord Byron, which, however, the writer dismisses in a single introductory paragraph, devoting the remainder of his space to a dissertation on the Decline of Poetry, of which he is pleased to say Mr. Hunt's name and writings, by a very easy and natural as-

sociation, remind him. This article is not an unfavourable specimen of that tranchant style of criticism which a few years ago used to be so fashionable among ourselves, but which, we are happy to think, has of late begun rapidly to give place to a more genial manner of estimating both the beauties and the faults, the powers and the weaknesses, of gifted minds. In the times to which we allude our critics used to write, even when in their best humour, and while descending on the works of the greatest authors of the age, much in the style in which the keepers of menageries are wont to expatiate to the company in exhibiting their wild beasts, mixing, with the most lordly flippancy imaginable, their tones and accents of authority with those of condescending patronage, almost, one would have thought, as if they really took themselves to belong to a different species from the poor devil of a poet, or other man of genius, whom they had got caged and were stirring up with the long pole for their own diversion and that of their readers. Any expression of reverence or humble affection for the noble nature of him whom they had thus summoned into their presence they never for a moment dreamed of giving way to. If the lion had a peculiarly majestic gait, or richly flowing mane, they pointed it out to be sure; but it was principally that they might shew their own critical cleverness in detecting the feature, much in the same manner as you might point out in a garden with your walking-stick a fine specimen of a grub or a caterpillar. These were certainly the golden days of critics, if not of criticism. Our reviewers were then the throned sovereigns of the world of literature, at least in their own estimation; and so imposing for a time is mere pretension, that they were actually looked up to and dreaded as such by no small a proportion of the rest of the public. We have, however, as we have said, considerably reformed all this now; the pert scribblers of our reviews and magazines have been taught their proper place; and how infinitely their place is below that, of many at least, of those on whom they were wont to lavish so liberally their insolent ridicule or more offensive courtesies. The several causes to which we are indebted for this revolution we have no time at present to inquire into; but we should despise ourselves if we could be withheld by any feelings, as to other matters, from acknowledging how much of it we owe to the example of one celebrated periodical—'Blackwood's Magazine'—which has, from the very first, lifted a voice of powerful eloquence against the wretched assumption to which we have been adverting, and most ably vindicated that rightful supremacy of genius which it had become so much the fashion among our mere men of talent to forget. On the other side of the Atlantic, however, if we may judge by the disquisition before us, reviewers have scarcely yet learned to think that there is any one greater than themselves, or in speaking of whom it becomes them to use any other language than such as a schoolmaster would employ in catechising his pupils, or a draper in passing sentence on the quality of a web of broadcloth. This is a smartly-enough-written article; but the tone of it is really from beginning to end, to our taste, insufferably offensive. We do not greatly complain of the summary style in which Mr. Hunt's literary merits are dismissed; although, without any wish to deny or palliate the affectations and other littlenesses which are to be

found in his works, we hold much of his poetry, and a good deal of his prose, in considerably higher estimation than this critic, because he is evidently mentioned merely for the purpose of introducing another subject which alone there is any attempt to discuss seriously and at length. But our lively scribe is, in truth, quite as much at his ease among the greatest names of the age, and of all ages, as he is among the least; and discourses about Byron, and Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and "the good old way of Milton and Pope," almost as flippantly as about Mr. Hunt himself. By-the-bye, what may be this same "way of Milton and Pope," which we find so repeatedly recommended as the only model of excellence in these pages? Does this writer really imagine these two poets to be of the same school? or to have any remarkable characteristics in common? except, indeed, that they neither of them belong to the present age, which is, to be sure, a most admirable reason for describing them as writing in "one way." We can only say that we dissent from our critic here, and also in many of his other opinions; as for example, when he affirms that "there can be no doubt that poetry has been losing the public favour," (his leading proposition,) and that "the poets of the present century have contributed to the disrespect into which their art has fallen;" and that "the only thing approaching to a standard of taste is the sentiment of the greatest proportion of men;" and that "Byron's smaller pieces are those of his writings most likely to be admired in future times;" and that "next to Byron we must place Campbell;" and that "Wordsworth," the poet who has, in fact, revolutionized our poetry, "has had less influence on the public mind than any distinguished writer of the age;" and that "Coleridge has been fortunate enough to maintain the reputation of a great genius *merely* on the strength of his *Ancient Mariner*;" and multitudes of other assertions of a similar order which meet us in every page of the article. Superficial, however, and as we cannot help thinking, positively erroneous as is much of the philosophy of the disquisition, it is, as we have already said, cleverly written, and contains a good deal of very felicitous expression. We were struck particularly with the passage in which Campbell is described, in allusion to the *Essay on English Poetry*, in the first volume of his *Specimens*, as having been employed in "building the tombs of the older prophets in a beautiful criticism," and with the other place where it is said of Byron, among the recollections of Rome, that "he seems like a guide walking mysteriously through the city, and when he comes to some striking fragment of antiquity, turning upon it the strong light of his dark lantern." Both these figures are worthy of poetry.

Perhaps the most powerful article in the number is that on Austin's *Life of Elbridge Gerry*, one of the eminent founders of American freedom, who died in 1814. We have not many passages in our modern literature more profound and eloquent than the following:—

"We are well convinced, that, in after ages, one of the most important points of view, under which the American revolution will be scrutinized by the friends of liberty and the student of history, may be that of a great school of freedom, in which other times may find the most instructive lessons, as to the methods by which a republican independence can most successfully be

attempted. If we trace back our history to the cradle of the commonwealth, we find that after liberty of conscience, the first thing needful, the understanding must be enlightened, and the means of education provided; in order that the reasoning mind, which in its liberty of conscience has acquired the right to think, may be enabled to think rightfully, liberally, and wisely. Without this preparation, strength is brute force; and numbers, wealth, and what we may call statistical prosperity, can serve only to make a valuable colony—never a hopeful commonwealth. When a revolution, then, is to take place, let it, according to the great example of our fathers, begin far back with that which is the glory of human nature,—the calm, decided energetic operation of the *reason* of the people; diffusively, in the common sense of the mass; eminently, in the strong conviction of the gifted minds. A just and hopeful political reform must first disclose itself, as such, in this way; for *reason*, deciding, reflective reason, is the great glory of our nature; and that which makes one mortal being superior to another, and nearer the immortal and Supreme, is the elevation and correctness of his intelligence.

“When by education the mind of the country is prepared; when the faculties of the gifted few are prepared to lead, and of the intelligent mass to follow, then, in a well-conducted revolution, ensues the purest and chastest operation of intellect,—that by which the rights of the people and the duties of the crisis are, in the various forms of *written discourse*, powerfully set forth and brought home to the community, and made familiar to its members. After the unexpressed, the inexpressible, the purely ethereal operations of mind, that which approaches nearest to them is the silent voice of reason, in the retirement of the closet. It does not supersede, it awakens the independent action of other minds. It suggests the theme, but affords space for meditation, for qualification, it may be, for correction. It is the most transparent veil, the most spiritual incarnation, in which the word can be made manifest. Here, too, is the highest test of comparative merit which man can apply. Of the inward exercises of pure reason man cannot judge; nor how much those of one intellect exceed those of another. But when the truth of a cause and the strength of its supporters are brought to the test of a written exposition and defence, we are then furnished with the first and surest means of judging of its truth, and of the power and light with which it has been conceived and taken up. The whole history of the colonies, down to the year 1760, presents us with the illustrations of this stage of an orderly revolution.

“Lower in the scale is the agency by which the cause, thus prepared in the consciences, convictions, and reason of men, is to win its way to the favour of the less reflecting portion of the community, or to gain a majority of voices in the primary and popular assemblies. This is the agency of *public speaking*, an instrument less chaste indeed and intellectual than that of written discourse, yet liberal and generous in its nature. But it necessarily borrows not a little from physical accidents; it addresses a taste less severe; it looks more to the side of the passions, and less to that of the reason, and is not so necessarily the expression of native power, and independent thought. Moreover, till the understanding of the best and most solid portion of the community has been enlightened, and they are well taught in the principles of reform, it is premature to put the multitudinous assemblies in action, by the sympathetic fervour of popular eloquence. But when each of these in its place has been done; when the understandings of the people have comprehended the principles of the proposed reform, and their reason has felt its necessity; when, in the large cities or in the crowded audiences elsewhere convened, their spirits have been wrought up to a certain passionate enthusiasm, by the eloquence of fervid appeals, then they have reached what may be called the maturity of preparation. They are ripe for the reform they demand. From the year 1760 to 1775 may be considered the period, in America, of this second stage of preparation.

"If arbitrary power be still opposed to the acknowledgment of their rights, nothing further is needed than to raise *the arm of flesh*,—the humble but faithful minister of the righteous will of an enlightened and enkindled people, resolved to be free. This, of course, is an agency still lower in its character, partaking of mechanical impulse, and brute violence; but ennobled by a noble cause, and necessary in the conflict with the like force, exerted in an opposite direction.

"Such is the wholesome gradation of the energies of a people, trained up in orderly discipline, to a seasonable and auspicious independence. It is of such a revolution and such an one alone, that it can be said, in any hopeful sense, *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*. But woe to the misguided nation that inverts the succession of the powers and talents; by which alone a great and genial efficacy in human affairs can be exerted; whose mighty masses are put prematurely in motion; whose popular assemblies are hurried into hasty and unconsidered measures; and who are obliged slowly and sadly to go back to the heavenly directress,—the counsels of calm reason,—to repair the errors, into which they had been plunged by following their passionate guides. It would be easy to point out, in the history of the French revolution, a complete contrast to the American, and to show that the prosperous issue of one and the disastrous miscarriages of the other proceeded from a complete inversion of the natural order of the talents, by which a movement ought to be given to political affairs. It is necessary, to avoid misconception, to add, that the talents of written discourse, popular eloquence, and physical action do not necessarily exist alone, each exclusively of the others. There are rare instances, where they are all united. They were eminently so in Julius Cæsar, who wanted nothing but good moral qualities, to make him the paragon of humanity; being, as he was, the most elegant writer, the happiest popular speaker, and the ablest general in Rome. Less rare are the cases where two of the three great qualities are united in the same individual. We have compared them above only as possessed, and brought into operation, singly and each exclusively of the others; that is, as much so as any one quality of rational man can be exclusive of all the others."

Article sixth, on Washington Irving's *Life of Columbus*, is very ably and gracefully written; and, considering that it is the performance of a writer who frankly professes himself to be a personal friend of Mr. Irving, and therefore unavoidably somewhat of an ultra in his admiration of that gentleman, may be deemed, upon the whole, a fair and moderate effusion. It is to be sure violently national, as the whole number is, and will probably be thought by many to throw too much of the *coulour de rose* into both its retrospect and its anticipation of American literature: but this is no more than we ought to expect and to make allowance for. We regret, for our own parts, that we are too little familiar with the poetical productions either of Mr. Barlow, General Humphreys, or Doctor Timothy Dwight, the three sires, it would seem, of the minstrelsy of the United States, to be able to say whether or no they deserve the patriotic commendations here bestowed upon them. Mr. Irving's works, however, we know tolerably well, and, making due abatement for the operation of the circumstance we have mentioned, we are content to subscribe to nearly all that is said by this writer of the merits of what he has already done. His language is remarkable, we agree, for "a continual and sustained elegance," although not for "energy," nor the frequent occurrence of "any extraordinary happiness or brilliancy of mere expression." It is quite true, also, we think, that he has not much of a philosophical mind, that his

works contain no instance of an attempt at the sublime; that it is humour which is obviously his forte, while "his purely pathetic essays, though occasionally pleasing, are more generally somewhat tame and spiritless;" and that, as a writer of serious biography and history, he possesses the merit of plain and elegant narrative, but does not aspire to the higher palm of just and deep thought in the investigation of causes and effects, that constitutes the distinction of the real historian." To all this, we repeat, which is a summary, almost in his own words, of what the reviewer describes as "the general characteristics of the style and substance of the works of Mr. Irving," we are quite willing to assent. But really, we see nothing in the qualities here enumerated to entitle even his personal friend to anticipate, as is done in a succeeding page, that Mr. Irving's fame may probably be yet destined to rise to an equality with, or superiority over, that of both Moore and Scott,—on no better grounds than that the "Life of Columbus" has been, it seems, a more successful publication, or is in reality a better book, than either the Sheridan of the one, or the Napoleon of the other; and that the two European writers have already done their best, while the talent of the American "seems to be still in a state of progress." Even allowing the case as to these matters to be as it is stated, we confess we think the conclusion arrived at, one of the wildest we ever recollect seeing seriously maintained anywhere. For, be it observed, that it is not as biographers only that our two illustrious countrymen are here quoted as likely to be at some future time surpassed by Mr. Irving; as such, they are conceived to have been completely surpassed by him already; and the thing that is expressly anticipated, is, that his fame is in the end to eclipse that which they now enjoy, considered generally as authors and men of genius:—one of them standing, almost by universal confession, at the head of the world's living literature! Really this is one of the best jokes American vanity has yet supplied us with. A prophet, it is said, has no honour in his own country; but if the seer to whom we are indebted for this bright vision be rejected at home, his lot may be considered as rather an unfortunate one—for we are sure he will be laughed at every where else.

The concluding paper is devoted to a review of Duke Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar's lately published Travels in North America. In this article too we have not a little of the sensitive vanity of the national character. The Duke's somewhat dull performance is treated gently enough; and we believe the greater part is extracted of what it contains worth reading. It is remarked, with a sneer, that on taking up his abode at the Exchange Coffee-house in Boston, "it does not even occur to him to jest at finding a colonel in an innkeeper." Now, for our own parts, we really hold our brother Jonathan in great respect, and certainly should never be moved seriously to think the less of him in consequence of its being no uncommon speculation for his field officers to open public houses in the interval of their campaigns: such, it seems, is the military etiquette in the country, and that is all. But really, with our conceptions and associations touching colonels and tavern-keepers, it is too much to expect that we should not smile at the exquisitely bizarre notion of any one gravely officiating in both capacities: it is positively, to our imaginations, a plurality of a singularly

comical cast. Perhaps our wiser brother is above all these weaknesses of the old world: to him it might seem perfectly fit and becoming for the president himself, if so it like him, to eke out his income by taking a needle in his hand and mending his neighbour's old clothes at his leisure moments. It is an honest occupation, and well suited, from the lightness of the labour, for a few hours of evening industry, by way of supplement to the heavier toils of the day. But, although this may possibly be the view that pure reason and our brother Jonathan would take of the matter, we are free to confess, that to our frailer and less philosophical humanity it will present itself, do what we can, in a somewhat different light. We must be allowed to smile, if we should die for it, at such curious violations of our accustomed ideas of relation and incongruity; but we mean no harm to any body by our innocent levity, unless, indeed, it be intended to put an end to the sense of the ridiculous altogether. We do not see upon what principle these same innkeeping colonels are to be held sacred from an occasional joke.

But, in truth, our good cousins are much too touchy as to these matters. They evidently regard all the rest of the world as joined in a conspiracy to laugh at them, and keep themselves in a perpetual fever by expecting nothing else than a fresh insult from every one that notices them. Now the fact is, as far as we can observe, that they are quite as ready to note the faults and foibles of their neighbours, and to plume themselves on any decided superiority they may fancy they have over the other nations of the earth, as any people that ever existed. We need go no further for evidence of this, than to the article before us. How delighted, for example, is the writer to be able to quote the good duke's averment, that the "houses and rooms of the Bostonians are much larger, richer, better lighted, and more airy than the English;" and a little after his other remark, that when among the Oneida Indians he first thought himself in civilized Europe because children came up to the carriage to beg. And how high a tone of dudgeon, on the other hand, does he take at even the shadow of an imputation on any man, woman, or thing that has the honour of being American. See the indignant, but we must say rather lumbering, apology for the negro slavery of the southern states; and the manner in which the white inhabitants there hold themselves entitled to treat their darker coloured fellow-countrymen. See, too, the dignified rebuke administered to the duke for daring to call in question the taste of the Pennsylvanians in the fine arts. He had ventured to assert of West's picture of Christ healing the Sick, that neither the composition nor execution of it seemed good; adding, "perhaps it is only here where they are unaccustomed to see great and well-executed paintings, that this would excite the great admiration it has done." "This," remarks the reviewer, "is saying too much. *It would have been quite enough to deny the merit of the picture, without denying the competency of its admirers to judge at all.*"

There are several other able and interesting articles in the number, which we cannot afford to notice:—and upon the whole it is impossible not to regard this periodical in its present state as exceedingly creditable to the rising literature of America.

A VISIT TO HAZELWOOD SCHOOL.

To the EDITOR of the "London Magazine."

My dear ———, I have at length put into practice my long-formed intention of going to see Hazelwood; and I sit down to give you an account of my visit, which I hope you will think suited to your magazine. I have often wondered, indeed, that no one has ever given such an account to the world, considering the sudden celebrity Hazelwood acquired some years ago by the publication of the account of the system, coupled with the general notice given to it by all the chief literary journals of the time. The success of the school had long been steady and strong, but it now came into general notoriety, and gave rise to much controversy, its supporters being those who really looked into and studied its principles, and thence saw their necessary results; while its opposers were, for the most part, those who, whenever they hear of any thing in the shape of amendment, immediately cry out "Innovation!" a word which they really have, by dint of misusing, corrupted from its original sense; for to most ears it now conveys what those worthy gentlemen actually think a part of it, namely, Innovation *for the worse*.

I am quite aware that persons of this class will say that the following statement is written by a partisan of Hazelwood School: that I am such a partisan I at once admit, but I have become so solely from the attention I have paid to the system, and thence from my firm conviction of the logical necessity of such a system working the noblest good. If the merits of the establishment itself have made me its partisan, the word should be used in its real, and not in its invidious, sense.

The first thing that must strike any visitor to Hazelwood who looks on attentively, is the constant and perfect working of some of the finest principles of human nature; yet to the majority of the boys it is of course unconsciously effected, and certainly without the least didactic formality or ostentatious display. The older boys, no doubt, upon whose minds these principles have been acting for years, trace at last the effects to their causes, and learn to value and to love them accordingly. But this arises from no pedantic precepts laid down without immediate application; on the contrary, the results of true principle cause the mind to run back till it arrives at the precept which they at once spring from, illustrate, and render of value. This is another illustration of the great Hazelwood principle of more direct tuition, of which, very possibly, even its directors have not observed the application in this instance. In their account of the best mode of teaching languages, we find the following:—"We would store the mind of the learner with many examples, before we call upon him to classify them, and deduce from them rules and general principles." How much better this mode is for the acquisition of language than the old one, I shall probably have occasion to notice as I go along. But it is equally

just with regard to morals, as to mere words; here, the examples are those of every hour in every day; and the mind must be indeed dull that does not by degrees "classify them," and ultimately "deduce from them rules and general principles."

The most prominent of these is the thoroughly pervading spirit of **TRUTH**, which exists within the walls of Hazelwood. It is quite manifest, that the very shadow of falsity,—nay, I might almost say, the idea of its existence, scarcely ever crosses the mind of a single boy in the school. I hope none of your readers will consider me imbued with the spirit of Munchausen, because I express surprise at this. Some of your fair readers, whose education has been in the midst of their own families, may probably exclaim, "What, is this man surprised that gentlemen's sons speak truth?" Let them turn to their brothers, and, if they have been at any public school, nay, at any school of the old stamp, ask them the following question: What would have been thought, by his school-fellows, of a boy who, on a fault being publicly announced by the master, with the query of "Who did it?" answered at once, "It was I?" The brother will certainly answer, "Pooh! no master would have been so absurd as to set about an enquiry in that fashion; for he would be right well aware that no boy in the school would be *idiot* enough to betray himself." Nay, allow me to beg the ladies above-mentioned to ask their brothers whether they can deny the following allegation;—if they can, they have not been at any of our great schools, or of those conducted on similar principles: I make it without any qualification, and I am certain that any one who *has* been at those schools will say it is true to the letter, unless the very habits on which I am commenting still stick about him. If a boy be accused of a fault that he *has* committed, he will be thought the more of by his school-fellows, considered the "finer fellow," in exact proportion with the degree of ingenious falsehoods which he invents to accomplish his escape! Can any of you deny this?—None.

Having had the happiness of being myself bred under an improving system like this, I think, my dear —, I may be pardoned if I tell you that when, as I was walking with a young relation of mine who has just gone to Hazelwood, he chanced to mention an instance of self-accusation, as a matter of course, I exclaimed, "What?" in a most sonorous tone, as I stopped short in surprise. Some persons may think this a most trifling thing. Let him compare a system in which truth is so thoroughly imbued in the every-day practice as not to be considered a merit at all with one where falsehood, if ingenious, is considered a merit. It may be said, that this is the direct opposite to the recognised doctrines of the school;—that the masters disapprove of it—It exists, though. How are they to stop it? I don't know; but it does not exist at Hazelwood.

I am quite aware that even some of the teachers at Hazelwood will think I am making a great roat about nothing. Indeed, one of those gentlemen who had been bred there seemed scarcely able to understand what I meant when I said something to the effect of what you have just read. He appeared at a loss to conceive that at any of our great schools a system of feeling among the boys could exist which casts no

shame upon the use of this craft, concealment, and falsehood, for self-screening in wrong. Yet such the practice at our great schools is.

It so happened that I saw the very instance of truth, which gave rise to my surprise at its being a matter of course, put into practice. At the general muster after breakfast I was present; the muster was gone through in that manner which has attracted so much attention, and which, from the necessary length of detail in the description, has had intricacy imputed to it; I can only say, that the comparison which arose in my mind was, that a person never having seen a watch would scarcely be able to form an idea, from a description of its mechanical construction, of the beautiful simplicity of the manner in which the hands point the time. And thus it may be, with this mode of ascertaining the presence of all the boys. I dare not, after what I have said, go into a detailed description of it; but the following I believe to be its main points. It is preceded by the bell ringing for two minutes, to collect the boys from every quarter of the premises. As they assemble, they form their ranks; but this part of the process I did not witness, as they were in order when I entered. The band was then ready to play, which it almost immediately did. It is during this period that those whose duty it is, look over the ranks, so as to be able to make the rapid returns of which I shall presently speak. The performance of the band was, I must say, excellent, the time was admirably perfect, and the taste and execution were both exceedingly good. When the band ceased, a boy, who had been watching the clock, called out four minutes and some seconds. A boy who was on the raised platform on which I was standing with some of the masters, repeated this aloud; it meant, as I gathered, that it was the time that had elapsed from the period at which the bell began to ring. A boy in the second rank from the platform called out "One wanting in (I think) the eighth rank," and declared his name; and a similar declaration was made in two other instances, one of them announcing the absence of two. The same boys then called out the numbers that were present in their ranks, each adding his number to that announced by the one preceding. A voice, I could not exactly distinguish whose, but I believe it was a teacher's, added the number of the complete ranks; and the registrar, also adding that of the absentees, said, "which completes the list." The boy watching the clock again exclaimed the time, which was, as far as my memory serves me, something more than five minutes since the bell began. I regret much I did not note down at the moment what was the exact time of the calling the numbers, &c., which was also announced; but I really scarcely could follow the whole—and I had so much to remember afterwards, that the precise number of seconds escaped me, but they were considerably under a minute. The word "Form!" was then given; the boys formed into the respective classes which were about to be heard, and they marched away to their different rooms. During, or rather at the beginning of, this time, the registrar ran over the names of absentees to a teacher, who had a list of those who had recognised causes of absence; and there were no others.

It was immediately before the boys formed to march off, when it was ascertained that the whole school was assembled, except those

whose absence was unavoidable, that the announcements were made to which I have alluded. They were preceded by some of a scholastic nature, given out by one of the sons of the principal, who is himself a teacher; upon his concluding, one of the older boys, who held some office of responsibility, the exact name of which I did not catch, called out "there have been some windows broken at ——," describing some particular locality;—"let any boys who have thrown stones near there for the last six weeks, hold up their hands:"—and four boys immediately did. Some small irregularity of the day before was detected in a similar manner; and a loss was announced, with a direction for the finder to bring the thing found to a given individual. These matters are not, and should not be, considered trifling; they give habits of regularity, of steadiness, and, above all, of honourable frankness and truth, which tend in the very strongest degree to the formation of a valuable and virtuous character. I shall notice a few more of these general principles, to which I am inclined to attach so much importance, before I follow the boys into their various classrooms.

I have during to-day—my visit to Hazelwood is of three days ago—recurred to the article in the 'Edinburgh Review,' on the first small edition of the account of the system adopted there. (January 1825,—published in March.) My impression was that I admired and agreed with all that was there said. But I find I must have been impelled by my eagerness about the plan itself, of which I then heard for the first time, to run on at once to the immediate details about the school:—for of the previous observations of the reviewer touching general principles, I find I cannot agree with ten syllables together in any one place throughout. It is not often, dear ——, as you know, that I quarrel with the 'Edinburgh Review;' but really, if its more powerful writers were to meet with the introductory remarks in this article in any Tory journal, the writer thereof would be infinitely to be pitied. The whole spirit of them is so utterly unphilosophical, that I am by no means sure that they are by the same hand as the latter part, though even that betrays the cloven foot of a sneer far too often. But I am a quiet, steady gentleman, who care not a jot for the writer, who know not who he is, and shall not attack him at all. But I *shall* attack a few of his positions, thinking them in the highest degree unsound and hurtful.

He sets out by denying the possibility of any improvement of mankind by education:—an opinion, I hope, which even in this spring time of education, fact has already blown into the air. That the "good old times" have become the better new ones, I believe no one out of Bedlam now denies, unless he be in St. Luke's. HISTORY has set this matter quite at rest, where I shall leave it:—as, to do the reviewer justice, so does he. I shall only ask, "What is there to stop us exactly where we stand?"

Next, the reviewer doubts, in the fashion which makes doubt a denial, that "any thing material can be done towards the formation of moral character or habits, by any course of early or elementary instruction." Here again the reviewer and I agree,—in so far as to think this question worthy of examination; and he brings forward arguments

accordingly, in support of his position, the value of which I wish fairly to discuss; for, I confess, there are few propositions which I would not more readily admit.

The key to the reviewer's arguments appears to me to be, that he lays down facts, and lo! believes them forthwith to be principles. Suppose a man, when steam-navigation was first proposed, had said "Pooh! what has hot water to do at sea?—no way is there made by wheels, and levers, and boilers; but by masts, sails, and rigging." True, no way was then made at sea by steam mechanically applied, it was all done by sails and so forth. But is it impossible so to apply steam? Experience has shewn. Now, might not the following axiom be most fairly tried by the same test:—

"Moral character, principles, or character in general, are not formed by precepts inculcated at school, or by observations made, or experience collected, in that narrow and artificial society,—but by the unconscious adoption of the maxims and practices that prevail among the free-agents around us, and the spontaneous assimilation of manners and sentiments which result from this contagion."

I readily admit that morals *are* not, even now, at nearly all schools, inculcated in any manner at all; for the "spontaneous assimilation" from this, as the reviewer very justly phrases it, *contagion*, is generally of bad "manners," and odious "sentiments." But that is no reason why good ones should not be taught even in "the narrow society" of a school. They *are* taught at Hazelwood; as I shall presently shew more than I have already shewn:—The steam *does* go where sails cannot:—and the fact that the sails go somehow or somewhere, is no proof that the steam does not carry the vessel more steadily, truly, and safely on her course.

Again:—

"All children, at every school,—and we may almost say in every home,—are taught the same precepts of morality,—warned against lying, and thieving, and gluttony, and quarrelling,—and exhorted to be industrious, obedient, and obliging. Nay, they are not only taught these doctrines, but they are all aware, generally, of their truth."

Indeed!—Let us look a little into *fact*, as to the practice by these young gentlemen of the doctrines of which they are so well aware. Whether or not such may be the practice of schools in Scotland, I really acknowledge I am totally ignorant; but, from the items which the reviewer here gives, he either labours under an equal ignorance as regards the old-established English schools, or he is playing booty, and purposely holding forth a helping hand to the promoters of an improved system of education. As for "lying," I have already said my say of that;—of thieving and gluttony, let the hen-roosts and farm-yards of the neighbouring farmers, and the game-preserves and fish-ponds of the surrounding grandees, give evidence;—and for quarrelling—pitched battles are no rare things—the science of Mendoza and of Belcher still is studied. But these, though bad as all quarrelling is, are far the best modes of giving vent to hot blood practised at our schools:—it does not then become *bad* blood, which the system of *domestic tyranny*, of which occasionally such awful instances peep forth, brings into existence. These words, in their darkest sense, are

not too strong. I could give a crowd of instances, within my present knowledge, were it not for fear of wounding individual feelings. The sufferers I know had rather I should not, and the inflictors of the suffering may have reformed. I would not for the world exaggerate;—neither am I impelled, in the very least, by animosity against these establishments, as establishments. Many a dear friend of mine, to say nothing of my simple self, have been brought up at them, and all manner of lang-syne feelings have I that are connected with them:—but I cannot allow these to put a bandage over my eyes, and blind me to faults equally glaring and dangerous. What I wish is, that the old names should remain worthy of their old fame—that they should not bring the accumulated evils of years to worse than nullify—to poison—their present efforts, but that they should move at an equal pace with the advancing morals and intellect of the nation, by at once annihilating those sources of evil to which, they must be aware, the eyes of that nation are now very strongly drawn—and by generally adapting their systems more to the wants which, in this age, make themselves heard so loudly. At all events the more prominent faults *must* be crushed—the country now sees them—the country calls for their destruction, as yet calmly—it will soon do so loudly—and it always, in the end, is obeyed. Let us hope its voice need be raised very little above its present pitch.

To revert, however, to my argument, I would ask whether such habits do *not* teach “principles and character in general”—and whether they are not likely to render a man’s outset vicious;—happily gifted is he, if his reflections on his early experience be sufficient to stop him before they become confirmed!

If then bad habits—and habits are the source as well as the product of principle—especially in early life—if bad habits can be fostered by “early and elementary instruction” in great schools, why cannot good? Common sense says they can, and so does Fact; for we find them at Hazelwood. Few things can be more beautiful than the general spirit of kindness and good-fellowship which pervades among the boys, and which spreads even to the feelings which exists between them and the masters. I am not blinded by the representations of the latter; I have, as you know, a very near and very young relation who has lately gone thither—he left a most happy home—he came from the midst of a large family, which, of course, he had never before quitted for a day: I know that he dreaded the transition exceedingly. Three months are not yet passed;—and his description to me of the general kindness (I must repeat the word) of conduct which prevails throughout the whole community, is such as must deeply touch those who know, as I do, what a young boy, leaving home under such circumstances, endures under a system of fagging! Here there is none—the name and the thing are alike unknown. Fighting also is nearly, if not quite, unknown. Yes—Fighting, in pugilistic England, scarcely exists!—and the mode by which it was put down is, I think, one of the most ingenious and rational pieces of legislation I ever heard of. You will see I have marked two passages, referring to each other, to be printed in *Italics*—for they shew so strikingly that direct reference to a real principle, and those sound and immediate means

of its application, which are, I think, the distinguishing characteristic of Hazelwood. It may be traced through all its merits from first to last, itself being the most valuable of them all:—

“It would be in vain to attempt any concealment of the fact, that our pupils, like all boys in the full tide of health and spirits, do not always see the folly of an appeal to the *ultima ratio regum* in so strong a light as that in which it *sometimes* appears to older eyes; and resort is now and then had to trial by combat, in preference to trial by jury. The candid and experienced teacher, who knows the difficulty and the danger of too rigorously suppressing natural impulses, will not censure us for endeavouring rather to regulate this custom, than to destroy it altogether. In the hope of lessening the number of those *fracas*, (never very large,) a law was proposed, which the Committee* adopted, *to render it penal for any person, except the magistrate, to be present at a battle*. Six hours’ notice must be given by both parties, and a tax paid in advance. During the interval, it is the duty of the magistrate to attempt a reconciliation. These regulations were intended to give opportunity for the passions to cool, and to *check the inclination for display which is often the sole cause of the disturbance*. We consider the effects on the minds of the spectators as the worst part of the transaction. There is something dreadfully brutalizing in the shouts of incitement and triumph, which generally accompany a feat of pugilism. Neither boys nor men ought ever to witness pain without sympathy. It is almost needless to say, that, with us, fighting is anything rather than a source of festivity and amusement.

“If a pugilistic contest should take place without due notice having been given, the parties are liable to a heavy fine, and it is the duty of the eldest boy present, under a heavy penalty, to convey immediate information to the magistrate, that the parties may be separated.

“These regulations were made in April, 1821. During the first few months, the number of battles did not appear to be materially checked, four contests of the kind having taken place between April and July in the same year; but from July, 1821, to the present time, (April, 1825,) two battles only have been fought, according to the regulations laid down. It is true, that a few other contests have taken place, or rather have commenced, without notice being given; but, in every instance, early information has been conveyed to the magistrate, who has immediately separated the belligerents. We have reason to be confident in stating that no contest of this latter kind ever lasted two minutes.”

I am not bringing forward these things, which may most unjustly be deemed trifles, merely on account of the absence of suffering, which in the case of fagging accrues to the junior boys, though that is much; or in the case of boxing, of the mere blackguardism, though that is much also. No—it is the general principle of humanity—the constant practice of the great Christian doctrine of “Do as thou wouldst that others should do unto thee”—it is the beautiful moulding of the young mind—not by precepts, not by formal dicta, but by a constant course of conduct to mutual forbearance, aid, and affection—these are the causes that induce me to instance matters which individually may seem so simple, but which, in the aggregate, tend so strongly and steadily to cultivate, to mould, and to make excellent, the heart. There are, I believe, few who will deny the vast degree to which “goodness of heart” enters into the composition of a man such as we wish to see our sons. I ask, which is the more likely to produce

* You will recollect that the Committee is composed of from ten to fourteen of the boys, with one teacher.

that quality—a system of mutual kindness, assistance, and gratitude—or one in which personal conflict is not rare,—and,—deeply worse!—in which the young are shrinking slaves, and the elder stern task-masters,—too often *far more*?

I may as well now go through some of the regulations, at Hazelwood, which tend to give tone to character, all, in a greater or less degree of importance, tending to regulation of mind, to firmness of purpose, to the noblest motives of exertion, to a just sense of self:—and if these be not conducive to “principles and character” being “formed,” I know not what are. Nay, it is impossible for boys to come from school at seventeen or eighteen, like Pope’s women, with “no character at all”—indeed, if they do, they have lost a great deal of good time;—but, in truth, they *must* have laid a foundation of character. How much better, then, if it be one on which they may safely build, and the gradual development of which will lead to worthy issues,—than if those of happy dispositions by nature are compelled, by painful lessons, to remodel it, should they have resolution and power to go through the toilsome task, while those less fortunately gifted keep on unswerving in their evil course!

Nothing can be more delightful to a stander-by than to see the beautifully close connection of cause and effect by which the qualities I have enumerated are produced at Hazelwood: and this arises from the system having been formed with deep study, and with the inestimable advantage of experience, even at its original formation, and of the constant continuance of practice to set right any error of theory in its progress towards completion. Never, indeed, I believe, was theory so exactly in accordance with practice, or practice, in its widest details, so instantly reducible to the principles of the soundest theory. I will note a few instances of this as briefly as possible, as displayed in the motives of action. Fear of punishment is brought as little into play as possible; the hope of direct reward not much. There is no corporal punishment whatever, unless imprisonment may be so considered; and offences are very seldom committed of a grade to render even that necessary. “Confinement,” say the conductors of Hazelwood, in their published account of their establishment*, “and disability to fill certain offices, are our severest punishments. No mind can be constantly under the dominion of fear, without falling into miserable, and often irretrievable, degradation; nor can it be expected, that pursuits closely associated in the memory with this most painful feeling, should be followed a single moment, after coercion is withdrawn. Public disgrace, which is painful in exact proportion to the good feeling of the offender, is not employed, and every measure is avoided which would destroy self-respect. Expulsion has been resorted to, rather than a boy should be submitted to treatment which might lead himself and his schoolfellows to forget that he was a gentleman.” Nothing, I think, can be sounder than this. The passage then continues to shew how all the mechanical arrangements (if I may so speak) of the government of the school tend towards mutual appreciation, and hence towards love of sympathy. There is a very beau-

* Public Education.—Plans for the Government and Liberal Instruction of Boys, in large numbers; as practised at Hazelwood School.—Second Edition—1825.

tiful and conclusive passage proving the power of this love, for good and for evil. This leads to the following conclusion:—

“We know that the love of sympathy will act in one way or other, and act forcibly; and it is a matter of anxious importance with us, that its force should be in alliance, and not in conflict with the precepts of religion and morality. And hence the necessity of directing the attention of our pupils to those qualities of their schoolfellows which consist with good morals; and of imposing upon them the necessity of placing at their head boys who will be most likely to give a high tone to the public feeling.”

Of the reasons for not trusting too much to the fear of punishment, I have already spoken; the hope of reward it is endeavoured to make as *general* as possible. All rank in the school is aggregate; namely, springing, not from the proficiency of the boy in the classics, or mathematics, or any one branch of learning, but for his general acquirements and general conduct. The too immediate hope of reward is objected to, “inasmuch as it gives the pupil an object different to the real end of education, improvement being lowered in his mind to the rank of a means is not likely to be followed after the reward is obtained.” This, of course, is assuming this motive to be that which, for the time principally actuates; and, so far, nothing can be more sound. There are rewards, however, but they are not made of the degree of importance necessary to form in themselves a sufficient object to be so eagerly sought after, as we find they would be in the above-supposed case. What, then, is the motive?—love of distinction?—No; not that. With great good sense, I think, emulation is not too much called into action. I cannot but consider the following argument against its over-use most able:—

“But emulation is a stimulus, and it is in the very nature of stimuli to lose their power when constantly employed. Indeed such a state of excitement, as in the absence of all other motives would be sufficient to produce the desired effect, would be too powerful for the human mind to bear for any length of time. It may be very useful as a temporary expedient, and the skilful instructor may sometimes find it accord with his views to blow up a vivid flame for a particular purpose, but he must be aware that extraordinary exertion is always followed by extraordinary languor.”

In so large a school, however, as the account of the system goes on very truly to say, every healthful exercise of emulation must necessarily exist. The variety of the studies, where a boy ever finds himself, in each class, next a new neighbour, would almost of itself prevent the sense of rivalry from becoming too keen between any. In effect, as it never is too strongly urged, it never acts with any painful force, even in individual competition. There is an anecdote to this effect in the Messrs. Hills’ book, so beautiful that I must refer you to it, and, if you have space, print it, as they have done, in a note*.

* “About twelve months ago, two boys at the head of the school, were stoutly contending for the first prize; and they were so nearly matched in talents, acquirements, and industry, that the chances were pretty nearly equal. In the middle of the session, an aged relative came from Ireland to visit the friends of one of the youths, whose home was at some distance from Hazelwood. The old gentleman could not be induced to forego the pleasure of his grandson’s company: the boy was therefore obliged to go to his father’s. It so happened, however, that several of the exercises determining rank for the two or three

What, then, are the motives on which the conductors of Hazelwood rely for intellectual advancement? Chiefly one—and that, one which, aided as it is by all the adjuncts which there surround it, must carry moral advancement along with it. They term it “love of knowledge,” and, taking knowledge in its highest sense, so it undoubtedly is. “Oh!” you will exclaim, “he is getting to his metaphysics;” yes, to *my* metaphysics, which are never recondite, but always appeal to *facts* directly: here you shall have plenty of facts, if you will but allow me time to set them before you. The inestimable value which the conductors of Hazelwood attribute to this motive is expressed in a tone almost of fervour, in a passage combining with that fervour the strongest, severest, and most convincing truths, set forth in every sentence in a manner so *clear* as to make them almost self-apparent. I would gladly give this to your readers, but I fear over-crowding your space, and I have much to set before them yet. I will, therefore, take for granted, that they will allow me that the love of knowledge is the most certain means of ensuring its acquisition. But how to excite the love of knowledge itself? And now the objectors to fantastic, metaphysical innovations, will find that that love is excited in all departments of acquisition, by facts, facts, facts. When I say facts, I mean to include in the term all tangible realities, for even these share largely in this *fantastic* system. Most cordially do I agree in the principle which the Messrs. Hill lay down—after their fashion, simply and plainly, before they proceed, equally simply and plainly, to shew how to apply it,—that “the best means of exciting a love of knowledge will be readily discovered, if we reflect a few moments on the origin of knowledge itself. Every acquisition would, at first, be made from an immediate view to utility.” To be sure it would; and has from the first moment the first men needed to be fed and clothed. Knowledge springs from a need to know—facts are the first instruction; and with each fact we learn, we desire to know more, and, at length, to arrange and render useful those we do know. This, I take it, is saying in other words what the worthy masters of Hazelwood lay down a little, but very little, more at length. I shall give the strongest proof of my belief to this effect by taking their illustrations to support the doctrine. I shall skip over what they begin with, viz., its immediate application to the different branches of learning (I shall want that when I say a word or two on the various classes I saw at work), and shall go at once to what they end with, which I think tends most satisfactorily to shew that facts give both knowledge and a thirst for it. They mention, as their best “means of exciting a love of knowledge,” the giving the pupil “clear, vivid, and accurate conceptions.”—The giver turns out to be my friend FACT.

ensuing weeks were of a kind, as composition, &c., not to require personal attendance at the school. Under these circumstances, the youth commissioned his friend and rival to transmit to him, “from time to time, information of what it was necessary for him to do; and also to receive and present the exercises as they were performed. The trust was fulfilled with cheerfulness and punctuality; and the trustee, though at the end of the half-year he lost the object of his labours, which was gained by his companion, secured a higher and more estimable reward in the enjoyment of his own feelings.—May 1825.”

"It is astonishing what interest is at once given to any event, however trifling, if we are acquainted with the place wherein it happened, or the individuals who are the actors in it, though it may very slightly affect their interests; and they are perhaps persons for whom we have but little affection or esteem. Who does not feel happy to realize, by actual observation, his mental picture of cities and landscapes? Why is it that those who are present sympathize more completely with either the joy or grief of their friends, than those who are absent? It is because interest is produced by vividness of conception; and vividness of conception is in the ratio of proximity to the sensible cause. Thus he who is present at a painful accident, feels more than he who only hears the relation of it from a spectator; and he, again, who has learnt all the circumstances from an eye-witness, will produce more effect in relating the story, than one who has obtained them by a more circuitous route.

"From this very simple and well-known truth, the teacher may derive an important lesson. He may learn the advantage of practical illustration: he will find that his time is well employed in showing his pupils many things which he might otherwise think they would as well imagine for themselves. We should advise him to provide himself with the various weights, commonly spoken of, and the measures of content and of length. Let him portion off, upon his play-ground, a land-chain, a rood, and, if the extent be sufficient, an acre. Let his pupils, when they read history, be furnished with maps to trace the *routes* of armies; let them be shown plans of towns, and plates exhibiting the variations of costume which distinguish one people from another: or at least, let them have access to these latter documents (as they might very justly be called) in the library of the school: and then, so very delightful is it to boys to fix and verify their ideas by means of the senses, that much knowledge will be gained in this way by the pupil, without any other care on the part of the master, than to furnish him with the requisite opportunity. Indeed, we have sometimes wondered that instructors have not more fully availed themselves of the multiplicity of little works which the press almost daily issues, to furnish their scholars with a fund of entertainment and useful general knowledge, which has so great a recommendation as that of diffusing itself among them, without calling for exertion on the part of the master.

"In treating on the value of accurate conceptions, we must not fail to call the attention of the reader to the importance, in the first years of education, of suffering the pupil to become very familiar with elements. Early youth is the best time for acquiring elementary information. There is a period in life, nor is it a very late one, when the mind begins to revolt against entering upon any branch of knowledge, with which it is entirely unacquainted; and many remain in ignorance who would pursue pleasantly the abstrusities of a science, if they could prevail upon themselves to master its elements. Therefore, since no after-knowledge can be very complete or extensive, which is not built upon a good elementary foundation, we strongly advise parents to be satisfied with somewhat less of superstructure than is generally demanded, while the pupil has yet the power of enabling himself to enlarge his future acquisitions without pain and degradation. To us it appears of infinitely more importance, that education should be sound and complete than precocious. On the other hand, when the period for elementary education is past, the mind becomes dissatisfied, unless it feels that something efficient is done."

Halle là! I will give the rest of the passage, which is excellent, presently, but I must say a word here. Something efficient? Yes!—and what have the boys at the schools on the old system learned efficient when they leave school? Some few have learned to write Latin verses, and to read Virgil with facility, and Homer with only now-and-then looking into the lexicon. These few have learned, probably something,—say a good deal,—of ancient history and customs—these

few are, in a word, good classical scholars. Some, very very few, who are going to Cambridge, know something of mathematics. But if they know any thing of general history or literature,—of modern languages, and their literature, of moral science, or of physical science, in any of its applications—nay, even of geography in any thing like its broad sense—if, which is most unlikely, they know anything of any of these, they must have learned them at home, for at their schools they have no means of so doing. Of course, I have not insulted these patricians by saying one word about any knowledge of the great commercial and manufacturing affairs of this petty shop-keeping country; but at the highest schools there are plenty who are no patricians at all, to whom such matters would be highly useful. But at these schools all learn the same thing. It is the custom, and *therefore* not to be invaded.

But it must be borne in mind that I have hurt my argument by my liberality. I have given above the *élite* of the boys leaving the great schools; whereas it would have been quite fair to have taken *the average*, at once, and in answer to my question of what the boys at these schools have learned *efficient* when they leave, to have said—Nothing! unless a good deal of Latin and a little Greek, should be considered an efficient product of the years from the age of eight to that of eighteen, in the second quarter of the nineteenth century. What the boys at Hazelwood learn during the same period, you will hear before you come to the end of my letter. It is more than *that*, though, I will tell—not you, for you know it—but the reader, now. The ‘Edinburgh Review’ says, that so that boys exercise their minds, “Latin and Greek are really as good as any thing else.” Nay, it goes farther, and says that, “*any* occupation,” tending to the cultivation of intellectual habits is nearly as good as any other.” I shall compare the anythings by-and-bye—but this position, let it be noted, assumes that the first eighteen years or so of our lives must be devoted to the acquisition of the power to learn. That acquisition I value as highly as it is possible for any one to do; but I do not see why something *efficient* should not be acquired with the very acquisition itself,—for I confess it appears to me to be a doctrine very little short of monstrous thus to assert, that a lad can learn nothing till he approaches his majority, except the *means* of learning any thing that may be of use to him in after life. Fact bears me out here too: for I think I shall be able to shew that the minds of boys leaving Hazelwood must feel that “something (really) efficient is done.” I now renew my extract:—

“It is in vain for the instructor to hope that stimulants, which were powerful at eight or ten years of age, will urge the mind at fifteen. The boy begins to feel that he shall soon be called into another sphere of life, where mere school motives are not in operation. That minute and formal correctness which was so proper at an early age, must now be relaxed; and general and previously-formed habits must be depended upon in its stead. The minutiae of the dull would be out of place on the day of battle. The side of danger is now changed: heretofore the principal care of the teacher was not to overload the mind of his little pupil, lest he should extinguish the feeble and lambent flame of ardour; but now, the fuel may be heaped with no sparing hand. The pupil has acquired a knowledge of his own powers; he has, if we may so speak, learnt the art of learning.”

I admit the full value of the art—I venerate it—but, *here*, he has learned a great deal in learning it; for here people act according to Common Sense.—

“He will know whether his obstacles arise from the innate difficulty of the subject, or from want of previous information, which, perhaps, he may have acquired and forgotten. In the latter case; a powerful and excellent motive is furnished for private voluntary application: in the former he has found himself too often successful to fear the contest. But if the teacher, unaware of this change in the mind of the pupil, irritate him by requiring that mere formal perfection which demands a mind unoccupied with the labour of investigation, he will find, to his astonishment, that the very boys who gave him greatest satisfaction at the outset of their studies, become careless, and perhaps morose, at the time when he had fondly anticipated increased ardour and voluntary co-operation.”

And these are the people who are accused of theorising!—people who set about teaching by pound-weights, foot-measures, rods and acres! And, like most who love facts, and who have minds to regulate them into principles, their metaphysics are the simplest and the truest in the world! In these pages we constantly light upon axioms which we have felt as regards self, but never generalized into a moral truth. Let the reader recur to the sentence in the extract in page 377, which lays it down, that there is a period in life, and not a very late one, when people shrink from beginning a science from disliking what then seems the drudgery of acquiring its elements. Let the reader recur to the passage itself, for it is remarkably well expressed. Is not this almost conclusive as to the importance of *what* we can learn in youth? But I shall say no more about that as an argument, for I really do not see how the reviewer is to avoid the *reductio ad absurdum*, that acquiring geography, history, the higher orders of arithmetic, or mathematics, is of no more use, in early life, than would be the learning of Cherokee, or the studying the history of Japan up to a particular revolution (supposing there were one) in the year 1590.

I cannot but regard as one of the chief means of exciting the love of knowledge, a plan which I never heard of as existing in any other school whatever,—I mean voluntary and spontaneous labour. There is a difference between these two, which it will be presently seen is very accurately distinguished by the two apparently almost synonymous words chosen. I confess I was a little startled when my nephew first used them to me as meaning different things,—for my recollections of the *minutiæ* of the system—though only of them—had in a slight degree rusted. The difference between the two is, that several subjects are generally announced for voluntary exercises; the choice is left entirely to the boys, and it is in no degree exacted that they should select or perform any. But if they do not they will suffer in their aggregate rank, inasmuch as the performance and merit of these exercises are considered in the estimation of rank. The spontaneous exercises the boys do, to use a homely phrase, entirely “of their own head;” subject, work, all their own. I shall now say a few words of each, as I consider them to form one of the most admirable parts of the system.

I will begin by just calling your recollection to the exact converse

of this plan, which is followed in all the old schools, and even in the Universities; I mean *impositions*, the setting, namely, tasks as punishments. Learning is thus actually held out as a thing to be dreaded. If you do that which is wrong, but which does not reach the point of flogging, you are set to copy out, or translate so many lines of such or such an author; but it is generally the former, so as to make the imposition as little improving as possible. I will defy the most acute reasoner to disprove that the tendency of this must be to cause the boy to look upon learning with dread. Instead of being made an object of attraction, it is his *punishment*.

How is it at Hazelwood? There they have no such things; because they think "that they must be performed with unpleasant associations: now, a boy, if possible, ought never to go to a book with disgust." Undoubtedly,—and here, on the contrary, the boy goes to his occupation, having himself chosen it,—he need not do it at all unless he likes,—but he does like it, because it enables him to get on in the school, by the very means most suited to his talents, and agreeable to his taste. By degrees the means become almost as pleasing to him as the end; or rather, he will become attached to both the direct means, namely, the effort in its progress—and to what must seem to him to rank among them, the effort accomplished—namely, the knowledge acquired. It is astonishing how quickly such feelings will gain ground in a young mind.

But there are many advantages incidental to this system of voluntary labour. It is stated that irksome employment sooner exhausts the strength than exertions which are consonant with the student's tastes; and thus far more is done than could be exacted, "without danger to the health of the pupils, if their exertions were counteracted by any adverse feelings" of theirs. I know that I am beginning to trespass sorely upon your space, but I cannot abridge the admirable observations on the habit of completion, which are among those induced by the voluntary labour practised at Hazelwood.

"One of the most valuable habits of life is that of completing every undertaking. The mental dissipation in which persons of talent often indulge, and to which they are, perhaps, more prone than others, is destructive beyond what can readily be imagined. A man who has lost the power of prosecuting a task the moment its novelty is gone, or it is become encumbered with difficulty, has reduced his mind into a state of the most lamentable and wretched ineffectuality. His life will be inevitably one of shreds and patches. The consciousness of not having persevered to the end of any single undertaking will hang over him like a spell, and paralyze all his energies; and he will at last believe, that, however fair may be his prospects, and however feasible his plans, he is *fated* never to succeed.

"The habit of finishing ought to be formed in early youth. We take care to reward no boy for fragments, whatever may be their excellence. We know nothing of his exertions until they come before us in a state of completion. The consequence is, that every one learns to measure his powers. He undertakes nothing which he has not a rational hope of accomplishing; and having begun, and knowing that he can receive neither fame nor profit by instalments, he is urged forcibly on to the end of his course."

The species of subject to which this labour is devoted, varies, of course, exceedingly, not only with the taste, but with the age and

acquirements of the boys. Some take a certain period of history, and study it, so as to be able to undergo their master's examination to almost any degree of minuteness; others do the same in classics or geography,—some draw, paint, model, or engrave;—some learn passages of poetry, or dialogues from plays, in Latin, Greek, French, or English;—some make maps, surveys, and diagrams—many select some branch of mathematical study—while others translate from various authors, or give in original compositions.

In the work which has helped me so much in this letter, there is, I think, the very perfection of the medium to be desired as to original composition in early youth. The Messrs. Hill fairly admit that they had great difficulty in coming to a satisfactory conclusion on this point, and they cheerfully acknowledge their obligation to the reviewer of their first edition, in the *First Series* of the Magazine now under your guidance. In this I at once recognise the hand of your excellent friend De Q., from whose society, at your house, I have so often derived such remarkable gratification, and whom I most sincerely wish you could excite, from his reveries, to become a contributor now. The whole of what he says on the subject in question, is, like all his metaphysics, clear, acute, free from jargon, and irresistibly conclusive from its strict logic and sense. You will not have room for more than the results:—

“The act of composition cannot, it is true, create thoughts in a boy's head unless they exist previously. On this consideration, let all questions of general speculation be dismissed from school exercises: especially questions of *moral* speculation, which usually furnish the thesis of a school-boy's essay; let us have no more themes on Justice—on Ambition—on Benevolence—on the Love of Fame, &c.: for all theses such as these which treat moral qualities as pure abstractions, are stripped of the *human* interest: and few adults even could write enduringly upon such subjects in such a shape; though many might have written very pleasingly and judiciously upon a moral *case*—i. e. on a moral question *in concreto*. Grant that a school-boy has no independent thoughts of any value; yet every boy has thoughts dependent upon what he has read—thoughts involved in it—thoughts derived from it; but these he will (*cæteris paribus*) be more or less able to express, as he has been more or less accustomed to express them. All that is necessary is—to determine for the young composer his choice of matter: require him therefore to narrate an interesting story which he has formerly read; to rehearse the most interesting particulars of a day's excursion: in the case of more advanced students let them read one of the English state trials, where the evidence is of a complex character (as the trials on Titus Oates's plot), or a critical dissertation on some interesting question, or any thing, in short, which admits of analysis—of abstraction—of expansion—or exhibition in an altered shape.”

This is the present mode of teaching the arrangement and expression of ideas,—composition, in a word, at Hazelwood;—and, of course, it expands as the boys advance; while it is begun as low as to make the little boys give, sometimes verbally, sometimes in writing, a description of some physical object, as a horse, or a plough; or an abridgment of a well-known story.

The spontaneous exercises are of a higher order, and indeed some of them reach a degree of merit quite remarkable in boys still at school.

They are of all kinds, classical, mathematical, literary, of art, and of mechanical and more general science. Some very beautiful drawings and etchings have been produced in this way; for instance, a copper-plate etching by a boy of thirteen, produced solely with a view to the school rewards, afterwards obtained the silver medal of the Society of Arts.

This mode of study, also, gives to a boy peculiar opportunities of improvement, with a particular view to his future destination in life. I was told, when at Hazelwood, a very remarkable instance of this, with regard to two boys, whose destinations are indeed most different. The one is a Greek, the son of a distinguished officer, an admiral in the Greek navy, and he is himself destined for the same service. The other is an Englishman, and purposes to take orders in the Church of England. The Greek has devoted himself to nautical science in a manner which has enabled him to produce displays of knowledge of those branches of the mathematics which apply to naval affairs, which I am told, must not only ensure his success in his profession, but enable him in all likelihood, to be to it eventually of essential benefit. The hopes of the English scholar are to be distinguished at Oxford, preparatory to entering the church; and he has accordingly given all the powers of his mind to the classics. What makes me couple these two young men—I believe they are between sixteen and seventeen—is a joint letter that was shewn me, written by them, to the conductors of the school, which not only speaks, I think, in their own favour, but shews also the admirable tendencies of their general course of education. The purport of the application was that, as they had shewn sufficient attention to the general regulations of the school to advance them to an aggregate rank suitable to their age, they felt anxious that, now that the time of their remaining at Hazelwood was becoming limited, this rank might be waived as regarded them, in order that they might devote more of their time to the particular pursuits that would bear upon their future life. This was their object: but I wish I could convey to you the manner in which they expressed it. The admirable mixture of proper modesty and due self-reliance,—the confidence they seemed to be imbued with, that if their request could be granted without disordering the school regulations, it would—in a word, the whole tone of the letter, conveying, I believe, an unprecedented request, could not but excite in me the strongest interest, which was heightened probably, when I reflected that their only point of union, was the desire of improvement—their country, their studies, their future destinations, being so singularly different. I need scarcely add, that their request was granted.

I regret very much that I cannot now even abridge for your readers, the system of school-government and Hazelwood. But this letter has run to a length which precludes my even attempting it. Moreover, I witnessed only its practical effects—and had not the good fortune to see any of its machinery at work. But I have in prospect another visit to Hazelwood; and I shall take care to single out a period when I shall be able to get a sight of perhaps even more than the weekly proceedings. I might, indeed, perhaps get this permission within an easier distance, at the worthy *double* of Hazelwood, Bruce Castle. This, which is within seven or eight miles of town, is, I believe,

exactly the same as Hazelwood : indeed, it should be so, being conducted by two of the sons of the original founder of the latter, and, indeed, having been originally composed of boys from the parent stock. Whether or not I shall write you a second letter on these subjects, I have not yet at all decided. But I think, that even the *municipal* system, if I may so term it, which produces habits like those of the Hazelwood boys, is a subject worthy of the most minute examination. I know that several objections have been raised to some of the details—but after having thoroughly looked into them, I think they are without real foundation. At all events, it is impossible to deny that the well-known dictum applies to this system—"It works well."

I must just, however, notice a part of the system, which parents must always feel most anxious about, and concerning which those who have previously known nothing of Hazelwood, may, after what I have said, feel somewhat at a loss. I mean the system of reward and punishment—for at Hazelwood they are mingled in their whole plan. At most other schools, rewards are confined to a few annual prizes to the head-boys, and are in no degree relied upon as a general principle of action.

In the first place, there is no corporal punishment whatever. The dogma so often laid down that boys never can be kept in order without it, never can raise its head again. It is impossible for there to be a better conducted set of boys, in *every* kind of respect, than those at Hazelwood : and no ungentle hand is ever laid upon one of them. The means of their general abstinence from grave misbehaviour are involved, in those laws into the details of which I have already said I cannot now enter. I will say, however, that their general principle consists in mutual self-government—if I may so speak—that is a system of self-government of the whole body of the boys, most admirably adapted to the peculiar circumstances of their age and position. Imprisonment, which is the severest punishment ever inflicted, requires the intervention of a formal procedure, in the nature of a legal trial. There is only one exception, where the imprisonment of a very slight nature, and with the most salutary object in immediate view ; and, even in that case, if it should be adjudged to have been needless, the sufferer will receive retribution. As I have restricted myself from going into the working of the laws, I will only say in this place, that the recurrence of the offences for which imprisonment takes place are so rare, that the punishments almost entirely consist in what I am about to describe.

The irregularities and inaccuracies which, of course, will occur, whether with regard to their actual lessons or the general order, are punished by fines. These fines are levied in a currency established within the school, which go under the name of marks*. Every sort of petty offence has a fixed fine attached to it—which is paid at once. But the account given will speak on this question much more simply than I can :—

"We are not friends to artificial excitements of any kind ; and therefore do not place much dependence on rewards and punishments, particularly the latter ; still, though by unremitting attention to the subject, we have been

* The ordinary marks are transferable—but there are also some which are personal. These are given for exertions of the higher order of merit, and have peculiar privileges attached to them.

enabled gradually to substitute, for rewards and punishments, motives of a higher rank, from which we have derived many advantages, yet we do not at present see the means of avoiding their employment altogether.

"Our rewards, as we have already said, are chiefly conferred by the distribution of certain counters called transferable marks, which the boys obtain by superiority in the classes, by filling certain offices, and by various kinds of voluntary labour performed in the leisure hours. In the forfeiture of these counters our punishments chiefly consist.

"Every boy in the school devotes such part of his play-hours as he may think proper to the obtaining of these marks. The product of almost any kind of labour or study is received, provided it is presented in a complete state, and is tolerably well executed."

When a new comer arrives, a subscription is made for him among the boys; and, for a given period, he is exempted from certain portions of the school-duties, to enable him to earn a sufficient number of marks to set him going.

"The amount of reward is determined by estimating the time which any piece of work might reasonably be expected to employ the pupil, and then paying him according to a fixed rate per hour, decreasing within certain limits as the age of the pupil advances. If the boy is ten years of age, he has 30 marks per hour; if eleven, 25; if twelve or upwards, 20; no diminution takes place after twelve, for reasons which will be stated shortly.* If the pupil is younger than ten years, he receives an additional ten marks per hour for every year which his age is less than ten. This rule is, however, often slightly relaxed, with a view to reward excellence, and to encourage those kinds of exertion which are thought to be the most useful. These rewards are distributed at a certain hour of each day."

"Every boy is expected to have a considerable number of these marks at all times in his possession, to meet the fines which he may incur for breaches of the laws, and for neglect or inaccuracy in the performance of the school exercises."

"As with the exception of imprisonment, which can only be resorted to under very peculiar circumstances, and certain disqualifications, our punishments consist entirely in the forfeiture of these marks, it is evident that numerous and powerful motives must be brought into operation, to induce the boys to labour for the acquisition of them."

It is needless to enter in the minutiae of the arrangements—but they are such that, unless a boy be singularly both idle and ill-conducted, he will never be without means of paying the ordinary fines. Accordingly, such instances occur most rarely.

During the day I passed at Hazelwood, I went through nearly all the classes. I admired the mode of tuition exceedingly—but I fear I have run to too great length to enter into any detail just now. The Hamiltonian system is adopted to a certain extent with the younger classes, though they are also exercised in the spirit of the language they may be learning. But of all the classes the advantage of which seemed to me the most striking, probably because the absence of anything of the kind in the schools, I am acquainted with is total—is that of mental arithmetic. Quite young boys, nine, ten, twelve, answered very extensive, if not in some degree, complicated questions, in the space of fifteen seconds. How I envied them this!—for I am sure not a boy leaves Hazelwood without having a thorough command over that intellectual weapon of gigantic power—*Figures*.

* These reasons are wholly founded on grounds relating to the currency as such, so that it will not be necessary to enter into it.

In all the classes, the most thorough "understanding what they were about" to the minutest, and in the fullest, was strikingly apparent. I heard one of the upper classes go through a lesson in *Livy* in a manner which shewed they were both perfect masters of the niceties of the language, as well as of the peculiar spirit. As for French, there is not a boy in the school who does not speak it,—and soon thoroughly well. Of History I had not immediate means of judging, but I see that it is made an early, a general, and a most prominent branch of study. In Geography, I had a particular opportunity of noting their proficiency,—for it so chanced that, in the afternoon I was there, there was a general exercise throughout the whole school on this particular subject. There were printed lists of questions according to the classes, of which the number ran up to, I think, nearly ten. Those in the higher classes had to write answers to all—to shew that they had not forgotten what they had passed—an admirable principle in tuition, which is much acted upon at Hazelwood. Every boy wrote his answers up to the list of his class:—they were given in to be adjudged, in due rank of merit, the next day;—but I got a glance at them—and I can only say, that I was *astonished* at the questions very young boys answered correctly. It is true they had lately learned many of these—perhaps some in the course of the week:—but they remembered them at all events—and such exercises frequently repeated would enforce the remembrances. I do not mean to say there were not errors, and some pretty strong ones—for geographical errors always appear so—but I speak of the mass—of the average. The higher lists displayed a very thorough knowledge of the details of geography indeed.

Of the Mathematics I have already said enough to prove to you how much they are regarded at Hazelwood.

And I am going to surprise *you*. I did not see the Printing Office; the very thing you would think I should have sought out first. But the day passed away so quickly, I was startled when I found myself at the end of it—and, amateur as I am of the art of Faust and Caxton, I was obliged to put *that* among the points reserved for my next visit. I saw some of the productions of the Hazelwood press, though—you know I have somewhat of a technical eye, and I approve much. I have brought away a number of their magazine which I am sure you will like in other respects as well.

But I did see the Library; and that, indeed, is an inestimable advantage! It is impossible to conceive a better selection of books, from the highest order of *Belles Lettres*, to the very best *young books* extant. I was complimenting one of the sons of the principal who accompanied me, on the collection, when he told me it was chosen by the boys themselves. There could not be a higher proof of the state of general taste and cultivation into which they are brought. There were some Spanish works among them; for there are several of the sons of the more prominent people in the late Spanish colonies of South America and Mexico at Hazelwood. It speaks well, I think, for the leaders of these new states to wish their rising generation to have all

the cultivation which an education in the more civilized countries of Europe can bestow.

And now that I have read over what I have said, I feel how unequal it is to the subject; but certainly it is impossible to condense within the compass of a paper an account of the system of Hazelwood that would do it any thing like justice. I have, therefore, adhered more to the development of the *principles*, and have, as far as in me lay, endeavoured to shew the immediate and beautiful reciprocity of their means and ends. I have not been able, which I sincerely regret, to go into the details of what I have called the municipal system, which facilitates the application of such principles to the gradual formation of a well-regulated, pure, firm, and feeling character. In what I have written I have had no personal predilections to actuate me; at least I may say, that any that I may have, had their origin solely from the school itself. I dare say I shall be reproached with partiality—but the reproach will be unjust. My reason may mislead me, but I have judged from that alone. I have spoken as I have of Hazelwood School from at least the *sincere* conviction, that I cannot conceive an establishment for education more calculated for the developing, the cultivating, aye, and the instilling, the *best* qualities of the mind and heart.

Ever most sincerely, my dear —, your's,

A FRIEND OF EDUCATION.

BREAKING THE SPELL.

IN many of the more upland and secluded parts of the south of Scotland the belief in witches still prevails, and not many years have elapsed since it was universal. The continuation of such a belief among a people who are shrewd and intelligent, is partly owing to two causes; the first of these is the literal meaning they attach to the incantations of the Witch of Endor, mentioned in the first book of Samuel, and the effect that they had in bringing up that prophet from the dead to reprove the King of Israel. Finding this in the Bible, and not being able to see the difference between an allegory and a simple invention, they believe it literally; and when *one* witch is firmly believed in, there is no possibility of closing the door upon other witches. So dangerous is superstition, that if people believe one thing without, or contrary to, rational evidence, they cannot prevent themselves from believing more. The other cause of this inveterate superstition is the existence and extensive circulation of a very foolish book among the peasantry; this book is entitled 'Satan's Invisible World discovered;' and it has other faults besides the cento of diablery which it narrates and describes as established facts. It furnishes a sort of clue to the singular combination of *Maleficiis et Mathematicis*—witches and mathematicians—which occurs in the Papal bull; for the author of it was a Mr. George Sinclair, rather an eminent mathematician of Glasgow, toward the close of the seventeenth century. We remember getting

hold of it when very young, stealing away to a lonely place to read it, believing and being frightened for months, and being finally cured only by a very strong *argumentum baccalinum*. We met the book some time ago, and were astonished that we could have been worked upon by it, but such was the fact ; and such is the fact still ; and therefore they who wish well to the Scottish peasantry should take some means for preventing the sale of George Sinclair's diablery, or which would be better, for making it refute itself.

Degrading as this absurd superstition is, we have heard defences put in for it, on the ground that witches, ghosts and devils are watchmen, and prevent people from going upon nightly depredations ; which would be all very well if it were not the fact, that they upon whom the superstition operates are neither disposed to rob, nor likely to be worth the robbery.

Ayrshire, and the rest of the west coast of Scotland, used to be the grand theatre of these exploits, though there were considerable colonies in the kingdom of Fife. Burns, while he used them to give humour to some of the most exquisite of his poems, yet undermined their powers more effectually than perhaps any other writer. There are some admirable touches in his "Address to the De'il," particularly his own rencontre with the wild-drake.

"The cudgel i' my neive did shake,
Each bristling hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch squeel querk quake
Amang the springs,
Awa' ye squattered like a drake
On whistlin' wings."

In "Hallowe'en" "the de'il, or else an aullun' quey," which tumbl'd the wanton widow into the pool, and the "Grumphie, asteer that night," place the vulgar credulity in the most ludicrous point of view ; though the gem of the whole be the rat in the barn.

"A ratton rattled up the wa',
An' she cried 'Lord preserve her !'
An' run through middinstead an a',
Prayin' wi' zeal an' fervour."

One of the places where, if not now, at least very lately, the witches had free range, was on the Lammermuir hills, between the counties of East Lothian and Berwick. The inhabitants there are a detached and a singular people ; they are shepherds, several of them proprietors of their sheep walks ; their manners are primitive, *Anglicè*, they are very dirty. They hang up the carcasses of the *casualty* sheep in the turf-smoke of the but, and tear off a piece when they are hungry. In the adjoining Lowlands, the men are called "Lammermuir lairds," the women, "Lammermuir ladies," and the sheep "Lammermuir lions," which latter name is applied to persons wanting in courage, who are said to be "as bold as Lammermuir lions."

At certain seasons of the year, the Lammermuir ladies come to the fairs to dispose of the wool of the flocks, and purchase the few simple necessities that they may want for their rude households ; and from the singularity of their appearance and costume they are, or were very lately, all elevated to the honour of witchcraft. This is contrary to the

usual dispensations of that honour, which requires some talent as well as irregularity of appearance, while these people are, in all but pastoral matters, ignorance itself. About twenty years ago, we were driven to take shelter in the mansion of a Lammermuir laird, and he tried to impress us with a sense of his erudition, by holding the shorter catechism, which appeared to belong to one of his children, with the wrong end to him, and rehearsing the sounds "*mulle a crooked s, ypersie &*" with as much solemnity, as ever author read his manuscript to a bookseller, when a bargain and sale depended upon his orthoepy.

A widow of the name of Betty Falla kept an alehouse in one of the market-towns frequented by the Lammermuir ladies, (Dunse, we believe,) and a number of them used to lodge at her house during the fair. One year Betty's ale turned sour soon after the fair; there had been a thunder-storm in the interim, and Betty's ale was, as they say in that country, "strongest in the water." Betty did not understand the first of these causes, and she did not wish to understand the latter. The ale was not palatable; and Betty brewed again to the same strength of water. Again it thundered; and again the swipes became vinegar. Betty was at her wits' end,—no long journey; but she was breathless.

Having got to her own wits' end, Betty naturally wished to draw upon the stock of another; and where should she find it in such abundance as with the minister of the parish. Accordingly, Betty put on her best, got her nicest basket, laid a couple of bottles of her choicest brandy in the bottom, and over them a dozen or two of her freshest eggs; and thus freighted, she fidgetted off to the manse, offered her peace-offering, and hinted that she wished to speak with his Reverence in "preevat."

"What is your will, Betty?" said the minister of Dunse, "An unco uncanny mishap," replied the tapster's wife.

"Has Mattie not been behaving?" said the minister. "Like an innocent lamb," quoth Betty Falla.

"Then —?" said the minister, lacking the rest of the query. "Anent the yill," said Betty.

"The ale!" said the minister, "has any body been drinking and refused to pay?"

"Na," said Betty, "they winna drink a drap."

"And would you have me to encourage the sin of drunkenness?" asked the minister.

"Na, na," said Betty, "far frae that; I only want your kin' han' to get in yill again as they can drink."

"I am no brewer, Betty," said the minister gravely.

"Gude forfend, Sir," said Betty; "that the like o' you should be evened to the gyle tub. I dinna wish for ony thing o' the kind." "Then what is the matter?" asked the minister.

"It's witched, clean witched; as sure as I'm a born woman," said Betty: "Naeboddy else will drink it, an' I canna drink it mysel'."

"You must not be superstitious, Betty," said the minister. "I'm no ony thing o' the kin'," said Betty, colouring, "an' ye ken it yoursel'; but twa brousts wadna be vinegar for naething." (She lowered

her voice) "Ye mun ken, sir, that o' a' the leddies frae the Lammermuir, that hae been comin' and gaen, there was an auld rudas wife this fair, an' I'm certie she's witched the yill; and ye mun just look into ye'r buiks, an' tak off the witchin'!"

"When do you brew, Betty?" "This blessed day gin it like you, Sir."

"Then, Betty, here is the thing you want, the same malt and water as usual?" "Nae difference, Sir?"

"Then when you have put the water to the malt, go three times round the vat with the sun, and in *pli's* name put in three shoofu's of malt, and when you have done that, go three times round the vat, against the sun, and, in the devil's name, take out three bucket-fulls of water; and take my word for it, the ale will be better."

"Thanks to your Reverence, gude mornin'."

THE DEATH OF THE CATHOLIC QUESTION*.

READER, before you can be edified by what I am now about to indite, the Catholic Question, the patriarch of our political puzzles will in all probability be no more;—that is to say, unless a tremulous driblet of life shall be kept up for a few weeks longer in his old bones by the mob setting the town on fire to heat them, which, however, notwithstanding the vigilance and unwearied exertions of my lord Duke of Newcastle and his friends, we do not think there is now much chance of their attempting. Most people, I dare say, will look upon the deceased as having enjoyed quite enough of longevity for a person of his description; but certainly I have no wish to recall his manes from Elysium, or Purgatory, or whatever other land beyond the pole he may have chosen for his posthumous retirement, to revisit either "the glimpses of the moon," or the candlelight of St. Stephen's. "After life's fitful fever," I am quite willing to let our old friend sleep as long as he pleases—and sound be his slumbers, say I, even as those occasioned by Lord Redesdale's pamphlets. Yet a few words perhaps I may be permitted, just over his grave—not a service of the church, nor even an *oraison funèbre*, but simply a little familiar chit-chat, such as people will sometimes indulge in, on occasion of an acquaintance dropping off.

Even the loss of an accustomed walking-stick, or the parting with an old coat, will draw a little at the heart in certain moods of our mysterious humanity. Nay, to bid farewell to things we positively don't like, that have been only a torment to us all the time we knew them, will sometimes give a sort of twinge to the affections. I have known, for instance, the pulling out a tooth, in addition to the pain

* We fear our correspondent has been rather premature. The Catholic Question will not have died before his reader is edified by his lucubrations;—but that consummation is advancing as rapidly as those who wish it the most devoutly can desire—and we will assume it, for the nonce, as is often done in argument, for the sake of our correspondent's remarks.

from the wrench at the jaw sadden a man visibly, for half an hour or so, from the mere vacancy it had left in the circle of his ancient sensations; and we verily believe that even the worst wife that ever turned matrimony into a rack was never carried off by death, or any other means, without leaving a pang behind. It is not surprising, therefore, that I should feel a little even on saying good-bye to the Catholic Question—with which all of us have been in the habit of meeting almost every day in our lives ever since we were out of leading-strings, and which some of us (albeit many a long year yet from our grand climacteric) probably imagined might have companioned us over life's road to our second childhood. It has been indeed most unexpectedly cut off, and in a truly marvellous manner—and there is much in the matter to make us all reflect on the uncertainty and delusiveness of the fairest prospects which any piece of political nonsense may seem to have of long endurance in this present world. But a few weeks ago, and there was not a more hearty-looking absurdity to be met with anywhere, nor one that promised to be longer a comfort to its many friends and admirers. Nor was any other ever more dearly beloved by a large circle of venerable ladies and gentlemen—all ready, they said, to die in its defence, (it is usual for people to say they will die for that for which they have nothing else to say,) and many of them actually in the habit of perpetrating for its sake much more foolish things than dying. Alas for this band of affectionate and vociferous champions!—what will they now have about which to talk their nonsense by the hour? Their Dagon—

Maimed his brute image, head and hands lopped off—

lies on the ground, like a felled tree. Yet although, I have no doubt, they "mourn in earnest," I have not heard that any of them have literally given up the ghost in consequence of what has occurred. "Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for"—the Catholic Question.

In the political world there certainly has not been so great an event since the dethronement of Buonaparte. His domination in Europe, and that of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland, have been the two grand curses that have darkened our age—the forms under which the evil principle of politics has contended with the good, successively, in different parts of their common dominion. Now that both have been overcome and destroyed, we shall begin to feel as if we had suddenly lost our wonted ballast—much in the same way, I suppose, as a person's ghost does when it first attempts to walk about without the body. We shall not, however, be left, I dare say, without something to wrangle about still, although I really do think we have but little chance of ever meeting, in our day, with another such *monstrum horrendum* to do battle withal as either of those we have lost.

For one thing, we shall, no doubt, have a good deal to do yet in bringing Ireland to rights. It is to be remarked that, even if the present great measure should effectually put an end to the discontents of the Catholic population of that country, it is not likely to operate, in the first instance at least, as a tranquillizing dose to the Orange

party. The oil that smooths the waters will only make the fire and brimstone burn the more furiously. I do not anticipate, certainly, that the roar of this conflagration will last long—but for a short time, I apprehend, it is likely to be a pretty loud one. For some years past, at least, I have no hesitation in affirming—and I do not doubt that, when all the excited passions of the present hour are laid at rest, impartial history will own that, I am right,—that the Protestants have been by far the most inflamed and unmanageable of the two factions that have litigated Ireland. Indeed it has perhaps been so for a much longer period. Spenser, in his *View of the state of that country*, written in the reign of Elizabeth, describes the English settlers as even then a great deal more ungovernable than the natives. "Sure, in mine opinion," he makes one of his two speakers remark, "they are more sharply to be chastised and reformed than the rude Irish, which being very wild at the first, are now become more civil; whereas these, from civility, are grown to be wild and mere Irish"—to which the other, Irenæus, through whom he conveys his own opinions, answers, "Indeed, as you say, Eudoxius, these do need a sharper reformation than the Irish; for they are more stubborn and disobedient to law and government than the Irish be." "In truth, Irenæus," Eudoxius replies, "this is more than ever I heard, that any English there should be worse than the Irish: Lord, how quickly doth that country alter men's natures!"—But, however this may be, I speak from my own observation when I repeat, that, of late years, at all events, three-fourths at least of the violence and even ferocity both of feeling and conduct, displayed in the great national struggle, have been found in the ranks of Orangeism.

It is a mistake to suppose, as is often done on this side the water, that all the respectability, even of property and station, is on the side of the Protestants in Ireland; that they consist exclusively of the higher and middle ranks, and that the Catholics are, nearly to a man, a mere swarm of peasantry, day-labourers, and mendicants. It is very far from being so. Not only in the northern quarter of the island, but even in Dublin, many of the Protestants belong to the very lowest grades of society. When we hear of an Orange mob, therefore, it is by no means a mere turn-out of gentlemen and respectable merchants and tradesmen, presenting a front rather of moral than of physical defiance, and from whom nothing really dangerous can reasonably be apprehended, as many persons in their simplicity believe, and as it has, in fact, been one great object of the said Orangemen to persuade the English public. These assemblies, as well as the most mixed of those of the Catholics, are made up in great part of the very dregs of the population—of men (and we may add women and children) whom a long familiarity with rags and whiskey has fitted for any description of lawless outrage. The general character of their proceedings, indeed, proves this to demonstration. When has any Catholic mob, for example, exceeded in vulgar and brutal turbulence the Protestant rabble that used every year to scour the streets of Dublin on the evening of the 4th of November? or that which has sometimes struck terror into the same city on other occasions of party display? I happened to be present, about two years ago, at the election of

the member for the College, when Mr. Croker, Sergeant Lefroy, and Mr. North, were candidates. The first standing upon the Government and Emancipation interest; the second upon that of the Orange Clubs; and the last also a friend of Emancipation, but depending principally, we believe, upon his private connections in the College. It was altogether what they would call, I suppose, a splendid vindication of their principles on the part of the ascendancy zealots. The upper part of the large hall in which the election took place was appropriated to those who had votes, and was divided, by a very strong barricado, from the rest of the room, which was thrown open to the public. Of what description the persons chiefly were who occupied this latter space, I do not exactly know. I was informed that the greater part of them were students; though, both from their appearance, and, still more, from their behaviour, I should have been disposed to take a considerable number of them rather for runaway apprentices or cast-off stable-boys. Whatever else they were, the great majority of them, at all events, were red-hot Protestants, as very soon appeared.

No sooner had proceedings commenced within the bar by an attempt to propose Mr. Croker, than beyond it there arose a scene to which the presence of the Furies could have added nothing. The uproar was not one merely of savage outcry—although of that too there was, perhaps, a wilder storm than was ever heard out of Ireland—but while hundreds of voices at their topmost pitch kept up a continued roar of oaths and anathemas, in all the tones of thorough-bred blackguardism, twice as many hands were at work in tearing to pieces whatever they could find to wreak their vengeance on. The matting having been first raised from the floor, and nearly all thrown at the electors in the shape of “ropes to hang Croker,” and other similar contrivances of no popery manufacture, and baptism, two strong oaken tables, with benches that extended nearly the whole length of the hall, and had at first served as stations for the more fortunate part of the crowd, became the object of universal attack, and were split or smashed to fragments, amidst a noise of devastation that made the roof ring, as if the axes of so many carpenters had been at work under it—saving that the crash of the shattering timber, was necessarily soon over. This chorus, mixed up of all hideous sounds, was continued, almost without a moment’s intermission or slackening of its vehemence, for four or five hours at least. Of the speech of the gentleman who proposed Serjeant Lefroy some sentences were tolerably audible; but not one word of any thing else in the proceedings of the day. I stood within a couple of yards of the Reverend Doctor who proposed Mr. North; and of the long harangue, which I conjectured by his gesticulation and expression of countenance, he was delivering, although he seemed to strain his voice to the utmost, I not only did not catch a word, but scarcely even a sound. Mr. North himself advanced repeatedly to the bar to obtain a hearing; but he might as well have appealed to the winds or waves. Serjeant Lefroy did not come forward, although, I believe, he was repeatedly urged to do so under the impression that his friends might perhaps be prevailed upon to listen to their own candidate, but kept his seat quietly all day beside the Provost, who himself was with difficulty induced to make one

or two faint attempts to assuage the tumult; as on the occasion of one of them, he was coolly treated to a boxing match between two half naked *alumni*, who, having cleared a ring, floored one another repeatedly, under his nose. All this while the exertions of the learned and religious rabble were sustained, and in some degree directed, by a dingy orange pocket-handkerchief hoisted on a pole; which, by way of the standard of the constitution, was kept fluttering in the front of their array. The spirited Secretary of the Admiralty had been so early in the field, and so characteristically active, that scarcely a hope was entertained of defeating him, even from the first; and he carried his election by a large majority. Quite confident, I suppose, of success, he seemed to mind very little the disgraceful, but impotent, fury by which he was assailed throughout the day. The business within the hall was over, if I remember right, by about four or five o'clock in the afternoon; and our loyal and pious protestants, of course, having no longer any person on whom to fling their constitutional Billingsgate; and having moreover, like good subjects, torn to pieces every thing upon which they could lay their hands; at last left the scene, in which they had for so many hours vociferated so manfully for the good cause. They concluded, however, by a renewal of their exertions in the streets at night; by which time many of them had, probably, got drunk with whiskey, as well as Orangeism;—though the latter is an intoxication, heaven knows, that needs no heightening.

To this extent is ultra-protestantism sometimes carried in Ireland. Those who wish to know more of it, may consult the reports of the Orange and Brunswick meetings for the last six months; or the columns of the *Evening Mail*, any week in the year. When history shall have to sketch the events of our time, she will do ample justice to the memory of those friends of civil and religious liberty, whose well-earned triumph is now on the eve of completion; if she will only describe their opponents in England as well as in Ireland, in Parliament as well as out of it, in the language in which they have described themselves;—if she will but unfold their views, feelings, and reasonings, by as ample a collection of quotations as may be necessary, from their own speeches and writings. Let the arguments by which the concession of the Catholic claims has been opposed, be extracted from the Epistles general of our Newcastles, Bexleys, Kenyons, and Winchilseas; the orations of Lord Eldon, the Duke of Cumberland, the Reverend Mr. Horner, and Sir Robert Inglis; and the most eloquent of the pamphlets, petitions, and placards, by which it has been attempted within the last few weeks either to overcome the Parliament, or inflame the populace. Let the faction speak for themselves, let them do their best; only, I say again, let them write and talk with the fear of futurity before their eyes; for they may be assured that succeeding times will not look back upon Sir Robert Inglis as necessarily the ablest man of his day, simply on the ground of his having represented Oxford.

It is in Ireland chiefly, if not only, that we are to expect the continuance for some time of dissatisfaction among the Protestants, after Emancipation shall have been granted. Even now from any strong feeling of aversion the removal of the disabilities is confined to that

country. In England, there may be, among a certain class of the people, many vague fears as to the consequences of the measure,—and, hence, a wish that things should rather, if possible, be allowed to remain as they are, than that the dangers apprehended should be risked. But these are honest fears, and will yield rapidly to the proofs of their groundlessness, which every day's experience will afford. In this way, I verily believe, will be converted the great body of the present opponents of the measure, before any considerable time shall have passed over our heads. It is true, that in addition to this class of persons, there are among us a few others whose opinions or prejudices are not likely to be quite so easily acted upon;—ingenious men, for instance, who have committed themselves to a particular view of the question, by preaching or writing in defence of it; and all other sorts of people, who having been long in the habit of considering a subject in one way, can never see it in another, under any light that may be thrown upon it. But these are too inconsiderable, in point of number, talents, and consideration, to draw to them the general sympathy necessary to keep up any degree of ferment in the popular feeling. Of course, I pass over altogether the downright dishonest portion of the present pack of clamourers; those who sign petitions, or exert themselves in getting them up, or assist in any other way in swelling the outcry, merely in order to please a patron, or to gain for themselves some other end with which the helotism of the Catholics has merely a temporary and accidental connection:—they will be quiet when they have played their part, or will find some other equally profitable theme for the display of their servility. The important consideration is, that we have not in England any large class of people either actually interested in the continuance of the old order of things, or upon whose station and influence in the commonwealth the change, that is about to take place, will produce any real or perceptible effect. A portion of the clergy, to be sure, seem to apprehend some very dreadful results from the new system; some of them say the doubling of tithes, and others (what would certainly be a much greater calamity) the abolition of them altogether. And many old women, it would appear, in remote parts of the country, believe that the pope and all his cardinals are forthwith to be let loose among them, sword in hand, to do with them whatever they choose. But both parties will soon find they have been alarming themselves without the least necessity, and will recover their composure in due time. Their present fright, we dare say, will do them no very serious harm.

In England, therefore, it may fairly be assumed that the good sense and generous temper of the people will soon get the better of their fears, and that many months shall not have gone by before we shall find the whole country, if not positively rejoicing in the blessings of the new state of things, at least resting quite satisfied that it has done them and can do them no mischief. In Ireland, however, the case may be expected to be somewhat different. There, a protestant minority have hitherto been in the actual enjoyment of an ascendancy both in station and in real power over their Catholic brethren—which is now to be taken from them for ever by this bill. Not a protestant journeyman, or apprentice, or sweeper of the streets, in Dublin, but has, till

now, felt himself to be superior in the eye of the law to his Catholic fellow, or, we should rather say, to any Catholic in the land. Is even such a mere feeling as this nothing, that it should be relinquished by men in general, as they are at present constituted, without a pang? I fear this were more than we can well expect. It is, I acknowledge, a detestable spirit which would thus lead one man to resist the raising of another, who has heretofore stood below him, to a level with himself, although he is thereby to be deprived of nothing except some one to look down upon;—but it is in the present case a spirit which the law itself has done its best to implant and nourish for a century and a half; and no wonder that it should be found in some strength in the bosoms of a large proportion of those who have been exposed to the unhappy influences of such a state of things. But when we add to this the other consideration that the handful of Protestants in Ireland have, till now, been almost the sole depositories of all the political power of the country, the holders, distributors, and employers of nearly all the state patronage, the only candidates for the honours, and salaries, and jobs that were going; in short the exclusive heirs and privileged monopolists of whatever was most worth possessing or dealing in, which it was in the power of the government to bestow,—we shall wonder still less that they should not at once be able to reconcile themselves to an innovation which is to strip them of all these unfair advantages, to open the avenues to emolument and distinction to all classes of the community equally, and to permit those, whom for their sakes the state has hitherto treated as aliens, to share with themselves the rights of children and the affections of their common parent. It will be some time before the old *regime* will be forgotten by those who are to be thus forced to surrender the posts of preference in which it was wont to maintain them. Not that in the long run even they will be losers, or other than great gainers by the change; for, to say nothing of the invaluable blessings of tranquillity and general harmony which it will substitute in place of the discord, agitation, and perpetual insecurity of person and property, which have hitherto been the curse of the country, and rendered it hardly fit to live in, notwithstanding all the lavish bounties of nature,—the prosperity of every department of its industry will soon, I doubt not, be such as to afford a much greater abundance for all its inhabitants than it has ever yet yielded to the one favoured portion of them, and thus eventually amply to repay even these last for whatever may in the mean time be taken from them. It is not to be expected, however, that these benefits should begin to be generally felt immediately—or that they should indeed for some time to come be nearly so obvious to the understandings of most of the members of the old ascendancy, as will be the memory of what they have lost. Still, it is to be hoped that even they will not always remain blind to the advance of the happiness and prosperity of their country;—but that, by degrees, the spirit of bitterness shall become exchanged for that of amity, brotherhood, and peace.

APRIL FOOLS.

— "passim
 Palantes error certo de tramite pellit ;
 Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit."—HOR.

This day, beyond all contradiction,
 This day is all thine own, Queen Fiction !
 And thou art building castles boundless
 Of groundless joys, and griefs as groundless ;
 Assuring beauties that the border
 Of their new dress is out of order ;
 And schoolboys that their shoes want tying ;
 And babies that their dolls are dying.
 Lend me, lend me, some disguise ;
 I will tell prodigious lies ;
 All who care for what I say
 Shall be April fools to-day.

First I relate how all the nation
 Is ruined by Emancipation ;
 How honest men are sadly thwarted ;
 How beads and faggots are imported ;
 How every parish church looks thinner ;
 How Peel has asked the Pope to dinner ;
 And how the Duke, who fought the duel,
 Keeps good King George on water-gruel.
 Thus I waken doubts and fears
 In the Commons and the Peers ;
 If they care for what I say,
 They are April fools to-day.

Next I announce to hall and hovel
 Lord Asterisk's unwritten novel.
 It's full of wit, and full of fashion,
 And full of taste, and full of passion ;
 It tells some very curious histories,
 Elucidates some charming mysteries,
 And mingles sketches of society
 With precepts of the soundest piety.
 Thus I babble to the host
 Who adore the 'Morning Post ;'
 If they care for what I say,
 They are April fools to-day.

Then to the artist of my raiment
 I hint his bankers have stopped payment ;
 And just suggest to Lady Focket
 That somebody has picked her pocket ;
 And scare Sir Thomas from the city,
 By murmuring, in a tone of pity,

That I am sure I saw my Lady
 Drive through the Park with Captain Grady.
 Off my troubled victims go,
 Very pale and very low;
 If they care for what I say, •
 They are April fools to-day.

I've sent the learned Doctor Trepan
 To feel Sir Hubert's broken kneecap;
 'Twill rout the doctor's seven senses
 To find Sir Hubert charging fences!
 I've sent a sallow parchment scraper
 To put Miss Trim's last will on paper;
 He'll see her, silent as a mummy,
 At whist with her two maids and dummy.
 Man of brief, and man of pill,
 They will take it very ill;
 If they care for what I say, •
 They are April fools to-day.

And then to her, whose smile shed light on
 My weary lot last year at Brighton,
 I talk of happiness and marriage,
 St. George's, and a travelling carriage.
 I trifle with my rosy fetters,
 I rave about her 'witching' letters,
 And swear my heart shall do no treason
 Before the closing of the season.
 Thus I whisper in the ear
 Of Louisa Windermere;
 If she cares for what I say,
 She's an April fool to-day.

And to the world I publish gaily
 That all things are improving daily;
 That suns grow warmer, streamlets clearer,
 And faith more firm, and love sincerer;
 That children grow extremely clever;
 That sin is seldom known, or never;
 That gas, and steam, and education,
 Are killing sorrow and starvation!
 Pleasant visions,—but, alas!
 How those pleasant visions pass!
 If you care for what I say,
 You're an April fool to-day.

Last, to myself, when night comes round me,
 And the soft chain of thought has bound me,
 I whisper, "Sir, your eyes are killing;
 You owe no mortal man a shilling;
 You never cringe for star or garter,
 You're much too wise to be a martyr;
 And since you must be food for vermin,
 You don't feel much desire for ermine!"
 Wisdom is a mine, no doubt,
 If one can but find it out;
 But whate'er I think or say,
 I'm an April fool to-day.

CARSTEN NIEBUHR.

A BIOGRAPHY BY HIS SON, THE AUTHOR OF THE ROMAN HISTORY.

THE father of the celebrated living historian of Rome was Carsten Niebuhr, one of the most celebrated travellers of the last century. He was a member of a scientific expedition, consisting of five individuals sent out in 1761 by the Danish government then under the administration of the enlightened Count Bernstoff, to explore Arabia, and was the only one who survived the journey. The results of his travels and labours were made known in four volumes published at various subsequent periods during his lifetime; and which as the works, though altogether an incomplete performance, of a sagacious, enquiring, and accurate observer, possess a value, and have acquired an estimation, which the researches and publications of recent travellers have tended rather to confirm than diminish.

With regard to his qualifications as an eastern traveller, Niebuhr may be considered as holding a middle station between Belzoni and Burckhardt. He seems to have in some degree united the advantages enjoyed separately by those eminent explorers. His origin partook more of the humbleness of the former than of the respectability of the latter. Like Belzoni also, he was the founder of his own fortune such as it was; and, presents one of those interesting instances of a man raising himself to eminence, under every disadvantage, by the energy of his character, and the strong impulse of a thirst for knowledge. He further resembled the Italian traveller in being endowed by nature with more than usual strength of person and constitution, and which the accidents attending his early nurture, and the deprivation of maternal sustenance (for his mother died when he was six weeks old) had not been able to impair. In other respects he had the advantage of the adventurous Paduan; and if in education and acquirements he was not the equal of the Swiss Missionary of the African Society, the inferiority was rather partial than general. With Burckhardt, he enjoyed the benefit of travelling at the expense and under the protection of those well able to support and uphold him; while Belzoni's expeditions were individual speculations, the result of his own ardent and enterprising spirit. The University of Göttingen had the honour of affording to both Niebuhr and Burckhardt their collegiate education; although the latter held himself, and justly no doubt, more indebted for the chief acquirements he made in Europe, to his subsequent residence at Cambridge. This comparison, however, we will not carry further; nor is it our intention to become ourselves the biographers of the Danish traveller. His memoirs now lie before us traced by the pen of one whose claims to preserve the memory of so distinguished a man are sacred; namely, those of a son, even more distinguished than his parent.

The biographical memoir to which we allude is the republication of a small work which appeared in the form of a pamphlet of ninety

pages in 1817 at Kiel, and which now constitutes the first article of a volume, recently published in Germany, containing a collection of the miscellaneous works of the learned historian. The other contents of this volume are dissertations full of erudition and antiquarian research. For a better acquaintance with them, we refer our readers to the volume itself, confining ourselves to the interesting biographical sketch to which we have alluded.

Carsten Niebuhr was born on the 17th of March, 1733, at Westerende, Ludingworth, in Hadeln, an ancient district of Friesland, and now comprised within the territories of the kingdom of Hanover. His father and ancestors, for several generations, had been freeholders of the country—men in good circumstances, although not classed among the rich. His early life and education were those of a mere husbandman; but before his father's death, which happened while he was yet a boy, he was placed at a grammar-school at Otterndorf, and afterwards at Altenbruch,—an indulgence which seems to have been accorded to the strong desire he evinced to learn something more than is comprised in the education of a farmer. His guardians proved less considerate than his parent, and his studies were discontinued before he had advanced far enough to profit by their recollection when he afterwards resumed them.

On the division of his father's property, an inconsiderable principal in ready money was all that fell to his share; and compelled to seek the means of subsistence, the natural bent of his disposition, and the desire of intellectual cultivation, led him to resort to the acquisition of knowledge for that purpose. His pecuniary resources, however, were not sufficient to enable him to procure for himself the advantage of instruction in Latin, and he applied to the practice of music for about a year, and learnt to play on several instruments, with the intention of qualifying himself for the situation of an organist. These pursuits, however, did not meet with the approbation of his guardians; and his maternal uncle took him into his house, in which he again led a farming life for nearly four years.

At the end of that period, one of those purely accidental circumstances, which often decide the career of distinguished men, gave a direction to the course of Niebuhr, which he afterwards constantly pursued, and which raised him to the first rank of travellers of modern times. A question of right about the superficies of a farm could only be settled by a survey; and as there was no surveyor in the whole district of Hadeln, it became necessary to send for one from a different part of the country. Niebuhr felt that he could become useful to his country, and gain a livelihood at the same time, if he learnt the art of surveying; and being now of age, and his own master, he went to Hamburg, and became the pupil in mathematics of Professor Saccow; and as the greatest frugality would not enable him to live on the interest of his money, he determined to spend as much of his small capital, as the object he had in view would require.

Mathematics were at that time taught in Latin, and eight months elapsed before Niebuhr knew sufficient of that language to attend the mathematical lectures. He was twenty-two years old when he recommenced the study of Latin; but the utmost assiduity did not

enable him to acquire that proficiency which younger men more fortunately circumstanced easily attain. He never learnt Greek, which always grieved him much.

In Easter 1757, he went to Göttingen, where he continued to study mathematics, and a small family stipend which he obtained enabled him to buy some mathematical instruments.

Frederick V. reigned in Denmark at that time, and his minister, Bernstorff, was the most intelligent and spirited statesmen on the continent. The enfranchisement of the peasantry, the support he gave to Klopstock, and the learned expedition to Arabia, will, perhaps, be considered by posterity as the most brilliant acts of his administration.

Of this expedition the original project proceeded from Michaelis, Professor of Oriental Languages at Göttingen, who represented to the Danish minister, how much might be gained for the study of the Old Testament, if European travellers were to explore Arabia. He proposed that a single traveller, an oriental scholar from his own school, should be sent by the way of India to Arabia. The minister perceived that such a journey could not lead to any important results, even if the traveller had the good fortune to survive and return to his country.

But the proposal, although not approved in its original shape, was not neglected. It suggested to the minister the idea of a more enlarged and useful expedition, and instead of an orientalist only, it was determined to send out a naturalist, a mathematician, an orientalist, a physician, and a painter. The persons selected to fill these offices were Forskaal, Niebuhr, Von Haven, Cramer, and Baurenfeind. Niebuhr was indebted for his appointment to the recommendation of Kästner, the Director of the Academy of Sciences at Copenhagen. When the honour intended for him was communicated to him by Kästner himself, in the summer of 1758, he did not, as far as his inclination was concerned, hesitate for an instant, but was diffident of his own abilities and qualifications; and when he at last accepted the offer, it was on the condition that he should be allowed until Easter 1760, to prepare himself.

From the moment that the matter was so far arranged, he devoted himself entirely to the object of preparation. Besides his other studies, he took private lessons from Michaelis, in the Arabic language, and from Mayer, in astronomy. But he gave up the study of the former, on finding that his master, after several months, had not been able to conduct him further than to the fables of Lokman; and Niebuhr perceived that Michaelis himself possessed no great stock of Arabic philology.

Mayer was at the head of the German astronomers and mathematicians of his time; and his zeal in teaching Niebuhr was only equalled by that of Niebuhr in learning from him. During the course of a long life, Niebuhr never became acquainted with any man whom he loved so dearly as he did Mayer; and one of the greatest gratifications he ever experienced, was derived from the knowledge that his first astronomical observations had reached his revered master on his death-bed, and that Mayer, although in a dying state, felt such joy at this communication, as to appear for a few moments to revive. Our

traveller received a further satisfaction, on finding that his observations had obtained the English prize for the widow of Mayer, to whom he was sensible that he owed every thing.

Niebuhr left Göttingen for Copenhagen in the autumn of 1760, and was received by Bernstorff with the greatest kindness. The minister compensated him for the expense he had incurred in procuring mathematical instruments; and to prove his opinion of the integrity of Niebuhr, appointed him, unsolicited, treasurer of the expedition. The title of Professor at the University of Copenhagen was offered to him, before setting out; but his extraordinary modesty made him decline the honour. He would not, he said, be called a professor, as he was not a sufficiently deep mathematician to deserve that title: he might have obtained the rank of a captain, but he was contented with a commission as lieutenant of engineers.

The expedition embarked the 7th of January, 1761, on board the *Greenland*, a man of war. At Marseilles, and at Malta, where our travellers went on shore, they met with the most polite reception. The expedition had become known all over Europe; and a similar taste for expeditions of this kind, which prevailed at that time in England, France, and Italy, ensured the most respectful attention in every quarter. The Maltese knights treated Niebuhr with marked distinction, offering him all the honours and advantages of their order after his return from the expedition, flattering themselves, that the difficulties of his religion might be got over.

The party passed from Malta to Constantinople, and thence to Egypt, where they remained a full year, from the end of September 1761, to the beginning of October 1762. During that time, Niebuhr visited Mount Sinai; and determined the longitude of Alexandria, Cahira, Raschid, and Damiat, by a number of lunar observations, with such accuracy, that the French astronomers of Buonaparte's expedition were surprised to find that they coincided perfectly with their own observations. Equally correct was his map of the two branches of the Nile, and his plan of Cahira, which he had drawn under the greatest difficulties, in the midst of a fanatic rabble. He also measured the height of the pyramids, and copied many hieroglyphic inscriptions from obelisks, and sarcophagi.

In October the travellers embarked at Suez, on board a Turkish vessel, and reached Loheia towards the end of the year 1762. On this voyage, Niebuhr projected his chart of the Red Sea, which is a masterpiece, considering the circumstances under which he made it. From Loheia frequent excursions were made to western Arabia, especially by Forskaal and Niebuhr; the former collecting plants, the latter in order to determine the geographical position of places. They then returned to the coast towards Moccha, where Von Haven, the orientalist, and pupil of Michaelis, died. A bilious fever also put an end to the life of Forskaal, who was the naturalist of the expedition; and Niebuhr suffered from an attack of dysentery, and saved himself only by extreme temperance and prudence.

With the two surviving members of the expedition, the physician, Dr. Cramer, and the draughtsman, Bauernfeind, Niebuhr continued his journey to Saná and Upper Yemen, and thence returned to

Moccha. There they embarked for Bombay; the draughtsman, who had taken the fever at Moccha, died during the voyage, and the physician lingered a few months at Bombay, and died too. The owner of the vessel, which had brought Niebuhr from Moccha to Bombay, was Francis Scott, a younger member of the family of Scotts, of Harden, in Roxburghshire, a Jacobite family which claims Sir Walter Scott as a member. This Francis Scott conceived a great friendship for Niebuhr, and five-and-thirty years after, his son, the historian, on coming to study at Edinburgh, was received as a member of the family, in the house of the old man, who lived upon the fortune which he had acquired by his industry and honesty.

At Bombay, Niebuhr was received by the English with great cordiality. "When in Egypt," says his son, "he had taken a great liking to the English, and at Bombay it grew up into an attachment, which continued during his whole life."

Captain Howe, of the Royal Navy, brother of Admiral Lord Howe, and of General Sir William, was one of his most intimate friends. In return for a chart of the Indian seas, Niebuhr gave the General a chart of the Red Sea, which he had finished at Bombay, and which, from Dschidda northwards, was quite new to the English. No English vessel had then gone to the north of Dschidda.

After a stay of fourteen months, Niebuhr left Bombay in December, 1764, visited Maskat and Oman, whence he went by the way of Abuschaber to Shiraz and Persepolis. The night before he reached Persepolis he could not sleep, so worked up was his imagination by the desire he felt at seeing the ruins of that city. "Of all he had seen in Asia," says his son, "the ruins of Persepolis were the jewel in his opinion, and they had left upon his mind an impression which lasted all his lifetime."

Three weeks and a half he remained amongst these monuments, in a desert, measuring and drawing the ruins; but the exertion he made to copy the inscriptions produced an inflammation of the eye, and he was obliged to abandon the pursuit without having finished his drawings. He returned by the way of Schiraz to Abuschaber, and thence over the Persian Gulf to Basra; thence over Mesched Ali and Mesched Hössein to Bagdad, and arrived at Haleb the 6th of June 1766, by the road of Mosul and Diarbekr. There he again met with European society, consuls and merchants of all nations; but he still preferred the intercourse with the English. He there formed an intimacy with Dr. Russel, the author of the work on the plague, with whom the son afterwards also became acquainted.

After this Niebuhr visited Palestine, and determined the geography of the Holy Land by astronomical observations; and made a plan of Jerusalem in both cases as perfectly as time would allow. He arrived at Constantinople on his return on the 20th of February, 1767. He remained nearly four months in this capital of the Turkish empire, collecting information on the general state of the Turkish administration, which has formed the groundwork of treatises on this subject, which have been published, and proved correct and satisfactory. In the middle of July he arrived in Poland, which he took in his route homewards at the express desire of the king, Stanislaus Poniatowsky. He was

received with every civility and consideration, and continued for several years in correspondence with Stanislaus.

He arrived at Copenhagen in November, and was received with great distinction by the court, the ministers, and the learned of the kingdom. His first business was to deliver the accounts of the expenses of the journey. It appears that the whole expedition did not cost above 21,000 rix-dollars (3240*l.*), including the sums which had been laid out for instruments, &c.

Having executed this task, he began to set himself about the more laborious duty of giving an account of his journey, and from his own papers and those of Forskaal, supplying the information, in search of which the expedition had been sent out. He applied himself to answer the questions submitted by Michaelis, as well as the more important ones regarding the history of Yemen, proposed by the French Académie des Inscriptions. He abandoned the idea of publishing his astronomical observations, since nobody could examine them, as Mayer would have done, had he still been alive; his other materials were arranged together, and published in the two works which have appeared. The copperplates were paid for by the Danish government, and made a present of to the author.

On the change of ministry, and dismissal of Count Bernstorff, Niebuhr, although no public character, did not conceal his attachment to his patron, and accompanied him, with a few faithful friends, to Roeskilde. He never condescended to wait upon Struensee, the new minister, nor did he ever appear in public, as long as he was in power; he spoke openly his sentiments, approved of the popular rising against that minister, and rejoiced at his downfall.

At Michaelmas 1772 appeared his description of Arabia. Such a work could expect but a small number of readers, and the author lost a great deal of money by its publication. A French translation made in Holland had more success, but he derived no profit from it.

About this time the arrival at Copenhagen of an ambassador from the Pasha of Tripoli, again excited public curiosity on the subject of Africa, and excited in Niebuhr a strong desire to visit the interior of that continent, to set out on a journey to the Niger by the way of Tripoli and Fezzan. But an accident not very uncommon changed the direction of his career. He formed an attachment for a lady, the daughter of the physician Blumenberg, whom he married; an event, as the French say, *'auquel il dut le bonheur de sa vie.'* The fruit of the marriage was two children, the historian and a daughter.

On the publication of his first volume of travels, at Easter 1774, Niebuhr went to Leipsig, not so much on account of business, as from a desire to become acquainted with Reiske. If ever a man of genius and learning has been neglected in Germany by his contemporaries, it was Reiske. Lessing alone, and Niebuhr, paid him due honour during his lifetime; the latter had declared publicly that he never found among the Arabs any man so well acquainted with their literature as Reiske.

The second volume of his travels appeared in 1778. It breaks off with his arrival at Haleb. The third volume was to contain the rest of his journey, his treatise on the Turkish Empire and the Mahommedan

religion, his notices on Abyssinia, which he had collected in Yemen, and on Sudan, which he had obtained from Abderrachman Aga; but owing to his pecuniary losses, and to the destruction of his plates, which were consumed by the great fire at Copenhagen, in 1795, it was never published.

At this period Niebuhr lived happily at Copenhagen with his family and a small number of friends, but he felt the consequences of the removal of Count Bernstorff from office, and exchanged the military service for a civil employment in Holstein, where he obtained a situation at Meldorf, the capital of the ancient republic of Ditmar.

In this situation the principal occupation of the leisure hours of Niebuhr was the education of his children.—As this part of the narrative concerns the illustrious historian, no less than his venerable parent, and is distinguished by a remarkable candour and simplicity, we shall translate the passage from the Biography. “He taught us both geography and history; and to me besides, French and English, and also mathematics; but I am sorry to say, my want of taste for mathematics destroyed all the pleasure he could have in teaching me. He who from his boyhood had seized with avidity every opportunity of acquiring knowledge, was vexed to find us inattentive, or unwilling to learn. He read with me ‘Cæsar’s Commentaries;’ but in this study also the peculiar bent of his mind displayed itself, and he directed our attention more to ancient geography, than to the history itself: the Ancient Gaul of D’Anville, for whom he felt a particular esteem, was constantly lying before us, and I was obliged to look out for every place, and to describe its situation. His instruction was not grammatical; his knowledge of languages consisted only in general impressions left upon his mind. His attempts to teach me Arabic failed, because he would not use any grammar; and he himself had lost the habit of speaking it. I learnt it afterwards by myself, and sent him some translations, which gave him great pleasure.

“I retain still a lively recollection of the accounts he gave us of the East, especially in the evenings, when he took us upon his knees, before we went to bed. The history of Mohammed, of the first Chalifs, especially Omar and Ali, for whom he entertained the highest respect, the conquests of the Islam, and the virtues of the heroes of the new faith, were early impressed upon my mind, and almost the first historical books I ever read were concerning them.

“I also recollect how he took out on a Christmas evening, when I was about ten years old, from a splendid chest which contained his manuscripts, and which was looked upon by the whole family almost as a tabernacle with the greatest reverence, his papers on Africa. He had taught me to draw maps, and with his assistance I drew maps of Sudan and Habesh.

“He was never more happy than when I brought him, on his birthday, geographical compilations on oriental countries, and he wished nothing so much as that I might become his successor as a traveller in the East. But the remonstrances of my affectionate mother induced him to give up this plan. As the British East India Company had some obligation to him with respect to the navigation of the upper part of the Red Sea, he expected to get me to India. He

was afterwards as glad, as I was myself, that this project had failed; but he used for a long time to put English books, and even English newspapers, into my hands. .

"Herder sent him his little dissertation on Persepolis, which gave him great pleasure, as it was after many years the first sign he received, that he was not yet quite forgotten by his countrymen. The Turkish war, which broke out about the same time (1788), interested him greatly. As much as he liked the Arabs, he hated the Turks; he hated them as a proud and obstinate race, but still more as the tyrants of the Arabs. The French expedition to Egypt he disliked; he did not expect any good from it. He had a national antipathy against the French, and had no faith in the French revolution, although he was no partisan of the court, the aristocracy, or the clergy*.

"The appearance of Bruce's travels was quite an event in our family. My father never doubted that Bruce had been in Abyssinia, but he wrote an article in the German Museum, shewing that his conversation with Ali Bey was evidently fictitious, as well as the pretended journey over the Red Sea to Babel Mandel, and another on the coast to the south of Kosseir, &c. Other parts of his travels, he regarded as perfectly true and authentic.

"My father was highly pleased with a letter from his old friend Dr. Russel, who applied to him for his plan of the town of Aleppo. Of course, my father sent it. It was to be used for the new edition of the description of Aleppo. Major Renzel wrote to my father for his Itineries through Syria and Natolia, and my father did not hesitate to send them. Mursden gave him a mark of respect, by sending him his history of Sumatra. Silvestre de Sacy, who was preparing for publication his translation of *Bark el Yemen*, entered into correspondence with my father about Arabia. Niebuhr's description of Arabia, and his map of the empire of Iman, were found so surprisingly correct, that all the places named in that book, except two villages in Tehama, could be found in them. Barbier du Bocage, the geographer, obtained from my father materials for his map of Natolia. The friends of my father in England wished him to publish the third volume of his travels, in an English translation, and the late Earl Donoughmore, then Lord Hutchinson, proposed to arrange this matter with an English publisher; but Niebuhr thought it unfair towards Denmark, to publish his travels in England, and declined the offer."

During the last ten years of his life, our traveller felt sensibly the infirmities of age: he was afflicted with blindness, and other maladies usually attendant on the close of a long and active career. His wife had died in 1807, and often during the seven subsequent years, he had avowed himself prepared to join her, but he felt a natural interest in the great struggle which then agitated Europe, and he desired to see how the fate of the world would be decided. This feeling increased in the memorable year in which the French lost the battle of Leipsic. The following picture of him at this period, and the description of his last moments, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of extracting.

* Niebuhr adds, in a note, that his father would have judged differently of the French revolution had he known the generation which sprung up from it.

"In the autumn of 1814, the whole family was assembled round him. All his features, with the extinguished eyes, had the expression of the worn-out age of an unusually strong constitution. It was impossible to see a more venerable sight. A cossack, who during the war, entered, as an uninvited guest, the room where the silver-haired old man sat, with his head bare, was so struck, that he paid the greatest regard to him. My father was invariably in good humour, cheerful and conversational. We got him to talk again of Persepolis, and he spoke of the walls which contained the inscriptions and bas-reliefs, as if he had seen them the day before. He told us, that although blind in his bed, his soul had still visions of oriental objects. The starry nightly heaven of Asia, and the blue sky of the day, returned in quiet hours, constantly to his imagination. On the 26th April, towards evening, he still was read to; was perfectly sensible, and put some questions, fell asleep, and expired without a struggle. He had attained an age of eighty-two years and six weeks."

In reviewing the character of this venerable traveller, his son describes him as simple in habits, pertinacious in his opinions, liable to strong likings and antipathies, for and against particular persons; of purity of manners, and unimpeachable integrity—devoid of a taste for abstract speculation—not partial to poetry, except Homer in the translation of Voss—and the *Herman and Dorothea* of Göthe—fond of the novels of Fjelding and Smollet—but of no other. We give the following passage, merely because it is found in Niebuhr the historian.

"He did not trouble himself with the things of the supernatural world. He approached the dark region of futurity, with the intrepidity of a pure conscience. It is singular, that this man, who had so little imagination, awoke us in the night, when his brother died, of whose illness he knew nothing, in order to tell us that his brother was dead."

In conclusion, he is described as wholly free from vanity, but the kind regards of such men as Reiske, Silvestre de Sacy, and Rennel, were highly gratifying to him. He declined a patent of nobility, offered to him by the minister Guldberg. "I would not give such offence to my family," he said to a friend, who asked him about it, "he who accepts a title of nobility, seems to me, not to think his family respectable enough."

DREAMS.

‘————— a pleasant dream
At best can be but dreaming,—
And if the true may never beam—
Oh! who would slight the seeming.”—PRAED.

I go—yet I am smiling,—
I weep—yet am not sad,—
Tho’ a dream be all beguiling,
Yet a dream hath made me glad;—

And darkness, like the raven,
 May be brooding from afar,
 Yet my bark shall leave the haven
 With a dream it's polar star!

A form hath been before me,
 And its look was like to thine,—
 A cloud hath floated o'er me,
 But its colour was divine,—
 I saw the future lying
 Like a map before my eye,—
 And that form was still undying—
 And the cloud had floated by!

To make a dream an omen
 To guide me on my way!—
 To trust me to a woman!—
 What will the wise ones say?
 I care not—than the seeming
 They have nothing more to show,—
 Oh! there's many a bliss in dreaming
 Those wise ones never know!

London, March 26th, 1829.

ξ.

D I A R Y

FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH.

12th.—Cases are constantly occurring which prove the extreme injustice of persons accused of capital offences, in the country, being tried only twice a year—and that, too, at periods at such unequal distances—the average intervals being, in round numbers, eight months and four. Perhaps, however, there never was a more flagrant instance of this injustice than one that occurred two days ago at Worcester. A man was committed on a charge of horse-stealing, last July—the circumstances of which were such that Mr. Justice Park declared from the bench that, if such evidence were to be considered sufficient to warrant a man's conviction, neither he himself, nor any of the gentlemen around him, could consider themselves at all safe. The Grand Jury, to his Lordship's extreme amazement, found a true bill—it may be mentioned that the committing-magistrate was on it;—but, on the evidence failing early in the case for the prosecution, the learned Judge insisted that the trial should proceed, that the real facts might come out. They were these: the prisoner had had the horse for several months, publicly working it in his cart, and he had bought it from a man, previously to coming into whose possession it had passed through several hands! Truly, if one is to run the risk of lying in gaol for eight months under such circumstances as these, Mr. Tattersall's trade will diminish.

It is clear that either the Courts of Quarter Session should be made fit to be entrusted with capital cases—or there should be a winter gaol-delivery on all the circuits as well as the Home. The former, we think, would be much the better course; as then all the gaols in the kingdom would be cleared six times a-year.

17th.—Mr. Warburton has brought in his bill for the supply of anatomical subjects, in pursuance of the recommendation of the Committee, the labours of which we noticed at length in our number for February. The plan is, as is known, to give up for dissection all the bodies not claimed by any relations or friends, of persons who die in hospitals and poor-houses. In the article to which we have alluded, we have, we believe, shewn the absolute necessity of some supply—as also that this mode secures the supply being sufficient, and gives the absolute *certainty* of its being impossible that the feelings of any human being can be injured by it. We still, however, adhere, and the more strongly the longer we have thought of it, to the inexpediency of the giving up the bodies being made permissive instead of compulsory. To *whom* is the discretion given?—To parish overseers and hospital officers, who can have no earthly motives to withhold the bodies, unless they be bad ones. We hope Mr. Warburton will re-consider this. It being only *unclaimed* bodies that are in any case to be given up, it is totally beyond our power to conceive how vesting this discretion in officers of the kind described should be calculated in any degree to be more favourably received by prejudiced persons, than a compulsory statute—namely, that *unclaimed* bodies should be given to the surgeon under the regulations to be there laid down—for, to win over prejudice is the ground assigned for the present plan. We cannot see how it will do any such thing, and we see quite plainly that it is placing power in very improper hands.

We have noticed this subject to-day, on account of seeing two articles upon it in the ‘Morning Herald,’ written either in the most odious bad faith, or in the most total ignorance of the whole question. The leading article comments upon the city one, which asserts that it is a city matter, inasmuch “as the bill proposes to make dead bodies a sort of legal traffic.” This is aimed evidently at the *one* objection we have felt it to be our duty to make to the provisions of the bill, and it might be a lesson, as it has enabled such a person as this writer must manifestly be, to make, out of twenty accusations, one with a very slight shadow of justice. Such *may* be the result of one clause;—it were a thousand times better than the present system if these officers did sell *unclaimed* bodies, than that the surgeons should have none—but it is false to say that the bill “proposes” any such thing. But there are two allegations more strikingly ungrounded than the rest, which this writer propounds to excite the feelings against the means being afforded for a proper study of surgery. He says that bodies may be unclaimed, because the relations or friends are too poor to bury them, and that their feelings would in that case be lacerated.* The public may well agree with the proposition thus put, and it is dwelt on in every possible variety of circumstance. But the truth is, that bodies

claimed by relations or friends too poor to pay their funeral expenses, are always buried at the parish expense, the friends being allowed to shew every mark of respect and sorrow that they may desire. It is only the bodies unclaimed by any one, even merely as mourner, that it is proposed should be given up. Here no feelings *can* be wounded—for if any were possessed by the relations, or friends, supposing there to be any, they would come forward. The other false allegation is that the proposed measure will deprive the bodies of Christian burial. It is quite the reverse. In every case, the ritual of our service will be duly performed. We shall dismiss this writer with the assertion that all the other objections he makes to the measure are quite as unsound as these.

The leading article of the 'Herald' is written very much in the same spirit as this. It abuses the surgeons, and the members of Parliament, for not leaving their own bodies to be dissected, while they make laws for those of the poor being so used: and it alleges that all this is done from the mere fact of the poor being poor. Now it is quite manifest that this is all absurd. Here, the feelings of relations would be hurt, which in the case of such of the poor as we have described would not be. We respect the feelings of the poor every jot as much as those of the rich—but the arrangement proposed would not hurt the feelings of rich, or poor, or of any one on the face of the earth. Such productions as these which we have commented upon, are equally foolish and pernicious. The measure is an almost unexceptionable provision for the means for competent medical practitioners to exist in this country. And this is a measure in which the poor are even more interested than the rich—for there will always be capable men to be procured for money—whereas the poor must be contented with the "surgeon and apothecary," who is nearest at hand—and if matters go on as they do now, a few years hence all these *must* be in a state of the blindest ignorance. We are sure, if our readers have looked at the first article in the present number, they will not attribute what we have now said to unmindfulness of the poor.

21st. Really it is melancholy to see how strongly prejudices, which ought by common consent to be scouted both as wicked and foolish, still prevail. Here the Duke of Wellington has thought it necessary to fight a duel with Lord Winchilsea—for certain expressions reflecting upon him in a fanatical letter, written by the very peculiar nobleman last-mentioned. The reflections were perfectly unjustifiable, as most of the proceedings of a mind capable of admitting the narrowest fanaticism, usually are. But they should have been treated by the Duke with the same quiet contempt, into which the public had silently suffered them to sink. The pernicious attempts to inflame the people to madness, in a former composition of the noble lord, had fallen dead. There was more sound sense and right feeling among those addressed, than in him who addressed them. Even the terrible nature of the end could not ennoble the poverty of the means. Every body treated what Lord Winchilsea said, as nonsense—and every body was quite right.

It must be quite clear, then, we think, that nothing but the most una-

voidable necessity should have induced the Duke of Wellington to risk, against such a life as that of Lord Winchilsea, one on which the happiness of many-millions of his fellow-creatures is, at this moment, depending. It is really nothing short of awful, to think of the consequences which would have ensued, had the Duke of Wellington been killed. But they are on the surface, and we need not detail them. The real question is, did the necessity exist for the risk being incurred? We really cannot see that it did. Were the imputations brought forward under such circumstances as to have tarnished the Duke of Wellington's honour, if he had not noticed them at all? We cannot think that they were. Take his own position and character into consideration, and those of his adversary—take all the circumstances attending the case, and we really think that the Duke was in no degree called upon to take up that absurd letter in the way he did. Who would have thought of blaming him if he had not? That Lord Winchilsea acted wrongly, or his friend Lord Falmouth for him, we think quite clear. A man who determines to make an apology, after having stood a shot, ought, except in a few very extreme cases, to make it without going out. It is the course of true manliness, to express that regret which it is your ultimate purpose to express, without exposing the man whose right to call upon you for redress you thus allow, to the chance of having the weight of bloodshed upon his conscience. It is the course, we think, which the world, even with all its preposterous notions on this most preposterous of subjects, admits, and which every high-minded man should act upon. The temperance of the Duke of Wellington's first application, left a field fully open for this, without the possibility of the least imputation being cast upon Lord Winchilsea.

We wish, upon all accounts, that this duel had not taken place—but chiefly from the encouragement which it may give to the abominable custom itself. We cannot conceive anything more in contradiction to every principle of religion, of morals, or of common sense, than this practice of duelling. It is most rare, indeed, that either party desires the blood of the other—he goes out because the world expects him so to do—because he would be coldly looked upon if he did not. If a man be really injured, it is certainly the most ingeniously-contrived method to procure him the very reverse of redress, that he shall be exposed to the same risk as the injurer—and, at all events, we think every man of common sense must consider the fact, that a person possessing, and every day exerting, all manner of evil and unamiable qualities, will be better received in society, than one who has refused to fight a duel—to be nothing short of disgusting. As for the objection of its being impossible that people could be kept in order, if the appeal to the pistol were discontinued, it is on the face of it groundless. Are gentlemen less civilized than the middle classes of society, where exceedingly good behaviour exists without any need of duelling to keep it, so? The thing is too plain for argument. The ordinary customs of society are quite strong enough to preserve themselves—and, for graver matters, the law and public opinion would be amply sufficient. But, it may be said, the practice exists; how stop it? We will tell you. In every duel in which death ensues, let the surviving principal and the two seconds,—for they are

often the most in fault,—be hanged for the murder;—which it is both legally and morally—though juries are in the habit of perjuring themselves in finding it otherwise, and both magistrates and judges have shewn a very disgraceful departure from their duty, in their partial mode of administering the law in such matters. (See Baron Garrow's charge at Horsham, only last week.) Duellists are gentlemen, and when they have been found guilty of manslaughter, they have been sentenced to fine and imprisonment, instead of being transported or sent to the hulks, as a poor man is for a similar offence. The law is quite sufficient as it stands; *let it be duly executed*, shewing no respect to persons, and but very few years would elapse before an end would be put to a custom, teeming with all the barbarism of its feudal origin, and, in itself, equally unchristian, inhuman, and absurd.

25th. GOOD FIRES.—The Catholic Bill is not yet in the House of Lords—but they have managed to make as much fight about it, there, or nearly, as in the Commons. Now, although it must be by this time most manifest to our readers, that we attach as strong an interest as is possible to “the one subject”—yet we very much lament that its monopoly should be so strictly enforced—to the total exclusion, for instance, of the measures with regard to the police, the prisons, and the prevention of crime generally, with many others of great moment. Still, in the lower house, just now, it cannot be helped: but we really think their Lordships “needna’ ha’ fash’d their thumbs” about the matter quite so constantly. We, therefore, are exceedingly obliged to Lord Londonderry, for bringing forward the subject of *London coals*, in the House of Lords last night. Good dwellers in this ancient city and the circumjacent parts, know ye that *we are all robbed*. Yes, robbed—of nearly a third of the price of every chaldron that comes into our cellar. Just think of that! Why a sea-coal fire is among the greatest glories of England! Nay, we are even very strongly inclined to believe, that it occasioned the introduction of the word *Comfort* into our language, of the sole possession of which we are so deservedly proud. Talk of London smoke! Pooh! what does that signify in winter; it keeps us warm even out of doors;—talk of the fires from which it springs—then we’ll listen to you. There is no other fire fit to hold a candle to a sea-coal fire. Wood burns too rapidly—it does not make a substantial fire—though a billet or so intermixed, in a large grate, with coal, is commendable. As for turf—Hibernicè—Scoticè, peat—it makes a beautiful fire for about a dozen minutes. You heap on a cart-load (there is always an enormous basket of it in the room)—there is a splendid fire in seventy seconds—you take up a book—it chances to be *Old Mortality* or the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*—you have not read it above thirteen times—you become, of course, wholly engrossed in the meeting between Jeanie Deans and Young Staunton, at Muschat’s cairn,—you think of nothing*but *that*—(we cannot find a word to describe it)—you heave a deep sigh, as you turn over the leaf into a fresh chapter, which brings you into the thick of the thief-takers of the guild town—and you feel very cold. The fire has been dead out these five minutes! No—there’s nothing like the comforts of a good sea-coal fire. Think of the luxury of stirring it! Why, that alone

would give it a superiority over all fires, as great as that of Rhenish wine over London water. Think of just stirring it, and then seeing the small flames spring up, like a smile in its first sparkling outbreak on a beautiful face—and then settle into a full, warm, rich brilliancy, like the same face in its expression of bright and inspiring cheerfulness. There's a simile for you!—aye and a very exact one too, as those who have the happiness of possessing the immediate means of comparison, must fully know. Think, ye enviable people, of the delight of drawing round the fire, *en famille*, after dinner, with the blaze reflected upon little merry faces, turned up towards yours, with the bright, sweet, happy expression such faces wear. Think, ye bachelors, upon the good-humoured welcome your fire gives you when you come home, and with what double zest you sit down to your occupation—be it of amusement, be it of business, when your library-chair, or your writing-table, is placed at a skilful angle from the hearth. Think of these things—and learn that you pay *nearly twice* what you ought for your coals, including the original cost, and a fair sum for the carriage, the landing, and the profit of the coal-merchant.

But there is another thing to think of besides—namely the effect of this price upon the poor. Just conceive what it must be in the damp drizzling weather which is so common in our winters—still more in the occasional hard frosts—to have a dark, low, miserable fire, barely emitting any warmth—certainly not enough for any thing approaching to comfort, scarcely sufficient for mere health. Just conceive the pinched, shrunken, shivering, little figures which crowd around such a hearth as this, and the piteous glance which *they* cast up into their parents' face!—in what touching contrast to the group we have sketched above!—This is no fancy-picture. We are convinced that Cold ranks among the foremost of the sufferings of our poor in winter. What must they have endured in the frost of last January!

But how have we all of a sudden discovered that the price of coals is so much more than it ought to be? Simply from what passed last night in the House of Lords. Lord Londonderry and Lord Durham are both great owners of coal-mines; and the Duke of Wellington, in his visit last autumn to the north, seems to have looked into the subject of the coal-trade with great minuteness. Lord Londonderry states, that coals cost at the mouth of the pit from sixteen to eighteen shillings per chaldron, and that the cost of bringing them to London is ten shillings more;—and that thus the difference between the price paid by the consumer, which is at the least fifty shillings, and that at which the coals arrive at London is, at the lowest computation, twenty-two shillings. The difference, he says, arises from the government duties, and the city dues of various kinds. The Duke of Wellington says he considers the difference greater than Lord Londonderry. We do not understand the calculation of his Grace, as stated in figures in the reports (we have looked into two or three papers); there must be a mistake somewhere, for they make him attribute statements to Lord Londonderry which vary from those given to his lordship by the same reports. However, the Duke says, in plain words, that he thinks the difference even greater than that named by Lord Londonderry. He adds, the government duty is six shillings a chaldron, having been re-

duced from nine a few years back. The city dues, he states, to be one of six-pence and one of four-pence*—these cannot make the difference;—therefore, as the Duke undeniably says, there must be something in the trade besides the duties and dues to account for it. Now, what is that something? Nobody seems to know very accurately; but there are broad hints given that the mischief lies in the city of London;—that the monopoly they possess by all sorts of bye-laws gives rise to jobs, patronage of petty offices, and thence, of course, to the fleecing of the public to the decent extent we have had revealed to us by their Lordships last night. This may be true, or it may be false; but we shall soon know, for a Committee of the Lords is to be appointed forthwith—and the dirty doings, which *must* exist somewhere, will be brought to light. It is quite clear that the difference cannot arise from a confederation in the retail-trade—for if that were so, some one not in the trade would have started long ago selling coals at a fair profit—and thence have either ruined all the coal-merchants, or brought them down to his prices. The Duke has willingly granted the Committee; but, he says, he will not reduce the duties. We regret this; for we think coals a very unfit article to be heavily taxed; and a tax (in round numbers) about two-and-twenty per cent. is a heavy one. We think that taxes ought to be laid as lightly upon the absolute *necessaries* of life, as is financially possible. Let people pay for their luxuries. The Duke, also, rather defends the city-dues (the regular ones), on the score of the necessity of preserving and improving the communications from the water. That is quite true; but there is no reason why coals should pay more than any thing else. If everything pays, very well; but we still would carry the principle of necessities and luxuries into operation here. We shall look anxiously to the revelations of the Committee, as we doubt not *many others* will likewise. There must be something very much awry somewhere.

26th. Mr. Peel brought forward, last night, a bill for consolidating the laws regarding the duties of the magistracy. We confess we regret that the honourable gentleman has adopted this form of effecting what is manifestly a very desirable object; for there are some new regulations to be framed—and at all events, as this is a codification of the laws regarding justices of the peace, we think it was well worthy, as one honourable member says (Mr. Bright), of being discussed and digested by a Committee. We do not think that even the experience of a Secretary of State for the Home Department—and of that both of Mr. Peel, and of the framer of the bill, the late Under-Secretary, Mr. Hobhouse, we wish to speak with every respect—not even the ex-

* These dues, which by some strange mignomer, seem to be talked of as "the Orphan's Fund," inasmuch as they are applied to constructing and repairing the communications of the "city of London," are, as the law now stands, to expire in the year 1837. Both Lord Londonderry and Lord Durham speak with indignation of an attempt now in progress to smuggle the perpetuity of these rates through Parliament, in a clause of a bill brought in as a private one, on the subject of the approaches to the new London Bridge. Such proceedings are indeed most paltry;—for whose attention would be drawn to rates on coals by the title of a bill about the approaches to London bridge? But such things are done, now and then, without any one but the perpetrators knowing any thing about it.

perience of these gentlemen is, we think, sufficient to enable them to draw up a satisfactory general code of the laws relating to the magistracy. We are convinced that even they would be startled by some of the facts which would be brought before a Committee in evidence. The most flagrant injustice is committed at the Quarter Sessions every time they are held, not from bad motives of any kind, but from pure ignorance—ignorance not by any means disgraceful to a country gentleman, for he is set to do that which no one but a man bred a lawyer can do,—decide, namely, on every point of law which arises in the course of trials affecting the liberty, character, property of a man—all but his life. We could fill half a dozen of our pages with instances within our own knowledge of such things, without further enquiry. We have not the remotest shadow of doubt that evidence could, with the utmost ease, be produced before a Committee which would induce them unanimously to recommend the appointment of barristers to act as chairmen of the quarter sessions. And there is not a word of this in the act introduced last night. We only wish Mr. Peel could be present at a few Quarter Sessions, without its being known he was there. We would gladly rest the whole question on his coming round to our opinion.

Our readers will find this subject fully discussed in the number of our magazine for last October. They will there see that the Court of Quarter Sessions has a power the most fantastic that can well be conceived; namely, to decide whether they will allow an appeal to be made against themselves or not! Our readers, not conversant with these matters, will scarcely believe that such a power can be granted to any body of men. But the magistrates in Quarter Sessions assembled do possess it—though many of the most eminent judges that ever sat on the Bench have lamented that it should be the law, in the same breath in which they have decided that it was so. Lord Hardwicke expressed a very strong opinion of its evil effects. But when judges do express such opinions, we think it would be as well if they used their influence to get the law, they think a bad one, altered. This law, however, has never been altered, and it now allows appeal to the Court of King's Bench, which is the court to which appeal lies from the Quarter Sessions, only in two cases;—the one where there is an error of form on the face of the order of Sessions—for the merits the Court of King's Bench will not enter into—and, the other, where the Court of Quarter Sessions grants a special case to go to the court above for its decision. This case is a statement of facts, drawn up from the chairman's notes, and agreed to by the counsel on both sides; and on this, after argument, the Court of King's Bench decides. Thus, for any appeal to take place upon the merits of the decision, the deciding parties must consent. We have in no degree exaggerated our statement with reference to this court, as we could undeniably prove had we space to go into the subject fully. It is, therefore, we think, rather remarkable that in Mr. Peel's speech introducing a bill to codify and amend laws regarding the magistrates, the very mention of "Quarter Sessions" does not occur.

We cannot, we confess, see the necessity of raising the qualification of a justice of the peace from 100*l.* to 300*l.* a year. The intelligence of

the middle ranks has risen in quite as great a proportion as the value of money has decreased: nay, since Mr. Peel's own act, restoring the latter, in a very considerable degree, we should say in a greater. So far from desiring to see the qualification raised, we think an intermixture of the more intelligent portion of the middle classes would be a very great improvement. They would be free from many of the prejudices which spread evil over the adjudication of the aristocracy; they would have a fellow-feeling, to a moderate extent, with the people, which, we think, the great bulk of the landed gentlemen are still most sadly without. We always regard with the utmost jealousy and dislike any measure founded upon an aristocratical principle, as we are most conscientiously of opinion that, in comparison with a country under an aristocratical government, one subjected to an absolute despotism would be a paradise.

We confess, we wonder Mr. Peel should be so blind to the general advancement of the classes immediately below the higher, as to propose a measure tending to exclude them from the magistracy. We find it impossible to go along with his reasoning;—he says, “It is a question whether it would not be advisable to raise the qualification of a justice of the peace. The present qualification I cannot but think is too low; for the possession of 100*l.* a year is all that is requisite as the pecuniary qualification for a magistrate. When we observe that property has increased so much, and that so many individuals are to be found fully qualified in every respect, and in sufficient numbers, to discharge the duties of this office, I doubt whether it is not expedient to raise the qualification from the present amount to something not greatly above it. I am unwilling at present to express a positive opinion on this point, until I can ascertain, by local information, how it will affect practically the different parts of the country. The question is, whether it would not be advisable to raise the qualification from 100*l.* to 300*l.* a year. I would not propose to disqualify those who may not be qualified to that amount, and who are now in the commission of the peace; but I believe it would be an improvement in the counties at large if a higher sum, at least than 100*l.* a year, was fixed for the qualification of county magistrates.”

We really are unable to see how this can be brought to apply to the question. We cannot consider the question to be whether, from the increase of property, or what not, there may not be plenty of persons qualified to act as magistrates possessing a qualification at the higher rate, but whether those who have no more than the lower are so unfit as to deserve that this privilege should be taken from them. Mr. Peel does not say this; nay, he allows such of them as are now in the commission of the peace to remain. But we go farther, and say that other things have increased besides property, namely, the intelligence and respectability of the middle classes; and that measures calculated to depress them will every day be regarded as more unjust, and be submitted to with less patience. Mr. Peel does not state or hint, that the magistrates with the smaller qualifications have in any degree proved themselves unworthy of their office. We cannot, indeed, see any reason for the alteration that Mr. Peel gives at all:—he says, he doubts whether it

would not be better to raise the qualification, but does not explain to us the causes why; for certainly the extract we have made from his speech, which is all he says on the subject, conveys no such information.

There are several minor regulations in this Bill of a beneficial tendency, especially the regular establishment of Petty Sessions. It is to be printed, and time for considering it is given to the extent of either a fortnight or three weeks; for from the expression being Wednesday fortnight, and yesterday having been Wednesday, it is impossible to know whether the newspaper speaks in the past or present tense, which makes all the difference. We hope, however, that it may be the longer period, that the measure may be as thoroughly looked into as is consistent with the present mode of bringing it forward. We shall devote a separate article to the consideration of its provisions next month, for there can scarcely be a question in which the interests of the community in general are more involved.

30th. "Eh? How's this?" exclaims a reader, turning over the leaf—"no Editor's Room?"—"No; we have been prevented giving any this month."—"Prevented?—what by?"—"By the Catholic Question."—"The Catholic Question!" What *can* that have to do with the Editor's Room?"—"Every thing. That article is a review of books; and as nobody will read anything now unless it be on *the* Question, no new books are published. Every house in the Row says the demands from the country have almost wholly ceased. They, in turn, cease to demand from Messrs. Murray and Colburn, who in consequence cease to supply. Ergo, there is no Editor's Room for the London Magazine of March 1829."

Here would be another fact for our friend Mr. Peregrine Courtenay; the writer of *Toujours Perdrix*—but we beg leave to add an exception. Our readers may, perhaps, be surprised to hear that it is in our own person. We chanced, last week, to dance a quadrille with a young lady whom we met for the first time. She proved to be very conversable, and we chatted a good deal. At the end, she made a very low curtsy, and said "Sir, I am exceedingly obliged to you." We were rather startled, and exclaimed "For what?"—"Why you have gone through this whole quadrille with me, and have not once mentioned the Catholic Question;—such a thing has not happened to me for the last month."

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

NO. XIV.—MAY, 1829.

REFORMS IN THE LAW.

NO. IV.—THE MAGISTRACY BILL.

April 15.

WE have obtained a copy of this bill, which is yet in progress through the House of Commons, and have given it very minute attention; for we consider more of the happiness and misery of the people of England to depend on the magistracy than on any other of our institutions.

We must say we are thoroughly dissatisfied with the measure, in the mass. Even those parts of it which we think, in their principle, wholesome, are disfigured and injured by some of the provisions in detail. Considered as a codification and amendment of the laws relating to the justices of the peace, we cannot but regard it to be so utterly insufficient and *jejune*, that it is to us a matter of extreme wonder that it should be the result of so much experience as Mr. Hobhouse undoubtedly must possess on this subject, to say nothing of its being sanctioned and brought forward by Mr. Peel.

In considering this subject we must be permitted to state that we are not led by any vague theories,—we judge from a knowledge of facts acquired by experience, and we have applied them to those broad principles of polity, which, and not party spirit, have ever guided us in the public matters we have discussed. It is, certainly, not the present moment that we should choose to impugn a measure of Mr. Peel's, unless we felt that our duty, as public writers, imperatively called upon us to expose so insufficient, and, as we believe, so injurious, a piece of legislation as that of which we are treating.

We shall now proceed to notice the main provisions of the bill, making our comments on them as we go along. After repealing a multiplicity of Acts now in force, and abolishing the distinction of the quorum, a sensible amendment as far as it goes, the first positive enactment is to raise the qualification of magistrates from 100*l.* a year to 300*l.* It is with the greatest pain that we see a proposition of this nature brought forward by the Government at this time of day. If there be one general evil which corrodes the social arrangements of this country, it is the prevalence of aristocratical power and influence. We repeat what we hinted last month, that an absolute

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monarchy is a state of blessedness as compared with an oligarchy. The king can have no direct, daily, ever-working interests in opposition to those of the body of his people,—there are, it is true, some passions which, on occasion, may lead him to acts very detrimental to them, but it is out of the nature of things that those multifold, constant, every-day motives of selfishness, which actuate so large a proportion of the aristocratical body, can have any effect upon him. These are not vague words; they are grounded on facts. We do not mean to assert that all the country gentlemen are actuated by such motives—but many are, and more by some portion or other of them in some degree.

We fear we cannot indulge in any reasonable hope that we shall ever see the magistracy composed of a class wholly different from those who constitute it at present. We have not, in the very least, changed our opinion that it is strongly advisable that the justices should be of the profession of the law. On the contrary, the more we have thought upon it, the more we consider it feasible;—would to heaven we could say we believed it to be nearer adoption! It would be necessary that the salaries should be of a magnitude sufficient to attract barristers undeniably competent to the office; but we firmly believe the superior administration of justice would be thoroughly worth the paying for. In matters of such importance, dread of expense is exactly *the* very most expensive thing in the world. Bad service is not worth buying at all—and it creates expense by its very badness. But even one of the chief merits of the plan we propose will operate against its adoption; the absence, namely, of those local prejudices and personal interests which the present magistrates have, by being in the commission, such means of promoting, and the frustrating of which, by an impartial and more wholesome system, we fear it will be many a long year before they in any degree allow. The arrangement we suggest would combine all the advantages of constant residence, and be free from all its drawbacks. What some of these latter are our readers will have an opportunity of seeing as we go on.

Mr. Peel grounds the proposed increase of qualification on the fact that property has increased, and that there are plenty of persons who possess the amount about to be required to form the necessary number of justices. We cannot see that this can, in itself, support Mr. Peel's alteration in the most remote degree. It is only *the minor* of a syllogism from which he draws his consequence, without any major at all. To make the assertion in the least available, it ought to be preceded by the proposition, "That it is advisable that no one should be a justice of peace who has *not* 300*l.* a year;" *then* his allegation that there are plenty of people with that property competent to the office, might fairly be followed by the conclusion, "*ergo*, the law shall raise the qualification to that amount." But it is somewhat remarkable that Mr. Peel, almost in the same breath, makes the admission, both by words and action, that the 100*l.* a year magistrates are competent; for he says, he does not mean to propose the removal of those who now exist. This places him upon whichever horn of the following dilemma he may be pleased to select. If such magis-

trates are incompetent, the country has a right to demand their removal; if they be competent, there is no reason for declaring there shall be no more such. Mr. Peel says, "he believes that the rise of qualification would be an improvement;"—now, we really are at a loss to conceive why, in a matter of such vast national importance, the honourable secretary will not condescend to give the House or the country the slightest intimation of what the grounds may be on which that belief is founded. And of such reasons he does not give even the very least shadow.

For our own part, we think the increase of qualification the very last thing that should be adopted; and we, at least, shall make no secret of why it is we think so. It is to us matter of amazement that Mr. Peel can have held his present office so long, and not have seen that at least seven out of ten of the multitudinous evils arising from the magistracy, as at present constituted, are caused by the narrow, selfish, aristocratical, and *territorial* spirit of the mass of the country-gentlemen. The soul (if we may abuse so noble a word by thus applying it, even metaphorically) of the feudal system still, to a very great degree, exists among that class in this country, though, thank heaven, its carcase is rotten long ago. There is no longer the arm of flesh to enforce the dictates, of the mean and tyrannous spirit by a blow with a battle-axe;—it now must work circuitously, by misapplying, distorting, and not seldom by violating, the law. We have used the words which may seem strong in the last sentence, not in the heat of argument, but from calm and deliberate reflection. This is a subject which we have long studied, both by watching, and by applying facts, and if we feel strongly upon it, it is because we know its vast importance, and that we feel that if we are wrong it is not from want of diligence in our investigation.

We are most far from saying, or from wishing to imply, that there are not many most well-intentioned gentlemen on the bench, a large proportion of whom are highly able also. Nay, there are several instances occur to us in which application and constant experience have rendered the parties as effective as even professional men could prove. But these last are very rare; and the others, with all our esteem for them individually, we cannot but consider as a small minority of the whole body. As a mass, passing over for the present the want of legal knowledge, which is inseparable from the present system,—but which is the constant cause of the most hurtful errors,—there is, to a great extent, a carelessness not short of, culpable, both in the neglect and in the manner of doing business. Clerks, who have a direct interest in forwarding litigation, are trusted to a most injurious extent; but, above all, local and personal interests, and, if we may so speak, the spirit of *caste*, lead to malversations of which the public in general have no idea. It would startle them were the evasions and direct breaches of the law under the one head of Game cases to be laid before them. It constantly occurs at the Assize that persons accused of poaching are kept back, that the justices, possessing above 300*l.* a year, may try them themselves. This is a direct violation of the first principle of law, even to say nothing of justice—that every prisoner shall have his trial at the first gaol-delivery which occurs after his commitment, in which

the court is competent to try his case. The Quarter Sessions never, in practice, try capital cases—but the Assize is always a general gaol-delivery; and the gaol ought to be left without a single prisoner, save as a convict, when it is over. It would be next to impossible that in the county-gaols, if the governor were—which in most instances certainly is the case—a man who thoroughly knows, and honestly executes, his duty, such things should happen; for, if no prosecutor appeared, he would inform the judge, who would insist upon the necessary steps being taken. But, in counties of any magnitude, there are general divisions, and from one to four or five local prisons, where such prisoners may, with a little dexterity, be kept back from the Assize. A friend of ours has pointed out to us more than one case in one county, which occurred on this very last circuit, of men committed, on accusations of poaching, early in January “till Sessions,” thereby taking no more notice of the Lent Assizes than if they did not exist. The Epiphany Sessions being over about a week, these men have to lie in gaol till the week but one after Easter, notwithstanding their direct legal right to be tried at the preceding Assize. And these instances, as is known to many more than will speak, are of frequent occurrence in various parts of the kingdom. This proceeding should be put a final stop to.

It is most grievous that any one should lie in prison one moment longer than is necessary before he is tried for the offence wherewith he is charged, and there can be no reason assigned why a peremptory clause should not be inserted to that effect; the liberty of the subject demands it imperiously.

We have cited these as points directly tangible; but the same spirit exists in numberless instances, which it would be vain to attempt to set before general readers. An attempt to do so would be intricate to all, and unintelligible to many; and we always design these articles to be perfectly plain to the non-professional. It is evident that a body with common interests is not likely to be thoroughly impartial when those interests are called into play in the case of a friend, and may be in his own to-morrow. And it is to neutralize this spirit, to prevent the whole body of magistracy having the same line of interest and prejudice, which is by no sort of means always, or even generally, in consonance with that of the bulk of the people,—that we would have a leaven of the upper portion of the middle classes introduced into the existing dough. We do not wish the qualification to be reduced below its present amount—but we answer Mr. Peel's increase of property, by saying, that the progress of events has raised it in fact, though not nominally. Education and intelligence have spread to a degree, that a man with an income of 100*l.* in the the fifth year of George II., would not recognise his grade in his successor in the tenth of George IV! The magistracy would, we have not a shadow of doubt, be far more fair and trust-worthy if such persons as we have alluded to were made members of it.

There is, indeed, one principle of qualification which we would alter: it is a principle which pervades almost every qualification by property in this country, and which we cannot but consider both an insult and a disgrace to England in its present state. We allude to

the property required being always *real* property. This, too, is a relic of the feudal system. It is one of the very few principles of that equally wicked and absurd system which had some shadow of common sense in its own day—for in that day there was no other description of property. But now!—in what does the real power of England consist?—in what are the interests of the vast majority of its inhabitants involved?—In the land?—Look at the geographical size of the country, and be answered. Could such a mite in point of size have its gigantic power from that size alone?—No; it is our commerce, our manufactures, that have brought us to where we are. That description of property has given us our present strength, and it ought to be officially recognised, as well as that ancient kind which has retained a superiority merely on the ground of its existence. The absurd prejudice that innovation is never an amendment also, which would have kept us still going naked and living on berries,—and which has ever retarded, and continues to retard, the great improvements of society by long years, sometimes amounting to centuries—it is this which still gives to landed gentlemen that preponderance in power which, seeing that their real value is far less than that of the commercial classes, cannot but be most unfair, and *therefore* injurious*.

We do, perhaps erroneously, but still most conscientiously and after the most mature thought, believe that, next to the appointment of salaried magistrates, the intermingling of a fair proportion of men, lower in the (very enigmatical) advantage of birth, and without large territorial possessions and establishments, and the habits that naturally spring from such things,—in a word, of sound, sensible men of the middle classes—would be the greatest amelioration of the present state of the magistracy that could be effected. They would be free from, and consequently tend to counteract, those aristocratical feelings which now form the general characteristic of the body. In our last article of this series† we have given some instances of gross misconduct in the magistrates, directly springing from this spirit; and we have cited others from Mr. Brougham's celebrated speech on the state of the law. They might be multiplied almost infinitely;—but we must remember that there are other provisions of this bill to consider.

This spirit of aristocracy pervades a great number of those provisions. In the very first instance in which it is allowed to proceed against a magistrate, *viz.* for acting without having taken the oath, or without qualification, there is this monstrous piece of lop-sided justice. If the party suing succeed, he is entitled to costs as between party and party; if he fail, the magistrate may claim costs as between attorney and client. We must explain to those of our readers who are neither lawyers nor lawyeers,—if we may be allowed the phrase—what these technical expressions imply. They will, many of them, be surprised to hear—we know *we* were most intensely,—that when a man wins his

* It is often forgotten that the absurd prevalence of this principle leads the majority of the House of Commons to avoid direct perjury by a mere trick, so as to swear to the favourite qualification of 300*l.* a-year real property.

† London Magazine, No. VII. October, 1828.

suit, and is consequently declared entitled to have his costs paid by the opposite party, he gets only a very small proportion of them ;—as they are rated on a very old scale—would that it were in fact as well as reason obsolete !—by which a great number of items for things, quite as necessary as those that are allowed, are excluded, and he is left to pay them himself. These are called costs between party and party, because it is what is generally paid by one to the other. But when the gainer gets costs as between attorney and client, he is paid all. That such a system should still exist, is one of the very many disgraces to our existing laws : the man who justly brings an action, or he who has one unjustly brought against him, should be repaid all his fair and proper expenses. But we think its application in the present instance quite as disgraceful as its existence. Every law-contest ought to be on “ a fair field with no favour.” We have, however, heard this defended, as being exceedingly just and proper. Will our readers try to guess why ?—Simply because magistrates should be *protected* !—yes protected—on account of their taking all their trouble gratuitously for the good of the country. We have just three objections to this argument. The first is that, except in the merely technical sense, he is not paid in money, the magistrate does not serve at all gratuitously. He is plentifully repaid by importance, by power,—to say nothing of the crooked application of the latter, for *that* ought not to exist, and therefore cannot be brought into a general argument. That he is repaid is amply proved by our second objection, *viz.* that it is not an *inflected* office. No man need be a magistrate unless he pleases, and therefore he has no right to demand conditions which tend to injure his efficacy as such. The third is, that supposing it were, as several offices are, such as constables, overseers, &c., an office which a man might be compelled to serve without fee or reward, still the legislature is doing direct injury to the people to create one of which the holder has any advantage allowed him in the enquiries into his conduct, which may be necessary, over individuals who undoubtedly have no voice in his nomination, or its manner.

These arguments also apply to the fatal practical absence of responsibility which the justices enjoy—a system formally recognised in this bill. For the system, which would be farcical were not its effects monstrous, *viz.* that those to be appealed against shall have the option whether any appeal shall lie at all, is made the express foundation of one of the clauses. What chance, indeed, there is that practically any redress can be had, will appear when we state, that we happened lately to be in company with four or five lawyers of considerable reputation and standing, when the conversation turning on criminal informations against magistrates for improper conduct, we asked if any of them ever knew of any case in which a rule that *once* should be filed, had been made absolute. There was first a rapid fire of no,—no—no—from every one of them. But after a pause, the senior of them recollected that he had heard it rumoured that such a thing had occurred *once*, under very peculiar circumstances. Our non legal readers must be informed, that making the rule absolute does not, in the least, decide the case, it only allows it to be tried!

How likely application to the authority which controls the appoint-

ment—indeed which nominally makes it—has been to succeed for the last quarter of a century, it is pleasing to contemplate. We quote from Mr. Brougham's speech. "It was laid down as a rule by the late Lord Chancellor Eldon, from which no consideration, his lordship was used to say, should induce him to depart, that *however unfit a magistrate might be for his office*, either from private misconduct or party feeling, he never would strike him off the list, until he had been convicted of some offence by the verdict of a Court of Record. Upon this principle he always acted."—Which principle, being interpreted, signifies, that unless a magistrate committed murder, highway-robbery, burglary, larceny, or some similar trifle, he was by the worthy ex-Chancellor retained in the commission, "*however unfit he might be for his office!*" Really the country has every day fresh reason of gratitude that the little Latin preposition we have placed in italics should be applicable to the title Chancellor as applied to the noble earl.

We may as well notice here, as it refers to non-responsibility, that of the Quarter Sessions, in reality though not quite in name. It is our purpose to speak at the close of this article of that court especially. We have mentioned this very point both in our article of October last, and in our list in the diary last month; but, as our readers cannot carry our Magazine in their heads or their pockets, we must repeat it here.

In cases of appeal, whether from convictions or otherwise, unless the Quarter Sessions think fit to allow it, no review can be had of their proceedings, however erroneous, except they appear on the face of the proceedings. It rests purely in their discretion whether they will grant a case or not; and in exercising this discretion, injustice constantly takes place. It is generally considered that where the question is a mere question of fact, a case should not be granted,—and in reality it scarcely ever is,—but that where it is a question of law, it should. Now we cannot see any foundation of sound reason for this distinction. It must be obvious that as much injury may arise from an erroneous decision with regard to matter of fact, as with regard to matter of law.—The means of redress, then, ought to be equally applicable to the one as to the other: and it would surely be much better that the tribunal which decides should not have the sole power of saying, which it does always, whether its own proceedings are erroneous or not. The reluctance to submit a case, even on points of law, to the King's Bench, is becoming daily more manifest, and has arisen from the frequent animadversions of the judges upon decisions which they have reviewed, and which it is natural enough that the justices desire to avoid.—Now supposing it were enacted that in all cases of appeal to the Quarter Sessions, it should be lawful for any party to such appeal, on entering into sufficient security to pay the costs of the subsequent proceedings, should the decision be against him, to be entitled to have a case drawn up and submitted to the consideration of the King's Bench. The whole mischief would be remedied, and the necessity of giving security for costs would prevent the too frivolous use of such a power.—The Court of King's Bench, in these cases, should be empowered to act as on motion for a new trial in a civil case, and if the conclusion drawn

by the justices was such as the evidence did not support, to direct a rehearing of the appeal. It is particularly to be wished that in cases of conviction by magistrates this should be so. The appeal is, I am afraid, often almost from the same to the same, particularly in those counties where the conviction relates to some matter which is of general interest in the county, in which a considerable proportion of the magistrates must have a strong feeling against the prisoner.

Lastly, as regards responsibility, the indirect, but still powerfully operating, one of public opinion is absent. Here, again, we will borrow Mr. Brougham's forcible words and high authority, to give weight to our own opinion. The judges of the very highest courts in the kingdom have, besides various others from which the magistracy are exempt, this strong motive of restraint—the country justices, not. “In the King's Bench,” says Mr. Brougham, “the name of the judge who pronounces the judgment is known, and the venerable magistrate stands before the country in his own proper person, always placed at the bar of public opinion. Here it is Lord Tenterden—it is Mr. Justice Bailey, by their names: in the other case, it is merely the Quarter Sessions, which, as Swift says, is nobody's name. The individual magistrates composing it are not thought of; their names are not even published. It is a fluctuating body. If the same individuals always sat in the court, there might be some approach to responsibility. At present there is none; and where there is no responsibility, injustice will occasionally be committed, as long as men are men. It would be some correction of the evil if the number of magistrates was fixed; if their names were always known in connection with their acts; and if they were more easily removable on proof of their misconduct.”

Certainly; let the mode of entitling every proceeding in the court of Quarter Sessions the act of the magistrates of such a county in that court assembled be annihilated. Let *the names* be promulgated;—A. B., esq., chairman, and those of the other justices present, being on the face of the record. This would also collaterally work another benefit; namely, it would soon render it necessary that the magistrates who take part in the decision should remain present during the whole case, and not, as now often happens, vote, like the Duke of Newcastle in the Queen's business, having heard the evidence, only on one side;—or, without arriving at this ducal perfection, only part on each.

Such is the present formidable state of responsibility that the justices labour under! And a bill announced by Mr. Peel as one having the object to condense and alter the present numberless evil, obsolete, and contradictory statutes on this subject, into an amended code, contains no provisions on this point, except such as are calculated to encrease,—no, that is not possible as to degree,—but to extend, as to prevalence, the absence of all restraint. One would really think that Mr. Hobhouse, the framer of the bill, was a re-incarnation of the spirit of the Baron of Bradwardine, in whom every idea was made subservient to that of descent. The “land and beeves” are to insure to their owner power and protection in exercising it however he may please.

Some of the minor enactments, to which the bill then proceeds, are salutary enough; such as that the warrant of a justice shall have force “throughout that part of the United Kingdom called England, with-

out any indorsement or other authority from a justice of the place where the same shall be served or executed." We rejoice to see that not even the city of London is excepted. All exclusive jurisdictions, in any thing but merely local regulation, are most hurtful; they do nothing but impede generalization, and afford a sanctuary for thieves for a time sufficient to enable them to effect their escape. The city may keep its mummeries of Lord Mayor's day and Easter Monday; but when, as happens every day, their privileges, obsolete in reason, but alas still active in effect, interfere with the general administration of justice and prevention of crime, they ought to be annulled without apology or delay. Without delay, because the public interests demand it; without apology, because the city authorities have already shewn the most stiff-necked obstinacy against the smallest *compromise*, for concession was not then asked; civil words have proved futile—the strong hand of power should now be used.

There are other facilities afforded to the circulation of warrants—provided either the crime was committed in the district of the justice who issues it, or that there is probable cause for believing the offender to be within it. There are also improvements as to apprehending and securing accused parties.

The next enactment of importance is, that the Petty Sessions shall be regularly held. Of this we approve in itself, as well as that certain matters should be adjudged nowhere else; but we confess we do think many of the details very faulty. In the first place, we cannot consider the mode of the Sessions being fixed at all ingenious. They are to be appointed, for next year, at a meeting held for the purpose in December, by the justices for the division, to be held "on certain days, not less than one day in every lunar month, nor more than one day in every week," and, permanently, at the last Sessions in the year, for the following. Now, really, we think it is impossible for the justices to know what temporary causes may render advisable many or few Sessions six months or a year in advance. They are to have the power of adjournment, but that has reference merely to cases already begun. No new ones would be admitted at the adjourned Session. It would be much better that they should be appointed for the next three months at every Quarter Sessions.

Again, why should the cases arising in each division of a county be heard only in that division? It really might have been hoped that the absurd distinctions of hundreds would have been wholly done away, and that every man might have had recourse to that place which which was nearest and most commodious for his purposes. But if the proposed arrangement is to take effect, in nine cases out of ten, on the borders of hundreds, parties will have to travel for miles, when by stepping across the boundary of the hundred they might be accommodated at once.

We think, on the whole, that the principle of the regular recurrence of Petty Sessions is good; but without meaning any disrespect to Mr. Hobhouse, we must say, that a very great number of the detailed regulations are by no means calculated to add to either dispatch of business, or the convenience of the parties or of the justices. It is our object in this article, to adhere as much as possible to general principles, comprehensible to all commonly clear-headed people, and to

abstain from the technical minutiae so likely to scare ~~about~~ professional readers. If it were not for this, we would prove beyond all doubt the allegation we have just made: indeed we should, nevertheless, had we not reason to know that those who have most power with the bill will have the objections stated to them before it passes, from a quarter not to be suspected of prejudice, some highly respectable magistrates, namely, who are by no manner of means prejudiced against those of their calling, and who understand its practice thoroughly.

Before we proceed to what, after all, is one of the very most important parts of the subject, the Quarter Sessions, we shall lay before our readers a fact or two we have derived from the magistrates to whom we have just alluded, which go far to support our principle of opposition to public officers being paid by fees instead of salaries. We have gathered from them that the present system is liable to great abuse; and that it has frequently been a benefit to the magistrate and not to the clerk, who is often, in fact, neither more nor less than nominal, the fees being *actually* received by the justice, and the clerk paid a certain sum per year, the residue, whatever it was, going into the justice's pocket!

In very populous districts there is great temptation to adopt such a plan; and the result is, where it does take place, to bring the administration of justice into contempt. The real way would be to annihilate fees altogether, which always are productive of abuse, and institute a scale of salaries, proportioned as nearly as possible to the quantity of business each clerk has to perform, but in no instance exceeding or falling beneath a fixed sum. Nor would it be difficult to arrange whence the stipend should be raised. If it arose partly out of the money levied under convictions, and partly out of the county rate, it should seem not to be improperly paid. The amount paid by each parish would probably not exceed that now paid by it to the clerks in the shape of fees.

And these facts are immediately derived from gentlemen who have undeniable means of knowing; and who are not, in the very least degree, bitten with the mania of innovation. Quite the reverse.

We shall notice only two more clauses, in which that preposterous spirit in favour of the justices is openly avowed, and enforced with great partiality. We repeat, and ever shall, that persons who need extraneous "protection in the execution of their duty" are not fit to exercise it.

"And for the protection of justices of the peace and others in the execution of their duty, be it enacted, that if any action, of any form whatever, shall be brought against any justice or constable, for any thing done in the execution of his office, or against any other person acting by the order or in aid of such justice or constable, he or they may plead the general issue, and give the special matter in evidence thereupon, and if judgment, by verdict or otherwise, shall in such action be given for the defendant or defendants, he or they shall recover full costs as between attorney and client; and every such action shall be laid in the county where the fact arose, and not elsewhere, and shall be commenced within six calendar months after the fact committed, and not otherwise; and no process at the suit of a subject shall be sued out against any justice of the peace for any thing by him done in the execution of his office, until notice in writing of such intended process shall have been delivered to him, or left at the usual place of his abode, by the attorney or

agent for the party who intends to sue out the same, at least one calendar month before suing out the same; in which notice shall be clearly and explicitly contained the cause of action which such party hath or claimeth to have against such justice, and at the foot of the notice shall be written the name of such attorney or agent, together with the place of his abode, who shall be entitled to have the fee of *twenty shillings* for preparing and serving such notice, and no more."

Now this clause gives a dozen with one hand, and takes away at least ten with the other. There is a nominal redress, which the arrangements of detail render it almost impossible to reach. The whole enactment is phrased so as to shew that its real object is to shield the justices, not to relieve the people. Why should not the rules of pleading be left untouched, instead of the most dangerous privilege, of pleading the general issue, being given? We must just explain what effect this produces. The general issue is the defendant meeting the plaintiff's complaint by merely giving it the lie.—"You contracted with me to do so and so."—"I did not." "You have done me such or such an injury."—"I have not." Now, in general, no more is allowed to be proved under this general denial, than the direct negative; but, if the defendant be permitted to "give special matter in evidence" upon this plea, he may bring forward a subtle and circuitous defence which the plaintiff, perhaps, (nay, it may be presumed probably, or there is no *protection* in the clause,) never heard a word of before, and consequently cannot be prepared to meet. Is this fair play?

Next, there is the former story—and this is another instance from that before cited—of the difference of costs: for, in the subsequent clause, which supposes for a moment the exceedingly improbable contingency of the plaintiff gaining the action, it is provided that he shall only have "his costs of suit;" which omission of the words, "as between attorney and client," causes it to enact that it shall only "be as between party and party." Is this fair play?

Again, the action must be brought in the county; where, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the plaintiff is a man weak and powerless, in comparison with the defendant. In many cases is the venue* moved on the application of the defendant, and in nearly all the plaintiff is allowed to choose his own. London is always admitted; unless it be made appear that it is very remote, and maliciously chosen to inconvenience the defendant. But here influence would seem to be hoped for, else where the protection, the avowed object of the clause? Is this fair play?

Lastly, all this arrangement about the notice, and being bound by its contents, is just so much gratuity to the magistrate, which no other defendant in a court of justice possesses. It may be urged that it is no unfair advantage. It is an advantage, and therefore unfair. Every thing should be as between A. and B. in any every-day case. But that this was not meant is manifest from the whole spirit, and in many places from the very wording, of the clause. In no point does it grant *fair play*.

The second clause, to which we have the same objection, is the following:—

And be it enacted, That in all actions against any justice or justices of

* The locality where the action is brought.

the peace for any thing done in the execution of his or their office in enforcing any summary conviction, whether respecting penalty, imprisonment, or any other matter, in case such conviction shall have been quashed, or shall be defective on the face thereof, the plaintiff, besides the amount of the penalty which may have been levied upon him, in case any levy thereof shall have been made, shall not be entitled to recover any greater damages than the sum of *Two-pence*, nor any costs of suit whatever, unless it shall be expressly alleged in the declaration, which shall be in an action upon the case only, that the thing complained of was done maliciously, and without any reasonable and probable cause.

Recollect that the word is "*and*," not "*or* any reasonable or probable cause;" which causes this enactment to be that, supposing injury to have accrued to the plaintiff from the grossest ignorance, or the most shameful carelessness, he is to lose his time, his trouble, his money, if he venture to seek redress. This throws it all upon that *malice*, which, as we have shown, it is scarcely on record that a judge has been honest enough yet to find out. But we will put malice out of the question. Has the plaintiff any voice in the appointment of the magistrate? Certainly not. Why, then, should he suffer by the ignorance or negligence of an officer who is placed over him *bon gré mal gré*? The law holds very different doctrines in other matters where the party has an option. Every man is responsible for his negligence, many for ignorance in their trade. Medical men are subject to actions for improper treatment of their patients, though their patients have chosen them. And is a man to lose his liberty, his reputation, by a person being appointed a magistrate, and accepting the office, knowing that he is not fit to hold it, or, when he does not do his duty when he is in it? Is this any thing like justice? Aye, but the magistrate is unpaid! We will just put that argument to death for ever. If he be unfit, and is protected because he is unpaid, then the whole system is vicious, from first to last. Paid or not paid, a magistrate should be fit—and *responsible* if he act unfitly—from any cause soever.

We had intended to notice the most extraordinary omission of which this bill, professing to codify and amend the whole system of the magistracy of England, is guilty—that of the Court of Quarter Sessions. But its sins of commission have carried us too far to allow us to do so now. We have some slight hope that a proceeding, which seems so epigrammatic, as the very word not occurring once in Mr. Peel's speech, and never with reference to itself in the bill, must be indicative that, next Session, an Act will be passed wholly devoted to that most momentous subject. If Mr Peel really has an ambition of being considered a systematical reformer of the law, he must feel that such imperfect and faulty measures as these will never give him that rank. Would he wish that posterity should have to say,—“Mr. Peel's attention was devoted to the magistracy, for years, and we have still to reform that canker that eats into the heart of the country—the Court of Quarter Session?”

It will readily be believed that we have not gone out of our way just now to malign a bill brought forward by Mr. Peel: what we have said has arisen from our really doing what others only talk about—judging by the measure and not by the man.

THE PRESENT PROCEEDINGS OF THE THEATRES.

WE have hitherto somewhat defended the monopoly of the patent theatres, much against our general principles, from honestly thinking that the peculiar manner in which the property came into the hands of their present possessors made them a fair exception to the rule. But the manner in which they have been conducted, for a considerable time back, is of a nature which has now reached a climax that, we think, would render it a matter of the greatest advantage to public morals, and national reputation, if the monopoly were annulled to-morrow.

It may have been remarked by our readers, that we have given very few theatrical criticisms during the course of the present season. Our reason has been that, for the most part, the pieces presented have been such that we felt so much pain in the necessity of making use of the only terms we *could* use in speaking of them, that we have abstained almost wholly from any mention of the theatres at all. But we feel that, if we were any longer to be silent, we should not deserve the estimation for proper moral feeling in which, we have reason to know, and it is no undue self-praise to express that knowledge, the present series of our work has ever been held.

We have had the curiosity just to run our eye through our tables of contents as to dramatic articles, and on referring to them we have found the tone, first of gentle, and then of stronger, remonstrance in favour of poor discarded decency pervading them throughout, till at last we laid down our pen in despair, and now resume it in indignation.

Covent Garden—and most deeply do we lament that we should have occasion thus to speak of the theatre where the noble Kemble closed his glorious and unspotted career—has been guilty this year of reviving plays which it would be a disgrace to the country should ever have been written in it, were it not for the universal license, amounting to grossness and profligacy, which existed throughout Europe at their date. By the most monstrous perversion of argument this has been applied to the defence of the *representation* of the plays. “Oh! you must compound for the *exceptionable* parts; recollect when they were written—and the wit, too, it redeems the licence.” We do distinctly recollect when they were written, and we also recollect the mode in which plays were then written in general, and these in particular; and therefore we say, that it is a gross scandal and outrage that they should be acted now. As to the argument that the wit redeems the indecency, we shall not answer it. Persons of ordinary good feeling and sense can at once make their own reply—and those who think that the meanest, as well as most disgusting, profligacy may be properly represented in public for the sake of its being expressed in terms of humour or wit, are not people that we think it worth while to talk with.

But, in a very large proportion of instances, the direct naming and representing indecent acts form all the wit, all the humour, if in them—

selves they are to be considered such. Thank heaven, neither cultivated, nor uncorrupted nature does so regard them. The former scorns them, the latter shrinks from them; both loathe them. It is only that meanest and most despicable class of society, the low town-profligates, with little sense, less information, and no heart at all, that enjoy such things as these. They are on a level with their capacity: it needs nothing but eyes and ears to understand them; and these animals chuckle and roar at seeing brought forward, with all the glitter of theatrical adjuncts, things fitting their own base and brutal natures.

It may be thought that we are speaking too strongly: it lies in the very filth of the subject itself that we cannot prove—*prove* beyond the power of profligate denial—that our language is far feebler than justice requires. But, if we entered into the subject to the full, it would lead into the necessity of using terms which shall never stain our pages. Indeed, if we were to quote any considerable portion of the ‘Recruiting Officer,’ we should deserve to have our work forbidden every house of respectability; and the ‘Beaux Stratagem’ is quite as bad. We can, however, allude to one portion of it, which only those who have had the misfortune to see it can form any idea of, and which we only do mention, to warn others not to expose their families to the indignity of witnessing. It is a thing done, not a thing said; and therefore people, not very conversant with the play, and trusting that the managers of a Theatre Royal will not insult their audience, may very innocently go and see—and be, by so doing, unspeakably disgusted. We allude to the representation of the scene in the fifth act, in Mrs. Sullen’s dressing-room, the manner of which is nothing short of sickening—nay, it is carried to such an extent, that it almost creates a doubt at what point the filthy abomination will stop.

It is a doubtful question how far this exceeds, or falls short of, a disgusting exhibition at present going on at Drury Lane. Here, it is merely physically offensive—to an incredible extent certainly, but it does not include that which is morally indecent. Still it is a sort of thing which we really think, if all sense of propriety have left the management of the house, ought to be put down by authority. We allude to an exhibition of feats of strength by two men all but naked. We do not in the very least exaggerate when we use this phrase—because the flesh-coloured silk has to the eye the effect of nakedness, and there was very little more on the men. We are not aware whether the licenser’s power extend to representations neither dramatic nor musical; but we are quite sure that exhibitions, such as this, may be put down, as outrages upon public decency, by the common law of the land. Nay, we are sure also, that if there were a public prosecutor, the town never would have been insulted a second time by a representation fit only to be made in places which we cannot name.

So strongly was this felt the night we were there, that we saw several ladies around us in the greatest distress—and it was manifest that many would have left the house, had they not feared to attract attention by so marked a step. As it was, the manager may perceive that he has, in this instance, outstepped what the English public will bear; for

there was considerable hissing in the dress circle, constantly renewed, and several even called Off! Off! more than once. The ayes of the Orders and Easter visitors certainly prevailed, but the reproof was exceedingly marked, notwithstanding.

Those who go to see the Easter spectacles, often scarcely ask what the play is, but go for the evening. But, supposing they do,—we instance the evening we were there—how do they know that a farce called ‘My wife, what wife?’—is a tissue of jokes, nineteen-twentieths of which are from the nature of its construction, grossly indecent—and many of a character peculiarly revolting;—or that, before they can see the afterpiece, they must be insulted and disgusted by naked men exhibiting postures before them. The licenser ought really to ascertain whether he cannot put down this abomination; we are confident that if he can, he will.

We have cited this with regard to Drury Lane, because it is *present*. But it fully shares the guilt of the other house in the general course of conduct of which we have spoken. Not content with new pieces of impropriety, which are the worse, from its being impossible to know that it is to be avoided, this theatre has joined in the system of indecent revival. We noticed in our Diary for December, with remonstrance firm though more mild—for *l'esprit de système* had not then become so decided,—the revival of the Country Girl, a very indecent play itself, and an alteration from what we find we have termed “one of the very most loathsome specimens” of our drama. Moreover, they have played Measure for Measure. We shall not be suspected of lightly saying anything in derogation of Shakspeare. But we are not blind. We must see his errors—and, considering all things, we think their being so few one of his greatest merits. This play, indeed, exemplifies this opinion; for the habits of the age having rendered it matter of not serious blame that he should select a subject essentially improper, it is quite a metaphysical curiosity that he should have been able to work it out in a manner so comparatively little offensive. But the difficulties were insurmountable even to Shakspeare; and, in every scene, accordingly, there are manifold allusions totally unfit for repetition on the stage. There are many verbal blemishes of a very gross nature throughout the part of Lucio; but they might be with ease omitted, without in the least injuring the service which he renders to the plot. They were, therefore, all, even the worst, scrupulously retained.

We have now gone through a very painful task, and we have done so with great reluctance. We have entered upon it at all solely from the conviction that these are duties which it is incumbent upon any work of the nature of *our's* to fulfil. Month after month we have said to ourselves;—no—they may mend—we will try them again—nay, we have individually—and this is the most painful part of the whole; many a *lang-syne* recollection of kindness connected with one of the Theatres of which we have now been driven to speak thus. But we can stand it no longer at last. They have mended in the fashion that Davie Gellatly truly prophesies of the Laird of Belmawhapple, in Waverley, “like sour ale in summer”—the occurrences of the other night put the climax to the whole, and we have been obliged to speak.

We trust that we shall not be considered as not having said enough in detail of fact to establish our case. Into the detail of *such* facts, when writing for readers of both sexes, we never will go. What we have said must, we think, with such as those for whose approbation we write, be quite sufficient to shew the justice of our condemnation; and they will the most readily understand the difficulties which beset striking the true medium at all. We trust they will not think we have far missed it on either side.

But, now we have spoken, the Theatres may rely on it that our vigilance shall continue; their conduct shall be watched. Not in a spirit of party, we trust we need not say. We have no connection with any Theatre whatever, and all our predilections are so strongly with them, that we can most truly say, that we have real pain in having them thus destroyed by their objects. But Predilection must give way to Principle—and that is any thing but too high a name to give to the desire to retain the national character of delicacy of feeling, and purity of heart.

We implore our contemporaries daily, weekly, and monthly, to join us in this, which we will at once designate as a good work. Are our Theatres, established by exclusive patent, to be suffered to become places in which it will soon be disgraceful for our wives, our daughters, and our sisters to be seen?—for this is the true and fair question. It is not for us to profess that we are not actuated by any narrow or over-scrupulous view of the question. Of the Theatre, conducted as it should be, we are the greatest admirers, the warmest advocates—and firm old friends into the bargain. The greatest act of friendship we can render it, is to endeavour to prevent its becoming such as to render it impossible for any man of decency and proper feeling to own that it is on the list of even his visiting acquaintance.

The conductors of the press alone can do this, and they can do it easily if they will. On such a subject no difference of politics or of literary tastes should come into play. All men who are in the least what they should be, must, we are conscientiously convinced, agree with us on this question, if they give it fair consideration. We ask no more, and we are confident as to the result. We know that many who are fools and profligates in conjunction, bring forward against adherence to purity in literature, of course including the Drama, this absurdly futile accusation:—they sneeringly assert, that it is always allied to dulness. But we know that we need not remind our fellow-labourers in the periodical, and *therefore* most influential, literature of England, that all men whose opinion deserves the name, will agree that the wit the most really delightful—the imagination of the most expansive grasp,—in one word, that the noblest intellect—have always achieved their greatest and truest successes in conjunction with the loftiness of principle and the exquisite beauty of delicacy. We go even further than he who has painted Dulness with anatomical accuracy. He has said that

“ — want of decency is want of sense.”

True—but it is more, and worse: it is want of feeling also.

EVERY MAN'S MASTER.

(Concluded from p. 338.)

BEFORE we enter into any explanation as to the relative proportion of nourishment contained in the various substances which nature has provided for our use and sustenance, it will be proper, first of all, to offer a few observations on the mode in which the food in general is assimilated to the blood; and of the powers with which the stomach has been gifted for this important purpose. We have already briefly touched upon this subject; but our observations were confined merely to the effect of liquid stimulus upon the stomach: we shall now, therefore, enter more fully into the explanation of digestion.

"The process of digestion," to use the words of an acute modern writer*, "may be defined—the conversion of dead into living matter; at all events, it is the conversion of dead animal and vegetable substances into an animalized fluid, qualified to enter into the current of the circulation, and then to become part and parcel of the living machine. No other fluid, not even milk from the living udder, can be poured into the blood vessels without risk of life; and, therefore, we are authorized to conclude, that the *chyle* (that is, the digested food) is a vitalized fluid like the blood itself. If this be a correct representation, all inquiry as to *how* the change is effected will be just as successful as the inquiry *how* man was changed from a lifeless clog into a living animal, at his first creation. But the prying eye of the physiologist has penetrated into some of nature's secret operations, and there are several very curious and interesting phenomena attendant upon the process of digestion."

We have already stated that digestion is a compound process, in which the gastric juice is the principal agent; and, as far as the action of the human stomach is concerned, all that we have to do, is to ascertain—not only the precise nature of the operation of this remarkable solvent, *but* those substances upon which it will act most freely and effectually: for in this consists all the good result that is to be deduced from a knowledge of the *modus operandi* of the process. Many experiments have been instituted to arrive at this consummation. Reaumur inclosed alimentary matter in tubes which were pervious at both ends, and introduced them into the stomach of animals; when they were discharged, he found that the ingredients were so acted upon by the gastric juice, as to be almost dissolved. The following interesting experiments, related by Dr. Stevens, in his work *De Alimenterum concoctione*, will show, in a very striking manner, the powerful solvent effect of this stomachic menstruum. The first was tried upon who had a strange propensity for swallowing stones. Alimen-

was introduced into hollow silver spheres, divided into two partition, each being perforated with a number of aper-

henson, whose work on the Morbid Sensibility of the Stomach
of the best, and least pretending books, that have been written
subject.

tures, to allow of the free ingress of the gastric juice. In one experiment, a portion of *meat* was put into the one of the cavities, and in the other some *fish*: when the sphere was discharged, both the substances were found to have been digested,—*but more especially the fish*. In another experiment, the doctor, wishing to ascertain how far the cooking of meat interfered with its digestion, introduced a quantity of boiled meat into one part of the sphere, and some roast into the other; by which he discovered that boiled meat is more digestible than roast. The next discovery which he was anxious to effect, was the comparative influence of this extraordinary solvent upon food previously masticated, and upon that which was swallowed, without this preliminary preparation. This experiment was conducted like the others; and, as might have been expected, the food which was previously masticated, was more perfectly digested than the other.

Finding that animal substances thus submitted to the action of the gastric juice were easily digested, Dr. Stevens made many experiments on vegetables, which were not digested so easily as animal matter. This led the doctor to ponder upon the properties of inanimate matter generally, in reference to the process of digestion; and to institute experiments to ascertain how far the gastric juice would act upon actually living matter. To discover this, he enclosed a leech in a sphere, to prevent its wounding the stomach. The man swallowed it, and, when voided, nothing was found in the sphere, but a viscid black miasma,—the undefined pulpy remains of the digested leech.

A word or two on this experiment. It is a uniform rule in the animal economy, that living matter is *not* subject to the influence of the gastric juice. There is in vitality a certain repellent and powerful principle, which effectually obviates the action of this solvent; and worms and animalculæ have been known to exist in the stomach uninjured by its secretions. The leech, then, which Dr. Stevens introduced into the stomach, must have been deprived of vitality before the gastric juice could have dissolved it. We shall be told of the occasional digestion of the stomach itself—a fact, certainly indisputable; but the stomach is never digested until its vitality is impaired. This very curious fact never occurs excepting in cases of sudden violent dissolution; and must depend upon the quick abstraction of nervous energy,—and, consequently, of the capability of resisting the effects of dissolution,—and the powerful action of the gastric juice upon the part thus deprived of the power of resistance.

Dr. Stevens, having no longer an opportunity of conducting his experiments on the man, had recourse to dogs and ruminating animals. Having previously weighed a quantity of animal and vegetable matter, he enclosed them in different ivory spheres, and made a dog swallow them. Some hours after this the dog was killed, and the animal food was found to be by far the most dissolved. The gastric juice of these animals has such a strong solvent power, that the ivory spheres which were employed were found to have been acted upon. He then made *cal* experiments on herbivorous animals, by giving them animal substances, enclosed in different tubes. When these were swallowed, the animal food had undergone no alteration; while, *also*, there were no remains of the vegetable matter.

These experiments are very important as explanatory of the peculiar and extraordinary qualities of the gastric juice; they are useful, also, as affording an accurate guide to a perfect and proper knowledge of that "mysterious business" digestion, and of the means by which this process assimilates the food to the living frame. We cannot always account for the mysterious and beautiful operations of nature by analogical reasoning; and nothing but experiments—well contrived, and carefully performed, can reveal to us the wonderful secrets by which her laws are regulated.

Man is an omnivorous feeder*, and imbibes nourishment in abundance from both the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Indeed, if we scrutinize the matter closely, we shall find, that all animal matter is originally formed of vegetable. "Remember," says one of our dieteticians, "that an ounce of beef contains the essence of many pounds of hay, turnips, and other vegetables;" and those animals only, with one or two exceptions, are admitted to our table, that subsist entirely upon vegetable matter. It should seem, indeed, that meat—as far as mere nourishment is concerned—is used more from habit and luxury than actual necessity; for it is a well-established fact, that farinaceous vegetables, which contain sugar and oil in large quantities, are more than sufficient for the purposes of nutrition. In proof of this, we need only adduce the mode in which the peasantry in the remote parts of this kingdom ordinarily subsist. In Wales, in Ireland, and Scotland, in the North, and, indeed, in all secluded districts, the poor seldom taste meat: oatmeal, potatoes, rye-bread, and milk, constitute their usual, almost their only, food. And where can we find a more robust, athletic, healthy race of men†? In France, and on the continent generally, meat is by no means so grossly gormandized as it is in many other countries. *Potage, bouilli, cluvées, hachis, vol au vents, sautés, and salmis*, in the composition of most of which sundry vegetables form, by far, the greatest proportion,—with light wines, constitute the national diet of many of our continental neighbours; and, rigidly eschewing the heavy and substantial edibles, which delight the stomach of Monsieur l'Anglais, they retain their vivacity and sprightliness under every mutable vicissitude of human existence.

But habit is not to be despised; and we should consider ourselves sadly treated, were we deprived of the noble sirloin and of the luscious haunch. Such being our propensities, it becomes necessary to submit a few general remarks on the qualities of the different articles of animal food.

As a general rule, no meat comes to perfection under a stated period of growth. Beef and mutton "five years old," are infinitely better than veal or lamb, or young pork,—better, as containing more nutriment, as well as being more easily digested. Fish contains,

* It is worthy of remark, that in this instance man is closely imitated by the pig, and by no other animal. His swinish rival resembles him, also, in another particular, that, namely, of enduring the extremes of temperature "from Indus to the Pole."

† The classical reader will scarcely need to be reminded that figs, "a very saccharine fruit," were the chief food of the ancient Athletes.

comparatively, but little nourishment; and well might Lord Byron have exclaimed—"A Lent will well 'high starve ye!"—for Haller, the first of European physiologists, alleges, that persons are generally weakened by a Lent diet; and Pechlin corroborates his assertion without any reservation. It is very certain, however, that some fishes possess a larger share of nutritive properties than others, and these are the fat or oily kinds, as salmon, eels, and herrings. "With regard to the last," observes Cullen, in his *Materia Medica*,—"I may observe, that our herring-fishers, living for some length of time upon this aliment alone, suffer no loss of strength, but seem rather always to be much fattened by this diet." Fish, however, used exclusively, is neither a wholesome nor a nutritious food: witness the effect of salmon upon the Scotch and the Welsh, when that fish existed in such profusion as to render necessary a specific agreement, on the part of servants and labourers, that they should not be surfeited with it. Oysters, too, have been extolled as a *remède universel*, without any justifiable reason. The nutritive properties of this fish are by no means extensive; they merely fill up a niche in an empty stomach, and stay its cravings till food more substantial and more salutary can be obtained.

We must say a word or two upon birds, which, next to butchers' meat, are the best articles of diet. It is rather curious that there should be so much difference between the white and brown meat of birds. There is a greater degree of stimulus and strength (to speak popularly) in the latter than in the former; which has been thus accounted for by the chemists—and, by the way, the explanation will apply to the meats of *all* animals. The difference, say they, depends upon the greater number of arteries, and, therefore, upon the greater number of red globules of blood, interposed between the muscular fibres. As it is probable that these red globules are considerably alkalescent,—that is, impregnated with alkali—an article very favourable to digestion,—it will follow that the brown or red flesh is more alkalescent than the white, more easy of digestion, and more nourishing. The brown kinds of game are, consequently, more beneficial than poultry; and ducks and geese*, in addition to their savoury qualifications, are gifted with divers other more durable and *valuable* virtues. But, in accordance with the rule already laid down, the young of birds, as well as those of the *mammalia*, are not so nutritious as the animals who have attained their full growth; and while we all know that an old cock pheasant, or partridge, is a vapid and most tough morsel, we should bear in mind, that a "first year's bird" cannot have attained its full flavour. We may here give our epicurean friends a gentle hint. In eating game, those parts are the most tender and delicious which are exercised the least by the locomotive habits of the bird. For instance, in the woodcock and snipe, the legs, which are merely used as their supporters, are juicy and

* Dr. Stark, in his Experiments on Diet, has entered very deeply into the consideration of this important subject; constituting himself the object of his own experiments. He has established, beyond all dispute, that roasted goose contributes, more than any thing else, not only to the vigour of the body, but to the activity of the mind!

tender; while the wings and breast (pectoral muscles), being abundantly exercised, are more tough, dry, and strong.

It is not our intention to enter more deeply into the consideration of these different articles of diet; nor shall we perplex our readers with a formal and formidable analysis of their several properties. We have told them what is good, and pointed out what is bad; and we have endeavoured to arrange our remarks as lucidly as possible. Were we to proceed further,—instead of writing an article, we should speedily concoct a volume: but our object has been to furnish a succinct and complete condensation of all the information which we have found scattered through many volumes—to winnow the light chaff from the solid grain, and to present the reader with a sketch of “English and French dietetics,” plain, palpable, and instructive. One caution we would again enforce—and that is, Temperance. “*Nunquam satiari cibus et impigrium esse ad labores*”—is a good, sound, and sensible maxim; and we verily believe that it matters very little what the *quality* of the food may be which we eat, provided we take all proper precaution as to the *quantity*. There can be no wisdom in putting into the stomach more food than it is capable of digesting; and Mr. Abernethy has promulgated a golden rule, for which the public and posterity ought to feel much indebted to him. “We should,” he says, “proportion the quantity of food to the powers of the stomach, adapt its quality to the feelings of the organ, and take it at regular intervals of six or seven hours during the day.”—This is the whole mystery of diet,—and how simple and easy of comprehension it is!

FAMILY PORTRAITS.

No. VI.—THE SECOND BEST.

“I WONDER,” Mr. St. John said, one day, to me, “that you have not yet put any question to me concerning a picture towards the extremity of the gallery, to the right.”

“I know which you mean,” I answered, interrupting him,—“it is that of a lady no longer young—but whose mild, kind, sensible countenance amply repays the absence of youth, and of strictly regular beauty. Yet of this last there is a substitute that may almost be considered superior to that which it supplies, namely, the expression of a mind and heart equally noble; the former strong, clear, and cultivated, and the latter running over with the milk of human kindness.”

“Ah?”—exclaimed St. John, with a long aspiration,—“I am now still more surprised that you never spoke on the subject of this admirable woman; for you certainly are more closely right in your primary guesses of her character, than in those of any we have yet discussed.”

“My reason is, that I have not been able to make out any outline, even, of her *story*—and I wanted to find something that seemed to me

plausible before I asked you for the truth. Let us go and look at the picture again—for I am as much at a loss as ever—and I should like to form some guess:—there can be no second picture behind this*.”

We went upstairs. Sir Edward chanced to be in the gallery with one or two others. “Ah’ha!” he exclaimed, when he saw which portrait we went up to,—“is that your subject of inquiry to-day? Harry,” he added, turning to me, “I will bet you five hundred to one that you do not guess the *sobriquet* which St. John has given to that lady, upon whom you are gazing so intently.”

“Those are such long odds,” I answered, “that it must be quite certain that any man who holds them must win. What is it?”

“You are quite right not to bet,” said St. John; “and yet, did betting become my cloth, I might venture equal odds that you will own the name to be quite wrong from the mere intensity of its being right. I call her ‘*The Second Best*!’”

“That, most certainly, I never should have guessed; but how will your last paradoxical statement be proved true?”

“You shall judge for yourself. I will put into your hands original letters, of which a large collection was gathered by a lady of the same blood, but of a later date of existence, and a very different order of character. And yet I, of all men, ought not to sneer at the good-humoured, bustling, fidgety gatherer of Meynell manuscripts, for they have been of great use to me, in my similar researches, however little they may resemble her’s in origin and spirit.”

St. John brought the letters in the evening; they were written by different persons, and spread through nearly five-and-twenty years of time. But they were all with reference to Mistress Eveline Meynell, as he had selected them with that view. The first was from her father, Sir John, to his lady-wife. He was with the army in Germany during the Seven-Years’-War; it ran as follows:—

“I fear, my worthy love, there is but distant prospect of my being able to return to you. Would that I had left the army in the last peace! I had done enough that I should not have feared having any thing wrong said of me; and I feel that, however campaigning may suit a bachelor, there is no place for an honest married man but his own dear home, with its fireside, and the wife and children of his heart around it. And, whilst I am plodding on in our marches, in these deep roads, and behold the family groups crowding to their doors to see us pass, and the little faces of the young ones turned up to ask explanations of their mother, or the lad climbing up to his father’s shoulders to have a better view,—my heart has yearned for Arlescot, and for those who are there gathered together, and I have scarcely kept from weeping. And yet I have, now and then, reasons for thanks and gratitude to Heaven. When—and it happens not seldom—the people are plundered, and put to sufferings of which I cannot and will not speak, my heart has swelled with joy that such things do not take place in our island.

“I shall never forget the features of despair I saw yesterday on the face of a man, his wife, and two daughters, about the age of our own,

* Family Portraits, No. IV. London Magazine, Sept. 1828.

who were by the road-side gazing on a house, over which the fire had gained full mastery, and which I found was their's. I exchanged a few words with the father, and his voice was that of one whose soul despair possesses! He stood like a statue—the words he spoke to me were almost such as, it is scarce a figure to say, a statue might utter. I asked him if that were his house? He only said, 'Mine—mine—mine!' He seemed not to have been rich before, and now he was ruined totally. I put some gold into his hand—but he was quite unconscious of it, and he let it fall. His wife had sunken exhausted on the bank, and the two girls were assisting her.

"My own dear Margaret, I thought of you, and Eveline, and Mary; and my heart blessed the Almighty that such things were far from you. Yet I dreamed last night that Arlescot was pillaged and on fire, and that you were under the large firs in front of the entrance, when a soldier came up, who was drunk as well as brutal, and who was about to discharge his pistol at you, when Eveline, who till then had been trembling, gained sudden courage for the moment, and convulsively snatched hold of the piece, which turned the muzzle towards the man himself, and the shock causing the discharge, the ball struck him, and he fell.

"I should not tell you foolish dreams, were it not that this serves to shew how much you all live in my mind. And, besides, this dream spoke truth of Eveline: it is just as she would have acted, delicate as she is, if you had been in danger.—Pray write me long accounts of yourself, and all of you; and above all, let me hear how Eveline gets on in all her curious studies. They would have been whims, and I should have forbidden them, in any one else; but in her they are real and sound, and will bring forth good fruit hereafter. Tell me amply of all that are with you. Henry writes to me himself constantly; but, for the others, I must trust to you. Tell me of Mary—tell me of Eveline—tell me of yourself,—and in the order in which I have placed them, much, more, most. To no love, indeed, but that for you, can my affection for Eveline be second. Blessed is the man who has such a daughter as she is, when her mother is such as you! Only once let me get back to you, and it shall be my fault if we ever are thus separated again."

The next letter is dated five or six years later, and it is from Eveline's brother, Sir Henry, who was then at Paris, shortly after the peace of 1763. Poor Sir John had never again seen that family, for whom his love was so strong and so tender he was killed at Minden. Sir Henry, then about one-and-twenty, had been on the continent a great deal since, while Lady Meynell and her daughters had lived chiefly at Arlescot. The remainder, as regards that date, the letter itself will speak:—

"Paris, June, 1764.

"Dearest Eveline.—The tone of my few last letters will, I think, to one so clear-sighted, prevent any great surprise being called forth by the contents of this. You will readily guess that I allude to my approaching marriage with Mademoiselle de Villebois; and hearty and fervent, I am confident, will be your wishes, that that marriage

may be to me the source of the degree of happiness which a happy marriage alone can produce.

“Of course, once the matter was finally determined upon, my heart turned to you. And now, Eveline, I must speak more at large concerning yourself than I have ever yet done to yourself—for I am certain, once you have read the grounds on which I found the entreaty I am about to make, that you will grant it. There are nearly five years between our ages, yet such has been the unusually early developement of your mind, such its natural powers, and such its peculiar cultivation, that I, brd as idle young gentlemen are, have for a long time looked upon you as more than my equal in the moral advantages of years, if not in their number. What my affection has been for you, I feel that your’s for me must tell you far better than I could. The loss of our poor mother was doubly a blow to me, from its leaving you alone, for the time at least, in the world. Mary’s marriage had taken her abroad for a period of some length. I also was abroad—you were left quite to yourself. I might say, so you have remained; for our excellent old aunt—who so kindly left her dear whist-table at Bath to give you a chaperonage, fitting, though not perhaps strictly necessary, even at Arlescot—must before now have bored both you and herself nearly to death. Moreover, it is quite clear that she could not permanently live at Arlescot—still less could you at Bath.

“What I wish, then, is that, as long as you remain a Meynell, you should make one of your brother’s family.—You know that brother is more really attached to you than is any one else in the world;—he knows you better—and *therefore* he cannot be otherwise. I am quite well aware of all that is said about the annoyance and danger of a third person being resident in a bridal house, especially when that person is of the bridegroom’s kin instead of the bride’s. But this, to be true, requires that one of the three should have qualities which I hope none of us possess. It argues, in particular, littleness of mind on the part of *one* of the female members of the trio;—what your’s is I need not tell you—what Adelaide’s is, lover as I am, I *know*.

“It would surprise you, indeed, if you were to be aware of the extent to which she is proud of you already—and of the impatience she feels at not being yet able to love you as I do. Strong and fervent as my passion is for Adelaide, I cannot be blind to the extreme advantage which your society would be to her. She is a year younger than you—and, brilliant as are her talents, and expanded as I am convinced her mind will more and more rapidly become,—still she has not had your advantages to cultivate her natural gifts to the most sound and productive effect. She has exactly that character of feeling which, so far from being envious at this, will admire, with all her warmth of disposition, the merit itself, and be grateful, with all its generous tenderness, for the benefits it will produce in her. Yes, Eveline, she is worthy even of being your sister—and if I think *that*, you may be quite sure that there is no fear that any discordancy should arise through her means.

“As for the paltry and unintelligible jealousy which I have heard sometimes arises on a sister’s part at the brother’s love for his wife exceeding that for her, I will not insult you by speaking on the subject. You know full well that my affection for you is second only to that

which the nature of things must, in every man, make the first:—or probably it is in character they differ rather than in degree.

“Let me hear from you, dear Eveline, to tell me that you will add to the happiness of our home—till you leave us to make another home less happy only because there will not be such a *third* as at Arlescot.

“Henri m’a confié le sujet sur lequel il vous écrivait: je me l’ai fait montrer sa lettre. Tout ce qu’il dit est vrai, hormis les louanges exagguérés dont il m’accable. Je vois prie de croire, ma déjà-chère sœur, que mon âme partage son desir que vous fassiez le tiers de cet heureux trio dont il parle avec une tendresse si aimable et si vraie.

“A. de V.”

I now began to see pretty clearly the sense in which St. John had given to Eveline the title of the Second Best. Her father had preferred only the wife of many and affectionate years—her brother had given but slight superiority to the object of his young yet perfect love. The next letter, however, spoke stronger still. It is from the young Lady Meynell, about a year after her marriage, to a young lady with whom she had formed an early intimacy. I have left the little postscript in the original—but this letter is long enough to need translation.

“So you have returned from Italy after your bridal tour of a year—and lo! you express surprise, first, at my being married; secondly, at my having married an Englishman; and above all, at my having consented to live in England.

“As for the first cause of wonder, you forget, ma chère, that time advances, and that I was only a month younger at the period of my marriage than you were at your’s. With regard to my marrying an Englishman, you don’t know what an Englishman Sir Henry is. He has all the polish of our most cultivated Parisians, without any of their frivolity of manner, or frequent littleness of mind. His delicacy of manners, indeed, arises from his own mind, instead of from the mimicry of others—which, in truth, prevents the word delicacy being applicable in its strict sense. Besides he has a strength of character, and a reality of purpose, which the difference of position between an English gentleman and one of our *petits-maîtres de Cour*, must, in the mass of instances, necessitate*. Do not think I am folle d’amour, thus to speak. No;—every month I live with my husband, my love for him, if it cannot well encrease in mere degree, becomes of a more intensely tender, as well as of a far nobler, character.

“As to my living in England, I certainly consented at first from its being the country of the man whom I married because I loved him. You know that I am of the religion of this country—indeed, if it had not been for the difference of customs which, to some extent, distinguishes the Protestants at Paris, Sir Henry and I never could have known each other before our marriage sufficiently for our affection to become what it did. It is true, then, I resigned my country for my husband.—My parents were dead; but they had not been so

* It is to be remembered that the date of this is in the last ten years of Louis XV.’s reign—the most frivolous and contemptible era of French society.

long enough for the aunt, with whom I lived, at all to supply their place in my affections. It therefore cost me but little to resign that Paris you all prize so much, for the sake of one whom I both esteemed and loved beyond the power of words to speak.

"But now, I would not go back to France, save for an occasional visit, on any account—except it were his wish—and of that there is little fear. You can have no idea of what a country-life is in England. The dull, dismal, *comfortless*—vous ne connaissez pas même le terme—vous n'avez pas de mot pour le rendre—je dirai que le *comfort* embrace, dans son meilleur sens, tout ce qui fait passer la vie journalière avec une jouissance la plus suave et constante ;—mais même ici on abuse de ce mot, à force de s'en servir."

[I could not resist leaving this in the original—for it shews to an Englishman how thoroughly Lady Meynell felt what Comfort is in its highest signification, and yet how utterly her language was incapable to express what she understood so well. To resume.]

"The dull, dismal, comfortless life at a château in a distant province in France, can give you no conception of how we live in the country here. Here, at Arlescot, is an admirable house, of various dates, though all old—but not like your father's château in Champagne—(so different from his house in the Fauxbourg St. Germain—) with doors not shutting, and windows not opening, no chair one can sit upon, and no table on which a dinner can fitly be placed. No—here, every thing is excellent and even luxurious ;—and the society is delightful—for we chuse part of it from the élite of our neighbours—and the rest is formed of our London friends who come down for weeks together.

"But, for nearly all the summer months, we were by choice alone. That is, there were no visitors—but our family circle is completed by a sister of Sir Henry's whom he has prevailed upon to live with us. Oh ! Clara, such a woman I never met!—such talents!—such knowledge!—such exquisite tact!—for it is that which springs from delicate feelings, not the factitious tinsel of the world ;—such matchless kindness of manner!—for its source is an incomparable heart. I never shall cease to think of the bursting affection with which she received her brother, on his arrival—still less shall I forget the numberless, and nameless, and indescribable offices of the truest and most considerate friendliness, by which she contrived to set me at my ease among strangers of whose habits of living I could know nothing—in a foreign land, of every custom of which I was of necessity ignorant. Nay, from what I did see, I am confident that there are a thousand delicate kindnesses which I never saw at all ;—and what makes me certain of this, is, that I have, as my knowledge of England has increased, discovered from time to time *some* actions of this invaluable character of good-nature, at Eveline's hands, of which I had been previously wholly unaware.

"Figure to yourself, Clara, if you can,—which I doubt exceedingly—a young person, not even now above one-and-twenty, with a face of extreme intellectual beauty—without some share of which no mere physical regularity of feature deserves the name of beauty at all ;—and which, as in the case of Eveline, can fully compensate for that far lower quality being incomplete. Her features certainly are not regu-

lar :—but the combination du bon sens et de l'*âme* I never saw equally combined in any face before, and I had no conception of what that combination could produce, till now. Her countenance, in repose, has a mixture of strong mind and placid thought with a general benevolent meaning, and unbounded goodness of heart.* But to see it brighten with the arousing of her intellect on some subject in which she takes warm interest,—or kindle with intense affection, or soften with sweet tenderness, towards those on whom her feelings are really fixed—this, indeed, must excite any one with admiration who has either head or heart sufficient to deserve to class among human beings.

"Hélas! and it is I who am writing thus!—I whom you recollect so giddy a girl! Yes, but it is impossible to live a year with such persons as Henry and his sister, without imbibing higher thoughts and stronger and more amiable feelings. Of him I need not say more. But I could not have believed it possible that any one could replace him during the few and short absences he has been compelled to make, as she has done. I never met a woman who had such information without having the very slightest tinge of a *précieuse* :—she never *produces* anything, all comes so naturally, so much of course, that it would seem almost to be affected that she should withhold it. In our evenings, when Henry and I returned from wandering along the sweet gardens together, and pausing on the banks of the stream, and silently enjoying the mere consciousness of being together,—we used to find Eveline just come in from some errand of her charity in the village—and the hours have passed with such an exquisite charm till bed-time, that, even in my bridal year, I have never once wished her away. It is true, indeed, that she takes care that we often shall be alone ;—but this is never done as though it were contrived, but seems as if it naturally sprang from her being engaged in her own pursuits.

"I have used the phrase *her* charity. And well I may! It is indeed no common alms-giving. She knows the history of the wants, the struggles, and the merits of every family in the village. Oh! how I bless her for having shewn me, by her practice—scarcely at all by direct precept—what heavenly effects a *dame de paroisse* may produce in this country, if she know the proper means, and is willing to exert herself ever so little. I trust, if she should form a connection such as alone she would form—and I doubt, from certain indications, whether she ever will—that my watching and studying her admirable conduct on this point may in some degree soften her loss to the poor. That it will fully supply it I never can hope—for they have known 'kind Mistress Eveline' from her childhood' upwards. They have seen her goodness from its earliest bud of promise to its present full bearing of fruit.

"Oh! how my admiration and love of my noble and affectionate husband, and of his incomparable sister urge me on to warmth of expression. You will scarcely believe this letter to have been written by your light-hearted giddy play-fellow Adelaïde. The giddiness is gone, but the lightness of heart is not—or rather it is raised to a sensation of happiness of a degree of delicate and exquisite enjoyment such as I did not then know existed. And this I owe to both my husband and his sister ;—for, if my love for him be an affection far superior to any

of which I had conceived the existence,—so is my friendship for her, which ranks second only to *that*, a feeling such as I had no idea that Friendship ever could be.”

Brave!—I exclaimed, as I finished this singular letter—this speaks well for more women than one. Here is a girl, bred in Paris—if not, from the peculiarity of her position arising from religion, in its worst—namely, its courtly—circles, certainly in its worst times;—a beauty—nor that only, but distinguished for her liveliness, I might say brilliancy, in society—here is one thus circumstanced unconsciously becoming of strong and finely fervent feelings, and of sound and *reliable* judgment, from her union with a man of sense and of virtue—and from continued intercourse with such a woman as Eveline Meynell. The progress of this heightening of character was, as I have said, imperceptible to her in its progress—but such changes can never long continue to exist unknown to those who have undergone them.

A fourth letter, dated nearly eighteen years afterwards, written by the daughter of this Lady Meynell, who herself died when this young person was only about nine years old, will complete the portrait of kind Mistress Eveline. The writer herself seems to have profited by the rare qualities of all of those among whom she was bred. The letter is addressed to her betrothed:—

“You remind me that the period is nearly approaching at which a year will be completed since my poor father died. I know well that it is only the strong impulse of your fondness for me that can have led you to hint at this—for, to do you justice, you do no more than hint—for you, of all the world, must feel that, neither as to retrospect nor prospect, can I need reminding. The loss of such a father as mine must leave painful sensations of sorrow long after the early violence of grief has passed away—and I feel it would be affectation, and not delicacy, to deny that the hope of being united to one between whom and myself such attachment exists, and has so long existed, as our’s, produces to me a full assurance of a life of happiness.

“But the particular object of this letter, dearest Edward, is to give you all the information within my recollection,—both personal, and of what I have heard my father say, sometimes to me, and now and then to others, when my early age prevented his thinking of my presence,—concerning my aunt Eveline. Nothing I have heard said of that beloved being ever escaped my memory. I could not apply all of it then—but the words have remained in my remembrance, and their meaning is clear to me now.

“You say that, of course, she will come and live with us; and that, therefore, you should like to know her character thoroughly. I do not wonder that you should desire to be enlightened on some few points of that character, notwithstanding your strong admiration of the whole. If you had seen more of Aunt Eveline than chance circumstances have allowed you to do, you would need no information at all. I have seen this often, and longed to speak to you about her,—as you now own you wished to do to me. Thus has fastidious nicety restrained us both from conversing on a subject upon which we both desired to come to a

thorough understanding. As it is, I will give you all that I know concerning her.

"You first ask how it is she has never married—with all her talents and information, and with her very peculiar but still admirable beauty, and her warm and affectionate character of heart? I think I know—for I remember what my father thought on the subject—and he was likely to be right.

"I recollect hearing him say, that he thought her ideas were pitched so high, as to what men ought to be, that she had never seen one who had in the slightest degree touched her feelings; while, on the other hand, most men found out, in any duration of intercourse with her, that she was far beyond them in both power and cultivation of mind, and therefore shrank back, all of them in fear, and many in irritation and annoyance. 'Poor Eveline!' I recollect his adding 'how little does she believe she ever annoyed or irritated any body!—how totally her conduct has ever been the reverse of what ought, in justice, to have done either!'—This exclamation is undoubtedly true;—and from all I have ever seen I fully coincide with my father's belief. I heard him once say—'I do believe that there never were but two men whom Eveline would have thought worthy of being loved;—one still lives, it is Franklin—and the other was Milton'—I agree with him that she might have become attached to such a man as Franklin—Milton strikes me as wanting blandness of disposition—but (you will think me very fantastic, dear Edward, but recollect, you begged me to be most minute) I think such a being as, it might be supposed, could be compounded of the best qualities of Franklin and *Las Casas*, would be nearer the mark than all*.

"My mother died, as you know, while I was still quite young—and all the recollections of my mental cultivation apply to Aunt Eveline. Slight, indeed, and smattering is the all I know when I look at her stores of knowledge, which I have had the opportunities of years to contemplate. She avoided, indeed, purposely, many of the stronger and more abstruse studies, for me, which she had herself pursued. Still, even in what she did lead me to, I had ample means of seeing the qualities of clearness, strength, delicacy, and rapidity by which her mind is distinguished;—yet all these powers, and the acquisitions they had gained for her, were wholly untinged with the slightest touch of pedantry or display.

"But what I value far more than all this is the active excellence of her warm and admirable heart. Oh Edward, if ever you find one trace of sympathy with suffering, or of desire to relieve it, in me, you will owe it to that invaluable woman. I will not speak of the manner in which she devoted her whole life to my parents and myself—or of the love she bore them, and still, thank Heaven, bears to me. I allude now to her kindness, active and real, to the poor. Many and many is the bitter day in winter that I have known this model of practical good feeling walk out through the snow, and go to the cottage of some sick or suffering villager, who was poor. There have I seen her administer the relief and comforts of medicine, food, religious advice and prayer, or kind and cheerful conversation, as the occasion

* She need not fear being thought fantastic—I am certain she is quite right.

required. Nothing, indeed, could be more beautiful, or tend more—I feel it now—to teach us what *real* charity is, than to hear Aunt Eveline talk with the poor. She did not assume interest in their humble matters, as many do,—she felt it;—she listened to obtain the information she needed with the utmost patience; she questioned them with clearness, brevity, and kindness mingled; she gave them her advice in a manner which almost made the people believe the ideas she suggested had originally arisen in their own minds.

“I recollect a remarkable instance of all these qualities. We were caught in a snow-storm one very severe January—we took shelter in a hovel which stood in the corner of a field, close to the road. There we found an old carpenter of the village, who said he was delighted to meet ‘kind Mistress Eveline,’ as the elder people always called her, as he had hit, he thought, on a mechanical improvement in one of the tools of his trade, which he longed to explain to her. Off he set into a long explanation, of which I understood not one word, but which aunt Eveline went along with perfectly. When the old man had been in the full swing of his discourse about a quarter of an hour, the carriage arrived to bring us home, as ~~it~~ had been known which way we had gone. I knew my aunt had a severe cold, and I pressed her to go at once. No, she said,—she must hear out old Christopher’s plan, which seemed to her very ingenious. The conversation lasted half an hour more, about the last three minutes of which she occupied in giving her opinion of the invention. My father afterwards got her to confess that she had given Christopher the one idea which had made all the rest of avail, and without which they would all have been useless; his suspicions having been roused by hearing the old man say several times—‘It’s very odd, but I thought of the best bit of the whole plan while I was talking to kind Mistress Eveline in the snow-storm.’ Mistress Eveline herself was laid up for a fortnight; but she cared not—for Christopher gained a round sum for the patent he got for the invention.

“I am sure, dear, dear Edward, you are not one to think these details childish, or too minute. You will see at once that I could in no other way so well shew you what she really is. You may have heard some few sneers at her talents and their cultivation among cold-blooded, ‘fine’ people; but I have heard thousands of blessings bursting from the hearts of the poor, for the goodness of *her* heart.

“And these inward qualities have produced one outward characteristic which will make her a blessing, instead of an incumbrance, to that home of which, for my sake, my own love, you have so kindly determined to make her an inmate. You will soon rejoice for your own. I allude to that delightful constancy of cheerfulness of manner, which might be called gaiety had it not a beautiful dash of tenderness which renders that too light a word. A good heart, actively employed, always produces this, which your own heart will at once set before your imagination. Oh! Edward, you do not even conceive how I bless you for adding to my new home the only thing that could increase the happiness *I know* will reign there—the society of my dear, dear aunt Eveline! There is but one feeling in the world which exceeds my unspeakable affection for her—Edward, can you guess what that is?”

I was turning round to St. John, with a very sighing smile upon my lips—when he forestalled my speaking, by saying—“You shall now see what that monument is, from which the boards have been removed only to-day, and which I never would let you get a glimpse at. Its completion caused me to speak to you about this portrait.”

As we entered the church, St. John said, “Sir Edward lately read the letters you have just gone through—there is the result.” He pointed to a very slightly, but beautifully, ornamented marble slab, of some dimensions, which bore the following inscription:—

Sacred to the Memory of *Obeline Heynell*, grand-aunt of *Sir Edward Heynell, Bart.*, present owner of *Arlescot Hall*, in this parish. He raises this monument to her as to *The Second Best*; the origin of that appellation, current in the family, having proved her to have been *The Best* of all. For, the universal object of affection must be the most good. And, when the husband of a long and happy marriage was asked, whom he loved the best, second only to his wife?—when the affianced, who was second to his betrothed?—the wife of the first year, who second to her newly-married husband?—nay, when the bride, on the eve of so becoming, was asked who was second in her love to him she was about to wed?—each and all have answered

. *Obeline Heynell.*

POPULAR EDUCATION.

IN witnessing the operation of a steam-engine, as it sets and sustains in motion, by its wonderful piston, it may be, a whole tenement of machinery, or, in opposition to wind and tide, carries forward the ponderous ship on its easy and majestic way, we behold the most stupendous effects produced merely by the scientific employment of an element which, for nearly six thousand years, during which it was in our possession, had been allowed to run universally to waste. It is an instance of the way in which man manufactures power. We can create nothing; we need to create nothing. Our most bountiful Maker has given us all things richly; and it is for us only to find out their uses, and enjoy them wisely. The best of his gifts is the power he has bestowed upon us of doing this. All civilization is nothing more than the advancing conquests made by this power—from the hour when an accidental spark lighted the first fire of dry leaves by which man warmed and comforted himself, to that in which, in our own day, smoke was converted into light, and impalpable vapour into the mightiest of all of our ministers of strength. The fusibility and malleability of the iron existed before it had been turned either into swords or pruning-hooks, or the ore had been made to give up its treasure; and the vibratory air was full of unawakened music ere

“Jubal struck the chorded shell.”

And in like manner might it be said of every new invention, that it is, as the word implies, not merely a finding out—but a revealing of something that has at all times been in nature—or an arousing of some power

that only slept because there was no one to call it up into activity—or a bringing of it under dominion and law after it had long been suffered to run wild, and to spend its energies in unheeded and unprofitable idleness. Some of the most boisterous and destructive agencies in nature have been tamed in this way, not only into obedience and tranquillity, but into useful instruments and servants. Social life owes many of its best accommodations to the fire, the winds, the waters, and animals that in their original condition were the ferocious and dreaded prowlers of the forest. We have begun to lay our grasp even upon the nimble lightning itself; already we can command it forth from its hiding-places, whether in earth or air, and point it whither we will, or seal it up in bottles; and the time, we doubt not, is coming when it too shall do us valuable service.

The superstition of old times was wont to look upon conquests such as these as impious even in the conception; but they are obviously one great department of our allotted task-work here on earth. In making them we but fulfil the end of our being, and obey the ordinations of that Almighty Deity who hath given us the wants, the susceptibilities and the faculties we have, and placed us in a world so abundantly stored with excitements for our curiosity, and subjects for our observation, and materials to be fashioned, transformed, or otherwise turned to use by our experimenting ingenuity. The “*vetitum nefas*” of Horace is the very path we are bidden to go—the thing it is both our destiny and our duty to be continually seeking after

“*Nil mortalibus arduum est;
Cælum ipsum petimus*”—

but there is no *folly* in the endeavour, as the poet adds; for thus shall we go on through all time, and probably through all eternity, progression being apparently the characteristic and necessary condition of our being, as well as of all intelligence that is not essentially infinite, in so far as our reasonings and conceptions are able to instruct us. Are there not mysteries into which even “The Angels desire to look?” and is this desire a sin in them? or is it not rather one of the most exalted manifestations of their bright and exalted nature?

There is one power that, above all others, has hitherto been allowed to remain unemployed, and yet it is by far the greatest of all those of which society can avail itself. We mean the power of the popular mind. Of the many millions of intellectual beings who have been born, lived and died on our globe since it first became “a breathing world,” how few comparatively have had the intellectual principle within them awakened to its natural exercise? What a waste of capacity has gone on in every age and country, whether it was the abode of barbarism or of civilization! History, it is true, as commonly written, throws everything of this sort into the shade. With it a small handful of the higher classes constitute the nation; and the people are never mentioned, except perchance when a fragment of the man is rolled, in the shape of an armed host, against a similar conglomeration of the refuse and rubbish of another land, to be fused together like two lumps in a chemist’s crucible; and then they are spoken of as of much the same account with the powder and lead that may have been

expended in the conflict. But it is impossible to take a true or philosophical survey of what humanity has hitherto been and done, all the world over, without having the reflection we have stated forced upon us. Mind seems to have every where abounded in vain—to have budded only to be nipped and perish—or like seed that has shot up only to be choked before it could come into ear. Here and there a few stalks have escaped from the entangling and suffocating weeds, and lift up their heads in something like full-grown luxuriance; but the general field is a mere spread of withering immaturity—fit only for the dunghill. The earth might almost have been peopled by any one of the more respectable orders of quadrupeds instead of men,—provided there had existed only a few of the latter species of animals to act as keepers, or whippers-in, of the herd,—for any advantage that has been taken of the superior intellectual capabilities of the erect and two-legged race. If we turn even to Greece and Rome, the countries in the ancient world where, above all others,

— “ Men were proud to be,
Not without cause,”

how little of the sovereignty of intellect do we discern in the boasted democracy of either! The popular control of the state was merely that of the waves over the ship that rides on them—the swell and agitation of brute passion serving merely to sustain and give buoyancy to the power by which it was kept down and trodden upon. These are called the enlightened nations of antiquity; but the whole of their claim to this character consists in the circumstance of each of them having produced a few dozens of individuals who, like so many stars scattered over a cloudy night-sky, make bright the few spots where they are fixed, only to cast over the rest of the expanse a thicker and blacker gloom. The nation itself was not enlightened: the body of the people was in a state of barbarism. Nor has it been much better in modern times, except that, whereas in that old world a monstrous and degrading superstition, secretly and sometimes half-openly laughed at by the cultivated class, separated from them the great mass of their countrymen even in heart and conscience, Christianity has now bound all in the same creed and the same hopes, and thus united, here at least, the high and the low, the learned and the ignorant. But it is not the less true, for all that, that the *intellect* of the people has, as we have said, been allowed everywhere to run woefully to waste, and that, in this respect, matters have proceeded much as they would have done in “a world without souls” altogether.

The great law of creation seems to be that nothing is created in vain. It is the law of mind, doubtless, as well as of matter. The vast aggregate of intellectual capacity, therefore, that every year gives birth to in those regions of the world's population to which hitherto, in every country, so little of the light of intellectual culture has been sent, is not produced, we may be assured, merely to shew itself and to perish. This consideration alone is with us argument enough to demonstrate that the universal diffusion of education is the ordination of heaven itself, and a consummation not only “devoutly to be wished,” but which will inevitably take place in spite of all the efforts that may be made to

resist it. Moralists and writers on natural religion have been wont to draw a proof of a future world from the mere hopes and desires of the human spirit after a continuance of its being, its

"Longing after immortality;"

but such a deduction as this is weak and unconvincing, compared to that which we have just advanced. Providence—the richest of all sources of power and bounty—is as economical as it is affluent—bestowing every thing liberally and generously, but nothing unprofitably and in vain. It gives to every man that is born, even in the humblest station, mental powers capable of being made to contribute largely to the happiness and advantage both of himself and others; and never can we be persuaded that these high endowments have been lavished upon the whole of our race, only that they might be turned to their natural use by perhaps one individual out of a thousand. This is not the rule according to which Infinite Wisdom dispenses its blessings. Whatever exists shall at last serve the natural end and purpose of its creation.

But this result too, like other arrangements of Providence, will be brought about by natural means. There is but one high theme as to which heaven has appealed to man by the imposing splendour of miracles. This is the distinction of the grand scheme of salvation—which no lesser matter must share with it. Yet are all coming events and changes prefigured too by signs of the times—not less discernible to the eye that will seek for them, than if they waved like banners from the firmament.

Men are manifestly at last beginning every where to feel the importance, considered in reference to their intellectual powers, of that large class of their brethren who have hitherto, even in the best regulated states of society, been almost entirely debarred from the advantages of any other than the most elementary education. In our own country until very lately, (and it was no better in others) almost the only inquiry in regard to this subject which statistical investigators were wont to make, was, what portion of the population could read and write? The possession of these accomplishments, in however imperfect and we may say unserviceable a degree, was looked upon as constituting the only distinction that was to be expected to exist in favour of the more cultivated class of the people; and the most sanguine dream of philanthropists amounted merely to a hope that, at some distant day, what was now the attainment of a part of the nation, would be the possession of the whole. In other words, they looked forward to a time when every man and woman should be able to spell through a printed English book, and to scrawl somewhat more distinctive than a cross by way of signature. Unhappily, we are not yet in condition to congratulate ourselves on the perfect accomplishment even of this humble anticipation, notwithstanding, that we have now become accustomed to stretch our ultimate expectations far beyond it. But the chief reason of this is the rapidity of growth with which our later hopes have sprung up, which has been so great as not to have left time for what we may call the intermediate scheme to develop itself, and to sweep away completely that utter illiteracy which it aimed at destroying, before being itself, as it were, superseded by another of a far more compre-

hensive and aspiring character, which the progress of events has brought forth, and forced us to adopt and act upon. We may now, however, without impropriety, assume that the phrase, Popular Education, has acquired quite a different meaning from what it had in the days when nothing more than instruction in the elements of reading and writing was contemplated as desirable for the general body of the people. We should not now consider these acquisitions as deserving of the name of education at all.

We took an opportunity some time ago (see *London Magazine*, 3d Series, No. I.) of directing the attention of our readers to what has been done during the last few years, and is now doing, in order, not to teach the people to read and write, but to provide for them the means of turning these attainments to profit, as well as to place before them the most efficient of all excitements to induce them to procure for themselves even these elementary qualifications. For it is most important to remark, that in no way can we so powerfully contribute to the universal diffusion even of the knowledge of reading and writing, as by setting distinctly before the people the ulterior advantages to which these attainments are fitted to conduct them. It is all very well to establish schools throughout the country for instructing both the young and such of the adult population as may require it in these beginnings of all literature; and parents may be expected undoubtedly to be powerfully impelled to seek for their children the benefits of such seminaries by the mere force of general example and opinion. But still it will be found that these incentives will not operate beyond a certain point—and that one really marking but a very insignificant advancement towards the attainment of any important or desirable object. They will have the effect of putting the generality of the population in possession of an acquaintance with the alphabet—typographical and scriptory; and of so rendering the art of reading and writing not quite so great a mystery to them as the art of magic; but in regard to the great majority of its *élèves* we cannot expect such a system to produce much beyond this. It will not make the people lovers of reading: it will not make books their delight and favourite relaxation. The cases will be comparatively few in which it will send its pupils forth capable of even readily understanding what they read. It will be little more than the mere name of the accomplishment, in short, that they will have—from which truly we do not see that much good can ever arise. Something more must be done in order to awaken to profitable exertion the *intellect* of the community. We must teach men not only the way, but the worth, of reading and writing. Shew them the real value of the art, and you may almost trust to themselves for the acquiring of it. Make them understand the benefit which the attainment will procure for them—and the temptation of that reward will be their best schoolmaster. This will not only make them learn to read, it will make them read.

In our former paper we took occasion to advert particularly to the important exertions in reference to this great object of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, which had then been about a year in operation. That most influential association has since not only been proceeding with unabated spirit and effect in the career in which

it first set out, but has recently entered upon an altogether new field of usefulness. But first we must speak of the original series of publications—the Library of Useful Knowledge. Of this work the design was always (as its title imports) to present to the public a complete body of useful knowledge in the most comprehensive sense of that expression; an Encyclopedia, in short, which should embrace not only science, strictly so called, but whatever else of real and solid learning admitted of being distributed under distinct heads and methodically exhibited. But the earlier treatises were almost exclusively devoted to physical and mechanical science—so much so, perhaps, as to impress the public with a somewhat incorrect notion of the true character and object of the work, as well as of the views of its conductors. Its more recent numbers must have corrected this misapprehension, and completely refuted any opinion that may have got abroad, that it was the wish and intention of the Society to engage the popular intellect merely in the study of the laws of matter and the theorems of mathematics, to the exclusion of whatever might appeal more impressively or directly to their moral sense or their hearts. We should, for our own parts, we confess, have joined very heartily in regretting the adoption of any such resolution by the Society, had any thing of the kind been even actually contemplated; for holding, in the first place, that all knowledge is profitable, we should have seen in such a limited and exclusive scheme a lamentable degree of mutilation and imperfection; and, secondly, even going upon the supposition that it was desirable that only one species of knowledge should be presented to the popular mind, we should have decidedly objected to the preference being given to that in question. This, however, is a dispute into which, in treating of the subject before us, there is no occasion to enter; for the Society have now shewn by the treatises they have actually published, as they, indeed, intimated in their original prospectus, that they entertain no such narrow and intolerant views as those to which we have adverted. Among their more recent numbers, besides a succession of valuable scientific compendiums, embracing, among others, the subjects of Electricity, Optics, the Thermometer and Pyrometer, Navigation, Geometry, and Galvanism, we find Lives of Cardinal Wolsey, Sir Christopher Wren, William Caxton, Sir Edward Coke, and Mahomet, together with the first part of an outline of general history, and a History of Greece extending to eight numbers. The work has now, indeed, completely assumed the miscellaneous and comprehensive character of an Encyclopedia, which it was from the first meant to be. And really, looking to the manner in which these treatises are accommodated to the conveniences and the wants of all sorts of purchasers, and all sorts of students, we do not wonder at the wide diffusion they have attained, unprecedented as it is, and greatly beyond, we believe, even the most sanguine expectations of those who first suggested the work. In the first place, we have certainly nothing so cheap in the whole compass of our literature. Every one of these sixpenny pamphlets—thrown off as it is in the first style of typography and embellishment—contains as much letter-press as an octavo volume, printed in the ordinary manner, of a hundred pages. Then each may be purchased separately—so that no person need give

his money for information he does not want; and the student of one subject or class of subjects, may confine his purchases to his own department. But a still more important peculiarity of these treatises than even their cheapness, is their especial suitableness for those who come to the study of the subjects treated of without any previous acquaintance with them, and are anxious to master their difficulties by their own efforts. Not, as we have remarked, on a former occasion, that there is in the style, or manner of statement, of the writers, any affected adaptation to tender or imbecile capacities, as if they had felt themselves to be writing merely for children, or persons altogether incapable of any intellectual exertion. We should have been sorry to have seen the work disfigured by any vain and pernicious attempt of this kind. The authors have rightly felt that it was their business to address themselves as to men anxious to acquire knowledge, and therefore disposed to bestow upon the attainment of it the requisite measure of attention and exertion. They have accordingly eschewed all nauseating puerility of phrase and ultra-simplification of statement, which would have answered no purpose whatever, except to give an air of prosing to their explanations, that would have been perfectly ludicrous; but remembering that they were writing, not for infants, but for men, have expressed themselves in a manly and healthy style, only studying upon every occasion the utmost exactness and clearness of language; and, above all, taking care to assume nothing to be known by the reader in relation to the subject handled, or the other departments of science or learning connected with it, except what has been expressly communicated to him in a previous part of the treatise, or in some other previously published one to which he is referred. This last mentioned principle, indeed, is almost the only one that, in the composition of every part of such a work as the present, ought never to be lost sight of. If it be constantly kept in view, the writer can hardly fail to attain his object, and to make himself perfectly understood by all those of his readers who are really anxious to understand him. It is altogether a delusion to suppose that even the very lowest orders require, in order to be made to apprehend what is said to them, to be addressed only in monosyllables, and sentences not above an inch and a half long. Their understandings are of far greater stretch than they are sometimes believed to be; and we say again, as we have done before, that we are firmly convinced no greater or more fatal mistake could be committed in any attempt to interest them in the pursuit of knowledge, than by speaking to them in the language of the nursery. Of the meaning of the technical terms employed in the different sciences, they must of course be presumed to be altogether ignorant; and these, therefore, must either be laid aside, or its import clearly explained whenever any one of them is introduced; but we really know no other rule of style for didactic treatises intended for the perusal of peasants and mechanics, that would not be equally good and apposite for works of the same nature, addressed to the most cultivated ranks of the community. Undoubtedly it would be a great error in either case, to deviate into any imitation of the lisp and babble of infancy. This is a sort of simplicity that may be safely left to the Tract Societies, whose productions it has long rendered the laughing-stock of the people.

The treatises that compose the Library of Useful Knowledge are written, of course, with different degrees of ability; but, taken one with another, they will certainly bear a comparison with those on the same subjects in any of our best Encyclopedias. Indeed their general accuracy and completeness may be considered as guaranteed by the superintendence, under which they are avowedly published, and the names of the distinguished men that appear in front of each—to say nothing of the eminence of the writers to whom it is well known that we are indebted for many of them. One of those most lately published, for instance, that on the Polarization of Light, cannot but be an able and valuable performance, coming as it does from the pen of Dr. Brewster, the philosopher who has distinguished himself more than any other in the investigation of that curious subject. The Life of Mahomet, another of the most recent numbers, is also an elaborate and learned treatise, and full of interesting and instructive reflection, as well as of the evidences and fruits of very extensive and diversified research. But one of the very best numbers, we think, that the Society have yet given to the public, is the one that has appeared only a few days before we write, being the second part of the treatise on Physical Geography. This is a most interesting subject treated in the most interesting manner; and we have really to congratulate both the Society and the public on such convincing indications as all these, of the valuable resources which the conductors of the work continue to command, and the talent and erudition they have enlisted in its service. We do not doubt that every year during which its publication proceeds, will witness its progressive improvement.

But we must now turn to the new series of publications commenced by the Society—The Library of Entertaining Knowledge, the first volume of which lies on our table. We rejoice, in the first place, to find that the committee of the Society do not contemplate limiting their operations to the superintendence of any single work; but that, availing themselves of the advantage which their number gives them, they do not shrink from committing themselves to a more extensive field of occupation and usefulness. This is to give their services in good earnest to the cause they have taken by the hand. To shew to the public that it is not merely the sanction of their distinguished names which they are disposed to lend it, but that they are really anxious to devote their personal exertions in large measure to its support and furtherance. We cannot attempt to give expression to the gratitude and admiration which we feel to be due to them for all the sacrifices they have so ungrudgingly made in the prosecution of their truly philanthropic enterprise; but when we reflect that nearly all of them are actively engaged besides in professional pursuits, and that some of them rank among the very busiest of the public men of the day, it is impossible for us not to acknowledge how deep a debt we owe them for this disinterested dedication of so much of their time and labour to an object recommended to them only by its importance to the happiness of their fellow-men. Of their illustrious chairman in particular, who, with more regular occupation to employ his time and strength than any other man in the kingdom, finds yet more leisure than any other for every incidental call of benevolence and patriotism, and is not only

the active and efficient auxiliary in all endeavours that are made for the promotion of literature, liberty, and general civilization, but of many of them the very foremost supporter, and of others the patron and founder, and suggester, without whom they never would have been in operation or existence at all; the claims upon the affection and reverence of his countrymen are far too conspicuous to stand in need of any advocacy of ours. Without the name and place of a minister, Mr. Brougham has secured for himself an influence far more extensive and powerful than that of any minister; and his, undoubtedly, is at this moment the voice which of all others would most effectually rally the intellect, and heart, and moral strength of the country, around any cause in the support of which it might be heard. To be thus one of the chief guides of public opinion throughout a mighty community, is to possess a far truer and more enviable greatness than the highest office under the crown could buy with all its patronage. It is to wield, if not the resources of the state, yet the noblest energies of the people.

But to return to our subject. We hail the publication of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge as affording us a gratifying assurance that the Society take a sound and liberal view of what a popular literature should be, in order to answer all the purposes which it might be made to serve. It would have been most unfortunate, we think, had they confined their scheme to the diffusion among the people of merely scientific information—thereby, as it were, inculcating the notion that nothing was really important as a matter of knowledge or reflection, except the cold palpabilities and literalities that admit of being measured by the rules of geometry and arithmetic. By extending their plan so as to make it embrace the philosophy of mind as well as of matter, and resolving, while they presented to one class of readers their treatises on the truths of mathematics and the phenomena of the physical world, to offer, at the same time, to the same class, or to another, accounts of whatever was most interesting and instructive in biography, history, and other kindred departments, they double, in our opinion, the value of the services they undertook to perform, as the providers of useful knowledge for the people. But even in this way they could still have failed to supply all the *excitement* that might be safely administered to the popular intellect, and even all the reasonable gratification which a reading people would be entitled to demand, had they not also determined upon laying before the public a body of such knowledge (of which there is abundance) as is capable of interesting the mind, even in its most relaxed moods, by the direct and immediate entertainment it affords; and is therefore calculated, besides its other uses, to form the most seductive temptation that can be employed to lead an uninformed understanding to the love and the habit of more regular and elaborate study. Such is exactly the end and character of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, the publication of which has been now commenced. "The especial object of this series," say the Society, "is to meet the wants of that numerous class of readers, in every condition of life, who are desirous to attain knowledge chiefly through the medium of amusement. To those who are anxious to instruct themselves in the sciences and in history, by diligent reading and study, the Library of Useful Knowledge affords the

requisite information. But as there are many persons who, from want of time or of the habit of study, are reluctant to acquire knowledge when presented in a didactic form, so there are also many of the most interesting facts of science and literature which are too scattered to be well arranged in a systematic treatise. In this series of works, the object of the Society is to give as much useful information as can be conveyed in an amusing form; and it is hoped that by thus presenting to those who are desirous of occupying their vacant time with a book, some of the most attractive parts of knowledge, they will be gradually led to appreciate the value of a fuller and more systematic pursuit of studies, which, instead of being dry and repulsive, contain matters capable of affording delight as well as improvement. At the same time, those who are engaged in the task of self-instruction will find in the new series an agreeable relaxation, which will not weaken the mind, or divert it from more arduous pursuits."

Indeed as, on the one hand, it is quite evident that the exercise of mind which we may more properly call study, cannot be pursued at all without frequent intermissions, and is by nothing so much aided and sustained as by occasional relaxations of its intensity; so on the other it might, we believe, be very easily shewn that many of the most ardent and successful labourers in the most abstruse departments of science and literature have had their attention first directed to those branches of learning in the investigation of which they subsequently distinguished themselves, by some accidental reference to them which they met with in the course of their lighter and more miscellaneous reading, a mere stray fragment, as it were, of the subject, thus catching their fancy and setting them a thinking, before they had ever dreamed of encountering any complete or systematic exhibition of it. Now if this fortunate result has occasionally been produced by works not at all written with a view to the bringing about of such effects, it may be reasonably expected that the imaginations of readers will be much more frequently excited in the manner alluded to by the perusal of publications expressly intended to win them to the love of knowledge by an attractive display of the rich entertainment it has in store for them, and composed throughout with an especial reference to that object. The volume before us cannot, we are sure, be inspected without encouraging the most sanguine expectations as to the extent to which the series it so auspiciously commences, promises to operate in diffusing among the people, in this manner, a taste for even the most strictly useful and erudite branches of literature and science.

The work is entitled "THE MENAGERIES;" and its subject, as more particularly announced, is "*Quadrupeds described and drawn from Living Subjects.*" The Society have been happy, we think, in the selection of the field to which they have gone for their first gleanings of entertaining knowledge; although indeed there is scarcely any department of inquiry which does not offer abundance of facts and anecdotes coming legitimately within that description. The first thing that strikes us on taking up the book is its extreme cheapness. Two shillings for a rather closely printed duodecimo, plentifully embellished with wood-cuts, and in all respects handsomely got up, is, we may safely say, a price that would be accounted unusually moderate even

for a reprint, and that is altogether unprecedented in the case of an entirely new work. Nothing indeed but a very large sale could make it practicable for the Society to supply this and their other series of publications on the terms they do. But it is one of the wonders of the printing-press that, in the case of its productions, the more extensive the demand, or the greater the competition among purchasers, the more cheaply can the article be supplied to each. Every individual purchaser may be considered in this way as actually sharing in the advantages of the immense sale which the works published by the Society command.

But we must give our readers some account of the contents and execution of the volume before us—the writer of which has, we think, availed himself most happily of the resources of his subject to furnish as delightful a little work as we have for a long time met with, and one calculated to reward the reader with not less of instruction than of entertainment. Indeed we cannot conceive a more pleasant and alluring introduction to the study of natural history than is here presented to us; and we are sure it must have the effect of kindling a love for the subject, and a strong desire of further acquaintance with it, in many quarters where it never had before excited any interest. And truly this is the very way in which nature, ever the best of teachers, initiates her pupils in the mysteries of science—calling their attention, in the first instance, to as many of the more striking and important facts as are sufficient to possess them with a conception of certain grand and leading principles, and then leaving them to perfect their knowledge by gradually building for themselves the superstructure of a more minute and accurate arrangement upon this foundation. There is no force, therefore, in the objection which is sometimes brought against such sketches of the more popular parts of science, that they lead the mind to the study of the subjects to which they refer, by an irregular and circuitous route; whereas it were much better that it should be set to attach them at once as compactly-built up in the form of theories or systems. This is mere pedantry. Of all the erroneous notions prevalent upon the subject of education and the art of teaching, there is no one more unfounded or more pernicious than this assumption of the advantage or necessity of beginning with principles rather than facts in the inculcation of any branch of knowledge. The very opposite method is the rule of nature and of common sense, as might easily be demonstrated; the truth being both that there is no way nearly so efficient of exciting the attention of the mind to principles as by the presentment to it of striking facts, and that, in most cases, were it not that the facts have arrested observation in the first instance, the principles would never be inquired after or thought of. To take a very simple example, who would care about learning the doctrines of Hydrostatics, or Pneumatics, or Electricity, or any of the other branches of Physics (except he took to the thing by way of task, and for the mere purpose of mastering it), if his curiosity had never been excited by an exhibition or a recital of any of the interesting facts, of which these doctrines, which we are in the habit of calling their explanations, are, after all, but the general and abstract expression? It is in this way alone that the taste for science is usually acquired. The

Society therefore have done well, we think, in presenting their readers with this somewhat miscellaneous sample of the treasures which Natural History has in store for them, before putting into their hands any more methodical exposition of the subject. The popular work will be an admirable preparative for the scientific one; and the latter, we doubt not, when it appears, will have many readers for which it will be entirely indebted to the former.

But the present publication—which by-the-bye is but half a volume, it being intended that two of these Monthly Parts should be bound up together—is by no means so neglectful of principle and arrangement as might be supposed even from the remarks we have just made. The author commences by an introductory chapter, in which he states, at considerable length, the leading principles of Zoological Classification—which are constantly referred to throughout the remainder of the work—while the peculiarities of every species of animal described are always carefully and scientifically noted from the best authorities. The book, it will be perceived, therefore, is very far from being one of mere unconnected anecdote; but may be rather described as presenting a complete outline of the subject of which it treats, and only omitting those more technical minutiae which, however indispensable in a systematic treatise, would be quite out of place in a work intended throughout to amuse its readers as well as to instruct them.

On the other hand the present volume contains a mass of fact and anecdote of a sort which a more methodical treatise on Zoology could hardly well afford to introduce, at least so plentifully. Its plan, as we have already mentioned, is to describe chiefly living specimens; and the author has in this way given to many of his details all the interest which belongs to an observer's narrative or account of what he has actually seen. The Zoological Gardens, the Menagerie at the Tower, and the other collections to be found in the metropolis, have all contributed materials for his pen. We must lay before our readers one or two specimens of the manner in which he has availed himself of these sources of illustration. We wish we could give the spirited wood-cut which accompanies the following description—which, however, will please and interest the reader, we are sure, even without that embellishment:—

“All associations between animals of opposite natures are exceedingly interesting; and those who train animals for public exhibition know how attractive are such displays of the power of discipline over the strength of instinct. These extraordinary arrangements are sometimes the effect of accident, and sometimes of the greater force of one instinct over the lesser force of another. A rat-catcher having caught a brood of young rats alive gave them to his cat, who had just had her kittens taken from her to be drowned. A few days afterwards, he was surprised to find the rats in the place of the drowned kittens, being suckled by their natural enemy. The cat had a hatred to rats, but she spared these young rats to afford her the relief which she required as a mother. The rat-catcher exhibited the cat and her nurslings to considerable advantage.* A somewhat similar exhibition exists at present.

There is a *Little Menagerie* in London where such odd associations may be witnessed upon a more extensive scale, and more systematically conducted, than in any other collection of animals with which we are acquainted. Upon the Surrey side of Waterloo Bridge, or sometimes, though not so often, on the same side of Southwark Bridge, may be daily seen a cage about five feet square containing quadrupeds and birds. The keeper of this collection, John Austin, states that he has employed seventeen years in this business of training creatures of opposite natures to live together in content and affection. And those years have not been unprofitably employed! It is not too much to believe, that many a person who has given his halfpenny to look upon this show, may have had his mind awakened to the extraordinary effects of habit and of gentle discipline, when he has thus seen the cat, the rat, the mouse, the hawk, the rabbit, the guinea-pig, the owl, the pigeon, the starling, and the sparrow, each enjoying, as far as can be enjoyed in confinement, its respective modes of life, in the company of others,—the weak without fear, and the strong without the desire to injure. It is impossible to imagine any prettier exhibition of kindness than is here shown. The rabbit and the pigeon playfully contending for a lock of hay to make up their nests; the sparrow sometimes perched on the head of the cat, and sometimes on that of the owl,—each its natural enemy; and the mice playing about with perfect indifference to the presence either of cat, or hawk, or owl. The modes by which this man has effected this, are, first, by keeping all the creatures well fed; and, secondly, by accustoming one species to the society of the other at a very early period of their lives. The ferocious instincts of those who prey on the weaker are never called into action; their nature is subdued to a systematic gentleness; the circumstances by which they are surrounded are favourable to the cultivation of their kindlier dispositions; all their desires and pleasures are bounded by their little cage; and though the old cat sometimes takes a stately walk on the parapet of the bridge, he duly returns to his companions with whom he has so long been happy, without at all thinking that he was born to devour any of them. This is an example, and a powerful one, of what may be accomplished by a proper education, which rightly estimates the force of habit, and confirms, by judicious management, that habit which is most desirable to be made a rule of conduct. The principle is the same, whether it be applied to children or to brutes."

The first animal which the author proceeds to describe, is the Dog—and he has made it the subject of an exceedingly interesting chapter. We extract from it the following account of the famous dogs of St. Bernard:—

"It is delightful to turn from the blood-hounds of the conquerors of America to the Alpine spaniels of the monks of St. Bernard. These wonderful dogs have been usually called *mastiffs*, probably on account of their great strength; but they strictly belong to the subdivision of Spaniels, amongst which are found the Shepherd's dog, the Esquimaux dog, and the other varieties most distinguished for intelligence and fidelity.

"The convent of the great St. Bernard is situated near the top of the mountain known by that name, near one of the most dangerous passages

of the Alps, between Switzerland and Savoy. In these regions the traveller is often overtaken by the most severe weather, even after days of cloudless beauty, when the glaciers glitter in the sunshine, and the pink flowers of the rhododendron appear as if they were never to be sullied by the tempest. But a storm suddenly comes on ; the roads are rendered impassable by drifts of snow ; the avalanches, which are huge loosened masses of snow or ice, are swept into the vallies, carrying trees and crags of rock before them. The hospitable monks, though their revenue is scanty, open their doors to every stranger that presents himself. To be cold, to be weary, to be benighted, constitute the title to their comfortable shelter, their cheering meal, and their agreeable converse. But their attention to the distressed does not end here. They devote themselves to the dangerous task of searching for those unhappy persons who may have been overtaken by the sudden storm, and would perish but for their charitable succour. Most remarkably are they assisted in these truly christian offices. They have a breed of noble dogs in their establishment, whose extraordinary sagacity often enables them to rescue the traveller from destruction. Benumbed with cold, weary in the search for a lost track, his senses yielding to the stupifying influence of frost, which betrays the exhausted sufferer into a deep sleep, the unhappy man sinks upon the ground, and the snow-drift covers him from human sight. It is then that the keen scent and the exquisite docility of these admirable dogs are called into action. Though the perishing man lie ten or even twenty feet beneath the snow, the delicacy of smell with which they can trace him offers a chance of escape. They scratch away the snow with their feet ; they set up a continued hoarse and solemn bark, which brings the monks and labourers of the convent to their assistance. To provide for the chance that the dogs, without human help, may succeed in discovering the unfortunate traveller, one of them has a flask of spirits round his neck, to which the fainting man may apply for support ; and another has a cloak to cover him. These wonderful exertions are often successful ; and even where they fail of restoring him who has perished, the dogs discover the body, so that it may be secured for the recognition of friends ; and such is the effect of the temperature, that the dead features generally preserve their firmness for the space of two years. One of these noble creatures was decorated with a medal, in commemoration of his having saved the lives of twenty-two persons, who, but for his sagacity, must have perished. Many travellers who have crossed the passage of St. Bernard, since the peace, have seen this dog, and have heard, around the blazing fire of the monks, the story of his extraordinary career. He died about the year 1816, in an attempt to convey a poor traveller to his anxious family. The Piedmontese courier arrived at St. Bernard in a very stormy season, labouring to make his way to the little village of St. Pierre, in the valley beneath the mountain, where his wife and children dwelt. It was in vain that the monks attempted to check his resolution to reach his family. They at last gave him two guides, each of whom was accompanied by a dog, of which one was the remarkable creature whose services had been so valuable to mankind. Descending from the convent, they were in an

instant overwhelmed by two avalanches; and the same common destruction awaited the family of the poor courier, who were toiling up the mountain in the hope to obtain some news of their expected friend. They all perished."

The succeeding chapters embrace the subjects of the Wolf, the Jackall, the Fox, the Hyæna, the Lion, the Tiger, the Leopard, the Puma, and the Cat; with regard to each of which, the author has presented to us a mass of entertaining information from a very extensive and varied range of reading.

We rejoice, however, to observe that the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, are not to be allowed to monopolize the office of supplying us with a cheap popular literature, but that other parties are already appearing in the field as their rivals, or rather fellow-labourers in this good work. We must mention in particular two other publications, one which has been for some time in existence, and another which is just commencing. The first is Constable's Miscellany, of which we have now before us the 38th volume, containing "a Personal Narrative of a Journey through Norway, part of Sweden, and the Islands and states of Denmark," by a writer who takes the name of Derwent Conway, and is already known to the public as the author of a work entitled "Solitary Walks through many Lands." The present narrative is elegantly written and full of interest; and relating as it does to scenes and manners which have been comparatively but seldom described, will be received, we doubt not, as a welcome present by the reading public. There is a great deal of amusing and instructive reading in the different volumes of this Miscellany; and we are indebted to its conductors not only for various new works of very considerable merit, but for cheap and commodious reprints of several of our old favourites. We must condole, by-the-bye, with the Editor of the present volume on the atrocious usage he tells us he has met with from his printer—a person of the name of Hutchison, as it would appear, to whom we are really in doubt whether the formidable charges here advanced, are intended to impute only the most unparalleled carelessness or something still worse, even downright deception and dishonesty. Our readers must understand, in the first place, that the volume is actually disfigured by no fewer than Two typographical errors. But this is not all. These "blunders," as they are indignantly denominated, "are wholly attributable to the Printer, they not having existed in the proof-sheet returned to him by the Editor!" Was ever any such thing heard of since the art of printing was invented? To lull an editor's suspicions and vigilance asleep by actually sending him a correct proof-sheet, and then deliberately vitiating the page, when it could be done without any risk of detection! It is plain that if conduct such as this is to be tolerated, the occupation of an Editor is gone, and the ceremony of drawing a proof-sheet becomes for the future an idle farce. But perhaps, for the worthy editor's language is rather ambiguous, it is only meant to be intimated that the corrections made by him in the proof-sheet were not attended to by the Printer. Even if this was the whole extent of the latter's delinquency, our readers, when we mention the consequences of his carelessness, will

acknowledge that the inattention was more than could be expected to be borne with patience by the meekest editor. The following is the amount of the indictment:—

“Page 13, third line from the foot, *for Switzerland read Switzerland.*

“Page 65, head-line, *for Potery, read Poetry.*”

Switzerland mutilated into Switzdrand, and Poetry metamorphosed into Potery! After this, any thing. The volume exhibits many other errata of tolerable magnitude—but none comparable to these. For instance, at page 46, we have “tongues” divided into two syllables, and at page 52, “anly” for “only,” and at page 54, the arrival of an Englishman at a certain village in Norway, described as an “universal” instead of, what we presume is meant, an “unusual,” occurrence; but these and many similar misprints the Editor very properly deems quite undeserving of notice, compared with the two enormous ones he has so conspicuously gibbeted. Nothing certainly *could* match Switzerland for Switzerland, and Potery for Poetry.

The other publication to which we refer, is Mr. Murray’s “Family Library,” which has been for some time announced, and the first Number, or Monthly Part, of which has just appeared, containing the commencement of a History of Napoleon Buonaparte, to be completed in two such volumes. From the form and price of this work, as well as from the description of subjects to which it seems to be chiefly confined, it is intended, we presume, to circulate principally among the wealthier classes, and to offer to them a series of neatly got up, rather than of very cheap volumes, of light and amusing literature. It is elegantly embellished with engravings both on wood and steel, and the price of each volume is Five Shillings, although the matter it contains does not exceed by much more than a fourth part that of one of the Two Shilling Volumes of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge. The appearance of the work is still, however, a most gratifying symptom of the intellectual progress of the times, and of the taste that is every where spreading among us for the elegant and humanizing enjoyments of literature. Coming especially from the quarter in which it has originated, the present publication may be taken as a confession both that the love of knowledge is rapidly diffusing itself, and that that diffusion is a blessing, on the part of those who have hitherto most pertinaciously lamented the one truth and denied the other. We do not speak this in unkindness or by way of reproach; for we have really no feeling on the subject but one of delight, that many men of high worth and talent and genius, who were wont to be against us, are now with us in this great and good cause. The friends of liberal opinions—those who were long the friends and supporters of such opinions in their state of depression and exclusion—have, in late times, had much whereon to congratulate themselves, and to triumph if they were disposed to take any tone of triumph, in the conversion of old opponents into zealous allies, and the elevation to undisputed supremacy of many of the principles which they alone had advocated while they were everywhere else the theme of denunciation and reprobation. But of all the conversions it has been

our happy lot to witness, there is none in which we rejoice more cordially than in this conversion of the enemies of popular education into its professed, and, we doubt not, its unfeigned and zealous friends. Yet the *amende honorable* might, we think, in one respect have been more graciously and more generously made than it has been. We took occasion in a former number to protest against the very unfair commentary on Mr. Brougham's famous expression "The School-master is abroad!" which Mr. Southey thought proper to give to the world in an article—in many respects an excellent one—in a late number of the 'Quarterly Review'. We are sorry, we confess, to find the very passage containing this unwarrantable misinterpretation extracted by the Editors of the Family Library, and placed ostentatiously as a sort of motto in front of their miscellany. This is, to say the least of it, both unhandsome and injudicious. Why should the tone of distrust and hostility be still kept up between parties who are no longer at war, but labouring side by side in the promotion of a common object. We repeat that Mr. Southey is altogether mistaken in his notion of Mr. Brougham's meaning on the occasion in question. We happen to have heard the words delivered, and can bear the most decided testimony that neither in the context of the speech nor in the tone and manner of the orator, was there any thing whatever implying a threat against the stability of "certain of our institutions from the progress of popular education." The power and activity of the School-master was pointed to, in fact, as a counterbalance and protection against any danger which might seem to threaten our free institutions from the ascendancy of a military temper in governments either at home or in foreign countries. The argument was, if the Captain be abroad, the Schoolmaster is also abroad—and that popular freedom and growing enlightenment which the one may desire to repress and destroy, the other will sustain and preserve. The words were spoken in the tone of congratulation, not of menace.

We are happy to have it to say, however, that what we have noticed is the only evidence of anything like illiberality we have observed in the present volume. The History of Napoleon is ably and interestingly written, and certainly in a spirit the very reverse of illiberal or ungenerous. We should rather say indeed that something too much of allurements is thrown around the story of the conqueror's bloody career; and that we should perhaps have liked the book better, or at least approved of it more, if the author had constrained himself to take upon the whole a more dispassionate view of his hero's claims upon our admiration, and the true worth of his laurels. We must, however, we are aware, pardon a little ultra-enthusiasm in a biographer, if we would have him give us an animated and shining narrative; and that we must acknowledge the present writer has done, whatever else he has left unattempted.

A SHORT STORY.

Brevity is very good,
When we are, or are not, understood.

THE diffusion of information among all classes of the community, through the medium of liberal opinions and cheap books, fraught as it must be with incalculable advantages to individuals and to the community, is yet not without its drawbacks. True, it will effectually break the chains by which the majority of mankind have been bound to the altars of ignorance and error,—it will render up to its proper exercise of thinking an immense volume of intellect which has too long been smothered under the dull masses of credulity and prejudice,—and by making the minds of the majority work as well as their hands, it will blend with every art its appropriate science, and thus enable each individual to add to the productive value of the nation, by improving that about which he is more immediately occupied. But still there are some drawbacks: it will obliterate many of those characteristic distinctions which have hitherto belonged to districts and classes, and which, to those who love to paint human nature, have often formed the *chiaro scuro*—the grouping of light and shade which have given to the productions much of their charm and effect. For all purposes of strength, and greatness, and wealth, and the enjoyment of what it can give, we grant that the change is incalculably the better; but still it is human nature to doat upon the recollection of that which was reality when life was young. Amid the enjoyments of the British metropolis you cannot make the English peasant, however successful he may have been, forget the little ivied cottage in which he was born; green as is the Savannah of the West, Erin will rise greener in vision o'er the blue waste of the sea to the Irish exile the moment that he sets down to reflect; and gorgeous as is the state, and glowing as is the landscape in oriental climes, the summer *shealing* in the glen will be dearer in reflection to the Scot; the blue-bell and the purple heather will out-lustre all the flowers of the east; and bright as is the sun upon the Ghauts, it will not come up to the little beam which danced through the thunder-cloud upon the snow-dappled top “o’ braw Cairn Gorm.”

For the sake of those who feel these things, and for a higher purpose—that of preserving a full and faithful record of the human race—there lies an *onus* on every one who can give even one authenticated trait of the opinions and manners that are vanishing, to render it up, and let it go upon the record.

Besides the necessity of this, from the evanescence of the matter to be preserved—the certainty that if not taken now, it will be gone ere another age has rolled away, there is a necessity in that literature of the time which professes to be a delineation of human character. Formerly the dramatists and the novelists of England ransacked every clime and every class for their characters, and if the artist was a

Shakespeare or a Smollet, the picture was truth in all its variety ; and, from the haughty bearing of the Roman senator to the uncouth flirtation of the American squaw, the fictionist in story was a sterling matter-of-fact man in every particular. But the case is altered sadly, we should rather say *miserably*. The drama is puns and patch-work ; and the novelists are mere court butterflies. Scandal and intrigue vamped up with occasional scraps of maudlin morality, more pitiable and even more pernicious than the coarseness of the elder giants, an imaginary and distorted characters, drawn, not from real persons, for these have never been seen, or, if seen, never spoken with, but from names hunted up in the Red Book. These, these form the literature of England for the nineteenth century—light indeed in value and in meaning, but in all else as ponderous, and nearly as poisonous, as *barytes*. Such things are called fashionable, and it must be confessed that they have some of the grand elements of fashion—they come one knows not whence, they go one knows not where ; they vanish rapidly, and they leave not a trace behind. Thus the wonted preservers of the peculiarities of human character have abandoned their duties, and are as useless as if annalists were to inscribe the events of the time upon a racing river or a dashing cascade, or as if limners should go about to pencil the wind and the whirlwind with the effigies of illustrious men.

But, besides those necessities, there is an example, and an encouraging example : the truth with which Sir Walter Scott has delineated such a variety of Scottish characters does far more than redeem all the witchcraft and *diablerie* to which he has obviously too great a leaning, and all the local prejudices, from which he could be purified only in the crucible of Time ;—and the lovers of genius will thank heaven that he has been so purified, and will enter upon the eternity of his fame without the stain of illiberality.

One of Sir Walter's truest and most touching delineations is that of the fisherman and his family, in the 'Antiquary ;' and rude though be the lines of the hardy reaper of the deep, his courage in the hour of peril, and his grief in that of privation, are haply stronger than if he had sat on a throne.

The fishers on the east coast of Scotland, of whom Scott's delineation is almost the only memorial at all true or readable, have long been a singular and a separate people, though they are now so fast blending with their neighbours, that probably before twenty years have elapsed, not a vestige of them will be found,—at least not a vestige of that character which thirty years ago was comparatively pure and perfect. Their principal localities are at Buckhaven, in Fife ; at Auchmithie, on the east coast of Angus (where Scott's hero lived) ; at John's Haven, on the coast of Mearns ; and at Buckie, on the shores of the Moray Firth. There are numbers of them at other places, and wherever they are found, their habits are nearly the same ; but at the places mentioned they remained longer without admixture. In the choice of their situations they are somewhat singular ; for, though they have not been able to construct their dwellings absolutely in the sea, they have contrived to have them where the land is the least accessible. Buckhaven lies on a narrow beach, with a steep

bank behind, the summit of which is not thirty yards from the sea; and it used to be a very extraordinary occurrence if one of the men extended his landward peregrinations to the top of the bank. Daring and persevering in their fishery, (which was generally what is called the *white* fishery,) and sober in their habits, they were comparatively rich, and a beggar was never known to issue from one of their villages for the purpose of soliciting alms. Their ignorance of all matters relating to the land, as well as of all the ordinary forms of polish and politeness, even as known to the land peasantry of Scotland, was striking; but they had a politeness of their own, and they had a morality which would have been valuable anywhere—and rare in some very polished societies. As characteristic of their ignorance of rural affairs one fact may be mentioned: John Tamson, of Buckhaven, after three score-and-ten years' life upon the waters, (for he was seaworthy at ten, and had remained on board till his eightieth year,) having earned an ample independence for a fisherman, left his boat and his bravery to his sons and grandsons, and became one of the gentlemen of the village. Like many others, John Tamson resolved to commence his gentleman-craft by foreign travel; and for this purpose, after two days spent in deliberating and preparing, he arrived at the summit of the bank, where he stood in as intense an ecstatic wonder as Bruce did by the fountains of the Nile; and all the strange creatures of Africa did not afford to that traveller more novelty and delight than a cow, which George Wilkie was tending by the hedge-side, afforded John Tamson. The head, the four oars, the rudder, were all surveyed and all criticised. The quarter oars were quarrelled with for being too far aft, and George was found fault with for steering the cow (which he had in a halter) by a hawser from the bow instead of the tiller. The cow was grazing along the slope, and John came to the lower side to reconnoitre. The uneven surface caused the cow's hoofs to separate considerably. John observed it, and exclaimed, "Egoa, man! baith ye're sdarboard sgulls are sbrung; g'ien ye dinna vish them, they'll be in ribbins up to the thows avore a porpesse coud swallow a witing!"

Auchmithie, in a little hollow, like a shell scooped out of the gigantic and cavern-intersected cliffs between Arbroath and the Red Head, is much more wild and inaccessible; and though the people be not just so secluded, in consequence of the near vicinity of Arbroath, their manners used to be even more singular; and there was much more glee in them than in the inhabitants of the softer shore of Fife. Lord Ethie (Northesk) is the great man of the neighbourhood—the ultimate umpire in all alarming cases, and especially that most fearful one when any wag happens to insinuate a hare, or any part thereof, into one of the fishing-boats. On these occasions there is no safety or success for the boat, if his lordship does not cast out the imp with his own hand.

The traditional, but well-authenticated, anecdotes of the Auchmithie fishers are innumerable; and some are told of John Swankie and his spouse—the veritable Saunders and Maggie Mucklebackt of Sir Walter. John was a man of substance, or a "Vather o' the toon," according to the heraldry of the village. One of his sons being a

little delicate, John resolved to breed him to a less laborious profession than that of the sea. As education was, even in John's view of the matter, necessary for that purpose, he went to the schoolmaster to settle the terms; and he addressed the schoolmaster in these words: "Zer sguelmaestr, my zon Dam is an aitecky laddie, an' 'as nae staetur for 'is meat; zo I'm genna zend 'im ta yuar sguel 'till 'e gan rite a letter ta ma Loard Ethie, an' 'dite it tun."

Margaret Swankie's expectations of her son's progress were higher than those even of the majority of the fondest mothers. The boy had been at school a week, and returned to the domestic roof on the Saturday evening; the friends and neighbours were collected; the Aberdeen penny Almanack, which called itself "the Prognostication," but was called "the Derrification" by the fishers, who consulted it as the oracle of the moon, the tides, and the weather, was produced; and the learned youth was called upon to expound the book of fate. Not one word could he explain, nor could he name a character in the black-letter title. Upon which his mother exclaimed, with a mixture of all the passions peculiar to her class: "Gae 'wa wi' you! you hinna the zense o' a zick vluke, to be a 'ail uke at the sguel, an canna read a chapter o' the Derrification to yaur vather's zupper!" But though Margaret was thus high in her expectation of the lore of her son, her own stock was rather scanty. The only subject indeed upon which she had occasion to be learned, beyond the launching of boats, the baiting of lines, the shipment and unshipment of fishermen, and the carriage and sale of fish, (all of which devolve wholly on the females,) was that of the Catechism of the Scottish Kirk. Long had she been spared a public exhibition, for the old minister loved both fish and brandy, and Margaret had them in abundance, and dispensed them with a liberal hand; but the old minister was gathered to his fathers; a stranger came, and, in the proverbial zeal of a new broom, he ordered a public examination in the kirk, all to be present—Margaret Swankie among the rest. Margaret was sadly distressed: she knew not a word, and to remain silent was against both her pride and her practice. At last she hit upon a scheme. The minister had a son about fourteen years old, a very smart though rather a waggish lad. She made friends with him, and prevailed upon him not to instruct her beforehand what to say, but to conceal himself under the seat, and prompt her at the time of need. In the confidence of this auxiliary, Margaret marched boldly into the kirk, and seated herself in the front of the fishers' gallery, with the minister's son snugly concealed, and in full confidence that she would win renown far above her neighbours, as they had no such aid. The examination proceeded, with no great applause to the catechumens; and Margaret became anxious for her turn in order to enjoy the glory of a victory. Her name was at length called; and she rose majestically, having first whispered, "Mind noo, laddie!" to her hidden champion.—"How many Sacraments are there?" asked the minister. Margaret did not exactly understand the question; and so inclined her head a little, and whispered, "Vat's he speerin, laddie?" "How many sarks (shifts) you have." The question, with this gloss, took Mar-

garet on the other tack. "A deevil's your bisness, zur, oo mony zarks I 'ae!" and with that she flounced out of the kirk.

At the village of Ferryden, on the south side of the Esk, opposite Montrose, there is a colony of these fishers; and the women are in the habit of daily carrying the fish to Montrose for sale. The first mile of the road lies along the bank of the river, and then it returns by a long wooden bridge to Montrose. The first part of the road is on the top of a sunk fence, within which there is an extensive field belonging to the farm of Higham. Some years ago that field was under grass; and among the cattle there was a large white-faced, or as the Scotch call it, *hawkit* bull, of formidable appearance, and far from the most gentle disposition. As the fish-women marched along the top of the fence outside, this bull used to march along the bottom, on the in, and serenade them all the way by incessant bellowing (locally termed *creuning*). The fence was impregnable, but the enemy was formidable, and if they ventured to stop he used to employ both horns and hoofs in cannonading them with turf from the opposite bank of the ditch. Thus (under the name of "Igham's 'awkit ox,") he became the general subject of terror; and the young children were stilled, the elder ones kept from mischief, and the whole place, in short, held in awe, little inferior to that of a military despotism, by the "sound and fury" of the white-faced bull,—for of actual mischief done by him, up to this period of his history, not a syllable is recorded.

Even Janet Tyrie, who was alike renowned for her strength and her valour, and who was in these respects the very Thalestris of Ferryden fish-women, quailed and lowered her high spirit at the name, and yet more at the sight and the sound of "Igham's 'awkit ox." Many were her inward maledictions as she trudged along the fence with her well-filled creel (basket) of fish, or when she returned in ballast,—for the fish-women there are accustomed to so ponderous a load on their crupper, that rather than return with the creel empty, they put a great stone into it, "to steady their quarters," as themselves say. Often did she wish that the butcher would "mak' mutton o'the vilthy brute, an' zell 'im vor vish an' sauce to the bairns' porritch;" but still the formidable ox kept the field; and as the season got hot his wrath became more alarming than ever.

Even Sunday was no sabbath-day to Janet Tyrie and her associates; for on that day the warlike demonstrations of the ox were doubled and doubled again;—they had to pass two sides of the field in going to their parish kirk (Craig), and as they went there twice, they had their double serenade four times over. One Sunday Janet was a little behind her companions, and in passing along the fence she kept blessing herself that no "Igham's 'awkit ox" was there, as no sight or sound of him was perceived. Soon, however, was her joy changed for sorrow deeper than ever; for, upon turning the corner of the fence, the enemy stood before her in the middle of the road, bellowing and pawing in high chafe, and not above forty yards distant! Janet lost not a moment in deliberation, but sped on for the bridge of Montrose, with the bull in full pursuit. But fear for once made two feet better than four, and Janet entered the toll-gate on the bridge in time for its being

closed against the enemy. But that enemy kept his post, and return to Craig or to Ferryden there was none.

What did Janet Tyrie do? a religious woman—she could not remain a whole Sunday from the kirk; but there was more than a lion in the way—she could not profit by the instructions of her parish-minister. Her resolution was soon taken: she had often served the ministers of Montrose with fish, and why should not they for once serve her with sermons? No reason appeared to the contrary, and off she went. As some time had been lost, she found, on arriving in the town, that the stream of kirkward people set but in one direction; into that stream she threw herself, and did not stop till she had sat down on the step below the altar in the English Chapel. It is the custom there to chaunt the versicles; the organ began to breathe,—up sprang Janet: “Goad keep me! gin there binna ’Igham’s ’awkit ox comin’ agen, creun—creunin!” and with that she vanished from the chapel.

THE DRAMAS OF EURIPIDES:

THE HECUBA.

The music of his name
Has gone into my very being.—KEATS.

EURIPIDES is with me as one of the graven names in our old Harrow Hall,—one of those sweet and sunny memories to which my heart returns, as a village child to the green nest it hath marked long ago in its roamings, hoping to find the quiet music that used to dwell there. I attribute much of the charm which the poetry of the Greeks has ever possessed over my mind to the power of association. From the day I was able to understand a Greek play I studied it for itself alone, blending, as I proceeded, all my boyish hopes and feelings, all my thoughts and affections, until the sweet breathing recollections of Sophocles and Euripides were bound up in the sheaf of all that is bright and beautiful in my heart, of all that is pure and hallowed in my imagination. The Hecuba was the first Greek play I read. My memory goes back to that time with a joy it rarely feels in returning to those days—days not sorrowful, indeed, but of so lonely a character, that the remembrance of them is a “smile among many tears.”

There never was a literature so spiritual as that of the Greeks. Perhaps, I ought to make a conditional exception in favour of the Hebrews, but their dramas and lyrics, exquisite as they are, never constituted a literature. The literature of Greece was the pure and fervent breathing of high-souled men, spreading itself, like the smoke of the incense flame, over the prayers, and hopes, and lives of the people. The child was cradled in beautiful remembrances, the mantle of light and holiness was thrown from father to son, unimpaired in its

colours, and uninjured in its powers. It was a literature created from the imaginings of times past, the aspirations of things to come;—the Adam of the human intellect, earthly in its birth, it became spiritual; mortal in its essence, it put on immortality. Homer, Æschylus, and Sophocles, Euripides and Pindar, the Eternal Words of poetry were embodied in glorious and imperishable visions, and dwelt in the bosoms of the people. In the cottage of the vine-dresser, and the temple of the deity, their influence was alike prevailing; no heart was so stubborn as not to be softened by their supplication, and no soul so agitated as not to be calmed by their soothing. They taught power to kneel at the footstool of genius. The whisper of their name was a watch-word of mercy*. The early annals of a nation are its songs and ballads. History, therefore, long continued to be a “dream upon the borders of poetry.” But in process of time the spirits of men took a higher and grander tone; Plato had struck the dry and stony places with the wand of his heavenly philosophy, and the waters gushed forth; Socrates too had breathed the breath of his peace over the minds of men, and built up a tabernacle in man’s heart for wisdom, and virtue, and holiness. History rose, like Eve, from the beautifully moulded form of the olden poetry, enchanting in her nakedness, touching in her simplicity. She walked hand in hand with poetry in sweet companionship, and the laugh of joy upon the cheek of the one has somewhat darkened with thought on the Hebe-like face of the other. I will not attempt to deny that Euripides has been assigned by many an inferior place among the elder dramatists,—let us take a momentary glance at the state of *mind* in Greece in the time of Euripides.

It was, as the unfortunate Neele has so felicitously described the age of Elizabeth,—the carnival of the imagination. Æschylus had rolled the stone from the tomb of poetry, and the radiant phantom walked forth over the earth, the soul of buried music, every head was bowed, and every knee was bent; it looked upon the faces of men, and they paled before it; the rushing of its wings was heard over every hill and stream and valley throughout Greece; it was an almighty and overshadowing presence. The warrior beheld its glory on his shield, the shepherd child felt an awe in his heart, it was an unseen and abiding mystery. Every word of Æschylus was woven into a wild and fearful legend,—a waif of light and darkness passing from man to man, and from nation to nation, like the flying scroll of Ezekiel, “entering into the house of every man.”

Sophocles broke from the gloom of his solitary rival, like a lark in the misty dawn; the shadows rolled into light before his feet, the clouds waxed bright with the shining of his countenance, the eye rested upon him, not as on Æschylus in fear and trembling, but as the widow looked upon Job, with a joy that made her heart to sing within her. His voice came gently into the heart, like a song in the night. Æschylus was the dark and rolling cloud; Sophocles the peace that smiled it away.

The feelings of the people, at this period, were, perhaps, more akin

* * It will be remembered that the Greeks who had accompanied Nicias in his expedition against Syracuse were freed from slavery by repeating some lines from Euripides.

to those of the Italians, when painting was in its zenith, than any thing among the moderns to which I may liken them. Poetry was to the Greek what painting was to the Italian,—a child's book. He was a sojourner among all that was glorious in form, or ideal in loveliness—the images of surpassing beauty reflecting their faces upon the laurel-fountains and the dark blue streams; the rich and dewy harmonies which breathed a glow of bloom-like music over the visions of the theatre, and the glory of the palaestra—the sweet and picturesque visionings chasing each other like gleams over an angel's face; the sound of Dian's bow as it rocked to and fro on the forest trees; the phantom-countenance, which, like a summer phantasy, looked up from the peacefulness of the waters. Thoughts such as these were the birth-right of the humblest peasant,—a birth-right he scorned to sell, as many of a later age and other lands have done—for a mess of pottage!

The creation of genius wrought the same effect upon the Greek as Raphael's celebrated drawing of God the Father does upon the Christian—it was a spell of worship and of prayer! accustomed to behold the workings of the Deity in the visible types of nature. More frequently still in the “dim religious light” of his own spirit, the mingled mystery of memory and imagination, he looked on the fashionings of poetry as the embodied essence of a bright and all-radiant substance—every sweet rosiest thought was a pleasant song to his dreaming, a shrined sanctity unto his mind. The streams were rippled by the breath of their hymns. Castaly was not then, as now, a despised and slandered word, but a light upon the hearts of men. It was the Jordan of Greece, the waters in which souls were baptized into the communion of gladsome thoughts, the fellowship of poetry and music. “The bulk of a people,” says a very shrewd writer on Italy, “can never be poetical.” It may be so with us of the nineteenth century, it was not so in Greece at the time of Euripides. It is amusing to listen to observations on poetry. I heard a gentleman remark, the other day, while praising one of Byron's sacred melodies, that Job might be converted into very good poetry! The unfortunates! they have no idea that poetry is but a name for every bright picturing, and every noble deed, whether it be the dream of Praxiteles embodied in marble, or the prayer of Raphael struck into glory, or the burning thought of Pindar mantled in the cloudiness of a word. Phidias was as mighty a poet as Homer, with this difference, the one spoke in words, the other in marble. When Canova was entreated by Napoleon to forsake Rome, and take up his residence at Paris, the sculptor replied, “Sans son atelier, sans ses amis, sans son bon ciel, sans sa Rome,”—his genius would become torpid. He signified that Italy was the Madonna of his inspiration. So it was with the Greek. Take him from his legendary fountains and his fabled vallies, and god-inhabited temples, the associations of religion, the remembrances of his childhood—take him from “his Greece,” and he became a darkened and a lonely being.

It was neither Æschylus, nor Sophocles nor Euripides, individually or collectively, who gave the tone to the *mind* of Greece. There are other spirits radiant in blessedness, making a faint but brightening sunshine in the dark and “shady places,” unthought of tabrets, whose

sweet and unheeded melodies were ever dying away, like the sighs of Endymion, into the breezes and moonlight of Thessaly. There were men who, like Burns, exercised an influence over the minds of their neighbours and associates, and in a great degree purified, by the alchemy of their intellect, the feelings of their own class. But they lifted not their eyes beyond the boundaries of the hamlet; they asked no higher reward. That man has not wept over the life of Burns who shall say, they were not happier in so doing.

Let me return to Euripides. A nation individually musical and poetical will be wont to express their sentiments in both indiscriminately. The gentlest touch of a cittern will draw forth a sound of melancholy and wake a feeling of grief in the hearer—but not so with language—it requires happily selected and felicitous words to produce a correspondent effect. The fame of Euripides has suffered from this circumstance. He knew that one plaintive note called up innumerable associations of tenderness, and he naturally concluded one exquisite thought would do so likewise. But Euripides lived in an age of poetry of thought,—we vegetate in a time of poetry of diction. These remarks will perhaps in some way account for the *inanity* of our poet,—his indistinctness I consider a merit.

The soul that sits dreaming like a nightingale in the gloominess of sweet and lulling symphonies, its thoughts darkening and brightening like orange-leaves in the moonlight, will carry forth with it something of mystery and vagueness. It may be an erroneous conception, but I define the characteristic charm of the imagination in its purity to be indistinctness. When its creations flit by us like a bird in the evening, whose soft passing breath we feel upon our face, although we cannot discern the form or likeness of it, the more pure and unearthly our imaginings are, the less palpable they will be to the understanding of ordinary men. Every one pretends to admire the “*Midsummer Night’s Dream*,” it requires something more spiritual than education or even cleverness, to appreciate its beauty, to feel its imagination.

The practice so frequent with Euripides of throwing in brief morals of conduct wherever he finds an opportunity, has given cause of offence to many. “His observations are so simple and obvious,” say they—“*Love thy neighbour as thyself*,” is very simple in its meaning—I wonder why the *obviousness* of the injunction does not ensure a more universal performance.

The bitter rivalry which always existed between Sophocles and Euripides, is well known. The imagination of Sophocles appears to have been the most powerful,—that of Euripides the most delicate. They stood in the same relationship to each other as Canova to Bernini; the same spirit was in both, but the workings of that spirit were more vivid in the one than in the other. Poetry was in the mind of Euripides, what the *Edinburgh Review* so well defines it to have been in Keats, “an extreme sensibility, and a certain pervading tunefulness of nature.”

One word at parting—my readers will pause before they speak lightly of dramas which had the approval and revision of Socrates; or

reject with contempt, even though injudiciously offered, the advice of the companion of Plato.

The object of these papers being merely to present a few specimens of each of the plays of Euripides, I need only remark that the present tragedy is supposed to take place after the destruction of Troy, when Hecuba and her daughter Polyxene are captives in the camp of the Greeks.

Hecuba. Maiden, with a voice so mild,
And a face so like my child,
While upon thy arm I lean,
Memory goeth forth to glean
From the flowers of other years
'Tis a harvest-home of tears!
List! the festal-song is pealing,
And the warrior minstrel kneeling;
But the spirit's joy is o'er,
I am Hecuba no more!
Maiden, link thy hand in mine,
Let my bosom rest on thine.
Voice of the thunder, cloud of night,
Visionings of fear and fright,
Wherefore, in the love-watch, tell,
Doth my heart shudder at your spell,
When a dim-seen face goes by,
Shrouding its features from my eye?
Earth, thou darkness of a wing,
Dream of our imagining!
In the midnight hush'd and deep,
A voice of grief is on my sleep,
And a vision'd form is taking
The eyes of one I love when waking.
Powers of earth, be reconciled,
The mother prayeth for her child—
The one on whom her hope is rested,
The one on whom her heart is nested.
There will be a voice to-morrow
Singing to the child of sorrow,
For my heart doth shrink and swell,
It knows the song of sighs too well.
Oh, that my watching eyes might trace
The future on Cassandra's face!
I saw a white fawn dappled o'er,
But its breast was stained with gore,
It look'd up in its woe to me—
The red-wolf tore it from my knee!
Listen! on his glory's token,
Achilles' phantom-voice hath spoken,
Cold and deep a whisper ran,
From lip to lip, from man to man.
The cry of blood rose dark and wild,
Father of heaven! my child—my child!

The fears of the mother are realised—the lot has fallen upon her daughter, who is doomed to make an atonement with her blood, to the injured shade of Achilles. It remains with Hecuba to communicate the intelligence.

Polyx. Mother, mother, thy tidings should be joyful,
That like a bird from its festivity,
Thou call'st me forth, to listen to thy charming.

Hec. Woe is me, my child—my child!

Polyx. Why dost thou sigh 'my child'? it tokeneth
Sadly to me.

Hec. My blessed daughter!

Polyx. Speak to me, mother, for my heart doth shrink
And shudder at thy meaning.

Hec. My darling child, thou art the nursling
Of thy mother's sorrow.

Polyx. Why dost say so?

Hec. Thy days are numbered, my child!

Polyx. O ever sorrowing, ever grief-worn mother,
The spirit's hand lieth heavy on thee;
Thy home, thy friends,—all, all are vanished,
And even this thy child is taken from thee!
Never, oh, never more, my voice shall be
A memory to thee—my feet shall toil
With thine no more—the link of our bondage
Is rent asunder;
For thou shalt see me, like a gleeful fawn
Nursed in the forest, torn even from thy fondling
From light to darkness, and thy waking eye
Shall find me not—I shall be garnered
Into the bosom of our kindred.
Not for my youth of tears, the sigh that lullabyed
My infancy—oh, not for these I sorrow,
'Tis for thee, my mother,—but as to me,
To die, to be at rest,—'twere far better!

My concluding specimen shall be

THE LAMENTATION OF HECUBA.

O pride of my country! the cheek of the foeman
Shall never more pale at the flash of thy name,
The song of thy beauty is wither'd, and no man
Will bow down his head at the shrine of thy fame.
Lift up thy voice, for the crown of thy brightness,
Pour out thy tears for the child at thy knee,
Thy altars—the smoke is over their whiteness,
Ilium the beautiful, Ilium the free!

Farewell to thy cloud-mantled temples, the rout,
The rush of the battle is foaming along,
The laugh of the war-horse goes up with the shout,
The prayer of the fainting, the curse of the strong.

O fairest of cities! the voice of the singer
May never more sound in thy desolate halls,
Thy Priestess shall mourn, for the night prayer will bring her
No fire to her altar, no spell to her calls.

'Twas night, and the dancer's foot, flower-breath'd, dying,
Like the voice of a Grecian stream lonely and deep,
And the wandering voice of the cittern came sighing
In the glow of a thought on the hush of our sleep.

Thy garlanded tresses hung darkling around me,
 (The charm* of my early days slept by my side)
 I loosened the bright wreath of jewels that bound me,
 In the day of my gladness, the night of my pride.

A fearful voice broke like a cloud on our slumber,
 The rushing of chariots, the trampling of feet,
 Daughter of Ilium, the foe without number!—
 The cry of the stranger is heard in thy street!
 I started from rest, roll'd pillowly and deeper
 On the thick breath of midnight the death-cry of joy.
 The red-sabre glared on the face of the sleeper,
 The ruin-cloud dwelt on the towers of Troy!

THE HARROVIAN.

PROFESSOR LESLIE.

ONE of the most promising improvements in the literature of modern times is that which has taken place in the recording of time as it passes. From the ancient periods almost the only thing that has come down to us, detailed in any thing like a circumstantial manner, is the success with which one part of the species harassed and destroyed another, and the instruments and means which they employed for that purpose. In spite of the wars and desolations, the over-runings, depopulations, and carryings into captivity, of which ancient story is so full, the sciences must have been studied and the arts cultivated; because, apart from the written records that have come down to us, the memorial of the conqueror is seldom found except in the ruins which he made of the labours of others.

It is true that we have some particulars of the philosophers, and one or two anecdotes of mathematicians and artists; but the former are the histories of systems rather than of men, or of the means by which they arrived at those systems—and the second have more affinity to those baseless marvels which we are accustomed to hear about the mechanics and artists of our own times, than to any analysis of the process by which grace of form is delineated, or efficiency of combination effected. There is hardly a country of which we cannot name the conqueror, either in ancient or modern times; and we come not to a ruin, without being able to name the man by whom, and the year in which it was razed. But when we pass from the progress of evil, and turn our attention to that of good, when we turn from the spoilers of mankind, and seek to know what were the steps and proceedings of those by whom they have been civilized and benefited, we find it less than a blank. We are well informed as to who have most largely prevented the culture of the fields, or trampled down their produce after they have been cultivated; but as to who invented the plough or the spade, the record of fact is silent, and the record of fiction bears imposture upon its front. Look into any history of inventions,—take

* Priam.

even the labours of such interminable turners over of leaves and collaters of *codices* as Professor Beckmann; and to what conclusions do you arrive even by the most laboured and level of their ways? The general conclusions are these: first, great uncertainty as to who was the inventor or discoverer of the substance or the operation in question; and secondly, equally great uncertainty as to whether the ancient substance or operation was identical with, or totally different from the modern one of which the inquirer is labouring to find the origin. Of all that has come down to us from periods earlier than the fifteenth or even the sixteenth century, we have the result merely; but we must receive the operator with extreme caution; and of the operation itself we know nothing. Now it is not the *thing done*, but the *how to do it* that forms the permanent value of human labour; for the choicest result may be deranged and must decay; but the process by which it is produced, when accurately registered and duly remembered, is permanent as the human race. The truths of geometry hardly form an exception to this; for though we know in whose writings they are first recorded, we seldom have any collateral evidence that the recorders were the inventors; and as they are generally first mentioned in a synthetical form, and must have been arrived at by the analytical process, the presumption, amounting to more than a probability, is, that they were discovered long before the date of the record.

It is the same in all nations: those whom we call the ancients went back to the gods and the demi-gods: the Hindoos do very much the same thing; the Fo-his and Fum-yoos of the Chinese put one in mind of the words of consolation given by one Highlander to another, when greatly affected by some tale of cruelty, distant both in space and time—"Whisht! whisht, Donald! dinna greet—its sae far awa,' an' sae lang syne, may be it's no' true." The *cairns* and circles of stones are usually attributed to the Druids; the Welsh give the devil the credit of the great *dyke* by which they have at some time or other been built up; the Scotch Lowlanders refer all the "out-of-date castles" to the Picts; and the Highlanders give the giants credit for all the artificial, and some of the natural, wonders of the land,—as for instance, the mountain of Craig-Ellachie, in Strathspey, which is neither a tender nor a trifling one, was hacked from the neighbouring group by one blow of the scimitar of Fingal; and a mass of loose stones in Inverness-shire, which would twice load all the ships in the Thames, were carried forty miles one morning in the apron of Fingal's lady, and might have been carried forty more before sun-set if the string had not broken where they now lie. Those facts shew that in the absence of truths in this most important department of history, the imaginations of men will invent superstitions; and thus it is perfectly evident that while there is great value in the information itself, there is a natural appetite in mankind greedy and glad to receive it.

In this department of philosophical history, and it is more philosophical than much which gets the name, the academies and societies have been of considerable service to the world; by rendering studious life, which had previously been altogether solitary, or social only in the monastic cells, to a certain extent social among laymen. It is true

that establishments of this kind are to a great extent aristocratic and exclusive; but the real value must not be despised on that account. They were not, as it were, the fruit of the tree of knowledge, which was to diffuse and sustain intellectual strength among the people: but they were the blossoms—the petals, gay and pleasant to look upon,—they sheltered the germ in its nascent state; could not then have been dispensed with till it fecundated and had begun to swell, though they may not be essential to it when further expanded; and may, from the analogy of the vegetable world, be supposed to become useless and probably to drop off, before it comes to full maturity. Now to prepare against this casualty—to make its happening or not happening a matter of indifference, and to answer the far more important purpose of sowing genius and success, by first sowing the love of them, few means are more effective than keeping individuals, industrious for their talents, and the application of those talents, frequently before the public; not in the way of dull and tedious chronologies, but by touches of their real character, and of that of their labours. No man, now living, is better adapted for this purpose than John Leslie, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh.

Though Mr. Leslie has had more extensive opportunities of acquiring information than most other philosophic men of the day, those opportunities have in general not only been improved, but sought for and obtained by the activity of his own genius, and the ardour of his love for information. Indeed, that he went to College at all, or was put in the way of gaining renown in any one of those numerous fields in which he has subsequently gained so much, was more the result of his own genius than of any predetermination on the part of others. He was born in the village of Largo, on the south coast of Fifeshire, where his father was a respectable farmer, and where his brother still pursues the same avocation, joined to that of timber merchant. Both the father and the brother were and are very respectable in their character and information—the brother, in particular, is a man of sterling good sense.

As most of Leslie's relations were engaged in rural affairs, it is probable that he himself was originally destined for the same occupation. As is the case with boys in many parts of the Lowlands of Scotland, he attended school during the winter months, and kept the cattle in the summer, though the near vicinity of the school enabled him to attend partially all the year round.

By this means the chain of his early studies was never broken; and probably his rural occupation during part of the summer days was in all respects of considerable advantage. To his physical constitution it unquestionably added strength, and we are inclined to think that it gave to his mind much more vigour and elasticity, than if he had had nothing to attend to but scholastic exercises. The mind must be formed, and if it is to be a philosophical and by consequence an inventive one, we suspect it must in all cases form itself; and therefore, if we were to point out the ladder by which the eminence of knowledge were to be climbed, we should place time to form the mind, apart from all didactic education, and circumstances under which to form it, as among the most essential steps.

Of the necessity of this, we have demonstration in the case of Mr. Leslie; and we state, daring any contradiction, that had the boy been mewed up constantly within the four walls of a school-room, or left to gossip with other boys in his hours of play, the philosopher would not have been what he is. There is a flow and a freshness in the writings of Leslie—a familiarity with nature at all its points, and an appreciation of all its beauties which tells more, and breathes more of the green slopes of Largo Law, the cheerful scenery around, and the glittering expanse of the Firth of Forth gliding off into the eastern sea, than of the air of any school that ever was built; and we would not, and we are sure none of the numerous readers of his writings would, exchange it for the cold pedantry of all the scholastic institutions that ever existed.

Independently of the triumphant appeal to Leslie, there is intrinsic evidence in the circumstances themselves. Place an active and inquiring boy in the open fields, so as to be lightly exercised but not fatigued; give him no mechanical drudgery to formalise his mind, let nature around him be rich and varied, and his view of it be extensive; in addition to this, let him be acquiring at intervals, under a good teacher, the elements of language and of science; and we should gladly travel far, if we could find another mode of youthful discipline as delightful and as certain of leading to the very best results.

Had Leslie been deprived of his time and his temptations to exercise his own powers in studying the phenomena of nature, he might have been a linguist, a mathematician, or a student in any single department of science; but to the circumstances in which he was placed he must have been in a great measure indebted for his universality of application. The appearances of the heavens, the changes of the weather, the succession of the seasons, the features of the land, and the phenomena of the ocean, were around him from a commanding station, and they were so grouped that a youth of ardent mind could hardly avoid thinking of them, and speculating about and wishing to know their causes. Hence, when his more scholastic instruction, and his extensive acquaintance with men of information and with books put him in possession of the theories, he was instantly enabled to refer these to facts with which he was already familiar. So that Leslie ought to be considered as a man enjoying the advantage of a double education,—a knowledge of phenomena, which is wholly his own, and which he would have enjoyed whether he had been a farmer or a philosopher; and a knowledge of philosophy, usually so called, which he acquired from attending college, from reading books, from extensive intercourse with learned and eminent men, from a long and arduous course of personal observation and experiment, and from much practice in the profession of teaching.

We have mentioned that Leslie's introduction to this second species of information was accidental, and the accident is worth relating. Engaged, as has been previously mentioned, till about, we believe, his thirteenth or his fourteenth year, he had made considerable progress in all the branches taught at the village school, which, as the parish is rich and populous, ranks as a parish school of the first class, and generally possesses an able teacher.

But it appears that Leslie had a more extended desire of knowledge than that which the school afforded him. The field on which he tended the cattle was for the most part hedged in, so that his attendance was more a necessity of being in the fields than an employment. There are always books in a Scotch farm-house, and additional ones can always be borrowed in a Scotch village. Young Leslie generally had his book with him, not his class-book in order to copy his lessons, for that cost him little trouble, but a book which he read for the information of the facts, or the amusement of the story, as might happen. Among these there was a copy of Simson's Euclid, upon which Leslie commenced his career as a mathematician. Unprovided with other apparatus for the drawing of his diagrams, he began at the beginning, by having recourse to the *abacus* of the ancients,—he powdered the foot-path by the hedge-side with sand, delineated his figures thereon with his finger; and, closing his book, went over his demonstrations.

In the early part of his course, and when he was passing that serious bridge, called the "bridge of asses," because they alone are unable to cross it, the minister of the parish was on the other side of the tall hawthorn hedge, also engaged in study. The minister of Largo was kind and conversational, and in the absence of a local newspaper he performed not a few of its functions. He held forth passing well when he had got a sermon and was in the pulpit; but a new one was the labours of Hercules. So, to bring his bumps into proper action, he used to pace up and down the side of the hedge above-mentioned; and it must be allowed that if agitation was his object, the place was well chosen. The slope was very considerable, not less than five-and-twenty or thirty degrees; and as the ventral region of the minister was a little ponderous, and his legs none of the longest, when he went dodge, dodge down the hill, the different parts of his cranial organization were ground and triturated against each other, in the same way as the Dutch make marbles, and the dust of words was produced in abundance. Then as he went up the hill, the upper part of the cranial organs (which also were none of the lightest) pressed out, in the form of sentences, the words which had been elaborated during the descent. Physically and mentally, this was rather hard labour; and the minister had often to stand and take his breath.

During one of these pauses he was startled by muttered sounds from the other side of the hedge; and listening, he could hear the words "angle," "triangle," "two sides of the one equal to two sides of the other," and A, B, C, mingled with words and sentences. St. Andrew's, where he had disciplined, flashed upon his mind: "That *must* be mathematics!" quoth the minister of Largo. He listened with more attention; and as the recollections of St. Andrew's came more vivid to his memory, he ascertained that the lesson was in very deed the fifth proposition of Euclid's first book, while his own eyes through the hedge informed him that the student was none other than John, or, as he was then called, Jock Leslie, conquering that in solitude and without instructor, which the minister himself had never been able to overcome amid all the science and stimuli of St. Andrew's.

The minister was more than delighted; and though it cut his sermon in the middle, and rendered not merely the connection but the second half doubtful, down he trudged to communicate the discovery to Leslie's father. "I have something important to communicate," said the minister of Largo. Mr. Leslie turned, and looked grave—for he was an elder of the kirk, and sometimes, though not often, they had inquirings and rebukings "anent sin;" but he spake not. The minister laid hold of his button, and with a beamingness of visage, which convinced Mr. Leslie that there was no sin in the case, uttered, at half-minute time, these words—"Mr. Lessels, I am sure your son Jock's a genius." "What," said Mr. Leslie, rather hastily, "has he been haddin the kye eat the corn?" "Very far from it, Mr. Lessels," replied the minister, "he has a genius for mathematics, and you must just send him to St. Andrew's." The advice of the minister was complied with: Leslie went to St. Andrew's the very next autumn, was successful in his classes, prudent in his finances, and gave sufficient evidence that he would not turn back in the path to eminence on which he had entered. Not very long after the completion of his studies, he became tutor to the Wedgewoods, which gave him much knowledge of the world both at home and abroad while in that employment, and afforded him an annuity for life which, independently of any other provision, would have enabled him to pursue those experimental inquiries to which he had got an additional stimulus from the scientific owners of Etruria. Soon after this he went into philosophical retirement in his brother's house at Largo, where he performed a number of experiments, and made some of his neatest inventions. Along with his profundity he was playful; and sometimes took delight in astonishing the rustics and fishwomen with phantasmagoria, and other optical illusions, or startling them with electricity or galvanism. On account of this playfulness of disposition the elder Sibyls generally suspected that he was conversant with the black art; but the younger and better educated were incredulous on that point, and alleged that he was flesh and blood just like themselves.

Toward the close of the last century, Mr. Leslie was a candidate for the chair of natural philosophy in Glasgow, but he was unsuccessful, not from any want of qualification, but because he had been a good deal out of Scotland, and was consequently not so well known as some of the other candidates.

Want of success at Glasgow did not in any degree damp Mr. Leslie's ardour in his philosophical studies. On the other hand, he, if possible, pursued them with more assiduity and success; and, though he was chiefly among his apparatus in his retirement, his name became celebrated in the scientific world as one of the most ingenious and original of inquirers. His experimental inquiry on heat excited much attention, both on account of the ingenuity of the experiments, and the boldness of the conclusions. On the death of Professor Robinson, in 1805, and the subsequent promotion of Playfair to the chair of Natural Philosophy in Edinburgh, Leslie became a candidate for the Mathematical Professorship in that University; and, though the candidates were numerous, and several of them men of eminent talents, it was generally admitted that Leslie was entitled to the office. A

violent outcry was raised against him by those who could not enter the lists with him in qualification, and yet were anxious to see it filled otherwise; but the result was a triumph to Leslie far greater than if the outcry had not been raised. When the scientific world was deprived of Playfair, in 1819, Mr. Leslie was promoted to the chair of Natural Philosophy as a matter of justice to his talents.

It is needless to enumerate either the inventions or the writings of Mr. Leslie; they are numerous, they are varied, and there is much spirit and novelty in them all. Subjects which appear at first sight the least imaginative, are by him clothed with the fascinations of fancy; and if there be occasionally apparent obscurities both in his lectures and his writings, these must be ascribed to the giant strides which he takes from one eminence to another, without noticing the intermediate points, without which inferior men cannot proceed.

A JOURNEY FROM ATHENS TO MISSOLONGHI,

IN THE AUTUMN OF 1822.

At the approach of the rainy season I determined to leave Athens, and to return to Europe (to use a Greek expression) by the way of Delphi and Missolonghi. It is singular that the Greeks, whenever they speak of Europe, do not include Greece in it. They have adopted the phraseology of the Turks, who have never forgotten that they came from Asia, and that Asia is their home. The Greeks call themselves Romans (*Ῥωμαῖοι*), because Greece formed once a part of the Roman empire; and when, in the beginning of the revolution, the ancient name of Hellenes was revived, the common people in Greece hardly knew what was meant by it, and the Turks of course were still more at a loss to understand it, as they knew the Greeks by no other name than *Raiades*, or Romans.

I resolved to return to Europe, and not by sea, as I might easily have done; for there are frequent opportunities at Athens to embark for the Ionian islands, or even a direct passage for Venice may be met with. I chose the more perilous road, but also the more interesting one; and, for the purpose of seeing Bœotia, Phocis, Locris, and a part of Ætolia, countries which are celebrated in the history of Greece, I did not hesitate, from any apprehension of danger or fatigue, to set out upon a journey from which my best friends at Athens endeavoured to dissuade me.

The affairs of Greece were in a very precarious state at the time I left Athens. Asia was threatened with an invasion by the Turks of Negropont, and by the troops of Drâm Ali Pasha, which were in possession of Corinth and Megara. Thebes was deserted by its inhabitants, who had fled either to Salamis or to Delphi. The whole plain of Bœotia was overrun by Turkish cavalry; and, except in night-time, it was extremely dangerous to pass it. Great confusion prevailed throughout the Morea; and all the most important fortresses.

were still in the hands of the Turks, whilst the Greeks were satisfied with preventing them from penetrating into the interior. The Turks, however, suffered greatly from the want of provisions, and lost many men in the frequent skirmishes which took place whenever they attempted to advance on any side. To the north of the Gulf of Corinth matters were worse for the Greeks; for considerable forces had been collected in Thessaly and Albania, and were threatening the whole extent of the country through which I had to pass; but it was impossible at Athens to ascertain the precise state of affairs. The reports varied from day to day, from hour to hour, as must be more or less the case in a country which is involved in war, and especially in Greece at that time, when all was in a state of anarchy, and no regular communication kept up between one part of the peninsula and the other. I knew the Greeks well enough to distrust all their swagging statements of victories gained over the Turks; I knew how prone their vanity is to fiction, or at least to exaggeration; and, moreover, I perceived, that the policy of Captain Odysseus, who then commanded at Athens, would lead him to withhold bad news from the knowledge of the public; but, after having made allowance for all this, and after having believed, of all the sinister reports on the state of the countries through which I intended to travel, the worst I had ever heard, it was still proved by the event, that much worse had happened, or was to happen, than we knew, or ventured to anticipate, at Athens."

A few days before my departure from Athens, I was introduced to Odysseus by his friend, the Austrian Consul, Gropius: when I told him that I wished to go to Delphi, he proposed that I should go with one of his Captains as far as Livadia; and, upon my thanking him for his proposal, he immediately sent for Captain Giorgaki. "This gentleman will go with you to Livadia. Take good care of him, and let me know from Livadia that you have brought him there safely; and you will write," he added, addressing me again, "to our friend the consul." I could not help admiring the noble soldier-like deportment of Odysseus; his countenance bespoke shrewdness, as well as determination and intrepidity; and it was easy to remark, from the respectful conduct of the soldiers who surrounded him, that they were used to obey, as Odysseus in mien and attitude seemed to be born to command.

It was a beautiful morning when we left Athens by the gate of Marathon. The Acropolis began just to lift up its head in splendour, as the sun was rising from behind the mount Pentelicus. The dusky morning twilight of autumn was yet hovering over the plain of Athens; but the noble pillars of the Parthenon, which is built on the most elevated part of the Acropolis, were already glittering in full brilliancy, and at a distance the high summits of the mountains of the Morea began to sparkle in the sky. Passing along the banks of the Ilissus, we threw a parting glance on the columns of the temple of the Olympian Jupiter. To the other side of the road the hill of Anchesmus, which gives such a high finish to the landscape of Athens, was towering over us in sublime magnificence. I felt deeply affected in surveying, for the last time, all the wonders of nature and

art, sublime and innumerable, which Athens and its vicinity present to the eye; I called back to my recollection the variety of events which I had witnessed during a stay of seven months at that place of ancient glories. When I first came up from the Piræus, the Turkish flag was still waving on the walls of the Acropolis, nor was there an expectation of a speedy surrender. I had taken a part myself in an unsuccessful assault on the fortress. I had watched with anxiety a bombardment which threatened to destroy the beautiful monuments of the place. I had seen the glorious day when the Turks, after a long and dreadful siege, during which they had exhibited great valour and perseverance, opened the gates of the Acropolis, and laid down their arms. I had witnessed with horror the indiscriminate slaughter of defenceless captives, and the subsequent atrocities of a civil war, among the Greeks themselves. I had rejoiced when peace and order were re-established by Captain Odysseus, and my hopes revived when the magistrates and the people of Athens appointed him commander of Oriental Greece. Alas! he little foresaw that he would be a short time after a prisoner in the Acropolis, and die a disgraceful death in endeavouring to escape from it. Finally, I remembered all the friendship and hospitality I had met with from various individuals at Athens, and especially from the foreign consuls there. Who can ever forget the kind-hearted civilities of the French Consul, *Fauvel*! How many a delightful hour had I spent at his house in reviewing the coins, inscriptions, or fragments of ancient sculpture, of which he then possessed such a rich collection! He had frequently allowed me to accompany him in his ramblings round Athens, and had given me information on various subjects of topography or archaeology. Unfortunately, the Greeks of the present day had no share in the admiration which he paid to their ancestors. He conceived that fate had irrevocably condemned them to eternal slavery as a degenerate race; and, in his gloomy anticipations, he frequently foretold, that the revolution would end with the total extinction of the Greek nation. A happy life to the old gentleman, and let him meet with no other disappointment! The Austrian Consul Gropius had declared, from the beginning of the revolution, as far as his official situation would permit, in favour of the Greeks, and had rendered them essential services, whilst he delivered at the same time a number of Turks from the popular fury. His consular flag afforded protection to seventy Turkish women and children, and saved them from death, or something worse than death. I was also indebted to him for the most liberal reception, and his recommendation had ensured me the kind offices of Captain Giorgaki.

I still feel a pleasure in speaking of this valiant Albanese Captain. He was the handsomest and bravest of the troop he commanded. The Albanese are a fine race of people, and my captain was a noble specimen of them. He was in the full bloom of beauty and youth; yet such was the expression of dignity and determination, that many a grey-haired soldier followed him with devotion and confidence. We had hardly left Athens when I engaged in conversation with one of them, who related to me in terms of admiration various exploits, by which their captain had distinguished himself; and he especially com-

mended the generosity with which he used to leave all the booty to his soldiers. I could easily convince myself that this was the fact, for they appeared all well dressed—some richly and splendidly—whilst his attire was simple and unostentatious. Except a splendid pair of pistols in his belt, and a costly shawl round his head, I could not remark any other finery about him, whilst several of his band wore silver and gold-embroidered jackets. He mounted a fine horse, which he had taken from the Turks. This was the only horse amongst the whole troop, which consisted of about three hundred soldiers. We had a small number of mules and asses for the transport of our baggage. A mule was offered to me, but I preferred making my journey as a pedestrian. We did not go farther the first day than Kephissia, a village about three leagues from Athens. I was quartered with the captain in a house which had some comfortable apartments. Our host seemed to be one of the wealthiest inhabitants of the village. It being a holiday, his family appeared very neatly dressed,—the daughters in the Albanese costume, with a rich profusion of gold and silver coins about their head and neck. Towards evening the Palicaris began dancing on the lawn before the house, and a great number of girls came from the village to see them. When the soldiers had done, they began dancing themselves. The dance of the soldiers exhibited the most extravagant attitudes, and the most violent gesticulations; it was a fierce, warlike, and impetuous dance; and such were the exertions of the leader,—the *κορυφαῖος*, as Xenophon calls him in his description of a similar dance,—that a few minutes exhausted his strength. It is impossible to conceive more passionate dithyrambic movements. The dancers seem to be propelled by some awful supernatural power, and not to dance because they are pleased to do so, but because they are driven to it by some demoniacal influence. The dance of the girls formed a beautiful contrast to that of the soldiers: it was full of grace and elegance, and exhibited a meek and subdued spirit of gladsome sportiveness. Their dance was, like that of the soldiers, a circular movement, the musicians being in the middle of the ring, and the dancers whirling round them. Except at Kephissia, I had never seen any Greek females dancing in public.

Our supper consisted of a roasted goat, and some Turkish dainties, as the *yaourri*, and the *chalva*, and plenty of wine, which was handed about in a silver cup by one of the soldiers. We drank very freely, and when the spirits began to be exhilarated, the captain called for a song. One of the soldiers sang first a Greek song, in which there was a great deal about freedom, and the Turkish tyrants; he was listened to with satisfaction: but when he had finished his song, there was a general call for the captain himself. This species of familiarity from his companions in the field did not seem to displease him. Indeed, the soldiers gave me to understand that their captain had also the merit of being their best singer. He sang an Albanese song, of a beautifully wild and daring melody—an impetuous battle-song, gushing forth like a mountain-torrent in the boldest flights of voice. His execution shewed great power and ability, and I am quite sure that his song would have been greatly admired by any European audience. From the soldiers, of whom the greater number were Albanese, it drew forth

most rapturous applause. A great part of the night was thus spent in singing and drinking, until we all felt sleepy. We laid ourselves down upon the ground, and drew our cloaks over us as a cover. No bedsteads are to be found in Greece, and the rich as well as the poor sleep without undressing themselves. They only loosen their belt or girdle, and every tight part of the dress, and use a large woollen cover to protect themselves against cold. The cushions which form the divan, serve as mattresses. A stranger, therefore, is frequently accommodated in the same room where the landlady or the daughters of the house are sleeping. The females generally wait until the stranger lies down to sleep, as it is their office to arrange the cloak, or whatever cover they can give him, so as to wrap him up comfortably.

Early in the morning we left Kephissia. Although one of the most ancient villages of Attica, it does not contain any remains of antiquity; but its situation is highly picturesque. The vicinity of the Mount Pentelicus, the river Kephissus, a small stream running to the foot of it, and skirting the village; a spacious square before the church, with a venerable platanus, with its wide branches overshadowing an extended surface, give it a charming appearance. We continued our journey on a hilly road to *Stamati*, which is at a short distance from Marathon. The place contains a small number of wretched houses, and I felt much vexed that we were obliged to pass the night there. Our captain expected some men from the village of Marathon to join him, which they did the same evening. As I had seen the plain of Marathon before, I made an excursion to the neighbouring hills and woods, and remarked a great number of tortoises crawling along the ground. This part of Attica produces also that species of oak, from which the Greeks gather the valonia, a sort of nut used for dyeing. I was told that a considerable part of the Attic trade consists in the exportation of these valonias.

At Stamati two soldiers had a quarrel, and one of them, in the heat of passion, fired a pistol, but luckily missed his aim. He might have killed his man, and I expected, therefore, that he would be severely punished. The captain ran to the spot, and seemed disposed to pass summary judgment upon the culprit; but to my astonishment, all the soldiers present interfered in his behalf, and begged his forgiveness, since his passion had been excited by some highly insolent words. This was confirmed by the man at whom the pistol had been levelled. Indeed, the latter seemed more anxious than all the others, that no consequence should be given to this rash act. The captain remonstrated with the soldier, and ordered him to deliver up his arms, since he had disgraced them by his conduct, and told him not to call for them again, except in sight of the enemy. The soldier, who was a handsome youth, appeared to be more mortified at this sort of punishment, than if he had been flogged. He was ever after meek and patient, and evidently desirous to atone, by good conduct, for the fault he had committed.

From Stamati we turned to the North, along the foot of several hills which form a part of Mount Parnes as some geographers assert, or, as I believe, of Mount Brilessus. We passed a number of ravines, some as wild as the Alpine ravines in Switzerland. Frequently, neither road nor

footpath was visible. There are no roads, in the European sense of the word, in Attica, but the footpath is sometimes paved, as on the way from Athens to Thebes, over the Mount Parnes near Cassia, the ancient Phyle; but our troop was wandering through a tract of the country which has been visited by a small number of travellers. We seldom came to a village, and those we did see were generally deserted by the inhabitants from fear of the Turks of Negropont. At the distance of four miles from Egripo, the ancient Chalcis, we fell in with an encampment of the Greeks, which was intended for the defence of that part of Attica exposed to Eubœa; but the Turks of Egripo seemed to care very little about them, since they rushed out of Egripo almost every morning, overrunning the plains of Bœotia, or plundering whatever was left in the neighbouring villages of Attica, without the Greeks daring to encounter them. We continued our journey over Tzourka, Kakochalessi, Boundino, Scourti, to Kokla, or the ancient Platœa. The five first villages contained nothing worth noticing. They are all situated on the declivity of the hills which divide Bœotia from Attica; and Platœa lies at the foot of Mount Cithæron, which forms the boundary between Megara and Bœotia.

On the road from Boundino to Platœa, a misfortune happened to me, which gave an opportunity to the captain to shew that his protection was not a mere name. My curiosity frequently led me to stop at various places, where I expected to find some remains of antiquity, or inscriptions. Thus I frequently remained behind sometimes for a considerable length of time: but as the troop moved on slowly, I was always able to overtake them again. A guard was repeatedly offered to me, but not wishing that any body should be detained on my account, I preferred to make my antiquarian ramblings alone. Once I fell in with some straggling soldiers, who were under the command of a different captain, and as they saw from my dress, which was half European, half Greek, that I was a foreigner, they chose to detain me immediately, and all my remonstrances were useless. They took my pistols away from me, and brought me before their captain. I told him that I was under the protection of Captain Giorgaki, and explained why I had remained behind. But the captain pretended, that I was a spy of the Pasha of Egripo, and treated me as his prisoner. I was forced to deliver up my money and my papers. It was clear to me that they intended to rob me, and that their charge of espionage was merely a cloak for this robbery. The captain and his band looked perfectly like highway-robbers, and the least resistance could only have put my life in jeopardy. They dragged me along with them to a wretched village, and there I was obliged to pass the night with them. They had a provision of wine, and the captain, as well as the others who were under the same roof with me, got all drunk before morning. I did not know whether I should make my escape, because I feared that my money and my papers would be for ever lost to me. I was also in hopes that Captain Giorgaki would send out in search of me, as soon as he should discover that I had not joined them before night. I was convinced that he could not be at any great distance. I determined, therefore, to take my chance with the fellows into whose company I had fallen, keeping myself, however, perfectly sober, for I did

not taste a drop of wine. Toward morning the gang broke up again, and took their way towards Scourti. After some hours walk, I discovered, at a distance, some Pulicaris, and was in good hopes that they would prove to be soldiers of Captain Giorgaki. I was not disappointed. When they came up with us, they claimed me immediately, as being under the protection of their leader. Shortly afterwards we reached Scourti, and there the two captains met. I gave an account of the ill treatment I had experienced, and Captain Giorgaki rose into a passion, when I told him that his name had been of no avail to me. He assaulted immediately the captain of the gang, threw him, after a short scuffle, on the ground, knelt upon him, and threatened, with a pistol in his hand, to shoot any of the gang who would venture to stir. The money and the papers were returned to me in a moment by the fellow who had had the charge of them; and Captain Giorgaki did not allow the captain of the gang to rise before I assured him that I had now got complete satisfaction. After this adventure, Captain Giorgaki very justly declared to me, that he could not answer for any accident, if I chose to remain behind alone, and gave strict orders, that I should always be accompanied by some of his men.

At Plataea, we remained the whole day till evening. The stupendous ancient fortifications of this town, demolished in some places, and standing almost entire in others, flanked by towers on various points, give a better notion of the hard struggle between the Thebans and the Plataeans, than any account we read in Thucydides. The town was of considerable extent, and must have contained a numerous population. Being built on the declivity of Mount Cithæron, it commands the plain of the river Asopos; the distance to Thebes is only three leagues, and the country between the river and Thebes almost entirely flat. Anciently, Bœotia was a fertile country. It abounded in corn and horses, and its wines were good; but at present all the country between Thebes and Plataea, and Thebes and Thespiæ, or Erymocastro as it is now called, is waste land, and uncultivated. The distance from Thebes to Erymocastro is seven leagues, and on the journey which I had made in the spring over that part of Bœotia, I could hardly discover a single house or cottage. The Acropolis of Thebes can never have been a place of great strength, at least not as compared with Athens, or Corinth; and I believe, Plataea had the advantage over it in this respect. But the central situation of Thebes, and its dense population, gave it a superiority among the Bœotian cities. Few antiquities remain at Thebes. I saw some granite columns, which are seldom met with in Greece, and they shew an ancient tower with a modern superstructure, which it is pretended defended the *ἑπταπύλον ἔδος* even at the time of the war of Eleocles and Polynices. I tasted there the water of the river Ismænus, and of Dirce, as I drank at Plataea from the fountain of Gargaphia. Near the latter is a church, which has been destroyed by the Turks; among the ruins I remarked several ancient columns.

The country between Plataea and Neochorio is planted with vines to a considerable distance from Plataea. The road leads over the field of Leuctra, where Epaminondas achieved his splendid victory over the Laacedæmonians. The grapes had been ripe already for the

last six weeks, but neither Greeks nor Turks venture to gather them, from fear of a surprise of the enemy. Among the vines the Turkish cavalry would have been of little use. * Still the Greeks did not think proper to expose themselves for the sake of grapes, for the whole plain between Chalcis and Thespiæ was open to the Turks at the time I passed it with Captain Giorgaki. We waited till dark at Platæa, from fear of an attack, if we ventured to pass it in the daytime. A small troop of cavalry would have dispersed in a moment all our men, since the Greek infantry can make no stand whatever, in a flat country, against the Turkish cavalry. Besides our Captain had orders to march against the Turks, who came down from Thessaly; and he could not therefore be charged with cowardice for having made no attempt to clear the plains of Bœotia from the enemies. We arrived before midnight at Neochorio, a village opposite to Thespiæ, on a steep hill. We did not meet with a single Turk, and I myself laid in an ample stock of grapes, and felt no other regret, but that I was not able to carry them all away. They were delicious, of an exquisite flavour, and hanging down from the vines so abundantly, as if imploring the stranger to come and pluck them. We had hardly left the vineyard and entered upon the plain of Leuctra, when the moon rose beautifully; and it is impossible to describe its effect upon the imagination, when we marched in the awful silence of the night over those wide fields, upon which Mount Cithæron threw its long dark shade. The spirits of the slain at Leuctra seemed to hover round us. The events of past centuries, and the future destinies of Greece, occupied my mind in deep and thoughtful meditation.

Neochorio, as the name implies, is a new place. No vestiges of antiquity are to be found there. A traveller ought to remark the significance of the names of places in Greece: thus the modern name of Platæa signifies *bones*, from κόκκαλα; it is not improbable that the bones of the Persians were seen for centuries on the field of battle, just as the bones of the Burgundians are at Murten, in Switzerland, where they are found in quantities to this day. After the destruction of Platæa, the new name may have been taken from this circumstance. The name of Thespiæ, which is called now Ermo Castro, means evidently a deserted place, which it is in reality. The mountain Marandali, to the north of Neochorio, is a branch of the Helicon, which is called at present Zagara. I regret that I had no time to mount the summit of Helicon, but I understand that no traveller has yet been able to discover the Hippocrene or Aganippe, mentioned in ancient writers.

I made an excursion on the following day to Thisbe, accompanied by two Palicaris of Captain Giorgaki; where the ancient walls of the city still excite the astonishment of the traveller. They prove the town to have been of considerable circumference, and the inhabitants must have been wealthy and powerful, or they would not have built such expensive fortifications. I went down to the sea-port, about three miles from Thisbe, and found also there numerous vestiges of ancient workmanship. The village, built within the circumference of the ancient Thisbe, contains a small number of houses. I remarked a wretched cottage built on the verge of the wall, and the contrast which the huge square stones of the wall formed to the paltry cot, struck me so

forcibly, that a woman came to ask me what I saw worth noticing in her humble habitation. She begged me to come in, which I did; and I found a venerable old man sitting upon the floor near the fire. I asked him his age; "I am ninety-three years old," he said, "and have not much longer to live, and perhaps the Turks will kill me yet before my time." I told him that I hoped the Turks would never come to his village. "If they come," he said, interrupting me, "I shall expect them in this place; my sons and daughters may go to the mountains, I will die here." He expressed, however, his hope, that Christianity would triumph over the Turkish infidels, and that the powers of Europe would never abandon Greece to utter destruction.

Dobrene is a considerable village, three miles from the ancient Thisbe. The inhabitants were chiefly Albanese, and a small number of them could speak the Greek language. They appeared to be industrious and wealthy people; for their houses were better built than those of other Bœotian villages, and the men and women were well dressed. The village is separated by a narrow passage from the plain of Bœotia, and a watch-tower, built on a hill which commands the entrance to the valley of Dobrene, was garrisoned with a sufficient number of men to secure the inhabitants against any surprise from the enemy. The bishop of Thebes had taken refuge in this village. Born at Constantinople of a noble parent, and brought up on Mount Athos, he appeared to possess more knowledge of the world, and a greater stock of learning, in theology as well as in other branches of science, than I was used to expect from the Greek ecclesiastical dignitaries. He shewed me a small library, which he had saved from the Turks, and which contained some profane writers of antiquity, besides a good number of theological works. I recollect having seen there a manuscript paraphrase in Greek of the book of Job, written beautifully on vellum. He assured me that it was a manuscript of the tenth century.

On my return to Neochorio, I found that Captain Giorgaki intended to start the following morning; nor had he given me leave of absence for more than two days. We took a whole day to Zagara, a mountainous village six leagues from Neochorio. Our path was wild and rugged, winding itself through ravines and precipices, jammed in by overhanging rocks and hills, the tops of which were crowded with dark clumps of trees. Small rivulets gushed now and then forth from the sides of the hills. The most considerable stream was called Xeronero. At intervals the road rose above the heights, which separated us from the Bœotian plain; and then we enjoyed for a short time a most magnificent view over the whole of Bœotia to the straits of Eubœa, whose high mountains girded our horizon to the east. Such a glimpse of distant scenery was delightful, after having walked for hours and hours in the dark shades of those inextricable ravines where the hills frequently seemed to close above us.

The village of Zagara had a wretched appearance. Without the precautionary measures of Captain Giorgaki, we should have been starved there, as not half the meat, or flour, or olives, which we wanted, could be found among the poor inhabitants of the place. It was no wonder that the Turks never attempted to advance on this road, where no plunder could have rewarded them for the difficulties

of the expedition. Our commissaries brought some goats from a considerable distance. As usual, the skin was taken off, and the whole goat put on a spit, and roasted on the fire, two men at opposite sides turning the spit. When done, the goat is divided into small pieces, an operation which is seldom performed with knives, but generally with the hands,—and indeed the Greeks never use any forks, nor have I ever seen any but wooden spoons even among the wealthier class of people. The shoulder blade was generally brought to Captain Giorgaki, since it was universally believed among the soldiers, that he possessed the gift of foretelling future events, according to the shape of that part of the animal. They used to throng round him, whilst he held it in his hand, waiting anxiously and impatiently and in dead silence till he found out its significance and import. With the calm gravity of a Hierophant he then began to prognosticate, and was listened to with implicit faith. It was impossible to witness any practice more illustrative of the simplicity and the superstitions of the Homeric times.

The path from Zagara to Kyriaki is similar to that from Neochorio to Zagara; the distance is about seven leagues. The heights are covered with plenty of wood, and small villages are seen on the slope of hills considerably above the level of the plain. Their names are generally Albanese, such as Cutumla, Stercaiko; yet the most beautiful valley through which we passed, was called Agios Georgios, or St. George. Kyriaki contains about one hundred and twenty houses, and the inhabitants speak partly Greek, partly Albanese. There we were informed that the Turks had a few days ago completely destroyed Livadia, abandoned the place, and retired to Daulia. Captain Giorgaki resolved in consequence to proceed by the way of Stiri and Agio Luca to Distomo, where he expected to collect a sufficient number of men to be enabled to drive the Turks from their position. Agio Luca is one of the most celebrated convents in Greece; it is second to none but Mega Spilaio in Achaia. I saw there a beautiful church in the Greek style, and a considerable number of monks, who were all armed and constantly on the alert against the Turks. The town of Distomo was entirely deserted, and all the inhabitants had fled to the mountains. We passed a night there, during which they came down from their caverns, and brought us some provisions, after having been promised that they should be paid for them. Distomo is the ancient Ambrysus, and is situated in a fertile valley. The modern as well as the ancient name are taken from a fountain from which the inhabitants get an ample supply of water.

We left the following day; and a detachment of the troops, which Captain Giorgaki commanded, proceeded directly towards Daulia, whilst another took the road of Delphi. After an hour and a half we arrived on the celebrated spot, called the Schiste, where Œdipus is supposed to have slain his father Laius. There three roads meet, those of Delphi, Distomo, and Dauka, in a small valley encompassed by mountains on all sides. The imagination of the poet could not have selected a spot more lonely and awful for the perpetration of a dreadful deed. The whole scenery bears a fierce and savage character, —a wild and irregular stamp, such as becomes the dark majesty of fates. We sat down on a swelling ground near the road. Captain

Giorgaki told me, that we must take leave of each other, as he intended to march upon Daulia. He proposed, however, to send two of his men with me as far as Arachova, which is about a league distant from Delphi. I declined his offer, and thanked him for his kindness, and gave a bakschi (drinking-money) to the palicaris who had accompanied me on my excursion to Thisbe. A goatskin was brought full of wine, and the first cup offered to me, upon which I drank the health of the Captain and his soldiers, and success to the cause of liberty. The Captain then drank my health; and *καλὸ ταξίδι* (happy journey,) and we parted under the discharge of our pistols.

All my luggage was contained in a small knapsack, which I could carry conveniently on my shoulders. I walked on cheerfully, wholly lost in the magnificent sight of the scenery about me. From the Schiste the road is continually rising, as far as Arachova along the side of the mountains, which branch out from the Parnassus. At times the Gulf of Corinth can be seen, and the coast of the Morea, wherever the path rises above the woody hills which intervene. Arachova is a considerable village, containing several hundred houses, and the inhabitants generally speak the Greek language. Few Albanese reside amongst them. No traces of antiquity can be discovered there, and probably the place was not inhabited in ancient times. From Arachova it is an hour's walk to Delphi, or Castri, as it is now called. Innumerable tablets must have anciently been attached to the rock, because the small oblong squares, cut into the rock, which contained them, are still perceptible all along the road from Arachova to Delphi. Those tablets were probably ex-votos of the pilgrims, whose pilgrimage to Delphi had been attended with success. At the entrance to Delphi, coming from Arachova, to the left stands now a Christian church of the miraculous Virgin Mary (*Παναγία*,) and the people of Delphi believe just as firmly the miracles of the Christian image, as their ancestors did those of Apollo. To the right rises in perpendicular height into two peaks the rock, at the foot of which gushes out the Castalian water in a pure and limpid spring. The village is built on a sloping hill, so that the houses rise one above the other. The temple of Apollo, of which considerable ruins still remain, was built on the high ground, and must have presented a lofty and magnificent aspect from whatever side the stranger came, or wherever he took his abode at Delphi. At the bottom of the declivity runs a small rivulet called Phania, on the opposite side of which the mountain rises again to considerable height, covered with forests. The coast of Achaia cannot be seen from Delphi, a circumstance which adds much to the awful grandeur of the situation. The imagination is concentrated upon this wild spot, which the ancients supposed to be situated in the centre of the world. It seems remarkable, that most temples where prophecy or any other supernatural gifts were pretended to be exercised, are placed in the recesses of woods and forests, or in retired places among the mountains, where the soul is subdued by the overpowering awfulness of the surrounding nature. The Christian places of pilgrimage, which contain miraculous images, are generally also found in such secluded spots.

The ascent to the Catabothra is fatiguing ; it took me two hours to reach it, being accompanied by a guide. It presents itself like a subterraneous temple, being of considerable length, and over-arched by the rock. No remains of sculpture, nor any fragments of antiquity, are found in the cavern. At a small distance is the spring of this Castalian water.

At the time I was at Delphi it was the refuge of a number of persons from Thebes, Livadia, and Salona. The inhabitants had just completed their vintage, for the grapes ripen much later in Phocis than in Attica or Bœotia, the climate being more cold and rough, in consequence of the elevation of the country. This rendered the place very lively, a number of persons being engaged in carrying the grapes from the vineyards to the press. I remarked many handsome faces among the women, who wear a different dress from those of Attica, and have a greater appearance of health. The people of Delphi did not seem to apprehend any danger from the Turks, because the situation of their village facilitates its defence ; nor did they appear to possess any correct information about the state of affairs. After having remained there several days, news came very unexpectedly, that the Turks were advancing upon Salona. Being obliged to pass Salona on the way to Missolonghi, I thought proper to leave Delphi immediately, and arrived at Salona after three hours walk. I passed through Chryso, the ancient Crissa, about a league from Delphi, where I met a number of people, who had left Salona the same morning. All the vessels and fishing boats were engaged in taking fugitives over to the Morea. The houses were quite deserted at Salona ; almost all the women and children had fled to the mountains ; and some hundred soldiers occupied the town and the castle, which was in a very dilapidated state ; at the head of them was Captain Panourias, an old klephtes or robber, whose highest recommendation was, that he had been engaged in warfare against the Turks for above thirty years. Some soldiers I met in the streets conducted me before him, and after having satisfied him on the object of my journey, he inquired about the state of affairs in Attica.

This circumstance may give an idea of the military organization of Greece at that time, when a captain expected to obtain important information from a rambling traveller. He complained in my presence bitterly of Captain Odysseus, who, he said, employed his time in repairing the Acropolis of Athens instead of meeting the Turks in the field. He attributed the advance of the Turks upon Salona to the indolence of the troops under the command of Odysseus, and his subalterns. Towards evening orders were given by Panourias, to a division of his troops, to set out in order to occupy a mountain defile, or derweni, which it was apprehended the Turks would attack early the following morning. If they succeeded in forcing that position, all further resistance became useless, and Salona must fall into the hands of the Turks. I walked up to the castle, which yet contains ruins of the ancient Amphissa, the chief town of Bocris, which stood upon the site of Salona. Some Turkish prisoners, whose lives had been spared hitherto, were killed before my eyes, by the infuriated soldiers. After sunset Captain Panourias left the town himself, with his chosen followers, in order to join his troops at the derweni. From that moment the con-

fusion in the town was frightful: the soldiers, who remained behind, broke open the houses, and plundered every thing that was left. Abundance of wine was in the town, almost all the casks having been filled during the vintage. A wild scene of revelry commenced before midnight, and no vestige of subordination remained. Some soldiers, who had come from Kravari, which is the district of the ancient Locri Ozolar, were preparing to set out for their native villages, and I begged to join them, as they took the road to Lidoriki, where I intended to go myself. They readily consented; and we left Salona after midnight. Immediately on leaving Salona there is a long ascent, for Salona is situated in the hollow of a valley which extends to the gulf of Corinth, and at the opposite end of it. We walked the whole night over a rugged mountainous road, having loaded two mules with our luggage. We reached Lidoriki at ten o'clock in the morning, its distance from Salona being eight leagues. The few houses of Lidoriki were filled with people, fugitives from all parts. To my great surprise, I met there a number of persons coming from the neighbourhood of Missolonghi, who informed me that the Turks were advancing upon that place, and stated that they intended to take refuge at Salona. They appeared equally surprised, when we communicated to them the news we brought from Salona. We remained at Lidoriki the remainder of the day; and before evening others arrived, who had left Salona after us, who brought information that the Turks had forced the derweni; and next, that they had arrived at Salona, burnt the greater part of the town, and murdered all they found there. I still hoped to be able to reach Missolonghi, and was glad to continue my journey during a part of the night and the following day, with my companions of Cravari. The whole country through which we passed is mountainous, woody, and extremely wild and thinly peopled. Before I separated from my companions they begged me to open my knapsack, which I did. It contained few articles that pleased them, but they condescended to accept a Turkish golden embroidered handkerchief, which I had intended to take to Europe as a specimen of Turkish workmanship, and gallantly returned me the remainder. To object to their selection would, of course, have been as useless as it might have been dangerous.

The third day I arrived on the banks of the Fidari, the ancient Evenus. I could not discover a single house or chanie. The river was swoln, and almost impassable, from the quantity of rain which had fallen the preceding day. I passed the night in a wretched hut, called calybe, which the Greeks can make up anywhere in the course of a day. They use for this purpose the reeds which grow so exuberantly, and to an astonishing height. They shew great skill in constructing these huts, which resemble tents, and contain just the same space as tents usually do. This calybe belonged to goatherds, who treated me hospitably with cheese and olives, of which I made my supper. I felt little inclined to sleep, because the night was cold; and I continued smoking my pipe till midnight. Now and then I walked out of the hut, and I shall never forget the magnificent midnight scenery on the banks of the Fidari. Innumerable stars brightening the sky; some passing clouds throwing their wandering shadows over the moun-

tains, forests, and the waters of the river, which rolled its impetuous waves—the stillness and repose of nature around us,—all this left a deep impression on my imagination. In such moments of contemplation I could hardly believe that I lived in a country ravaged by war, whilst my soul was drinking the delights of profound peace. My recollection went back to the days, when the banks of the river were adorned by the buildings of ancient Calydon, and I could fancy Diomedes hunting the wild boar through the neighbouring forests. The goatherds slept in the hut as soundly as if they had never heard of an enemy threatening their flocks and their lives. At intervals I also laid myself down on the ground, and covered myself with my cloak; but the beauty of the night did not allow me any rest, and more than a dozen times I rose again; and when the goatherds awoke in the morning they found me already walking on the banks of the river. They procured me some fresh milk, and one of them assisted me in passing the river. He gave me a strong pole, twice as long as my body, to support myself against the water, sounded the way before me, and led me safely to the opposite bank. The water frequently reached to the neck, but the luggage on my back served as a counterpoise against its impetuosity. The Fidari has an extensive bed, and its overflow causes frequently great devastations: it took us above half an hour to pass it. From the banks of the Fidari I continued my journey toward Missolonghi, walking a whole day through the woods, where I met some hundreds of fugitive families from the villages, which the Turks had burnt successively as they advanced upon Missolonghi. It was most distressing to see a whole population driven, at the approach of winter, almost without food, to the forests, where they were in imminent danger of perishing from cold or hunger. The news I brought of the taking of Salona by the Turks doubled their despair. They appeared to doubt whether I should succeed in reaching Missolonghi. I arrived, however, that evening safely at Bochori, three leagues distant from Missolonghi, and the following morning I entered the town early, in the company of some soldiers who came to reinforce the garrison, which was commanded by the valiant Souliot captain, Marco Botzari.

On the second day after my arrival the Turks approached from Anatico; and after an unsuccessful attempt to maintain the last position which defended Missolonghi, Marco Botzari shut himself up within the town, and closed the gates. The Turks spread themselves over the plain of Missolonghi, and presented, in their gaudy attire, a most interesting spectacle. Their army amounted to 4000 men, cavalry and infantry, commanded by Omer Pasha. The siege began on the 5th of November 1822, and lasted till Christmas, when, after a desperate assault, the Turks were forced by Marco Botzari to retreat upon Arta, with the loss of all their ammunition, baggage, and the greater part of their men. Marco Botzari, the hero of Missolonghi, was a short man, like all the Souliots, but of a strong and compact frame; rather pale in the face, with a serious and thoughtful cast of features. His Albanese dress was simple and unostentatious. He spoke little, and in a meek tone of voice, and whenever he was not at the head of

his soldiers, he resembled more a martyr than a hero. But his countenance brightened in the face of battle, or at the approach of danger; and then his whole person bespoke unbending courage and determination. Marco Botzari, and Canaris the sailor, who burnt the Turkish frigate at Scio, are the two greatest men which the revolution of Greece has produced.

THE JOURNAL OF A NATURALIST.*

IN these days of scepticism and scrutinizing, it may appear no easy matter to diffuse a belief in the existence of a universal elixir, capable of arresting or retarding the wane of life, so that 'youth,' as the scriptures beautifully express it, shall be 'renewed like the eagle's.' Yet, that such an elixir not only exists, but may be procured with small difficulty and at little expense, we think we can (upon premises granted) bring plausible argument to shew. We mean not to assert indeed that the wane of manhood may be brought back thereby to the bloom of infancy, nor the decrepitude of age to the standard of adolescence; but it will—as we can aver upon the testimony of our own experience—impart a ruddier tint and a warmer glow to the blood,—enkindle a brighter expression in the eye,—and call up in the mind a train of thoughts fresh, lively, beautiful, and rapturous—

Such as youthful poets dream,
On summer's eve by haunted stream.

The elixir we allude to, is the study of nature—embracing the whole range of the visible creation from the almost invisible mite, to the huge leviathan who maketh the deep boil like a pot;—from the hyssop that groweth on the wall, to the cedar of Lebanon;—from the dew-drop, to the broad thunder-cloud that o'ercanopies the horizon;—and from the grain of sand on the seashore, to the planet which hangs self-balanced in the empyrean. This study is as inexhaustible as it is delightful; it never tires, because it is always new,—and, what is more, it can be pursued in all circumstances and in all places; for examples are not wanting to prove that even in the crowded city (witness Mr. George's investigation of dry-rot), and, still more wonderful, in the narrow prison cell (witness Trenck's tame mice and musical spiders)—the study of nature has been pursued with no less ardour than in the woods and fields—where to the enthusiastic naturalist

Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow,—not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence,—not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence the bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure.

If it be granted, therefore, that the pleasures of childhood are more exquisite and contain less alloy than those of riper years, it must be because then every thing appears new and robed in all the fresh beau-

ties of infancy,—whereas in adolescence, and still more in manhood and old age, whatever has frequently recurred, begins to wear the tarnish of decay, or to be tinged with the fading colours of sun-set. That there are minds tuned to the quiet apathy of reposing, like the imaginary gods of Epicurus, without a wish for a new feeling or a new idea, is no reason why those who 'are not altogether of such clay' should

Renounce the boundless store
Which bounteous Nature to her vot'ries yields;
The warbling woodland,—the resounding shore—
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields—
All that the genial ray of morning gilds—
And all that echoes to the song of Even.

Looking at the study of nature in this point of view,—as affording an endless succession of 'ever new delights'—such as charmed us in childhood when everything wore the array of beauty,—we think the position with which we set out must be abundantly manifest; and with such a volume as 'The Journal of a Naturalist' to corroborate our arguments, we may hold out to all those whom we can persuade to examine the marvellous contrivances and mechanism of the things around them, a countless succession of new pleasures, which, like Anacreon's cupids, become the sources of myriads more.

The materials indeed are altogether exhaustless in the chemistry of the atmosphere with its clouds and the dew, in the structure of rocks and the formation of soils, in the varied machinery of the vegetable tribes, and the philosophy of the animal population in the earth, the air, and the waters. Into all these subjects our author has entered, with a zeal as buoyant and fervid as that of a boy just let loose from school for the Easter holydays, when he rushes through brake and wood, and pries into every bush in search of birds' nests; and yet, if we are not misinformed, he is considerably advanced into the vale of years. The author of this pleasing book, we have been told, is John Leonard Knapp, Esq., F. L. S., of Alverston Thornbury, near Bristol, previously well known among naturalists, by a splendid work on British Grasses, entitled 'Gramina Britannica.' By the work before us, he is certain, we think, to become as universally known among general readers as he has long been among scientific botanists; for he has proved himself to be not only an ingenious and original observer, but an eloquent and delightful writer: so that while his science is generally accurate, and sometimes profound, he displays admirable tact in selecting the points of a subject which shall be striking and intelligible to all, and no less taste in embodying these in language. The great variety of his materials also indicates considerable skill, for he leaves few topics untouched among those which have come within the range of his observation—and such only he takes up—the work being, in no sense of the word, a compilation from books—(with which indeed he claims little acquaintance)—but a genuine personal narrative and record of rural phenomena. In works professing to treat of natural history, we seldom meet with anything relating to the natural history of man,—though perhaps this is the most interesting part of all; but it has not been overlooked by Mr. Knapp, who has interspersed through his

volume, several curious particulars with respect to the people in his vicinity. We were much pleased, for example, with the following trait of rural economy, in the cultivation of potatoes:—

Our land is variously rented for this culture; but perhaps eight pounds per acre are a general standard: the farmer gives it two ploughings, finds manure, and pays the tithe; the seed is found, and all the labour in and out is performed by the renter; or the farmer, in lieu of any rent, receives half the crop. The returns to the labourer are always ample, when conducted with any thing like discretion; and the emolument to the farmer is also quite sufficient, as, beside the rent, he is paid for the manuring his land for a succeeding crop, be it wheat or barley; hence land is always to be obtained by the cotter, upon application. We have a marked instance in the year 1825 how little we can predict what the product of this crop will be, or the change that alteration of weather may effect; for after the drought of the summer, after our apprehensions, our dismay (for the loss of this root is a very serious calamity), the produce of potatoes was generally fair, in places abundant; many acres yielding full eighty sacks; which, at the digging out price of 6s. the sack, gave a clear profit to the labourer of 11*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* per acre! But at any rate it gives infinite comfort to the poor man, which no other article can equally do, and a plentiful subsistence, when grain would be poverty and want. The injudicious manner, in which some farmers have let their land, has certainly, under old acts of parliament, brought many families into a parish; but we have very few instances, where a potato-land renter to any extent is supported by the parish. In this village a very large portion of our peasantry inhabit their own cottages, the greater number of which have been obtained by their industry, and the successful culture of this root. The getting in and out of the crop is solely performed by the cotter and his family: a child drops a set in the dibble-hole or the trench made by the father, the wife with her hoe covering it up; and in harvesting all the family are in action; the baby is wrapped up when asleep in its mother's cloak, and laid under the shelter of some hedge, and the digging, picking, and conveying to the great store heap commences; a primitive occupation and community of labour, that I believe no other article admits of, or affords.

A mode of cultivating the potatoe somewhat similar obtains in Scotland, of which an interesting account is given by the Rev. Mr. Harley, of Sorn, Ayrshire, in Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account of that parish. We have not the book at hand to refer to, but the practice is for each villager to rent from a neighbouring farmer as much land as he wants for the supply of his family, for which he pays so much per fall or perch. In some cases the villager finds manure, seed, and labour; the farmer having nothing to do with the crop: in others, the farmer ploughs the land, carts the manure, forms drills ready to receive manure and cuttings, and when these are done by the villager, the farmer covers in the drills with the plough. All hoeing and weeding are performed during summer by the villager, but the farmer again assists him with the plough to take up the crop. In the first case, the principal part of the labour is done by the spade, and the field is usually parcelled out into lots laid out in ridges; in the second, the lots are in long drills, usually one, two, or three of which are rented by an individual, according to the supply wanted for his family, or as he can produce manure. It becomes, therefore, an important matter for a villager to attend to this, and some who are careful in collecting vegetable refuse to mix with their coal ashes, will, in the course of a

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year, make treble the quantity of good manure, than those who are careless. At Catrine, in the above parish, there is an extensive cotton factory, where the usual close confinement and long hours are kept up; but in consequence of almost all the workmen and their families employed in the factory cultivating their own potatoes in the manner above described, ill-health is much less common among them than in public works, where so beneficial a combination of rural with mechanical labour is unknown. There is one disadvantage: holidays are unknown in Scotland, with the exception of new-year's day and the king's birth-day, and the rigidity of Presbyterian discipline will not permit the gathering of a weed or the lifting of a hoe on Sunday; so that the cotton spinners are obliged to attend to their potato crops in the evenings after working hours.

As our author had previously acquired a reputation for botanical knowledge, we anticipated that the portion of his journal devoted to this department would not be the least interesting; and we confess that, so far from being disappointed in this, he has exceeded our expectations, not in the mere technology of names, which it requires only a mechanical memory to parrot,—but in original and beautiful remarks, the following for example, on the prevalence of yellow colours in spring flowers:

We have no colour so easily produced as this is; and it is equally remarkable, that, amidst all the varied hues of spring, yellow is the most predominant in our wild and cultured plants. The primrose, cowslip, pilewort, globe-flower, butter-cup, chervil, crocus, all the cabbage tribe, the dandelions, appear in this dress. The very first butterfly, that will

“aloft repair,

And sport, and flutter in the fields of air,”

is the sulphur butterfly (*Gonepteryx rhamni*), which in the bright sunny mornings of March we so often see under the warm hedge, or by the side of some sheltered copse, undulating and vibrating like the petal of a primrose in the breeze. The blossoms of many of our plants afford for the decoration of the fair a vast variety of colours and intermediate tints; but they are all of them, or nearly so, inconstant or fugitive before the light of the sun, or mutable in the dampness of the air, except those obtained from yellow flowers; circumstances may vary the shade, but yet it is mostly permanent. Yellow is again the livery of autumn, in all the shades of ochre and of orange; the “sere and yellow leaf” becomes the general cast of the season, the sober brown comes next, and then decay.

His theory, we may remark, has led him into the mistake of considering the sulphur butterfly as “the very first;” for both the tortoise shell and the peacock (*Vanessa urticae*, and *V. Io*.) often if not always precede it* (we have seen the peacock in January;) and upon these there is not a tint of yellow.

As botany has, since the time of Linnæus, become almost exclusively a science of names, we could not but admire the way in which our author has taken notice of the common appellations of plants, many of which are now obsolete, or at least becoming so.

Modern science may wrap up the meaning of its epithets in Greek and Latin terms; but in very many cases they are the mere translations of these

* See Companion to the Almanac for 1829, page 33.

despised "old, vulgar names." What pleasure it must have afforded the poor sufferer in body or in limb,—what confidence he must have felt for relief, when he knew that the good neighbour who came to bathe his wounds, or assuage his inward torments, brought with him such things as "all-heal, break-stone, bruise-wort, gout-weed, fever-few" (*fugio*), and twenty other such comfortable mitigators of his afflictions: why their very names would almost charm away the sense of pain! The modern recipe contains no such terms of comfortable assurance: its meanings are all dark to the sufferer; its influence unknown. And then the good herbalist of old professed to have plants which were "all good;" they could assuage anger by their "loose-strife;" they had "honesty, truelove, and heartsease." The cayennes, the soys, the catchups, and extratropical condiments of these days, were not required, when the next thicket would produce "poor man's pepper, sauce alone, and hedge-mustard;" and the woods and wilds around, when they yielded such delicate viands as "fat hen, lambs-quarters, way-bread, butter and eggs, with collins and cream," afforded no despicable bill of fare. No one ever yet thought of accusing our old simplers of the vice of avarice, or love of lucre; yet their "thrift" is always to be seen: we have their humble "pennyworth, herb twopence, moneywort, silverweed, and gold of pleasure." We may smile, perhaps, at the cognomens, or the commemorations of friendships, or of worth, recorded by the old simplers, at their herbs, "Bennet, Robert, Christopher, Gerard, or Basil;" but do the names so bestowed by modern science read better, or sound better? it has "*Lightfootia*, *Lapeyrouisia*, *Hedvigia*, *Schkuhria*, *Scheuchzeria*;" and surely we may admit, in common benevolence, such partialities as "good King Henry, sweet William, sweet Marjory, sweet Cicely, Lettuce, Mary Gold, and Rose." There are epithets, however, so very extraordinary, that we must consider them as mere perversions, or at least incapable of explanation at this period. The terms of modern science waver daily: names undergo an annual change, fade with the leaf, and give place to others; but the ancient terms, which some may ridicule, have remained for centuries, and will yet remain till nature is swallowed up by art. No: let our ancient herbalists, "a grave and whiskered race," retain the honours due to their labours, which were most needful and important ones at those periods: by them were many of the casualties and sufferings of man and beast relieved; and by aid of perseverance, better constitutions to act upon, and faith to operate, than we possess, they probably effected cures, which we moderns should fail to accomplish if attempted.

Our author has given an excellent, and in many respects an original account of the mole, to which we beg leave to add one or two circumstances which have occurred to ourselves. It has been frequently remarked, that though moles are partial to fields within the reach of water, they like to have their galleries in dry banks, or the more elevated parts of fields, where they are not in danger of being flooded. It is not unlikely, indeed, that it is to the great humidity of the climate we ought to refer the want of moles in Ireland. Be this as it may, we recently met with a striking instance of contrivance in the mole to afford a protection from moisture. In the woods adjoining Shooter's Hill, there are considerable patches of swampy ground, which are partially flooded in winter. On passing near one of these swamps, we were struck with the unusual size of a mole-hill, which we at first imagined to be an ant's nest. It was indeed a singular locality for a mole-hill, moles being seldom found in woods, and much seldomer in swamps;—but though it was as large as six ordinary mole-hills, there could be no doubt that it was one. Upon removing a portion of the upper layer

of the mould, the reason of its extraordinary elevation was at once explained; a circular gallery having been constructed on the highest part of the mound, and covered only by about two inches' depth of mould. As this gallery was at least two feet above the level of the swamp, it was out of the reach of any common inundation; and it appeared evident to us that it had been reared for this very purpose. We do not recollect of meeting with any similar fact recorded of the mole.

Another circumstance recently observed by us serves to illustrate Mr. Knapp's idea of the extraordinary acuteness of smell in the mole. He tells us that it will hunt for worms in the richest parts of a field or on the edges of a dung-heap, to which it must be guided by the smell. Now we accidentally discovered that *young* moles almost invariably find their way directly under the droppings of cows in a pasture, where of course they meet with a more abundant supply of food than elsewhere. In one field we found the galleries of young moles under every dropping, and that without any earth thrown out from their excavations. What they had done with this we could not discover.

The author seems very partial to the study of ornithology, and has enriched his volume with many valuable remarks upon birds. The following account of the magpie, however, by no means agrees with our own observation.

The tall tangled hedgerow, the fir grove, or the old well-wooded enclosure, constitute the delight of the magpie (*corvus pica*), as there alone its large and dark nest has any chance of escaping observation. We here annually deprive it of these asylums, and it leaves us; but it does not seem to be a bird that increases much any where. As it generally lays eight or ten eggs, and is a very wary and cunning creature, avoiding all appearance of danger, it might be supposed that it would yearly become more numerous. Upon particular occasions we see a few of them collect; but the general spread is diminished, and, as population advances, the few that escape will retire from the haunts and persecutions of man.

On the contrary, it has always appeared to us to be no less partial to human neighbourhood than its congener, the rook; and so far from being a solitary, though it is certainly a shy and wary bird, we have never met with it except near farm-houses. In the north almost every farm has its denizen pair of magpies, which incubate in their hereditary nest on the old ash tree, year after year, and probably for century after century, precisely like an hereditary colony of rooks. That the race does not increase has struck us frequently, for the several pairs to which we have alluded, as remaining partial for years to a particular tree, seldom increase beyond their original number. But this may be partly accounted for from the pugnacious spirit of the bird, which will not permit its kindred to form a settlement in its neighbourhood.

We know not whether the magpie was included by the ancient Romans in the term *corvus*, as it is by modern Naturalists; but the vulgar universally look upon it as a bird of bad omen, supposing its appearance to betoken death and other calamities, and particularly when more magpies than one are seen at the same time.

Our author has made many beautiful remarks on the voices and singing of birds, which we are strongly tempted to extract entirely; but we can spare room only for the following:—

The singing of most birds seems entirely a spontaneous effusion, produced by no exertion, or occasioning no lassitude in muscle, or relaxation of the parts of action. In certain seasons and weather, the nightingale sings all day, and most part of the night; and we never observe that the powers of song are weaker, or that the notes become harsh and untunable, after all these hours of practice. The song thrush, in a mild moist April, will commence his tune early in the morning, pipe unceasingly through the day, yet, at the close of eve, when he retires to rest, there is no obvious decay of his musical powers, or any sensible effort required to continue his harmony to the last. Birds of one species sing in general very like each other, with different degrees of execution. Some counties may produce finer songsters, but without great variation in the notes. In the thrush, however, it is remarkable that there seems to be no regular notes, each individual piping a voluntary of his own. Their voices may always be distinguished amid the choristers of the copse, yet some one performer will more particularly engage attention by a peculiar modulation or tune; and should several stations of these birds be visited in the same morning, few or none probably will be found to preserve the same round of notes; whatever is uttered seeming the effusion of the moment. At times a strain will break out perfectly unlike any preceding utterance, and we may wait a long time without noticing any repetition of it. Harsh, strained, and tense, as the notes of this bird are, yet they are pleasing from their variety. The voice of the blackbird is infinitely more mellow, but has much less variety, compass, or execution; and he too commences his carols with the morning light, persevering from hour to hour without effort, or any sensible faltering of voice. The cuckoo wearies us throughout some long May morning with the unceasing monotony of its song; and, though there are others as vociferous, yet it is the only bird I know, that seems to suffer from the use of the organs of voice. Little exertion as the few notes it makes use of seem to require, yet, by the middle or end of June, it loses its utterance, becomes hoarse, and ceases from any further essay.

With respect to the singing of birds in the night, we may remark that there are many more night songsters than has been commonly imagined. The nightingale has usually engrossed all the praise; but besides it, we have observed the reed-sparrow, the wood-lark, the skylark, the white-throat, and the water-ousel, sing at most hours of the night. The mock-birds also, both that of our own country (*sylvia subcaria*) and the celebrated American mimic of the grove, may be added to the number. A species of finch (*laxia enucleator*, LINN.) common in the pine forests of Hudson's bay, and sometimes seen in the North of Scotland, enlivens the summer nights with its song. It is no uncommon occurrence for the canary, the song-thrush, and other species, when kept in cages, to sing in the night, particularly when the room in which they are is well lighted; and it may be remarked, that all night-song birds are partial to the moon,—a circumstance well known in America, where the night-hunter is roused from his bed or his bottle by the mocking bird, heralding with its loud notes the rising of the moon. To this catalogue we may likewise subjoin the land-rail or corn-crake (*rallus crex*), the partridge, grouse, and guinea-fowl, which, though they cannot be said to sing, utter their peculiar cries in the night.

Many more species of birds, perhaps, than those we have enumerated, sing in the night. Captain Cook, when off the coast of New Zealand, says, "We were charmed the whole night with the songs of

innumerable species of birds, from the woods which beautify the shores of this unfrequented island." (*Voyages, Vol. I.*) A very anomalous instance of a bird singing in the night, fell under our observation on the 6th of April, 1811. About ten o'clock at night we heard a hedge-sparrow (*accentor modularis*) go through its usual song more than a dozen times, faintly indeed, but very distinctly. The night was cold and frosty, but might it not be that the little musician was dreaming of summer and sunshine? We have the poetical authority of Dryden for making the conjecture, who says,

"The little birds in dreams their songs repeat."—

Indian Emperor.

We were particularly struck with our author's account of the thrush :

In the winter season, the common song thrush feeds sparingly upon the berries of the whitethorn, and the hedge fruits, but passes a great portion of its time at the bottoms of ditches, seeking for the smaller species of snails (*helix hortensis*, and *hel. nemoralis*), which it draws out from the old stumps of the fence with unwearyed perseverance, dashing their shells to pieces on a stone ; and we frequently see it escaping from the hedge bank with its prize, which no little intimidation induces it to relinquish. The larger kind at this season are beyond its power readily to obtain ; for, as the cold weather advances, they congregate in clusters behind some old tree, or against a sheltered wall, fixing the openings of their shells against each other, or on the substance beneath, and adhering so firmly in a mass, that the thrush cannot by any means draw them wholly, or singly, from their asylum. In the warmer portion of the year they rest separate, and adhere but slightly ; and should the summer be a dry one, the bird makes ample amends for the disappointment in winter, intrudes its bill under the margin of the opening, detaches them from their hold, and destroys them in great numbers. In the summers of 1825 and 1826, both hot and dry ones, necessity rendered the thrush unusually assiduous in its pursuits ; and every large stone in the lane, or under the old hedge, was strewn with the fragments of its banquet. This has more than once reminded me of the fable of the "Four Bulls;" united invincible, when separated an easy prey ; but, with the exception of this season, and this bird, I know no casualty to which the garden snail is exposed.

With respect to the shell of the snail we may remark, that when it is injured, or broken, the animal soon repairs the breach by means of its mantle or collar, from the fluid produced, by which the shell is originally formed. It is a very amusing, instructive, and by no means a cruel experiment, to watch the manner in which a snail repairs its broken shell, by passing the mantle repeatedly over the breach, and leaving at each movement a quantity of mucus to harden in the air. To vary the experiment, a portion of the shell may be broken, as far out of reach of the mantle as may be, such as in the last whorl but one ; when it will be seen to pass out the foot to make room for the mantle being drawn up sufficiently high into the shell to reach the part which has been injured. If the experiments be made upon the snail-shells with coloured bands, (*Helix nemoralis*, &c.) it may be remarked, that the mantle is banded in a similar manner, the several bands secreting each its peculiarly coloured material.

St. Jerome beautifully remarks, that "it is not only in the creation of the heavens, of the earth, of the sun, of the sea, of elephants, camels, horses, oxen, leopards, bears, and lions, that the power of

the Creator is rendered wonderful; for he appears not less mighty in the production of the smallest animals, such as ants, flies, gnats, worms, and other insects, which are much better known to us by sight than by name." (*Hieronym. ad Heliodor. Epitaph.*) This could not be more strikingly illustrated than in the economy and structure of the little water insect usually called the whirlwig, of which our author gives the following account:—

Water, quiet, still water, affords a place of action to a very amusing little fellow (*gyrinus natator*), which about the month of April, if the weather be tolerably mild, we see gamboling upon the surface of the sheltered pool; and every schoolboy, who has angled for a minnow in the brook, is well acquainted with this merry swimmer in his shining black jacket. Retiring in the autumn, and reposing all the winter in the mud at the bottom of the pond, it awakens in the spring, rises to the surface, and commences its summer sports. They associate in small parties of ten or a dozen, near the bank, where some little projection forms a bay, or renders the water particularly tranquil; and here they will circle round each other without contention, each in his sphere, and with no apparent object, from morning until night, with great sprightliness and animation; and so lightly do they move on the fluid, as to form only some faint and transient circles on its surface. Very fond of society, we seldom see them alone, or, if parted by accident, they soon rejoin their busy companions. One pool commonly affords space for the amusement of several parties; yet they do not unite, or contend, but perform their cheerful circlings in separate family associations. If we interfere with their merriment, they seem greatly alarmed, disperse, or dive to the bottom, where their fears shortly subside, as we soon again see our little merry friends gamboling as before. This plain, tiny, gliding water flea, seems a very unlikely creature to arrest our young attentions; but the boy with his angle has not often much to engage his notice, and the social, active parties of this nimble swimmer, presenting themselves at these periods of vacancy, become insensibly familiar to his sight, and by many of us are not observed in after life without recalling former hours, scenes of perhaps less anxious days.

As Mr. Knapp has taken no notice of a circumstance which we consider the most remarkable in this insect, we shall endeavour to supply his omission. Land animals see indifferently under water, and aquatic animals imperfectly in air; and an animal with an eye equally fitted for seeing in water and in air, can have, on account of the great difference of the mediums, but imperfect vision in either. The insect just alluded to, in order to obviate this difficulty, is furnished with two sets of eyes, one pair being placed on the crown of the head for seeing in water. As it swims half submerged, the latter pair must be very useful in warning the insect of approaching danger from fishes, &c., below, and from being surprised from above, their great quickness of sight being quite surprising, as they dive with the rapidity of lightning when an idle boy, or an eager entomologist, attempts to disturb their eccentric dances.

Though the greater portion of the volume is devoted to the consideration of animals, the author does not confine himself to systematic regularity in this respect, but makes occasional excursions into other departments. The following remarks, for example, on the spotting of fruits and leaves, which occur near the end of the volume, are no less original than interesting:—

Our apples in some years are more inclined to become spotted than in others, from causes not quite obvious, as moist summers do not occasion it

more decidedly than dry. Particular sorts are more subject to these dark markings than others. The russet, though a rough-coated fruit, seems exempt from spots; whereas some of the smooth-rinded ones, especially the pearmain, are invariably disfigured with them. These marks appear to be an æcidium, which we frequently find to be perfectly matured, the centre occupied with minute, powdery capsules, having burst through their epidermis, or covering, which hangs in fragments round the margin. This æcidium apparently derives its nutriment from the apple; for immediately round the verge of the spot the skin becomes wrinkled in consequence of the juices being drawn off by the fungus. In most cases the presence of plants of this nature is symptomatic of decay; but in this instance we find an exception to a pretty general effect, for the decay of the apple does not always commence at the spot, which does not even apparently contribute to it; for the whole fruit will shrivel up in time by the escape of its juices without any decay by mortification. Though we are not able always to ascertain the purposes of nature, yet this little cryptogamous plant affords a strong example of her universal tendency to produce, and every vegetable substance seems to afford a soil for her productions. We have even an agaric, with a bulbous root and downy pileus, that will spring from the smooth summit of another (agaricus caseus), which has a uniform footstalk, though not of common occurrence. Thus a plant, that itself arises from decay, is found to constitute a soil for another; and the termination of this chain of efficiency is hidden from us.

But the leaves of many vegetables often become singularly spotted during some part of the summer, and such spots have not certainly been effected by the growth of cryptogamous plants, natural decay, or the punctures of insects, the usual agents in these cases. A very indifferent observer of these things, in strolling round his garden, must have remarked how uniformly and singularly the foliage of some of the varieties of the strawberry are spotted, and corroded as it were into little holes; whereas other kinds have seldom any of these marks visible on them. I have fancied, that these spottings were occasioned by the influence of solar heat: a shower of rain falls, small drops collect and remain upon the leaf of the plant; the sun then darts out, converting all these globules of rain into so many little lenses, converging the rays, and scorching or burning a hole at the focus. This conjecture has been rather strengthened by observing, that upon certain sorts, the hautboy, alpine, &c., the rain when it falls uniformly wets the leaves, yet they do not become spotted; but the smooth leaves of others, roseberry, caledonian, upon which it stands in drops, always become marked and perforated: but whatever may be the real cause of these spottings, if the foliage be touched, by way of an experiment, with the point of a heated wire, after a few days they will present an appearance very similar to what is naturally effected.

Upon the whole we cannot give Mr. Knapp's 'Journal of a Naturalist' higher praise than by saying, it is worthy of being a companion to 'White's Natural History of Selborne,' to which it is, in some respects, even superior.

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DIARY

FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL.

2d.—The trial of Martin for setting fire to York Minster, reported in the papers of to-day, furnishes another very strong instance of the cruel absurdity, or rather the absurd cruelty, of not allowing the counsel of persons accused of felony to speak for them. Never, we do think, was there an arrangement so preposterous, and against which no interests can be in question, that continued so long. Neither does this arise from attention not having been drawn to it. It has been brought forward several times in the House of Commons, and always negatived by a very considerable majority. And yet we have never heard one word in the shape of argument against this undeniable right being conceded. If your property is at stake,—if you are accused of a misdemeanour,—here you may have ample assistance from the gowned gentry at Westminster Hall: for felony involving the severer punishments, death included, you must make your defence yourself. This has been said a thousand times, and a thousand times it should be repeated: it should constantly be dinged into the ears of the government and the legislature till the right is done.

People say that most of the accused are guilty—most, yes—but not all. They never can say that; and many is the case in which innocent men have been convicted for want of a counsel to “speak to evidence” to the jury: we know *ourselves* several such. In a complicated case, it is impossible for a prisoner to do this: it is very difficult often for a man of talent, with his mind at ease, and bred for the purpose, to make a story clear through a mass of intricate evidence! Then the old nonsense of the judge being the counsel of the prisoner. He ought not to be, he is not, and he cannot be. He ought not to be, for it is his duty to see justice done—to fairly hold the balance between two statements, not to advocate one. He is not—because he feels this, and acts accordingly. And he cannot be—to innocent men especially, and we want to save *them*, not to screen the guilty—because how is he to know what the prisoner’s defence may be. He has the depositions against him, and his own story if he has chanced to tell it before the magistrate, which he scarcely ever does in detail unless it be a confession, because he is always urged and even entreated not to go beyond a denial. How, then, is the judge to help him unless he has conned the matter over with him, which of course he never does.

Again, others say it would be worse for the prisoner if he had counsel, than if he had not; for if he cannot say anything for his client, it would make the jury convict at once. So much the better. Then the prisoner is guilty, and it is right to convict. We are talking only of the innocent—few, if you please, but still some.

Some say, “Oh! recollect what time it would take if a counsel were to make a speech in every case!”—Time indeed! what is time for in a court of justice but to do justice. That, alone, is no argument at all.

But the instance which has more immediately recalled this subject to our memory almost extends this already barbarous practice. Baron Hullock nearly goes so far as to allow the counsel for the prosecution to discuss points of law, without the prisoner's advocate being permitted to answer. On points of law he has hitherto been allowed to speak. The following are the facts. Of course it was understood that the prisoner's defence would be rested on insanity. Mr. Alderson, on the part of the crown, accordingly cited many cases in which the madness had not been considered of a quality, or exhibited under circumstances, to protect the accused. To this course Mr. Brougham objected—very justly saying, “that if the counsel for the prosecution stated these cases and their results, he ought on the part of the prisoner to be allowed to shew cases where different results were arrived at.” Mr. Baron Hullock ruled that there was no objection to the cases being stated, but that it was better not to mention the verdicts, which the counsel had previously been adding. This exception is utterly futile;—the question was, how the judges had held the law to be as applied to certain given instances of insanity: whether or not the juries in those cases had held the accused party's mental state to come under those instances, could manifestly have nothing to say to the prisoner at York. All the evil, as against him, lay in the dicta of the judges. Mr. Alderson, accordingly, went on citing case after case, as long as he pleased;—and Mr. Brougham was not allowed to answer him.

If it were not that the law was held to be thus by a judge of the very high reputation of Baron Hullock, we really should be inclined to question the correctness of the decision; we mean as to denying Mr. Brougham the right to speak on the law. For the course Mr. Alderson took clearly made it a matter of law.—He was not commenting on this case itself, but going into a history of the cases in which insanity had been held to be of a nature not fitting to exonerate the accused. Surely this, thus put, was a matter of law—and Mr. Brougham ought to have been heard, that he might cite cases tending the other way.

At all events, be it law or not, it is manifestly the most extraordinary injustice. No prisoner can be supposed to have a knowledge of the reports, so as to be able to cite cases in answer to those brought forward by the counsel against him;—and in an instance where the defence brought forward was insanity, it is really bringing the iniquity of the system almost to an epigrammatic point.

We are quite certain all our non-legal readers will feel strongly with us in this matter. We know that the general opinion of society is most decided as to the necessity of alteration. Nay, we have met several people of strong sense and sound reasoning powers, who, not having ever been in a court of justice, would not believe us for a considerable time, when we stated the truth. “What! not give the accused the same chance as the accuser!—Oh! you must be jesting.” We really do not wonder at those who have nothing but sense and feeling to guide them thinking thus. We truly wish that some influential member of the House of Commons would take up the matter, and, as has been done on other subjects, make it an annual motion. We are

confident the general sense of the country would cause the bill to pass before it came to its third year.

23rd.—The public schools may be assured that the time is rapidly approaching when the public will no longer tolerate their present system. With the exception of Eton, all these establishments are declining in point of numbers, to an extreme extent—and Eton will not be able long to continue at its present height, if the existing order of things be not altered.

We allude more particularly to the constant exercise of tyranny, which the system of Fagging causes to exist, of the older boys over the less, producing misery to the latter, and giving a selfish and unfeeling turn to the disposition of the former, which often affects the character for life. We could cite several instances of tyrannical conduct, which have taken place within these few years, that would make our readers' flesh creep,—if we were not withheld by the conviction that we might hurt individual feeling—and that of the injured party—to a degree beyond any general good that could result from the facts being published. But all know that such things do occur, and most have some particular instances within their knowledge.

Our attention has been led to this subject just now, by the following statement in the Chronicle of this morning, with reference to an occurrence at Westminster.

“A most lamentable instance of the hostile feeling in great schools has occurred within these few days at Westminster School, in the melancholy fate of Master Harrison, a youth of considerable attainments, about sixteen years of age, the son of a respectable tradesman (pawnbroker) in Wardour-street, Soho, and who boarded at Selcock's, in Dean's yard. About a fortnight since (according to the best information) two of the King's Scholars, named ——— and ———, having cherished some grudge towards poor Harrison, threw a large stone at his head, whilst he was going to the school, which struck him with great violence upon the back of his skull, and sent him bleeding to Mr. Preston, the Second Master, who mentioned the circumstance immediately to Mr. Williamson, the Head Master, then too much engaged to notice it attentively. By the direction of Mr. Preston, who was indignant at such outrageous conduct, medical assistance was immediately obtained, and young Harrison was removed to St. George's Hospital, in order to be under the superintendence of his own brother, who is a surgeon at present walking that Hospital. Harrison, we are sorry to say, became worse, and he was removed to his father's, at No. 95, Wardour-street, Soho, where he at present remains, but is considered in great danger. On Tuesday it was currently reported in Westminster that he was dead, but on inquiry at his father's we found the rumour was unfounded, but that he was gradually getting worse, and that but little hope was entertained of his recovery. The youths his assailants, who are about seventeen years of age, are still at liberty, and do not appear to be impressed with the mischief they have done. Harrison, it is stated, had got into Little Dean's-yard, where, according to an understanding, or some custom, the town boys have no right to intrude.”

This statement, it is clear, comes from a friend of the party injured.

But still it is impossible that he can have invented the main fact, that a Westminster boy has been wounded, to the danger of his life, by two of his school-fellows. Nay, neither can it have been invented that those who inflicted the wound are suffered to remain at large. This last fact we must consider a very great disgrace to the authorities of Westminster school. They must know that the law requires that where a party is injured, to the degree that his life is endangered, the inflictors of the injury should be taken into custody till the event becomes decided, and the circumstances of the transaction be thoroughly ascertained. That these boys can be suffered to go at large reflects also, upon the police, if the Master of Westminster will not do his duty.

It is clear to us, that this unfortunate occurrence has arisen from that party spirit which exists with regard to what at Westminster are called Town Boys and King's Scholars. There, it is the contrary to Eton: though the distinction is not nearly so great, as between Collegers and Oppidan, in the estimation of the latter,—yet what there is, as we have understood, is rather the contrary way, namely, the King's Scholars in some degree have the *pas*. This unfortunate lad Harrison seems to have entered a particular yard from which the Town Boys are excluded; and, accordingly, in the exact spirit of a public school, the King's Scholars proceed to beat his brains out.

If we considered this a merely accidental occurrence, we should not say one word about it:—but we regard it as naturally springing from the principles of the Public Schools. And we shall never let slip an occasion of shewing the fruits of such a tree, as we consider we are doing a service to society in exposing the results of a system so directly contrary to all its best interests.

24th.—Wonders will never cease. Exeter Change is moved to Charing Cross: for that Mr. Cross's Collection of animals will ever be called any thing else but Exeter Change, it is vain to suppose. We were passing the new abode of the beasts yesterday evening, and we were politely asked in to their dinner. We begged leave to decline the invitation; and we did so from a feeling which has long prevailed in our mind, and which we ardently wish were general and strong—namely, that the very existence of such collections is an act of great cruelty. We do not allude to the treatment of the animals—but to the unavoidable fact of their confinement. We are thoroughly convinced that it is to these poor beasts far greater torture than to human beings, and it is considerably distant from a pleasure to them. But they have minds to supply them with some substitute for the excitements of change of locality, though the mere physical restraint must be most irksome. Imprisonment is the punishment we adjudge for many very heavy crimes, yet we never shut a man up in a place in which he can scarcely turn—which is the case in most collections of animals—nay, what is a few yards' extent in comparison with boundless wastes and forests?

We have been, before now, exceedingly touched by gazing upon a tiger, just able to turn in a narrow den, and by reflecting upon his natural habits. Truly does confinement reduce the fiercest spirit, or he would

die from its vain ebullitions. A tiger is accustomed to live in vast woods, in very hot climates—here he is kept in a band-box, in a cold one: all his habits are thoroughly destroyed, and it is a strong matter of wonder to us that his existence can continue. We have pitied the tiger the more from the absurd prejudice which still exists among many, that a tiger is not to be felt for because he is treacherous and cruel. This is not true, in fact, more than of the lion, who is so extravagantly praised; but, even if it were, it is equally foolish and cruel to regard one animal less favourably than another, on account of the qualities he has received from the great hand of Nature.

We are far from running into the extreme that man has not, for useful purposes, the most just power over animal life. But under no circumstances has he any right to inflict needless pain. And the needlessness of the misery inflicted upon these poor brutes is undeniable. We do not, indeed, see that an intimate knowledge of the habits of beasts in countries they do not inhabit is of much use: but if it were, we should not acquire them by these museums, as the animals are of necessity prevented from displaying any of their natural propensities. As for mere curiosity, we think its gratification far too highly bought at such a price as is paid for its indulgence in this instance.

With regard to the study of this branch of natural history, it is scarcely at all advanced, in any of its useful purposes, by having these animals encaged here. The true mode of studying them is as they are, in their own countries.—A collection of the observations of many, each animal being described by those who have habitually seen it in its natural state, would make the best natural history in the world. How can they be duly judged of, poked here into a pen? And, as to what they may become, so lodged, we cannot think we have any right so to lodge them for the sake of the experiment.

Perhaps, the knowledge of the structure of some of these beasts may be of use in comparative anatomy. Very well; that is a legitimate object. If it be useful—of which we have no knowledge one way or the other—let a sufficiency be brought for that purpose. But they are brought *to live*—and in the most miserable manner, for such it must be to them.

But birds!—live birds!—Can any thing be so cruel as that? If a bird be born in a cage, even then it is probable that the constant impossibility of exercising that impulse which nature has given to the race, may be productive of pain. This we know not. But we do know what a bird which has been caught at its full growth must feel. A bird used to the green foliage, and the bright sun, and the fresh and cheerful air, must be exceedingly happy, truly, screwed up in a cage in a room. The depriving it of the possibility of flying, is, we cannot doubt, an infliction, the suffering under which must be of a degree that would have been envied by inventors of tortures, in the agreeable days in which tortures were invented. The distinguishing gift of nature to a bird is that it flies. We catch a parrot, an eagle, or a sea-fowl, and we chain them to a staff, or put them into a cage, in a different hemisphere, or at all events a different climate, from that to which they have been used—and above all they *never* can soar into the air, as they were wont, on those wings which are the characteristic gift of their

nature. And all this that we may have a curious or a pretty thing to look at!

We believe there are many people in the world who will sneer at what we have been saying as "false sentiment." No shaft of argument is so easily let fly as a sneer—but fortunately, it recoils, and strikes the bowman far more often than the mark; for few who *could* use it with effect, will. No—we have confidence that the bulk of our readers will never think that false sentiment, the object of which is to diminish suffering, though it be of the lower classes of the creation. Neither do we believe that they will think it false sentiment, if we say that we consider the alliance between compassion for them, and kindness of feeling towards our own fellow-creatures, to be very close indeed.

25th.—In reading over the proof of the article on Euripides by the Harrovian, (what an unpoetical apropos!) we have been reminded by the very spirited *mot* of Canova, in answer to Napoleon, of one or two others, which equally display his remarkable power of thought and felicity of expression. We believe they never appeared in print;—we heard them from a lady who was in Rome at the time of his death, a very great authority in any matter of *gusto* or literature. The first was said in answer to a person who, in a melancholy mood, exclaimed he did not care how soon he died. "Ma perchè morire? c'è sempre tanto tempo da morire—tanto tempo!" We agree thoroughly with the great sculptor's philosophy, quaintly as it is expressed. There is always plenty of time for that, to say nothing of the duration which follows it.

The next was also about death, but alas! about his own death. We heard the two anecdotes in the succession in which we have placed them, and we were curious to know how he, who thought of it thus, met it. His mind seemed full of his art; when informed his recovery was beyond hope, he exclaimed "Oimè—allora non farò più Venere!"—His success in his statues of Venus had been so great, that he had determined to devote himself entirely to their sculpture. Therefore his death, and his ceasing to make Venuses, were the same thing. It is a very characteristic trait, and therefore we shall not enter into the objections we should have to Venuses being sculptured at all, were it not that their being in white marble, and without eyes, cause them to raise no sort of idea of a human being.

We must, now, do a most uneditorial thing—namely, recommend the paper, which brought up the recollection of these anecdotes to our readers' attention. They will plainly see that it is the production of a young man and an enthusiast; but we think there is much genius mingled with the enthusiasm. There are more poetical images in these few pages of prose, than in many pages of very successful verses. Probably the writer will ultimately see that they would be better-placed in some poetical measure; but we can have no reason to object—for such a style will be certain to attract the lovers of sentiment, and deservedly, to a classical article.

We have, however, just two points on which we wish to say to him a few words. He is wrong—not in opinion really, but verbally, and

therefore to the many it will seem to be an opinion, in stating that "Indistinctness" is "a merit" in poetry. It is not, and never can be, and the Harrovian, we are persuaded, does not so "consider" it. His very exposition proves this, and he is obliged to have recourse to "the understanding of ordinary men," to support his apparent dogma. His "conception" is not "erroneous," but his representation of it is. What have men of ordinary understanding to do with imagination?—let them stick to their lasts!—But with men who have any right to have dealings with such things, "the characteristic charm of the imagination in its purity," is certainly not "indistinctness." Its creations convey to such minds distinct images—delicate, varied, shifting, if you will, and as we hope;—but still distinct. Nay, they may and ought, if highly imaginative, and received in an imaginative mind, to give rise to a long train of ideas, all beautiful, all exquisite; and perhaps the first from the last very different; but still connected by real though invisible links—unlike perhaps in accidental semblance, but still all similar in spirit—namely, that of the original creation from which they arose. Every product of the imagination we consider does more honour to the source whence it springs, in proportion as it is clear, defined, tangible to the imagination, and therefore enjoyed by it. These properties also should be made perfect by the exquisite delicacy of distinction—which we believe to be exactly that which our correspondent calls indistinctness. If it be not, then he is wrong in fact;—for it is quite clear that no man of really powerful imagination ever created an image, or a crowd of images, of which he could not stamp a perfect picture to his own mind, if words failed him to convey it to the mind of others. It is a great error to think that reason and imagination are other than the most real and naturally-assisting allies. They often exist separately to a very high degree—but never perfectly. Their nobler and more delicate qualities are not identical, but twins.

The other point on which we slightly dissent from the Harrovian, is an exception which he seems to be rather inclined to extend into a rule. We are not Fadladeen—we do not in the least share his indignation at that which is

"Like the faint exquisite music of a dream,"

because there are eleven instead of ten syllables in the line—very musically brought in, however. But this is quite different from a constant shifting from eight syllables to seven, which injures the rhythm without any corresponding advantage that we can see. We say this to our correspondent—because we consider the version to which we allude—the first, namely—to be so beautifully made, and we hope to gratify our readers so much by a continuation of the series, that we are determined they shall not consider we are calling their attention to the singular and beautiful character which pervades the paper, being blind to what appear to us, though we may be wrong, as a few blemishes of execution.

27th.—On Saturday we went to hear Madame Malibran Garcia. We did not chance to be in town when she was here some years ago, so we had no grounds of comparison of advancement, or lingering recollections of what might be unchanged. We went perfectly

free from bias to judge of this extreme reputation of Parisian gift. The last person who came to England under nearly similar circumstances—having been previously here with but slight success, and having then been the rage at Paris, was—Pasta. “Is there to be a second?” thought we. As the thought was crossing our mind, we heard the voice of one of the stock Opera men say to a friend, in speaking of the performance of Tuesday—“Oh! she beat Pasta to death!—positively to death!” “Indeed!—well, this will be worth listening to.”

She came on: her appearance is pleasing—quite sufficiently so for stage-purposes, except, and it is a sad exception for real expression, that the formation of her eye is round. The conclusion we drew in the first scene was not shaken by many things very much superior to it which she did afterwards. We cannot but consider her style and taste utterly false and bad; and they pervaded the opera throughout. There were one or two hits in one or two airs which were free from it—but no one air was so completely, or even nearly. We shall by and bye allude to these exceptions; we must first say what that style and taste are which we so unqualifiedly reprobate. They are, then, the system of constant, unsparing ornament,—of shake, shake, shake,—of roulade ever recurring, be the sentiment or the music what they may. We really think we do not exaggerate when we say, that nineteen-twentieths of the passages in Madame Malibran’s performance were disfigured by this disease—for it is scarcely less. This tricky style of ornament has been much fostered by Rossini’s mode of composition. It is so utterly hostile to the real taste and beauty of Mozart’s music, that it does require a singer to be most irreclaimably given up to this *cacoëthes*, to be able to introduce it to any great extent in his operas. But Rossini has encouraged, if not created, the system—he has adopted it a good deal in composition, and now he suffers for it; for his filagree being filagreed a second time, makes it absolute tinsel.

We do not think that, with the very few exceptions we shall notice presently, Madame Malibran gaye any bar without an additional trill. In the last duet with Othello this was carried to an excess so remarkable, that a friend of ours, who was a Parisian admirer of Malibran, and had been an amateur all over the continent, turned round and said—“Well, I do acknowledge your objection now.” We answered—“Do you think she would have any success in Italy or Germany? Do you think they would listen to her at Milan or Vienna?” Our friend seemed struck with this. He said, “I think you have hit upon a true criterion, and I believe they would not.”

We should not thus strongly object were it a moderate ornament,—though it always is very open to abuse—but when sentiment, meaning, taste, nay the very music itself are sacrificed to it,—it becomes intolerable. We like to hear the real notes given tastefully, feelingly, and with simple power or delicacy according to the sense of the words, and the expression of the music. Such is our principle in judging of music; we own at once we have no technical knowledge of the art. We know nothing of *effant flat*, as Bayes calls it—but we do know that those who are most truly acquainted with the art have always admitted that principle to be just.

Now, Madame Malibran changed most single notes into a dozen—and even the best things she did were not quite free from this blemish. In the trio towards the close of the first act, she evinced much tenderness of expression certainly—but even there the eternal trill came in to spoil it. The best bit she gave in the whole opera, was one stanza of the celebrated song to the harp, in the third. That *was* very beautiful certainly : but the first stanza, the earlier part of which was touchingly given, had the old fault at the close of it ; while the termination of the whole had the great blemish, that the voice did not fade away by degrees, which the sentiment and the music alike demanded—but that, instead, it sprang up into loudness almost approaching to vehemence : we will give the stanza :—

Ma stanca alfin di spargere
Mesti sospiri e pianto,
Mori l' afflitta vergine,
Ahi ! di quel salce accanto ! *

The quality of Madame Malibran's voice has been much exaggerated. It does not include the combination, never we believe known to have existed quite perfectly, of contr' alto and soprano. It is much more of the former, but certainly goes far higher than is at all usual, for one possessed of such low tones. She reaches, we think, almost the medium notes of an ordinary soprano—but anything beyond that is in falsetto. The chief beauty of her voice seems to us to lie in the sweetness and richness of its middle tone—in those parts of her scale which come within the mezzo soprano—and she also has a remarkable and very pleasing ease and liquidity of transition, which struck us as her most agreeable characteristic. Neither does she want power of voice ; but it did not appear to us remarkable, though sufficient.

We need not say that, take the singing alone, we think Pasta has all the superiority that genius possesses over talent :—but take singing and acting together, and the distance is immeasurable. This conjoined inferiority was particularly remarkable in the finale of the first act. Desdemona's supplication to her father was one of the finest of Pasta's bursts, both vocal and dramatic.

We really were very near exclaiming “ No, no, send for Pasta.” Madame Malibran is also singularly ungraceful in both movement and attitude ;—she flings her arms upward and her head backward at the same moment, in a manner which produces one of the most awkward effects possible. And Pasta !—

It may be thought unfair, that we should have cited Pasta against her—but *we* did not. Her friends all round the house were citing her against Pasta. We think it very probable that she is to be made the fashion—but we have reason to believe that this springs just as much from malicious motives towards Pasta, as from kindly ones towards Madame Malibran.—We have no prejudice ; we have spoken as we have felt ; and it will be observed that we have not attributed

* We subjoin the singularly unpoetical English version of the libretto.

But wearied at length of pouring forth
Her sighs and laments,
Alas ! the afflicted virgin
Breathed her last under that willow !

to her any natural blemish or defect. Nay, we believe very strongly that, young as she is, if she would reform the vices of her style, she would become a really fine singer. But if she listen only to the undistinguishing praises of her devotees, she will never be anything at all deserving that name.

Our fair and unbiassed judgment then of this lady is, that her style is essentially vicious, and that she is far from graceful;—but we cheerfully admit that her voice is generally pleasing, and has some very eminent qualities. Her acting also is considerably above fear. But as for comparing her to Pasta!—they might as well compare Pompey to Cæsar.—Pompey was a talented person such as appears every generation—*mutatis mutandis*, so Malibran, so Sontag. But it takes a thousand years to produce a Cæsar, a Siddons, or a Pasta.

The real merit of the evening lay with Signor Donzelli in *Otello*. His performance of it musically was *perfect*—his voice seems to us to be richer and fuller than we had originally thought it. At all events nothing could be superior to him on Saturday. He acted also with great vigour and good taste. The only point we should criticise is, that we think he ought not to have hurried away the body of *Desdemona* so rapidly. *Otello* would have breathed one sigh over her, even then!

We perceived, in the circle, that a very indecent fashion is increasing of ladies going about with their shoulders naked. We are exceedingly glad of it, for it will point out at once without further trouble which the indelicate women of your acquaintance are, and it will enable your female relations to shun them accordingly.

GOOD NIGHT.

“We met but in one giddy dance,
Good night joined hands with greeting,
And twenty-thousand things may chance
Before our second meeting.”

Good night to thee, lady!—though many
Have joined in the dance of to-night,
Thy form was the fairest of any,
Where all was seducing and bright;—
Thy smile was the softest and dearest,
Thy form the most sylph-like of all,
And thy voice the most gladsome and clearest
That ere held a partner in thrall.
Good night to thee, lady!—’tis over,
The waltz—the quadrille,—and the song—
The whispered “farewell” of the lover,
The heartless “adieu” of the throng;

The heart that was throbbing with pleasure,—
 The eyelid that longed for repose,
 The beaux that were dreaming of treasure,—
 The girls that were dreaming of beaux.
 'Tis over—the lights are all dying,
 The coaches all driving away,—
 And many a fair one is sighing,
 And many a false one is gay;
 And beauty counts over her numbers
 Of conquests, as homeward she drives,—
 And some are gone home to their slumbers,
 And some are gone back to their wives.
 And I, while my cab in the shower
 Is waiting, the last at the door,
 Am looking all round for the flower
 That fell from your wreath, on the floor;
 I'll keep it!—if but to remind me,
 Though withered and faded its hue,
 Wherever next season may find me,
 Of England—of Almack's—and you!
 There are tones that will haunt us, though lonely
 Our path be o'er mountain or sea,
 There are looks that will part from us only
 When memory ceases to be;
 There are hopes that our burden can lighten,
 Though toilsome and steep be the way,—
 And dreams that, like moonlight, can brighten,
 With a light that is dearer than day.
 There are names that we cherish,—though nameless,
 For aye on the lip they may be,—
 There are hearts, that, though fettered, are tameless.
 And thoughts unexpressed—but still free!
 And some are too grave for a rover,
 And some for a husband too light;—
 The ball and my dream are all over,
 Good night to thee, lady!—Good night.

April 26th, 1829.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

No. XIII.

WE have scarcely yet got over the nausea of the Catholic Question—
 and then the wind has been for three weeks in the East. May-day is
 every year getting more and more unpoetical—and the hawthorn will
 not blossom, by-and-by, till September, at the least. The world of
 books is beginning to *look up*, as the dealers in Muscovadoes say.
 Polemics are giving place to poetry;—and twin novels in three volumes
 are dropping down once more upon us, like manna in the desert.
 Our taste, however, is satiated; and we must turn to more piquant
 food. We have three books on the science of eating before us.

The opposite quarters from which mankind have in general derived their viands and their cooks have so long been proverbial, that the apophthegm, though pithy, does not need to be repeated; neither is there any use for an attempt to prove that cooking is the grand characteristic of man,—the invariable stamp of the human race, and a stamp of which none of the other animals have the slightest lineament. Single-handed, and with such weapons as nature has furnished them, there are many animals capable of subduing the heroes of the human race; the dog is often more sagacious than his master, and the elephant than his keeper; and if we were to run over the whole catalogue, down to very minute tribes, we should find, that acting upon some particular instinct, or by some peculiar excellence of mechanical structure, man would be the jackdaw, from which if each of the others pulled its peculiar ornament, he would have small remainder to boast of. Compare his skill in architecture with the ant or the beaver,—his spinning-jennies with those of the spider or the silk-worm, and what has he to boast of? Nay, in spite of all his sails and his steam,—in spite of his loadstone and his card, his star-gazing and his steering,—he is a very bungler in navigation. The salmon, after having ranged over hundreds of leagues, returns annually to the same river with unerring certainty, without any assistance of compass or of chart; the whale, despising all sails and all steam, but that which reeks from his own nostrils as he shoots along the deep, could circumnavigate the globe in less time than the swiftest vessel could sail round the island of Great Britain; and the bee returns to its hive without any visible beacon to guide it along its pathless course. But man has some superiority still; and that superiority centres in the grand and noble science of *cookery*.

Your lion is a Nimrod in hunting; but he never has been able to contrive a pasty, or to eat a smoking haunch with sweet sauce. Your fox is an excellent hand at purveying in sheep and poultry, but who ever heard of his cooking a chop, or devilling a drum-stick? Your shark is so fond of fish as to make Lent all the year round; and yet, during the whole six thousand years that he has been at practice, he has never pickled an anchovy, smoked a Finnon haddock, collared an eel, or hinted that his crimped-cod would taste better with oyster-sauce. Your crocodile and your caymen are the very aldermen of the deep in their love of turtle, and their large swallowing of it at a time; and yet of all they have caught from the creation of the world, they never thought of making one basin of soup, or of washing it down and stilling its internal waves by that most glorious of all accompaniments, the cheering wine-punch.

No, they are *gourmis*, and in some animals you would imagine there are traits approaching to the genuine *gourmandise*,—as your weasel enjoys nothing but blood; and your raven and your vulture prefer their game when high: but in all this there is no science; and leaving the choicer engines of ancient or of modern art out of the question, the whole animal creation, man excepted, are not in possession of so much as a gridiron or a saucepan. They want the glorious admixture too. Foliage or fruit, flesh, fowl, or fish, they stick to the vocation of their fathers, with the same dogged and unimproving obstinacy as the Hin-

doo sticks to the caste and the calling of his; and we do not believe that the animals of the nineteenth century have improved one tittle in their eating, since they were either all in or underneath the ark of the patriarch Noah. Man has the while done wonders; and if he has not absolutely created for himself a new world, he has made ten thousand combinations, the formation of the very simplest of which is above all the powers that nature was ever capable of exerting.

It is true that in all ages there have been persons who have affected to despise this the true glory of man; but there are many persons and things of whom the real merit is most clearly established by the opposition that is made to them. Grapes were not thrown out of cultivation in consequence of the slander of the fox; neither will turtle and champagne by the vituperations of all those lean and hungry persons who cry out against them—because with their utmost exertions they cannot reach so high. Physicians may denounce good cheer from a wholesome and reasonable motive; they know very well that in proportion as they can persuade other people to swallow physic, they themselves will be enabled to swallow food. But when any person out of the profession pronounces the least malediction on the table, you may be sure that it is envy; and that the very desire of that man's heart is an abundant dinner.

Poets have sung; and cynics have said (and your poet and your cynic are remarkable for their involuntary abstinence and their vigour of spoon when invited to dinner)—they have sung and said, that "Friendship is the sweetener of life, and the solder of society." But no such thing: dining—dining to a proper breadth, and drinking to a proper depth after it—these are the operations that rivet man to man, or rather that weld the whole race, man, woman, and child, into one united and co-operating mass. Have March and April worked you with their east winds, till the blue devils have not left an ounce of flesh about your bones? Go and dine—dine daringly and drink deeply; exit the blues; and to you the wind is in the softest south, and will lap you into an Elysium of balmy repose, the renovating influence of which would render Pharaoh's lean kine fit for the table of an alderman. Are you crossed in love—a rare occurrence, as the modern fair are seldom cross—but it *may* happen? Do you see dame and dowry fading away like the last tints of the evening upon an idle cloud? Dine, we say; and that will be a healing balm for sorrow deeper than yours. Does the world go ill with you? Do pretended friends deceive, affairs run cross, and sworn brothers, and those whom you have befriended, turn round and persecute? Still dine—dine if you can, for whatever appears on the dinner table is a friend. Be your misery what it may, be your desertion ever so great: let them deprive you of all place and all honour; let them heap upon you every obloquy—never mind, so you can secure to yourself the power of dining. Many maxims have been laid down for the pretended guidance of mankind; but high over them all there should be inscribed this one, "Reserve unto yourself the power of dining; for the man who cannot dine is worse than a slave."

But, if dining be the gem in the business of life, works in which it is treated of must be the gem of its literature. With the matter of a

book or any other other subject you may possibly quarrel, but respecting that of one on the science of the stomach, all men are agreed, and the matter is so fascinating that, it rises above, and conceals the taste and scholarship of the author—or, which is far better, it renders both taste and scholarship unnecessary. We suppose that that this is the reason why, in this country at least, works treating of cookery have always been remarkable for the clumsiness of their language, and their want of connexion with other matters which might at first sight appear to be partially related to them. It is true that in matters of fact some of them have been copious enough, and the more knowing have ever loved to begin at the beginning,—as for instance, Mrs. Glass, who commences her lectures on hare soup fricasee, with the words, “First catch a hare,” without which operation all that follows would of course be of no use. That learned lady does not, indeed, mention how the hare is to be caught, or the game laws to be avoided in case you are an unqualified person; and this we rather regret. Nor do we confine our regret to the single subject of the hare; for in all the choice dishes, with the descriptions of which the Apician Literati make our chops water while our hearts are sad, we desiderate the means of getting at the materials; and we think that one book pointing out how every body may get what they desire in the way of eating would be of more real service to the community than all the manuals on cooking that were ever written. Still anecdotal works on gourmandise, however unskilfully they may be cooked, or how many hundreds of times they may have been returned to the hash-pan, are pretty sure to find readers.

APICIAN MORSELS

Put us very much in mind of that saying in Shakspeare, that the learned man “had been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.” Not that we think Humelbergius Secundus is very guilty of language stealing, inasmuch as he says that *Le poule d'Inde*, which every body knows to be a turkey, “is in fact a guinea hen.” His small larceny rather consists in having stolen the scraps of books; so far as we are learned on the subject, there is not an original line in his volume, neither is there any thing in it which has not been better told over and over again. Therefore we would strenuously recommend our readers to take their dinners, leave the Apician Morsels alone; and if the author cannot dine in any other way upon his book, we would advise him to eat a copy every day with Reviewer's sauce, until the whole impression be exhausted. Upon certain occasions we have no objection to a devilled fowl, even though that were “*Le poule d'Inde*,” and “in fact a guinea hen;” but we enter our protest against a devilled book, whatever may be the subject.

‘UDE'S FRENCH COOK,’ THE TENTH EDITION,

Is a very different affair. This is a real work of genius, full of poetry and philosophy, and all the other *agréments* of life. “On the Rise and Progress of Cookery”—is most amusing—ininitely more interesting than Montesquieu on the Rise of the Romans. What chapter in the History of Inventions can furnish anything half so good as the following:—

At length, Gonthier appeared, to raise the culinary edifice, as Descartes, a century after him, raised that of philosophy. Both introduced doubt—the one in the moral, the other in the physical world. Descartes, considering our conscience as the point from which every philosophical inquiry ought to begin, regenerated the understanding, and destroyed that unintelligible empiricism, which was the bane of human reason. Gonthier, establishing the nervous glands as the sovereign judges at table, overturned the whole scaffolding of *bromatological* traditions, the sad inheritance of past ages. Gonthier is the father of cookery, as Descartes of French philosophy. If the latter has given rise to geniuses, like Spinoza, Malebranche, and Locke; the former has been followed by a posterity of artists, whose names and talents will never be forgotten. Who has not heard of d'Alégre, Souvent, Richant, and Mézelier? It is said that Gonthier, in less than ten years, invented seven cullises, five ragouts, thirty-one sauces, and twenty-one soups; but who can assert that Descartes has discovered as many facts? In the history of Gonthier, every page should be read; but could we say as much for an historian or a novelist?

And then of sauces, England is a great country, but not in all things:—

It is very remarkable, that in France, where there is but one religion, the sauces are infinitely varied, whilst in England, where the different sects are innumerable, there is, we may say, but one single sauce. Melted butter, in English cookery, plays nearly the same part as the Lord Mayor's coach at civic ceremonies, calomel, in modern medicine, or silver forks in the fashionable novels. Melted butter and anchovies, melted butter and capers, melted butter and parsley, melted butter and eggs, and melted butter for ever: this is a sample of the national cookery of this country. A sauce, made according to the principles of the art, excites and restores the appetite, flatters the palate, is pleasing to the smell, and inebriates all the senses with delight. We have often heard a noble patron, whose taste on the subject is indisputable, assert that sauces are to food what action is to oratory. We would bow to a famous sauce-maker, as we would have done to Lord Byron or Sir Walter Scott; and amongst the proofs of the immateriality of the soul, at the very first line, we place "the prodigy of a perfectly well-made sauce." He was in the right: perhaps the wisdom and fertility of nature are not displayed with more splendour in the works of the creation, than in the genius of the cook in the composition of a sauce. *Omnis pulchritudinis forma unitas est*, said St. Augustine; therefore there must be unity in every good sauce,—there is a harmony of taste as well as of colours and sounds. If it were not so, why should the organ of taste be wounded by one composition, and so agreeably flattered by another. Thence it follows, that more sagacity and taste are requisite than we are generally willing to allow. To appreciate a sauce, a delicate palate is as necessary to these kinds of cooks, as a refined ear to a musician. Father Castel wanted only nine scientific eyes to feel the harmony of his colours; and a skilful sauce-maker requires only an experienced palate, to taste the harmony of the flavours of his ragouts.

Ude's directions for suppers are the best things we have seen for a long time. How often has an unhappy young lady fainted at a ball, because there was on the supper-table plenty of confectionary architecture, but nothing satisfactory to the palate:—

My plan for a ball is to ornament the sideboard with a basket of fruit, instead of insignificant pieces of pastry, which are at once expensive in making, and objects of ridicule to the connoisseur. Place in their stead, things that can be eaten, such as jelly, plates of mixed pastry, and sandwiches of a superior kind; and if the founder of the feast be great and generous, avail yourself of his generosity, and make excellent articles.

This is indeed sense.

Ude and Jarrin, the Cook and the Confectioner, ought to go together. Jarrin is not as philosophical as the great artist whom we have quoted; but he is an admirable ally. The two books must be in every house where the science is properly valued.

From cookery to grammar (a sort of philological hash) the transition is not difficult.

We have just seen the new *Dictionnaire of French Verbs* by M. Tarver, French master at Eton. The merits of this gentleman in promoting and assisting the studies of the English youth in his particular department we have already noticed. He is an industrious, intelligent, useful, yet unpretending labourer in the great vineyard of education; he is not a *routinier*, he analyzes what he teaches, and finds out new and straighter paths to information. This present work has several important features that distinguish it from other school-books. The verbs are arranged in alphabetical order; to the infinitive of each, are added the termination of the participles, the various cases which it governs, the prepositions it is used with, and examples of each construction in which such a verb can be employed and given, as well as the idioms and familiar phrases. The introduction to the work is of itself very valuable. It consists chiefly of tables of the different parts of speech, such as adjectives, pronouns, irregular verbs, adverbs, &c., with all their accidents, in a concise and clear form. In short, the work is single of its kind, and its plan might be usefully imitated in other languages. It is a book that no French teacher or pupil ought to be without.

The weather has been so vile this Easter, that most of our fair and fat friends will have thought more of dining, than of walking in green lanes. But they are returned to town. Fashion, with all its train of gaieties, doth again bless our region with its presence; and with it the court, the cuckoo, and the swallow are also come, or coming. The 'absorbing question,' moreover, hath gone to its last account—the April moon, too, with her tearful sympathy for the unfortunate ascendancy-men, hath waned at length (we anticipate but a day or two).—The drawing-room, blessed be the Lord Chamberlain, hath wound up, and set in motion the machine which an unusual abstraction had allowed to run down. The necessity of decorating the person has called to mind the propriety of seeking ornaments for the mind—that the one be as flimsy as the other alters not the fact—the modists cease to complain of want of customers for their elegancies; publishers hug themselves in the idea that the reading spirit is reviving, and the exhibitions begin to be thronged, and to breathe an air of *haut-ton*, exciting new hopes of patronage and purchasers in our lately desponding artists. We will go and see the exhibitions.

THE SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

There is only one fault to find with the Society of British Artists, and that is, that they were too ambitious in their infancy, and built them too large a palace. Their exhibition-rooms in fact are too spacious; and hence in order to cover their walls, a number of paintings are

admitted which are far from doing credit to the national progress in taste or execution; and which, a far greater evil, give a tone of commonness to the exhibition, and throw a disrepute on the gallery itself, if not on the more deserving works which are found in such indifferent company. This is a complaint; however, that we will not pursue; the collection contains abundance of productions that are worthy of praise, and with these it is that we propose principally to concern ourselves.

The two scene-painters, Mr. Stanfield and Mr. Roberts, bear away the palm. "The Departure of the Israelites out of Egypt," by the latter, and "Earle Stoke Park, near Devizes, the seat of G. W. Taylor, Esq." by the former, are the two *lions* of the exhibition. Against the performance of Mr. Roberts it has been objected—or rather the observation has been made on it—that it is too much in imitation of Mr. Martin. For ourselves we do not subscribe to this opinion. We entertain a high admiration for the talents of Mr. Martin. Beholding in him at once the popular painter, the author of the magnificent project for the aqueduct from Denham Lock to the Metropolis, the inventor of the ingenious plan, mentioned in another part of our number, for erecting lighthouses on the shoals of our dangerous coast, can we refuse to regard him as the Da Vinci of his age? as equal to the Italian painter and hydraulicist, in the same proportion in which our times approach in grandeur and originality to those in which the founder of the Milanese school flourished? Still we have never contemplated the works in painting of Mr. Martin, without feeling a drawback on our disposition to applaud. The air of sublimity thrown into his architectural masses, and distances, and rude rocks, and dreary wilds, into his sweeping whirlwinds, his storms, and thunder, his lightning-bolts and conflagrations, his light and shade, we have ever acknowledged; but the nice minuteness of his handling in representing his myriads of created beings, however much we may have wondered at the diligence of the industrious man, we have never brought ourselves to admire, still less have we relished his false and gorgeous colouring. Now, Mr. Roberts's painting, "The Departure of the Israelites," no less in the principal effect than in the detail of the execution, is wholly different from any work of Mr. Martin. It does not even aspire to the grandeur of conception that distinguishes the productions of that artist, but then its treatment is much more true and artist-like. "Considering the "Departure of the Israelites" by itself, it deserves the praise of a very clever and effective picture, admirably drawn and cleverly painted, although, in parts,—we allude to the figures in the foreground more especially,—appearing to be left unfinished. The composition is extravagant, and partakes of charlatanism. It affords no excuse for this fault that Mr. Roberts is a scene-painter; let him make such designs as these for the theatre well and good—they may suit a stage in itself corrupt, and may there be termed magnificent; but would he take his rank in a higher school of art, as he is well entitled to do—survive his age—he must confine his inventions within the bounds of sober propriety. This, in fact, is the prerogative and the token of true genius—to soar boldly, but within the atmosphere of nature.

Mr. Stanfield's "Earle Stoke Park" has caused fewer mouths to gape with wonder, than the Egyptian scene of Mr. Roberts, but it has not given less satisfaction to the admirers of artist-like treatment. The landscape is delightful—the effects are varied and powerful, but true to nature: a dark thunder-cloud is passing over one part of the rich and expansive prospect, while other parts appear the brighter under the gleam of a partial sunshine. The foreground also is clever; but perhaps it may be conceded, that in this important feature of the painting an agreeable effect has been a little too much sacrificed, to give an increase of force to the rest of the picture. Mr. Stanfield's "Coast Scene," No. 36, is a delightful performance of smaller dimensions; rich, and harmonious, and full of effect.

Perhaps no pictures in this exhibition, not even the works we have already noticed, have drawn to them more general attention, or been more universally and deservedly approved, than the three small Paintings by Mr. W. Pool, No. 30. "Far from Home," and No. 124, and No. 137, "Studies from a Mulatto Girl." The expression and sentiment in these heads are truly charming.

Mr. Glover is, as usual, a bountiful contributor to this exhibition. His principal work, in point of size at least, is "Daphnis and Chloe," in an Italian landscape—a performance as pretty and as affected as the title. "The View in the Alps," No. 5, although stamped with Mr. Glover's manner, has a grand and beautiful effect of illumination by nearly horizontal sunbeams.

Mr. Lonsdale's Portrait of "R. Mott, Esq." is the best picture of this class in the exhibition—such a preference is not saying much, it is true; for the portraits in general are, as usual, vile trash. There are a hardness and flinty effect, even about this picture—and in the portrait of the "Hon. A. C. Murray," by the same artist, these defects are still more glaring—which make it doubtful whether its claim to praise does not mainly rest on the low degree of merit of the productions with which it has to compete.

Mr. R. B. Davis makes a conspicuous figure in the present exhibition, by his numerous and clever "Animal Pictures." These are chiefly portraits of horses and jockeys, and grooms, in which it must be observed, that Mr. Davis has been more successful in portraying the horses than the riders. The former are drawn to the life. The principal of Mr. Davis's productions, however in variety, and merit no less than in size, is "Foxhounds just found and getting together," No. 113, a very spirited performance: the character of the hounds is given with great truth; and as they bound along, nose to the ground, they appear actually in motion.

The "Portrait of H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence," by H. E. Dawe, is well known as a composition by the engraving taken from it, and is to be seen in the window of every print-shop. It is more distinguished for smoothness and high finish, than for spirited effect. It is a strong resemblance, and a gentlemanly portrait.

Mr. Inskipp has two small pictures which deserve to be termed clever. The "Narration," No. 180, and the "Portrait of a Lady," No. 191, merit this commendation. Seeming, however, to affect in a degree the style of Mr. Newton, they make us sensible of the ab-

sence of the feeling and treatment which distinguish so greatly the productions of that artist: nor do we mean in artist-like effect to compare Mr. Inskipp with his model. The "Sybil," No. 369, with the exception of a needless tincture of affectation, is a third very pretty painting by Mr. Inskipp. Mr. Wilson has several "Coast Scenes" executed with much spirit, and abounding in pleasing effects. Mr. Hosland's "Landscapes" have, as usual, great fidelity to nature; but also, as usual, they want life and brilliancy. Mr. Prentiss' "Profligate's return from the Alehouse" is a very popular, and a clever production; transgressing rather in leaning towards caricature than in want of expression. Mr. Lee's "Landscape with a Stormy Sky," No. 101, is a delightful representation of natural effects. Mr. C. T. Tomkins is more happy in water-colours than in oil painting. His "Don Juan," No. 165, appears to be an attempt at something in the style of Danby, but is an unsuccessful effort. "What a Don Juan!" exclaim the ladies. Mr. Lance's "Hérons" are both master-pieces in their way.

The Water-colour, Miniature and Print-room of this exhibition, affords, as usual, a great treat. On entering the room, the clever and spirited drawing of the "Fleur de lis," J. C. Zeitter, No. 771, attracts attention, and promises well for its companions.

The principal performers are Mr. Boys, who has several clever pieces in his free, rough, and clear style: Mr. Tomkins, who shines in brilliant and clever effects: Mr. Cooper, who is more elaborate in his drawing and colouring, and who has some delightful architectural scenes both of England and Italy,—of Rome more especially. But the greatest names which figure in this room, and certainly their works are not inferior to any we have mentioned, are Mr. Stanfield and Mr. Roberts; each of whom has a drawing after the designs of Captain Grindley; the former, of Eastern Landscape and Figures; the latter, of an Architectural Interior. Both are happy and effective performances.

There are many other productions in this little room well worthy of notice, but our space will not allow us to do them justice, for we are warned to proceed to a Water-colour Exhibition of higher pretensions, and stronger claims on our attention.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THIS most popular, because in its way most perfect, of all our native Exhibitions, is not less rich than usual in works displaying great talent and merit. All the most popular artists are what is called strong—both in numbers and in excellence. If Mr. Prout be an exception on the occasion, it is on comparison with himself only that he can be pronounced inferior. His productions we think make less show than formerly, from want of number, however, rather than from any falling off in merit. His principal picture, "On the grand Canal, Venice," a view of the Rialto with Venetian barges, brilliant costumes, and awnings, and transparent water in the foreground, is a splendid performance; and his Milan is delightfully picturesque. His hull of a stranded vessel is also clever and artist-like.

Mr. Copley Fielding, we think, never appeared to greater advantage. He has treated the different subjects undertaken by him with a variety of effect that does him the greatest honour, and which is the more creditable in an age like this, when it is almost even fatal to an artist to be praised for a particular and extraordinary effect; so sure is he for the rest of his life to be content with copying himself: take Mr. Robson and Mr. Glover for instances. As examples of the contrary, select from the numerous works of Mr. Fielding, in the present collection, Nos. 11, "Vessel in Yarmouth Roads," 103, "Telemachus going in search of Ulysses," 117, "The Weald over the Earl of Chichester's Park," and 193, "Shoreham Harbour, Kent." What diversity of effects these pictures present, yet how clever and excellent are they all! Should we be required to pronounce a preference, we should bestow it on Nos. 11 and 117. The last especially is admirable. The other works of Mr. Fielding are well worthy of those we have enumerated.

Mr. Cox, in all his productions, is most brilliant, effective, and delightful. Mr. Dewint, Mr. Barrett, Mr. Gastineau, Mr. Christall, Mr. Byrne, Mr. F. Nash,—each of them does full justice to his reputation. Among the best of Mr. Cox's may be selected Nos. 122, "Fruit and Flower-Market at Brussels;" 138, "Pastoral Landscape," and 180, "Shepherds." "Calais Pier," No. 112, is less pleasing. Mr. Dewint's best are the "Barley Field, Norfolk," No. 95*, and "Elijah," No. 147. This is a very superior performance, full of solemnity and grandeur. The Alpine Scenery is finely composed; the projecting rocky mount, crowned with ruins, is a very scene on the Rhine, with all its natural boldness and picturesque beauty. Mr. Christall, whether in groups or single figures of Scotch girls, is eminently successful. All his drawings are distinguished by life, ease, grace, and grandeur of form. The classical heads have been, as usual, the objects of his especial pains. Mr. Nash's "View of the Louvre from the Institute," both for the subject and the treatment, is the drawing of his which in all probability will meet, and that deservedly, with most commendation.

Mr. W. Evans has several rich and clever drawings, the greater part of them landscape views on the river in the neighbourhood of Eton, for several of which he has received the high honour of His Majesty's patronage. Besides these we have, among others, the "Stollzenfels and Marksbourg, near Coblentz;" "Peasants making signal for a Ferry," No. 15, with a natural, clever, and very fine effect of a skud.

The exhibition abounds in other works, which we regret that a want of time and space obliges us to pass unnoticed.

MR. HAYDON'S EXHIBITION ROOM.

MR. HAYDON is certainly unlike all other men. Who but he would have thought in these times of exposing for exhibition a picture avowedly unfinished? Yet this he did by his "Eucles" which he substituted during a fortnight for the "Chairing of the Members," seeking, as he professed, sincerely we have no doubt, to be enlightened by the animadversions of writers and artists. This picture represented the Greek who hastened

mortally wounded from the field of Marathon to Athens, to announce the victory obtained over the Persians, and died on arriving at his native city. The composition promised to be spirited; and inspired the wish to see it happily terminated.

If it equal the "Passover," a finished picture which has since taken its place at the exhibition room, it will be well worth the five hundred guineas at which it is valued, to any one who shall be so fortunate as to throw the successful die. The Passover is certainly a fine picture, it is delightfully composed, and is distinguished by much grace and feeling—the middle group, in which the terrified and agonized mother places her hand to the heart of her child, to feel if life be quite extinct and all her hopes blasted, with her grown up daughters, one by her side and the other, kneeling and clasping her hands, in front, is truly delightful—full of ease and grace. We regard this as one of the happiest efforts of Mr. Haydon's pencil, it is one of the most simple of his compositions, but is not the less admirable on that account.

TAM O'SHANTER AND SOUTER JOHNNY.

THESE are admirable productions in their way—yet had we seen them in the Northern capital, the last thing we should have thought of would have been to counsel their being despatched to the metropolis of the empire. We trust, however, that the clever author of them will not be disappointed in the view with which this speculation has been engaged in; and now they are here, we will endeavour to transport ourselves to the neighbourhood of Alloway Kirk, and contemplate these two figures, forming there part of the monument to the bard of Ayr. Certainly a more appropriate group for such a purpose could not have been devised, than Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny. The one with the cup, the other with the brimming glass in hand, the fat broad-visaged Souter humorously telling one of his 'queerest stories,' enjoying the laugh of his crony—yet himself all sly simplicity, half affecting unconsciousness of the jest. These figures indeed are distinguished by a remarkable expression of character, and by a most happy and easy representation of the homely garb of Tam and his bosom crony. It is the fashion to laud them much, as prodigies, treating them as the work of an uneducated and self-instructed artist. For ourselves, much prejudiced against prodigies in general, we see far more reason to praise the cleverness, than to be astounded at the wonder of these productions, which appear to be tolerably close representations of well-selected models in nature. If any part be the work of imagination, it is the expression, which is exactly such as a man in the sphere of life to which the artist belongs would be as likely to conceive as the most gifted. This does not diminish one tittle of the Artists's merit, which consists in the appropriateness of that expression, in the able manner in which it is given, and in the exactness, yet perfect ease, with which the drapery is executed. It must not be supposed, however, that the figures, that of Tam more especially, are wholly free from riddiness.

NOVELS are beginning to come thick upon us again. We ought last month to have noticed "The Collegians,"—which is admirable in its way. The tale is a melancholy one; but it is wrought out with great truth and feeling;—and the pathos is intermingled with abundant humour.—"Lowry Looby" is the Irish fool (we mean the Shakspearian fool) of the piece;—and an admirable specimen he is of genuine comicality. Take a scene:—

The Mercury of the cabins, with a hazel stick for his herpe, and a pair of well-paved brogues for his talaria, jogged forward at a rate which obliged his master to trot at the summit of his speed in order to overtake him. He carried the skirts of his great frieze 'riding-coat' under his arm, and moved—or, more properly, sprang forward, throwing out his loose-jointed legs forcibly and with such a careless freedom that it seemed as if when once he lifted his foot from the ground he could not tell where it would descend again. His hat so far back on his head that the disk of the crown was fully visible to his followers, while his head was so much in the rear of his shoulders, and moved from side to side with such a jaunty air, that it seemed at times as if the owner had a mind to leave it behind him altogether. In his right hand, fairly balanced in the centre, he held the hazel stick before alluded to, while he half-hummed, half sung aloud a verse of a popular ballad:—

"Bryan O'Lynn had no small-clothes to wear,
He cut up a sheepskin to make him a pair,
With the skinny side out and the woolly side in,
'Tis pleasant and cool,' says Bryan O'Lynn."

"Lowry!" shouted Kyrle Daly.

"Going, Sir!"

"Going? I think you *are* going, and at a pretty brisk rate too;—you travel merrily, Lowry."

"Middlen, Sir, middlen; as the world goes. I sing for company, ever and always, when I go a long road by myself, an' I find it a dale pleasanter and lighter on me. Equal to the lark, that the louder he sings the higher he mounts, its the way with me an' I travellen, the lighter my heart, the faster the road slips from under me.

"I am a bold bachelor, airy and free,
Both cities and counties are equal to me:
Among the fair females of every degree
I care not how long I do tarry."

"Lowry, what do you think of the day?"

"What do I think of it, Sir? I'm thinken 'twill rain, an' I'm sorry for it, an' the masters hay out yet. There's signs o' wind an' rain. The forty days arn't out yet, and there was a sighth o' rain the last Saint Sweeten." And he again resumed his melody, suffering it to sink and swell in a manner alternately distinct and inarticulate, with a slight mixture of that species of enunciation which Italians term the voice of the head:—

"I never will marry while youth's at my side,
For my heart it is light and the world is wide,
I'll ne'er be a slave to a haughty old bride,
To curb me and keep me uneasy."

"And why should last Saint Sweeten have any thing to do with this day?"

"Oyeh, then, sure enough, sir. But they tell an ould fable about Saint Sweeten when he was first buried—"

"Why, was he buried more than once, Lowry?"

"Ayeh, hear to this! Well, well,—'tis maken a hand o' me your honour is fairly, kind father for you. He *was*, then, buried more than once, if you go

to that of it. He was a great Saint living, an' had a long *berrin* when he died, and when they had the grave dug an' were for putten him into it, the sky opened, an' it kep poweren, poweren rain for the bare life, an' stopt so for forty days an' nights—

"And they couldn't bury him?"

"An' they couldn't bury him, till the forty days were over—"

"He had a long wake, Lowry."

"Believe it, Sir. But ever since that, they remark whatever way Saint Sweeten's day is, it's the same way for forty days after. You don't b'lieve that, Sir, now?"

"Indeed, I am rather doubtful."

"See that why! Why then I seen a schoolmaster westwards that had as much Latin and English as if he swallowed a dictionary, an' he'd outface the world that it was as true as you're going the road this minute. But the *quollity* doesn't give in to them things at all. Heaven be with the ould times! There is nothing at all there, as it used to be, Master Kyrle. There isn't the same weather there, nor the same peace, nor comfort, nor as much money, nor as strong whiskey, nor as good *piatees*, nor the gentlemen isn't so pleasant in themselves, nor the poor people so quiet, nor the boys so divarten', nor the girls so coaxen', nor nothen' at all is there as it used to be formerly."

"To the Editor of the London Magazine!"—a well-known super-
scription—ever auguring something good.—A poetical contribution!
but at this eleventh hour!—The insertion is not possible.—Yet is there
a volume on our table that can yield us an extract of half its value?
Not one of them we vow, and thus put our assertion to the proof:—

BEAUTY.

Crowds talk of beauty: yes! of the mere word!

'Tis all they know of it. Alas! how few

Guess its high attributes!—or e'er have heard

Its portrait drawn in accents glowing, true,

As only Taste and Feeling, deeply stirred

By that which touches *them*, have power to do.

The connoisseurs (oafs!) differ: some declare

That Cleopatra's style—the ebony

Of the full eye and of the flowing hair

Alone form beauty it is fit to see;

Others protest that they can only bear

Tresses of gold, and skin of ivory.

Some praise the full-turned make, the stately height,

The Queen-like bearing: 'Beauty needs no less.'

Many would term the lady quite a fright,

Coarse, vulgar, masculine, a giantess!

They will not deign to look save at a slight,

A *pétite*, fairy, form. 'This only?' 'Yes!'

And such as these say no one else can trace

Beauty of form!—it moves your gall to hear it!

It is not size or smallness can replace . . .

That which alone creates it, or comes near it!

'And what is that?—' 'What is it?—GRACE!'

That has the power to give it, and *endear it*.

But, oh ! of Nature's lovely masterpiece,
 The face of Woman, let such tongues be dumb !
Let such vain eyes be blinded, so they cease
 Thus to blaspheme the sweetest gifts that come
To Earth from Heaven !—Say 'tis the line of Greece
 With fair-haired brow, or darker charms of Rome,—

What boots it,—so th' eloquent eyes can speak
 A *soul* of beauty, whose fine powers impart
High mind and tender feeling ? Oh ! 'tis weak
 The shape of features, gifted with the art
Of breathing blessings such as these,—to seek !
 Beauty *this* is !—of Nature—of the Heart !

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WASHINGTON IRVING'S CONQUEST OF GRANADA*.

THE domination of the Moors in Spain forms a subject of the highest interest; and it is one which has not, we think, received the attention in this country that it deserves. Few have any idea of the degree of civilization, in nearly every branch, which prevailed among them, especially during the period that their government was seated at Cordova. All the arts, fine and useful—science both abstract and practical—literature of every class—flourished there to an extraordinary extent; and, which is more valuable still, the security, nay, the *comfort*, of their daily life was carried to a pitch almost equal to that which prevails in many of the most civilized countries of our own times.

We regret that there is not in our language any due account of this wonderful people. Their prowess in war has been shared by all nations in all ages; but their knowledge and cultivation of the arts of peace have been possessed by few. It is to us a perfect enigma how Cordova could have been what it was during the tenth century, before the invention of printing had given the human mind the power of speedy inter-communication. All the rest of Europe was sunk in the most brutal barbarism. War alone was cared for:—the noble classes ruled everything solely with a view to their own interests—the people were treated like animals or machines, existing merely for their behoof—while Ignorance, the darkest and most dense, reigned over all.

And how was it at this time in the Moorish dominions in Spain?—We will set before our readers a picture of them towards the close of the tenth century. We translate it from Señor Conde's highly-learned and at the same time most interestingly and picturesquely written 'History of the Dominion of the Arabs in Spain†.' It is a sort of précis of the character and actions of Alhakem II., who died in the year of the Hegira 366.—A. D. 976.

* 'A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada.' By Fray Antonio Agapida.—Carey, Lea, and Carey, Philadelphia: 1829.—This work is also announced by Mr. Murray; but the possession of a very American copy enables us to give our readers some account of the book before at least as soon as its publication in this country.

† They are ordinarily called Moors, from the Spaniards having given them that name on account of their having come into their country from Africa. But they were really Arabs—and Señor Conde has entitled his book accordingly. In it, however, he nearly always calls them Muzlimes, which we translate Moslems. Its Arabic derivation shows that it signifies "followers of Islam"—the original appellation given by the Mahometans to the Almighty.

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After giving an account of the manner in which this prince educated his son and successor, drawing round him all the most learned men of the time, Señor Conde proceeds thus:—"The King Alhakem was a great lover of peace, and had caused it to be kept with the Christians much against the will of some of his *Walis* [governors, chieftains] of the frontier. It is told of him, that the counsels he was wont to give to his son, Hizem, concluded always by his saying to him—'Never make war without necessity: maintain peace for your happiness and that of your people—draw not your sword save against the unjust. What pleasure is there in invading and destroying the people, in ruining their property, and spreading waste and death through the confines of the land? Hold your people in peace and in justice, and be not dazzled by the false maxims of vanity. Let your justice be as lake always clear and pure. Moderate your views—put a curb on the impetuosity of your desires—confide in God, and you will reach in serenity the appointed termination of your days!'"

"He caused the people of his dominions to be enregistered; there were in [*Moorish*] Spain six great cities, the capitals of provinces, eighty of large population—three hundred of the third class, and the villages, hamlets, forts, and farm-homesteads, were innumerable. In the country watered by the Guadalquivir alone there were twelve thousand of them. It is said that Cordova contained two hundred thousand houses, six hundred mosques, five hundred hospitals and charitable houses, eight hundred public schools, and nine hundred baths for the commonalty*. The revenues of the state were worth, each year, twelve millions of mitcales of gold, without counting the taxes upon silk, which were paid in kind. The mines of gold, silver, and other metals, were improved very much, both those of the king and of private persons. There were also mines of precious stones—two of rubies, in Beja and Malaga. There were fisheries of coral on the coast of Andalusia, and of pearls on that of Tarragona. In the long peace that King Alhakem maintained, he encouraged agriculture in all the provinces of Spain. Canals were cut in the plains of Granada, Murcia, Valencia, and Arragon. Pools or lakes, also, were constructed for irrigation; and plantations were made of every kind suited to the heat and the climate of those provinces. In short, this good king turned spears and swords into spades and ploughshares, and changed the warlike and restless Moslems into peaceful husbandmen and shepherds†."

The cultivation of the earth was carried to the very highest pitch—and we are indebted to the Moors for the introduction into Europe of many of its valuable plants and seeds. Their manufactures, also, and commerce were in a state the most flourishing. Their leather, their linens, their cottons, their woollens, above all their silks, were admirable. Their arms, also, were of the finest workmanship. Their commerce lay chiefly in the Levant, where, especially at Constantinople, their silks were held in the highest estimation.

Literature also thrived exceedingly. The reign of this very prince

* It is elsewhere said by Señor Conde, that Cordova at this time contained a million of inhabitants.

† Conde, Vol. I. pp. 486, 487.

was peculiarly distinguished by the great number of men of learning and of genius at his court. Much of their poetry has been preserved; and, to judge by the Spanish translations, it combines archness, vivacity, tenderness, pathos, and force. To their works of science all the moderns are confessedly indebted.

But what was more valuable, even than all these, was the attention that was paid to the strictest justice being administered between man and man, whether equals, or prince on one side and peasant on the other. They tell, indeed, a curious anecdote, to this effect, of our friend King Alhakem. He was desirous of adding a pavilion to the gardens of his country-palace, and in consequence caused application to be made to the proprietor of the adjoining ground, to purchase it. The man refused, upon which the king's agents possessed themselves of the field by force, and built the pavilion. The owner went and complained to the Cadi of Cordova, who received the accusation, and promised redress: he set off at once for Azhara, the palace in question, and found the king occupying his new pavilion. He dismounted from his horse, and, advancing towards Alhakem, begged permission to fill with earth a sack he had brought with him. The king, who guessed he must have a hidden meaning, assented. It was a large sack, and when full, the cadi begged Alhakem to help him to put it upon his horse. He complied—but found it so heavy he could scarcely raise it from the ground. The cadi then said to him—"Prince of the faithful, this sack, which thou canst not lift, contains only a small portion of the field which thou hast usurped. How then shalt thou support the weight of this whole field, when thou shalt be called upon to appear before the Great Judge of all?" Alhakem thanked the cadi for his noble lesson, and gave up to the owner the field, together with the pavilion and all the riches it contained.

This anecdote proves more than a sudden impulse of compassionate repentance. It shews that the cadi could trust to the sense of justice in the king, not only for his own safety, but also for redress of the wrong of which he complained. During the whole, indeed, of this period of the Moorish dynasty, justice was most unfailingly administered.

There was another virtue, also, constantly in practice by this extraordinary people, which is the very last for which we should have given them credit, and from the total absence of which in the Spaniards they afterwards suffered so awfully. We mean Religious Toleration. They never interfered with the worship of those Christians—and there were many—who remained within their territories. On the contrary, they treated them with kindness and respect.

We have just noted, briefly, these qualities of the Moors, that our readers may perceive that they are not a people to be lightly considered; but that, on the contrary, they are probably one of the most admirable, as well as extraordinary, of which we have any record. Look at Spain in the nineteenth century, and compare it with Spain in the tenth, and, in every item which forms part of civilization, the latter-named era is transcendantly the superior.

We would that our limits would suffer us to make this fact uncontrovertibly apparent to our readers; for the little that is generally

known of this race has, till within these very few years, been drawn wholly from Spanish sources—and therefore the Moors have never received impartial treatment. The old Castilian Monkish chroniclers have had all the feelings of nationality, of servility, and of bigotry, to guide their narrations. They ever laud the Spanish name, and the king for the time being, at the expense of the vile misbelievers, *Mahound*, as they termed all Moslems generically. Señor Conde, on the contrary, has had recourse to the Arabic writers also, which has enabled him to form a very impartial judgment. How *he* represents the Moors we have already shewn.

For this, and we think many other reasons, we cannot but consider it exceedingly ill-judged of Mr. Irving to throw aside his own character, and adopt the masquerade costume of the Fray Antonio Agapida, to narrate the conquest of Granada! We have shewn enough of the Moors, limited as our exposition has necessarily been, to prove that the awful extinction of such a people well merits to be spoken of in earnest, and not under a mountebank disguise, which must necessitate the sacrifice of soundness, simplicity, and truth, to an adherence to the fantastic character of the supposed narrator. Mr. Irving's work, of by far the greatest merit, though not, in this country at least, of the greatest success, is the 'History of New York, by Diedrick Knickerbocker.' To shew the queer manners of the early settlers, some such vehicle as that of the sententious burgher was highly advantageous. No one could know so well, and therefore no one could so aptly represent, the modes of living and thinking of his fellow-citizens around him. But a Castilian monk was the very last person in existence who could know anything in the world of the Arabs of Granada. Of their manners, habits, thoughts, and feelings, he must be of necessity in the most absolute ignorance; and, even for the events of the war, it is manifest he must be indebted wholly to the reports of the warriors on one side. Mr. Irving certainly has achieved the merit of writing in the tone in which such a person would write,—namely, incorrectly as to fact, with the most egregious partiality as to party.

Mr. Irving has the honesty, however, to expose this in his very introduction—that is, having read his work, we perceive, on recurring to the preface, the traces of those evil principles which we hope to lay bare to our readers before we have done. By the slight sample we have given of what the Moors really were, they will be able to judge of the degree of justice with which a man can write concerning them, who quotes in the following expressions the opinion of a *Spanish* historian. "Estevan de Garibay, one of the most distinguished among the Spanish historians, regards the war as a special act of divine clemency towards the Moors; to the end that those *barbarians and infidels, who had dragged out so many centuries under the diabolical oppression* of the absurd sect of Mahomet, should at length be reduced to the Christian faith."

We fear, alas! that in many ages, and among many sects, the corruptions thrust into the stream of Christianity have rendered it wholly different from that which sprang from its pure and holy source. In those days, certainly, the Christians of Spain were wholly inferior to the Moslems. Since then, the means of the propagation of re-

ligion have increased, mightily, and thence added in proportion to its influence—and *the fact* now is that the Christian inhabitants of Europe are at the head of all the nations of the globe. But that it was not so then, even the little we have been able to bring forward concerning the Moors is sufficient to shew; and Truth is one of the first of Christian duties.

But the conclusion of this introduction is far, far worse than this. It is couched in these words:—“Having thus cited high and venerable authority for considering this war in the light of those pious enterprises denominated crusades, we trust we have said enough to engage the Christian reader to follow us into the field, and to stand by us to the very issue of the contest.”

We grieve to say that this is not the monk of the end of the fifteenth century that speaks. It is Mr. Irving himself. What! is a *Christian* reader to follow him because his tale is of a war like the crusades?—wars in which every evil feeling that exists in the bosoms of men received unlimited scope and play. Of all the guilt recorded in history, we think that of the crusades the most *unchristian*—and this because they occasioned almost every crime that our Saviour has forbidden to be committed as though for His service. We invaded the country of a people who had done us no sort of wrong—we slew thousands—we burned the dwellings of thousands more—in a word, we did all that soldiers in a campaign do; and we professed that we acted thus in the service of Him who has declared that “blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.”

Neither do we think that even the crusaders themselves were, for the most part, guided by motives of religion, at least after the first crusade. Warlike reputation—the desire of employment, and still more that of wealth—these were their chief inducements. But whatever might have guided them, we, at this time, ought not to quote that which our lights must shew us are nothing short of atrocities, as a certain attraction to a christian reader.

It may be thought that we are too hasty in condemning Mr. Irving—but we have read the whole book; and it is written throughout in that spirit of carelessness of human suffering, which, of all others, we think the most deserves to be condemned.

It seems odd after this to say, that the first fault we shall find with Mr. Irving, as an historian, is that, in the narrative of the out-break of the war, he derives from “the many curious facts not to be found in any other historian”* than the Fray Antonio Agapida, a most exaggerated statement—differing certainly in the most extravagant degree from all other accounts—of the atrocities attending the storming of the first town taken, and of their results. But this is all in the spirit of the crusades—the Moslem is to be belied, while the Christian is to be praised for real deeds exactly similar to those invented with respect to the others.

* The very words of Mr. Irving's Introduction. We wish sincerely we had not followed the fashionable practice of reading the book before the preface—for it would have saved us a world of labour in tracing up through divers folios and quartos, the historical inaccuracy of statements for which we are now coolly referred to the gentleman whom Mr. Irving in the first page of his work ventures to call “the authentic Agapida”!—Our opinion of the adoption of such a plan will be seen a few pages farther on.

We will first extract the account of the taking of the town itself—in which Fray Agapida is to the full sufficiently trusted—and then proceed to its consequences, which certainly “are not to be found in any other historian”—at least we can speak for the principal, through whose pages we searched most diligently for some hours to light upon a tittle of them.—One thing, however, we did light upon, which Mr. Irving indeed mentions as a fact—but does not afterwards recur to in his judgment of the Moorish king. *The truce between the parties contained a stipulation that they might make incursions into each other's territories, provided they carried no banners, sounded no trumpets, and that the inroad did not last above three days.

“It was in the year of our Lord one thousand four hundred and eighty-one, and but a night or two after the festival of the most blessed Nativity, that Muley Aben Hassan* made his famous attack upon Zahara. The inhabitants of the place were sunk in profound sleep; the very sentinel had deserted his post, and sought shelter from a tempest which had raged three nights in succession; for it appeared but little probable that an enemy would be abroad during such an uproar of the elements. But evil spirits work best during a storm, (observes the worthy Antonio Agapida,) and Muley Aben Hassan found such a season most suitable for his diabolical purposes. In the midst of the night an uproar arose within the walls of Zahara, more awful than the raging of the storm. A fearful alarm cry,—‘the Moor! the Moor!’ resounded through the streets: mingled with the clash of arms, the shriek of anguish, and the shout of victory, Muley Aben Hassan, at the head of a powerful force, had hurried from Granada, and passed unobserved through the mountains, in the obscurity of the tempest. While the storm pelted the sentinel from his post, and howled round the tower and battlement, the Moors had planted their scaling-ladders, and mounted securely into both town and castle. The garrison was unsuspecting of danger, until battle and massacre burst forth within its very walls. It seemed, to the affrighted inhabitants, as if the fiends of the air had come upon the wings of the wind, and possessed themselves of tower and turret. The war-cry resounded on every side, shout answering shout, above, below, on the battlements of the castle, in the streets of the town—the foe was in all parts, wrapped in obscurity, but acting in concert by the aid of preconcerted signals. Starting from sleep, the soldiers were intercepted and cut down as they rushed from their quarters, or if they escaped, they knew not where to assemble or where to strike. Wherever lights appeared, the flashing scimitar was at its deadly work, and all who attempted resistance fell beneath its edge.”

Now, we beg to premise, that of all persons that at this moment breathe upon the earth, we detest War the most. We regard it to be the most foolish and the most wicked of all bad things. We shrink in disgust and horror from the sacking of towns especially. Nay, we are

* King of Granada. Conde and Mariès write his second name Abul, and omit the use of Muley, though it was also his name. Mariana gives it, Albohacen. We had better make clear, at once, our distinctions concerning the names of the Moorish persons mentioned. The rival son of Abul Hassan, whom Mr. Irving designates as Roabdil, we follow the majority of writers in calling Abdallah, of which Roabdil is a corruption. His uncle, whose name was also Abdallah, we distinguish by using his surname, El Zagal, the Intrepid. With regard to the Sultana, Mariès and Conde both call her Zoraya, though the latter once calls the Christian captive by the same name. M. de Mariès, however, is uniform in applying the name to the mother of Abdallah, and we have done so too; as we do not find the name of Ayxa, which Mr. Irving uses,—once mentioned,—and Señor Condemust have followed the Arabic writers. The arrangement now indicated we have adhered to invariably.

so unfashionable and antiquated as to think that some towns in that very country of Spain—towns which we English came professedly to rescue from their and our enemies—could tell tales which would brand many a man with our red uniform on his back with ignominy, deep, odious, irremovable. Badajoz, St. Sebastian,—what could not they say!—Pillage?—Pshaw a trifle!—Carnage?—A joke!—No, though these were carried to a pitch unparalleled, there were crimes more atrocious far than them—crimes to which our troops, aye and many of our officers, gave themselves unreservedly up—crimes which cause the blood to recoil to the heart—and in some instances *they* were made more hideous still by murder. These things were perpetrated by us Englishmen within the last twenty years—and yet they have been most scandalously hushed up—nay, we have heard them before now palliated and treated as venial! But there will be a *Day* when such things can be hidden no longer! when the perpetrators will indeed wish that they were of light guilt!

Well, why talk we of these things now? Simply because we desire that our readers should thoroughly understand that we have no particular taste for the sacking of cities. We think, indeed, it is not assuming any very unusual humanity, to say that we believe we have quite as much of that quality as the gentleman who talks, in another work, in such a jaunty manner of the doings of Columbus in Hispaniola. But then he was the hero of the book, and was a great man who discovered America.—Yes, and therefore began the European massacres of its inhabitants. Very right.

But, notwithstanding our horror of war, granting its existence, which we fear it would be exceedingly difficult to deny, we think that it is the bounden duty of those who set up to write history, even though disguised under a cowl, to hold the balance of truth, without allowing it to swerve one hair's breadth. Now how has Mr. Irving acted in this instance? To read the above account, one would suppose that a more horrid assault never took place in the records of warfare. The impression is wrought up by calling Aben Hassan diabolical—and saying that “it seemed to the affrighted inhabitants as if the fiends of the air had come upon the wings of the wind, and possessed themselves of tower and turret.” Certainly that is exactly the idea that must have come into their minds—it is so definite and natural.

But we are forestalling the extreme exaggeration: after the taking of Zahara, many of the inhabitants were carried captive to Granada. The custom of taking prisoners, in however large numbers, for the purpose of ransoming them, was in prevalence among the Christian knights for centuries. Mr. Irving, however, represents it as having, in this instance, had the following effects:—

“Deep was the grief and indignation of the people at this cruel scene. Old men, who had experienced the calamities of warfare, anticipated coming troubles. Mothers clasped their infants to their breasts as they beheld the hapless females of Zahara, with their children expiring in their arms. On every side the accents of pity for the sufferers were mingled with execrations of the barbarity of the king. The preparations for festivity were neglected; and the viands, which were to have feasted the conquerors, were distributed among the captives.

The nobles and Alfaquis, however, repaired to the Alhambra to congratulate the king; for, whatever storms may rage in the lower regions of society, rarely do any clouds, but clouds of incense, rise to the awful eminence of the throne. In this instance, however, a voice rose from the midst of the obsequious crowd, that burst like thunder upon the ears of Aben Hassan. 'Wo! wo! wo! to Granada!' exclaimed the voice; 'its hour of desolation approaches. The ruins of Záhara will fall upon our heads; my spirit tells me that the end of our empire is at hand.' All shrunk back aghast, and left the denouncer of wo standing alone in the centre of the hall. He was an ancient and hoary man, in the rude attire of a dervise. Age had withered his form, without quenching the fire of his spirit, which glared in baleful lustre from his eyes. He was (say the Arabian historians) one of those holy men termed santons, who pass their lives in hermitages, in fasting, meditation, and prayer, till they attain the purity of saints, and the foresight of prophets. He was, says the indignant Fray Antonio Agapida, a son of Belial, one of those fanatic infidels possessed by the devil, who are sometimes permitted to predict the truth to their followers, but with the proviso that their predictions shall be of no avail.

"The voice of the santón resounded through the lofty hall of the Alhambra, and struck silence and awe into the crowd of courtly sycophants. Muley Aben Hassan alone was unmoved; he eyed the hoary anchorite with scorn as he stood dauntless before him, and treated his predictions as the ravings of a maniac. The santón rushed from the royal presence, and, descending into the city, hurried through the streets and squares with frantic gesticulations. His voice was heard in every part in awful denunciation. The peace is broken, the exterminating war is commenced; 'Wo! wo! wo! to Granada, its fall is at hand, desolation shall dwell in its palaces, its strong men shall fall beneath the sword, its children and maidens shall be led into captivity. Zahara is but a type of Granada.'

"Terror seized upon the populace, for they considered these ravings as the inspirations of prophecy. They hid themselves in their dwellings as in a time of general mourning; or, if they went abroad, it was to gather together in knots in the streets and squares, to alarm each other with dismal forebodings, and to curse the rashness and cruelty of the fierce Aben Hassan."

Now, it will scarcely be believed that the whole of this representation—the breaking up the feast—the giving the food to the captives—the sympathetic sorrow of the people—all, all, are pure invention. It is quite clear that the Spanish Chroniclers, as regarded what at that time was passing in Granada, must have been in the position of Justice Woodcock's friend, Sir William Meadows, who, he asserts, "knows nothing at *all* about the matter," as poor Munden used to give it. Mr. Irving may have taken the description from them—but even that he ought not to have done. If we may trust Conde, who is somewhat trustworthy on such subjects, the Arabic writers say nothing about any such thing: and if Fray Agapida have, which we should rather doubt, any knowledge of the Arabic Chronicles himself, still he could not find what is not there. On the whole, we strongly suspect that the worthy Father has invented all these adjuncts to give his scene more interest; and in a story, instead of a history, this would be very allowable. But in the latter, we must, as the Miser says to Lappet—"touch, touch, touch, something real." The only truth here is a very little bit of the very great deal about the faquir.

• We shall now just shew the reader what is recorded in Conde,

Marlès, and Mariana.* The following is all that M. de Marlès says:—"On dit qu'au milieu des félicitations qui l'accueillirent dans sa capitale, un ancien fakir, nommé Macer, fit entendre ces paroles: 'Les ruines de Zahara retomberont sur nos têtes. Plaise au ciel que je me trompe! Mais une voix secrète me dit que notre heure fatale va sonner.'" Conde is still more brief, if possible. "The shieks and faquirs of the city, and all the nobles assembled to congratulate the king on his victory; and it is said that the shiek Macer, an old faquir, said with much boldness as they came out from the Alcazar—"The ruins of that town will fall upon our heads—my mind's eye sees it, and my soul shews to me that the end and ruin of our signory in Spain are arrived!"

Mariana, the staple historian of Spain, does not even say so much as this little, although he gives a whole book of his history to this very war. He only alludes, at a subsequent date, to the faquir's exclamation, which he gives almost in the same words as those above. And Mariana was a Spaniard, a priest, and a Jesuit to boot. Truly Fray Antonio is much more jesuitical, in the English perversion of the word.

And this is all these historians say—not one word more, before or after, about the entrance of Abul Hassan into Granada. No weeping women—the sauton not in the least running about the streets, but saying his say once, and no more—no feeding the prisoners—no "hapless females of Zahara with their children expiring in their arms"—no "mothers clasping their infants to their breasts"—no "neglecting" the festivity—no hiding in houses—no curses on "the rashness and cruelty of Aben Hassan."

But why not let an author make his book as full of striking scenes as possible? Yes, his book of novels and tales—but not of history. There misrepresentation is a crime. We do not believe a word of Abul Hassan having been, in this instance, one jot more cruel than all who make conquests, of necessity must be. The whole story of the prisoners is absurd on the face of it. In the first place, prisoners were, for the sake of sale or ransom, valuable commodities, and were kept in decent condition accordingly. And had the citizens of Granada never seen prisoners brought in before, that all their pity was reserved for the inhabitants of Zahara? It was an established traffic. We do not ask Mr. Irving to swear to the truth of Rip Van Winkle—but he has no right to attribute unreal atrocities to real people. Those who derive their information from him, will be unfairly misled;—and to those who have some idea of the reality, his paste, Fiction, will not at all do to replace the diamond, Fact; the "refined gold" of history is all the worse for his tawdry "gilding." No—History, when she really goes into her proper province of the feelings, and actions, and daily life of men, will not bear any daubing from his rouge-pot, he may rely on it.

The taking of Zahara excited the Spaniards exceedingly: it had

* M. de Marlès' book is anything but a translation of Conde's, for which it has sometimes been mistaken. It is founded on it—but numberless original authorities have been consulted. Nay, though *rédigée sur* Señor Conde's work, as the title-page very honestly says, it is not even a servile imitation of it.

been considered almost an impregnable fortress, and their regret at its loss was extreme. They made, in retaliation, a sudden attack upon Alhama, a town within fifteen leagues of Granada itself. They contrived, by availing themselves of the close nature of the country, to arrive within half a league of Alhama—where, as Conde phrases it, “they hid themselves during the day in a deep valley, surrounded by high hills and rocks, and, at night, without being heard, they hastened onward, and finding that every thing was in great stillness in the castle, they placed the ladders silently on the walls, and mounted them with much boldness and animation; they killed the sentinels, whom they found sleeping; they then opened the gates of the city, on the side of the camp, and let in their people.” All this, we conclude, is quite *en règle*, in the pleasing process of storming towns—but, really, with the exception of the tempest, we see very little difference between this and the taking of Zahara. It was certainly very impious to fight in a storm, unless Abul Hassan may be thought to have looked upon it as a direct interposition of Providence in favour of his enterprise,—at least such seems to be the opinion of Fray Agapida. But, barring the storm, both these seem to have been successful surprises of very strong places. The Moors, however, shewed much more resistance, having fought throughout the day. There is also another discrepancy, which shews that the Spanish Marquis of Cadiz was able to eclipse the “diabolical” qualities of Abul Hassan: thus says Señor Conde:—“The women and children who, as weak and defenceless, had taken refuge in the mosque, were inhumanly massacred.” If such things had been done in the church at Zahara, Fray Agapida would never have let us hear the last of it.

The loss of Alhama occasioned the greatest grief among the Moors. The original of the celebrated ballad of *Ay de mí, Alhama!* was composed on this occasion. The city was a very beautiful and favourite one; and its vicinity to Granada rendered its loss doubly distressing. Abul Hassan set off at once to recover it; but his extreme haste caused him to go unprovided with the proper munitions of war—he had not even artillery,—and he failed.

The ill success of the war caused strong murmurs to arise against Abul Hassan among the Moors—and these were always encouraged by the Sultana Zoraya, who was striving to excite risings in favour of her son Abu Abdallah. At last Abul Hassan went a second time to retake Alhama—and this time his exertions were so great, that it is probable the town would have surrendered, had it not been that the king was suddenly recalled to Granada by a conspiracy of Abdallah and his mother. He caused them both to be arrested and shut up in a tower. Meanwhile the Castilians took advantage of these circumstances to reinforce the garrison in Alhama, and to besiege the town of Loxa, one of the strongest places in Granada.

At this moment, the Sultana Zoraya contrived to effect her own and her son's escape, and the reverses of the king assisted her in exciting the people against him. He called, however, to his assistance his brother Zelim, Wali of Almeria, and with his help he possessed himself of the Alhambra, with the exception of one tower, which a partisan of his son held. There then arose a constant conflict between the two parties.

Abdallah held the Albeyin, and his father the Alhambra, and from thence their partisans every day issued to fight, and were joined by those who favoured each respectively. At last the two parties, "wearyed," as Conde expresses it, "with killing one another," agreed to a truce. As soon as this was established, Abul Hassan went to relieve Loxa, and as soon as he had left Granada, the partisans of his son seized upon the rest of the Alhambra, and he declared himself master of the whole kingdom.

Meanwhile Abul Hassan thoroughly beat the Spaniards before Loxa, and relieved the town. The rout of the Christians was complete. From thence he went a third time to Alhama, but finding it too strong for him, he took and destroyed the Spanish town of Cañete.

As he was returning triumphantly from this expedition, he learned that Granada had declared itself entirely for his son. He accordingly retired with his brother Abdallah, surnamed El Zagal, the Intrepid, to Malaga, of which he was Wali.

From thence Abul Hassan made a bold and successful foray in the duchy of Medina Sidonia—at least so says Fray Antonio; for, strange to relate, neither Conde nor Martès says a word about it; and Mariana, though he speaks generally of incursions into the Spanish territory—"entradas y cavalgadas en tierra de Christianos,"—evidently alludes to those already mentioned—as he instances the taking Cañete as the crowning exploit. Be this, however, as it may, they all mention an incursion made by the Spaniards into the Moorish territory, and we shall notice the contrast of the tone of Mr. Irving with that of the preceding writers. We shall first copy this gentleman's account, and we shall take leave to print in Italics a few of the more prominent points on which we purpose commenting:—

"Never," says Fray Antonio Agapida, "did a more gallant and self-confident little army tread the earth. It was composed of men full of health and vigour, *to whom war was a pastime and delight*. They had spared no expense in their equipments, for never was the pomp of war carried to a higher pitch than among *the proud chivalry of Spain*. Cased in armour richly inlaid and embossed, decked with rich surcoats and waving plumes, and superbly mounted on Andalusian steeds, they pranced out of Antiguera with banners flying, and waving devices and armorial bearings ostentatiously displayed; and in the confidence of their hopes, promised the inhabitants to enrich them with the spoils of Malaga.

"In the rear of this warlike pageant, followed a peaceful band, intent upon profiting by the anticipated victories. *They were not the customary wretches that hover about armies to plunder and strip the dead, but goodly and substantial traders from Seville, Cordova, and other cities of traffic*. They rode sleek mules, and were clad in goodly raiment, with long leathern purses at their girdles, well filled with pistoles and other golden coins. *They had heard of the spoils wasted by the soldiery at the capture of Alhama*, and were provided with monies to buy up the jewels and precious stones, the vessels of gold and silver, and the rich silks and cloths that should form the plunder of Malaga. *The proud cavaliers eyed these sons of traffic with great disdain, but permitted them to follow for the conveniency of the troops, who might otherwise be overburthened with booty.*"

We will just put in opposition to this the simple and amiable representation of the commencement of the same expedition by M. de

Marlès. "Le marquis de Cadix, le comte de Cifuentes, et le grand-maître de Saint Jacques, conduisaient l'expédition, qui eut d'abord le plus heureux succès, si l'on peut appeler de ce nom le triste avantage de brûler des moissons, d'arracher des oliviers et des vignes, de renverser des villages, d'enlever des bestiaux, de ruiner et de massacrer quelques hommes sans défense."

Now Señor Conde:—"In the year [of the Hegira] 888 [A.D. 1488], three divisions of troops, as well of infantry as of cavalry, entered the Azarkia of Malaga, led by the Master of Santiago, the Marquis of Cadix, and the Count of Cifuentes, valiant and bold captains. They passed along wasting and plundering the land—burning the crops ready for harvest, and razing the trees and vines. The people of Malaga saw, from their towers, the fires, and the columns of smoke which obscured the air. The king Abul Hassan could not bear this, and sought to sally forth against them; but on account of his advanced years, and of all that he had undergone, neither his brother Abdallah nor Reduan Benegas would suffer him to take the field."

There is some relief in this. Both these passages are in a tone of simple good feeling. Nay, even Mariana, who was a Spaniard of the seventeenth century, speaks of this expedition in a tone at least, if not in direct words, of reprobation. "There are, in the neighbourhood of Malaga, some mountains, called Axarquia, precipitous, rugged, and difficult of access from the rocks and thickets which abound there. In this direction, they [the Spanish forces] made their entry. They laid waste to the fields, they pillaged and outraged the people, they set fire to the farms and the villages,—they spared nothing; and this with a spirit and fierceness which led some of our cavalry, in the fervour of their youth, not to stop till they came in sight of, and even reached, the very gates of Malaga, an outbreak not rash merely, but even mad." Now what is the spirit in which Mr. Irving writes? It is stamped by the very first passage we have marked. He says, without one word of reprobation, or even comment—nay, in a tone which evidently conveys approval—that to these knights "war was a pastime and delight." Mr. Irving *must* know what War is. He has voluntarily chosen a subject which treats of nothing else. To compose his work, his mind must have been for months immersed in the unceasing contemplation of all the crimes and all the misery that war *always* involves—namely, everything that is most ferocious, mean, inhuman, despicable, and disgusting, in the nature of man. We will defy him to point out one page of his materials, which treats of the details of war, that does not convey—though it may not directly express—scenes and acts from which every heart that deserves to be called human must shrink in shuddering pity—in shame, in loathing, and dismay. These things are invariably the result of War. And this Mr. Irving smilingly calls a pastime and *delight*!

Will he dare to deny our hypothesis—that War does inevitably, and without exception, produce horrors of every kind, even extending to deeds too hideous to be put into words? Does he doubt it? If he do, we beg he will single out some officer who has seen service, and who he is certain will be frank and fair, and let him request an account of the details of any campaign. We are quite sure the narrator, at least,

will sicken as he speaks. We have seen more than one turn as white as the paper on which we are at this instant writing, at the pictures of suffering and atrocity his memory presented. If this will not satisfy Mr. Irving, we have only to beg that, should there be another war, he will seat himself and those most dear to him in the midst of it—and he will then be able to tell us from experience, whether he finds that the “pastime” is pleasant, or the “delight” heartfelt.

We hope we shall not be accused of treating Mr. Irving with too much harshness. We do not deserve it. We appeal to any reader of the commonest candour, whether the whole tone of the passage we have quoted, be not that of admiration, awe and approbation also. Here is an armament going forth for the avowed purpose of ravaging a populous and most prosperous district;—the vast circle of crime which that necessitates the reader may perhaps by this time feel—and yet Mr. Irving cannot find one word of reproof to express—not indignation or disgust—but the very slightest disapproval. Quite the reverse—all he says is “in holiday and lady terms”——(no, the quotation is misapplied—Shakspeare does not slander women by putting such feelings into their breasts)——in soft and sugary expressions of mawkish admiration of ruffians.

This brings us to another point; “the proud chivalry—of Spain” it chanced to be here, but that is beside the purpose. We wish to notice the manner in which Mr. Irving throughout uses the terms chivalry and chivalrous. Perhaps our readers may be relieved by our throwing our argument on this point into a narrative. Facts, indeed, are often of themselves the best arguments.

It is now about four years ago that, for a particular purpose, we entered upon a course of reading concerning the times when Chivalry flourished in Europe, namely from the twelfth to the latter end of the fifteenth century. Of the two latest of these centuries the historians are contemporary. Froissart, Hardyng, Juvenal des Ursins, Philippe de Comines, were there no other writers than these, they would be sufficient to give an accurate idea of the era of the zenith of Chivalry, from the beginning of the reigns of Edward III. and Philippe de Valois to those of Henry VII. and Charles VIII. It so chanced that, although we always felt there must be something very horrid in a country being the seat of war, and therefore were most thankful that England was an island, yet we had had the usual advantages of the education of English gentlemen; we had been taught to admire “our Edwards and Henries,” and to consider that the word ‘chivalrous’ meant every thing that was amiable and noble.

Verbally, of course, it means only “of, or belonging to, Chivalry,” and, as we prosecuted our studies, we found to our surprise that it was, therefore, synonymous with, first, ferocious Cruelty—next, treacherous Cruelty, and that to a degree of Meanness perfectly unspeakable; then came the meanness without the cruelty, but coupled, instead, now with Rapacity, now with a pettiness fit only to be spit upon: then there was Breach of Trust, such as only the lowest cunning and the most invulnerable impudence together could produce. Lastly, the whole was crowned by one of the chief qualities of evil—Falsehood of Spirit Day

by day, as we read more, we found that *these* were the real characteristics of Chivalry.

And let it be remembered that we have drawn this portrait merely by uniting the scattered features which facts, recorded with very different motives by Chivalry's most fanatical friends, could not but present. We use the word "fanatical" advisedly. The eyes of these writers were under the influence of the spell the Scotch call *glamoury*—namely, a magic power of intoxicating the sight. Deeds which would make any one writhe who possessed as much heart as the pith of a bamboo, are narrated—at the very least with tacit praise—by men who we are confident were themselves not otherwise than amiable. This is the very spirit of fanaticism.

We have judged solely from facts; and, over the force of early prejudice, over the splendour of every outward magnificence, over the fascination of the most picturesque and vivid description, Truth has ultimately prevailed. And Truth says that nothing but evil can arise from decking in attractive colours a class of men whose feelings were such as those we have enumerated above. In despite of every influence to the contrary, Experience (for the acquisition of the knowledge of facts is experience, no matter how gained) Experience has wrought our opinion to what we have stated it to be. And we have no more doubt than of our present existence, that every one with but the ordinary proportion of reason and of feeling with which God has gifted his creatures, would form the same opinion, could we lay before them the circumstances which have created our own.

But, we must not be misunderstood. We are not in the least accusing Mr. Irving of a deep-laid plot to further and foster all the amiable qualities which we attribute to chivalry. But we do accuse him of undue carelessness in using the old honeyed phrases of flattery with reference to what has, before now, more than once been most ably exposed, and of which, we must say on this point as well as the previous one, Mr. Irving must have acquired considerable knowledge in the course of his labours. With regard to the tone in which he treats War throughout, there is *no* excuse: and with regard to Chivalry which both sprang from and fostered War, the palliations are very unstable and slight. He *must* know the truth; why then does he disguise it in frippery and tinsel?

We now come to the other passages we have marked, which we did from seeing that they would bear us out in every thing we might say concerning the paltry and selfish meanness and rapacity by which Chivalry is distinguished. The noble and generous knights were for the most part robbers and ruffians, who cared not how much blood they might shed, or how much wretchedness they might create, provided they obtained money by these amiable acts. During the English wars in France, the devastation of the country was carried to an extent that it makes the blood run cold to read of. And all by the gallant, noble, and generous followers of Chivalry. The following picture is beautifully pathetic in itself, and has the advantage of having a great name attached to it. We speak of Petrarch, who, on his visit to France as Envoy from Galeas Visconti, Lord of Milan, to congratulate King

John on his return from captivity, speaks thus of the state of the country. It is most satisfactory to us to find that such a man, even in the year 1360, agreed with our feelings about War:—"En voyant ce royaume désolé par le fer et par la flamme, je ne pouvois me persuader que ce fût le même que j'avois vu autrefois si riche et si florissant. Je n'y reconnoissois plus rien ; il ne se présentoit à mes regards qu'une solitude affreuse, une misère extrême, une désolation générale, des terres en friche, des champs dévastés, des maisons en ruines. Il n'y avoit des maisons sur pied que celles qui étoient défendues par quelques fortifications, ou renfermées dans l'enceinte des villes. Ema par ces tristes effets de la rage des hommes qui se font la guerre, je ne pus retenir mes larmes."* It is a subject of the most touching gratification to reflect that genius like Petrarch's was coupled with feeling such as this—and when we think upon what the age was in which he wrote, it is nothing short of wonderful that he should have felt thus. Is it not also, at the least, curious that an author, of our own day should write in a spirit calculated to revive the (thank God!) decaying admiration of deeds of the precise nature of those which produced the results so mournfully described by Petrarch?

It must not be thought that we are leaving our Spanish subject on one side, by thus detailing the miseries of France at a date of more than a century earlier. Quite the reverse. We wish our readers to hear from an eye-witness what the consequences are of the delightful pastime so sweetly smiled upon by Mr. Irving. And the circumstances of the two periods are similar to a very remarkable degree. In neither case were these effects produced directly—though certainly they were originally caused by—international warfare. After the battle of Poitiers, there was no general carrying on of the war for upwards of three years and a half, when Edward III. made his advance towards Paris just before the peace of Bretigny. And at this particular time in Spain, all the historians agree that there was a lull in the public war, from Ferdinand and Isabella being obliged to devote their attention to other matters. In France, during the years I have mentioned, the Companions lived in it, in a fashion of the result of which the reader has just seen a description. These men were organised and officered by the most celebrated knights of the age. To prove we do not exaggerate, we will just state that Du Guesclin led a large body to Avignon to rob the Pope of his benediction and a large sum of money, when they were on their way to Spain, solely, as they vowed, for the honour of the Holy Church, to dethrone Don Pedro for having leagued himself with Mahound. We merely cite this to shew that the highest knights mixed with them, and so did those less exalted, in large numbers. Their life was passed in outrage, rapine, and, where necessary, murder. And this, for years.

The expedition so magnificently announced by Mr. Irving was exactly one of the *raids* of the Companions, the lordly names at their head to the contrary notwithstanding. To shew that we do not exaggerate, we shall translate Mariana's words ; and let it never be forgotten that he was a priest and a Jesuit of the middle of the seventeenth century, and that he dedicates his history to the archbishop of

Toledo, Primate of the Spains, and a high minister of state. We scarcely think he can be considered a suspicious witness. After describing the circumstances which caused the expedition to be determined upon, he proceeds thus :—" These Captains agreed that they should divide their troops into three bodies, to make an entry into the plains of Malaga, a country very rich in its manufactures and trade in silk. They chose it for this reason, *that the plunder and booty would be great; interest spurred them on—the more so as the soldiery were willing to take plunder for pay, and the desire of gain for their leader.* The issue was conformable to the intentions which brought them, and the end was sad indeed."

There is one distinction Mr. Irving draws that is little short of amusing. He talks of those who want to " profit by the anticipated victories,"—as he daintily phrases the devastation of a whole province,—as being, " not the customary wretches that hover about armies to plunder and strip the dead, but goodly and substantial traders from Seville, Cordova, and other cities of traffic."—And what does this prove? Simply that the expedition was, from the first, not that of an army—for then these civilians would have been egregiously in the way—but of a troop of robbers, the organization of which was so complete that they carried with them the means of disposing of their plunder. The Fray Agapida does, it is true, say a very few words in blame of the avarice displayed in this expedition, but the chief fault he finds is that merchants were taken instead of monks. His general opinion of such designs will be seen a page or two farther on. El Zagal would not suffer the king, his brother, to take the field himself; he and a distinguished chief named Reduan Benegas, set off at the head of the garrison of Malaga, to assist the mountaineers who were already severely harassing the Spanish troops among their fastnesses. The whole of this conflict is most picturesquely given by Mariana: it was peculiar in many remarkable instances, and we shall translate his account of it, ending with a very generous anecdote of a Moor, from Conde. His narrative does not enter into so many details concerning the Spanish force as Mariana's—but we prefer them both to the Fray Agapida's. They have a tone of freshness and reality about them which his lacks.

" The irritated citizens of Malaga," says Mariana, " joined those who dwelled in the mountains, a people hardly from the ruggedness of their territory, and rendered furious by the injuries they had just received. They called every one to arms—they spread themselves throughout the country, and encircled the invaders on every side. The leaders of the Spaniards wished to return, if they could find an outlet. Two roads offered themselves, by which they might turn backwards: the larger and more even was by the borders of the sea—but it also passed near the castle of Malaga, which was seated on an estuary, where the sea was high and dangerous. The other, by which they might go, was shorter, but rugged, on account of the thickets, and of the mountains which ran one into the other. In especial, there were there two mountains, which approached to each other in such a

manner, that they, as may be said, intertwined,—and which had between them a very deep and hollow valley, with a stream which passed along the middle, and thus divided them. Our troops * descended into this valley, full of fear, and embarrassed by the booty they had taken—when, on the one side, they saw themselves attacked by the Moors, who were close at their shoulders, while, on the other, they heard the loud war-cries of a body of men who kept the pass blocked, and thus caused them great terror. Moreover, from the weariness arising from two days' marching, and from the want of food, they could not pass forward, and there were no means of turning back. The Moors attacked us, and killed many of our people with arrows, and the bolts of cross-bows, which they used like men well skilled in archery, and accustomed to shoot at the target†. When the night came on, the fear was the greater from the darkness, and all the troops were the more panic-stricken from the continual shouts and howlings of the enemy. Then the Master [of Santiago] spoke thus:—‘How long,’ he said, ‘shall we suffer ourselves to be slaughtered like dumb beasts? With the sword, and with courage, we can open ourselves a road. Let us seek, at least, to sell our lives dearly, and not to die unrevenged.’

“These words being said, they began to climb the mountain, and with difficulty they reached its summit. And there the conflict was still more fierce, and the slaughter, especially of our men, was extreme. Among others, there were slain persons much distinguished for their lineage and deeds of arms. There were some guides, who came from Cadiz, who led the troops by some extraordinary paths, and placed them in safety on the other side. The division of the Count of Cifuentes, which was in the rear, received more damage. Himself and his brother Pedro de Silva were taken and carried to Granada. It appears that they were in a state of stupor, and that their limbs were numbed, without their being able to move them. Out of two thousand seven hundred cavalry, whom they led, eight hundred were dead, and among them three brothers of the Marquis of Cadiz, that is to say, Diego, Lopez, and Beltram,—besides others of his relations. The number of the prisoners were almost double; among them were four hundred of the most noble persons in Spain. Some few, with the Master of Santiago, saved themselves through the wastes and thick woods, and with much toil at last reached Antequerra. Others, each as he was guided by hope or fear, arrived in different parts. This signal disaster happened on the 21st of March (1483), the day of St. Benedict, which thenceforward, from being gay and lively‡, became sad and out of favour throughout Spain. The fault was equal to the loss. The leader of the Moors, called Abohardil§, the brother

* The original is *los nuestros*—Mariana writing as a Spaniard: there is no such idiom in English.

† *Tirar al blanco*. Blanco signifies either the target altogether, or the white circle in the centre, commonly called in English the bull's-eye—the original, therefore, may mean men accustomed to strike the very centre of the mark.

‡ This, in the original, is expressed by the one word, *alegre*. We have none, in English, to render the meaning, so charming both in Spanish and Italian.

§ Abdallah El Zagal.

of the kind Albohazen*, and Governor of Malaga, gained high praise from the success of this enterprise, and the reputation of being both valiant and wise, both among those of his own nation, and also among the Christians."

The anecdote we wish to add from Conde is very brief, but it speaks for itself.—"The gallant Reduan saved from death the Count of Cifuentes, who was struggling in the midst of six horsemen. Reduan entered into the scuffle, and exclaimed,—'This does not become good knights'—and they left him free—and, at the first course, Reduan overthrew him, and took him prisoner."

Truly the Moors seem to have had a rather more accurate idea of the duties of knighthood than was generally displayed by their opponents. This was an act in the spirit usually, but most erroneously, called chivalrous. If it were so really, we should be the last to say one word against Chivalry; but it is so, to speak in anything approaching to a general sense, only in Romance and Fiction. History and Truth tell a different tale.

Nor is this foray the only one thus praised. The following is the summary judgment of the author—for it is vain for him to seek shelter under the paltry disguise of the monk—of the course of depredation carried on by the Spaniards from Alhama:—

"The fortress of Alhama," continues Fray Antonio Agapida, "overlooked, from its lofty site, a great part of the fertile vega, watered by the Cazin and the Zenil. From this he made frequent sallies, sweeping away the flocks and herds from the pasture, the labourer from the field, and the convoy from the road; so that it was said by the Moors, that a beetle could not crawl across the vega, without being seen by Count Tendilla. The peasantry, therefore, were fain to betake themselves to watch-towers and fortified hamlets, where they shut up their cattle, garnered their corn, and sheltered their wives and children. Even there they were not safe; the count would storm these rustic fortresses with fire and sword; make captives of their inhabitants; carry off the corn, the oil, the silks, and cattle; and leave the ruins blazing and smoking, within the very sight of Granada."

"It was a *pleasing and refreshing sight*," continues the good father, "to behold the pious knight and his followers returning from one of these *crusades*, leaving the rich land of the infidel in smoking desolation behind them. To behold the long line of mules and asses, laden with the plunder of the Gentiles, the hosts of captive Moors, men, women, and children; droves of sturdy beeves, lowing kine, and bleating sheep; all winding up the steep acclivity to the gales of Alhama, pricked on by the Catholic soldiery."

And such, then, are the enterprises, the spirit of which the "Christian reader" is to share, because Mr. Irving chuses to denominate them "crusades." We have said that we consider this work to be written in a most blameworthy "spirit of carelessness of human suffering." We think this one extract *proves* the truth of our assertion.

The strong excitation this success occasioned at Granada shook the power of Abdallah. The whole people were loud in praise of El Zagal, whose fame was even reflected upon Abul-Hassan—for it was at his instigation that he had acted. They declared that no one but he could carry on the war with success—and that Abdallah was far inferior even to his father, who, weighed down as he was by years and

* Abul Hassan.

misfortune, at least was willing to face the perils of war, while the younger king shrank from them amid the luxuries of the Alhambra.

Abdallah, however, now felt that it was necessary to do something, —and his father-in-law Ali Atar, an old but most fiery warrior, and his mother, who seems to have been one of the fiercest and most savage women that ever existed*, urged him to make an inroad into the Christian country. Lucena was chosen, as Ali Atar had been in the habit of foraging in that neighbourhood. A very large force was assembled, and fitted out with extraordinary magnificence. But the failure was total. Although the Moors were infinitely* more numerous, they were routed at once. Ali Atar was killed, and Abdallah taken prisoner. The intelligence, as it reached Granada, conveyed that he also was killed. Nothing can shew more strongly the party-tone in which Fray Antonio Agapida's Chronicle is composed, than the grand spirit which he has thrown into the surrender of King Abdallah—who is represented, by all trust-worthy historians, as a very mean-spirited fellow, and who narrate his capture in a very different manner. Our readers shall judge for themselves—

"The king now dismounted from his white charger, whose colour and rich caparison made him too conspicuous, and endeavoured to conceal himself among the thickets which fringed the river. A soldier of Lucena, named Martin Hurtado, discovered him, and attacked him with a pike. The king defended himself with a cimeter and target, until another soldier assailed him, and he saw a third approaching. Perceiving that further resistance would be vain, he drew back, and called upon them to desist, offering them a noble ransom. One of the soldiers rushed forward to seize him; but the king struck him to the earth with a blow of his cimeter.

"Don Diego Fernandez de Cordova coming up at this moment, the men said to him, 'Señor, here is a Moor that we have taken, who seems to be a man of rank, and offers a large ransom.'—'Slaves!' exclaimed King Boabdil, 'you have not taken me. I surrender to this cavalier.'"

Now let us compare this spirited exploit with the following narrative of "other historians." The following is from Conde.—"With the death of this brave Alcaide [Al Atar], and of eighty other knights who were defending the king, fighting like lions, he was left alone, and surrounded by enemies; and he sought to escape from the battle. But his horse was so wearied, that he knew he could not carry him into safety. Then, at the passage of the river, he let himself fall from his horse, and he hid himself among the tallows and bushes which bordered it. He was followed by about three Christians, and seeing himself attacked by them, and being afraid of losing his life, the unfortunate [el infeliz] declared himself to be the king, and they took him, and led him to their chiefs, who knew him well."

Mariana and Marlès both speak similarly, except that the former calls the men foot-soldiers. "These foot-soldiers overtook him, and he

* Mr. Irving has taken up the strangest notions with regard to this most masculine person. He constantly praises her for the constant system of exciting her son against her husband, which arose from jealousy of the latter, and was displayed in acts the most unfeminine and blood-thirsty. All writers agree in reproaching this woman as odiously ferocious, while they make no mention at all of any designs of the Christian captive to place her sons in the place of Abdallah, which Mr. Irving, in the same breath in which he overlooks, nay praises, Zoraya's crimes, imputes to her.

himself, that they might not kill him, gave information of who he was, and the Alcaide, who followed the hermit, ordered them to take him to Lucena." De Marlès has almost the same words:—"Trois cavaliers chrétiens qui l'avaient suivi de près le découvrirent, et le misérable prince, craignant qu'ils ne lui ôtassent la vie, se nomma leur prisonnier; les cavaliers le conduisirent à leurs généraux." In a word, they all represent him as hiding in the rushes by the river side, calling out his name for safety, and surrendering, without resistance, to the common soldiers who first came up. Thus is the correct representation of historical character sacrificed for effect. As regards Abdallah, this is peculiarly wrong;—for nearly all his misfortunes, and those of his followers, arose from his want of firmness and determination. Like Miss Edgeworth's 'Murad,' he was surnamed El Zogoybi, the Unlucky—and the moral of that excellent story might be applied to him,—namely, that that usually called want of luck is much more often want of prudence, firmness, and forethought.

The destruction of Abdallah's troops, and his own captivity, greatly weakened his party in Granada, and revived that of the old king. "The news," says Conde, "of this most unfortunate event flew to Granada: all the city was full of affliction and grief, the flower of the knighthood had perished;—in one house they called for the father, in another for the brother; in this for the sons, in that for the lover or the husband." This representation, at once feeling and unaffected, Mr. Irving has swelled out into a scene of three pages, in which Abdallah's wife, Morayma, is made to soliloquize exactly after the manner of the heroine of a melo-drame. In continued consonance with the character of that species of entertainment, "the royal minstrels were summoned to assuage the sorrows of the queen: they attuned their instruments to cheerful strains; but in a little while the anguish of their hearts prevailed, and turned their songs to lamentations." This is really very much like the language of the play-bills at Astley's.

The song of the musicians is then given, which certainly must have been exceedingly consolatory to a lady who had just received the intelligence of the death of her father and her husband. It is to be hoped, however, that, as she considered that a fitting occasion to send for a band and a chorus, she might be benefited by their services.

And this sentiment of the Minerva Press Mr. Irving most complacently sets before us as history!

Conde then turns to Abul Hassan.—"Whether," he begins sily, "the King Abul Hassan rejoiced at this disaster which had befallen his rebellious son, I think no one will ask me."—Accordingly, with the full approbation of his brother, El Atar, he came from Malaga to Granada, and took quiet possession of the Alhambra, without the partisans of his son offering him the least resistance.

Meanwhile Abdallah had been taken to Seville, and was negotiating with Ferdinand and Isabella for his release. Zoraya sent great sums from the treasures she had accumulated, to assist her son in his endeavours. She had established herself, on Abul Hassan's arrival in the Albaycen—a quarter of the city, which had always adhered to her party, and where her husband thought it as well to leave her undis-

turbed, as he as yet did not know how much he might trust to his newly-recovered popularity.

Meanwhile, Abul Hassan sent an embassy to the King and Queen of Spain, offering the Count of Cifuentes and nine of the principal Spanish prisoners in exchange for the person of his rebellious son—but his message was conched haughtily, and moreover Ferdinand felt the advantage of keeping up civil dissensions in Granada, and he refused Abul Hassan's request altogether.

Abdallah, however, succeeded in effecting his liberation,—but it was upon terms which rendered him despicable in the eyes of the Moorish nation. He offered, for his ransom, to render perpetual submission and vassalage to the King of Castile; and, in recognition of his sovereignty, to pay to him every year two thousand doubloons of gold, besides a great quantity of presents, and to send him three hundred Christian prisoners, of those who were in Granada, whom the King of Castile was to choose: that he should do the service of the King of Castile as he might order, and when he pleased, as well in peace as in war; and, as hostage and security, to give his only son and heir. On the other hand, the King of Castile was to aid him in recovering the towns which formerly were under his rule, and which since joined the party of his father.

These stipulations were discussed in the Spanish council; and Conde justly says, that it “agreed to the offered conditions of giving him liberty, and aiding him to recover his kingdom, that they might the better be able to foment those horrible civil wars which saturated with blood the plains and grateful fields of Granada*.”

And truly Abdallah's return to Granada occasioned immediate bloodshed. He arrived, escorted by a considerable body of Spaniards, and was surreptitiously introduced into the Albaycen, where his mother still held out for him. In the morning it was spread throughout the city, and large sums from the treasures of the sultana accompanied the news. By these means, and by gifts and promises to the people in office in the city, great numbers were gained over.

Abul Hassan, on the other hand, on consulting with his council, determined to bring the matter to issue at once. He had the advantage on his side of the strong excitation created against his son by his shameful defeat, and the degrading terms of his treaty of release. The being subject to the sovereignty of the Spaniards had ever been a galling heart-sore to the Moors—and it had never before gone further than a yearly tribute—and Abul Hassan himself had refused to continue it at the commencement of his reign. He answered to the ambassador who came to claim it on his accession—“Go, and tell your sovereigns that those kings of Granada are dead who paid tribute to the Christians, and that in Granada nothing now is coined but swords and spear-heads against our enemies.” But now, his son had made himself the slave, rather than the vassal, of the Spaniards, and

* The exact meaning of some words it is next to impossible to render. Among these is *Ameno*—*amenos campos*—which we have translated *grateful*. We were curious to see what the dictionary would say. We found *pleasant*, which constant use has weakened so as to cause it to express too little—and *delicious*, which expresses too much.

this excited a violent spirit against him in Granada. The parties may be thus considered as pretty nearly equally balanced.

The awful conflict that followed we can scarcely give more briefly, certainly not better, than in the words of Señor Conde. "That sad and horrible day dawned, and the whole city shook with the drums and the trumpets. The inhabitants did not dare to open their doors, for through the streets there ran in crowds armed people, some proclaiming King Abdallah, others King Abul Hassan, and in the open places they divided themselves to dispute the bloody quarrel. Those of Abul Hassan's party first attacked the rebels, who were the more in number, but consisted of the lower order of the people, gathered pell-mell and without order, who fled at the shock towards the fortified streets and barriers. There the resistance was the greatest, and the strife the most death-bearing and bloody. The slaughter lasted the whole day with an envenomed rage, till at last the night gave a respite to so many horrors."

And this is Mr. Irving's pastime and delight! That gentleman seems misled, we suppose, by the Monkish Chronicler, whom he has trusted so implicitly as to have missed no occasion of siding with Abdallah and his tigress-mother against Abul Hassan. He constantly calls the latter cruel, blood-thirsty, diabolical, and sacrificing everything to his ambition and love of rule. • We have already seen Mariana call him, "the kind Albohazen." And the following representation which we shall continue to give from Conde's animated narrative, tells, we think, of other things than those in Mr. Irving's list.

"Both sides passed the night in preparing themselves to renew the conflict, and as the King Abul Hassan consulted with his Alimes and the Shieks and the principal nobles, he bewailed the death of so many good cavaliers, the defence and hope of the kingdom, and manifested so much feeling at these misfortunes, that an Aline, called Macer,* offered himself to propose to the two parties a reconciliation, to which Abul Hassan himself agreed that night, being especially urged to it by his son the Prince Cidi Alnayar, [half-brother of Abdallah] who said to him that it was far better that he should leave the agitations and the turmoils of the dangerous rule,—that the throne of Granada was floating upon a tempestuous and tossing sea—that now his advanced years needed tranquillity and repose, that he should place these cares upon stronger men, while he himself retired to live a quiet and easy life wherever he preferred; where nothing should disturb peace in the asylum he might choose in which to pass his remaining days.

"With the day came the hoarse sound of the trumpets and the drums, announcing to the unhappy dwellers in Granada the beginning of those horrible civil conflicts which tore them to pieces. The desire of vengeance which burned within their souls, stimulated the brave cavaliers to present themselves for the defence of their respective factions. Just then the Aline Macer, a man of great authority in the popular meetings, addressed them, in a loud voice thus:—'What fury is this of yours, O Citizens! Since when have ye been thus discordant and frantic, that, for the passions and cupidity of others, ye forget

* The same alluded to as prophesying the downfall of Granada.

yourselves, your children, your wives, your country? What deep folly and ignorance are yours! How can ye thus seek to serve ~~as~~ victims to the unjust ambition of a bad son on the one part—while both of them are even without valour*, without energy and firmness, without good fortune, without royal qualities. Both of them pretend to, and dispute, the government which neither of them deserves, nor is able nor knows how to defend. Have you not shame thus to slay each other for such as these? Thus it is, O Citizens! if shame do not move you, be moved by the peril in which you stand. If so much illustrious blood has flowed like water against our enemies, and in defence of our dear country, let our vengeful hands reach the Guadalquivir and the Tagus, the boundary. What do you expect from the name of Abu Abdallah, or the vain shadow of Abul Hassan, kings without power to protect or favour you? There is no want in the kingdom of some hero, some valiant and vigorous man, the descendant of our illustrious and glorious kings, whose prudence and noble heart can govern us, and lead us to victory against our enemies. Now listen, as I name the Prince El Zagal, Wali of Malaga, and the terror of the Christian frontiers!"

No sooner was this name uttered, than the whole party of Abul Hassan raised the voice and cried out—"Long live the Prince El Zagal!—live the Wali of Malaga!—and let him be our leader and our lord!"—The party of Abdallah soon joined in the cry—and they sent off immediately to Malaga to inform El Zagal of what had happened. He set off at once, and meeting a party of the knights of Calatrava foraging as he came, he overcame them, and entered Granada in triumph. He went straight to the Alhambra, and he and his brother the King Abul Hassan embraced. He shewed great pleasure at the good fortune of his brother—and set off immediately for Illora, taking with his treasures, his harem, and his two sons Cidi Yahye and Cidi Alnayar. "Thus," says Señor Conde, "terminated, by his own will, the reign of Abul Hassan, in the year of the Hegira eight hundred and eighty-nine, and of the Christian era 1484."

From this time forward the historical discrepancies between Mr. Irving and Señor Conde are most numerous and important. The latter has distinctly made, as we have just seen, Abdallah's return from Granada the cause and the date of El Zagal's accession. The account Mr. Irving gives is as follows:—

It was impossible that such violent convulsions should last long in the heart of a city. The people soon longed for repose, and a return to their peaceful occupations; and the cavaliers detested these conflicts with the multitude, in which there were all the horrors of war, without its laurels. By the interference of the alfaquis, an armistice was at length effected. Boabdil was persuaded that there was no dependence upon the inconstant favour of the multitude, and was prevailed upon to quit a capital, where he could only maintain a precarious seat upon his throne, by a perpetual and bloody struggle. He fixed his court at the city of Almeria, which was entirely devoted to him; and which at that time vied with Granada in splendour and importance. This compromise of grandeur for tranquillity, however, was

* This was not true of the father, however calculated to serve the purposes of rhetoric.

sorely against the counsels of his proud-spirited mother, the sultana Ayxa. Granada appeared in her eyes the only legitimate seat of dominion; and she observed, with a smile of disdain, that he was not worthy of being called a monarch, who was not master of his capital.*

We have taken great pains to follow, comparing the one with the other, Señor Conde's and Mr. Irving's statements. It was originally our intention to have set the result before our readers. But our task has been so irksome and wearisome, from the desultory and inconsecutive manner in which Mr. Irving's narrative is composed, that we really dread, that our condensed statement of his confusion of dates, transposition of some facts, and total alteration of others, would smack of the painful labour with which it was got up. That labour shall not, however, be wholly thrown away—for we will give just a *précis*, taken from the clear, manly, and straight-forward history of Conde, which may serve to make more intelligible one or two scenes with which we shall present our readers, in concluding our task of conducting them through so much devastation and bloodshed.

To shew, however, that we have not been unjust in the accusations we have made against Fray Agapida's authority, we shall begin by one instance of his extraordinary talent in swelling a dwarf into a giant, and then bedecking him with tawdry ornaments. That worthy monk insisting upon keeping Abul Hassan on the throne for two or three years, after he was in retirement, attributes the following little feat to El Zagal, we suppose *en attendant* the throne:—

In the month of February, 1485, El Zagal suddenly appeared before Almería, at the head of a troop of horse. The Alfaquis were prepared for his arrival, and the gates were thrown open to him. He entered with his band and galloped to the citadel. The Alcayde would have made resistance; but the garrison put him to death, and received El Zagal with exclamations. El Zagal rushed through the apartments of the alcazar, but he sought in vain for Boabdil. He found the sultana Ayxa la Horra in one of the saloons with Ben Ahagete, a younger brother of the monarch, a valiant Abencerrage, and several attendants who rallied round them to protect them. 'Where is the traitor Boabdil?' exclaimed El Zagal. 'I know no traitor more perfidious than thyself,' exclaimed the intrepid sultana,—'and I trust my son is in safety, to take vengeance on thy treason.' The rage of El Zagal was without bounds when he learned that his intended victim had escaped. In his fury he slew the prince, Ben Ahagete; and his followers fell upon him and massacred the Abencerrage, and attendants. As to the proud sultana, she was borne away prisoner, and loaded with revilings as having upheld her son in rebellion, and fomented a civil war.

The unfortunate Boabdil had been apprized of his danger by a faithful soldier, just in time to make his escape. Throwing himself on one of the fleetest horses of his stables, and followed by a handful of adherents, he had galloped, in the confusion, out of the gates of Almería. Several of the cavalry of El Zagal, who were stationed within the walls, perceived his flight, and attempted to pursue him. Their horses were jaded with travel, and he soon left them far behind. But whether was he to fly? Every fortress and castle in the kingdom was closed against him. He knew not whom among the Moors to trust; for they had been taught to detest him, as a traitor

* The date of Abdallah's return Mr. Irving places several months earlier than Conde, or Marlès. The dates are more frequently given in the last-named work, than in either of the other two.

and an apostate. He had no alternative but to seek refuge among the Christians, his hereditary enemies. With a heavy heart, he turned his horse's head towards Cordova.

It was the date of this extraordinary scene that first attracted our notice, and we have looked into the point minutely. And we think our readers will be surprised when we tell them that the whole of the scene with the sultana, the Billingsgate abuse on both sides—El Zagal Abdallah being there at all—of his danger and flying—all, all, are pure fiction, if we may in any degree trust Señor Conde. The only passage which can by any possibility be thought to be in the remotest degree similar, is the following, which it will be seen impliedly negatives the presence of Abdallah and El Zagal in Almeria at all. "From that day (that of the relief of Loxa by El Zagal) the King Abdallah endeavoured to drive his uncle the King El Zagal out of Granada, and between the two parties there were many conflicts in the open places and the streets of the town, to the great scandal of all honourable and good Moors. In Almeria, by the activity of Prince Selim, and in Guadix by his son Yahye, some citizens arose against the King Abdallah, and, taking up the saying of the King Zagal, called him a renegade and a bad Moslem." This applies to two different places, and, certainly, does not in any degree bear out Mr. Irving.

M. de Marlès is wholly silent as to any such occurrences. In Mariana, however, we find the skeleton which Mr. Irving has plumped out into so fair a form:—"At the same time, the citizens of Almeria took up arms against their King Abdallah, who was abhorrent to that people as a renegade, and they said that from his cowardice all the past evils had arisen. They attacked the palace and killed the brother of Abdallah, and seized upon his mother, who was the principal cause and fomenter of that discord, so prejudicial, which had arisen between father and son. This Moorish king was absent from that city at the time, and, as soon as he was informed of the disaster, he lost all hope of prevailing, and with a few in his company went to Cordova." This is the nearest thing to Mr. Irving's theatrical scene; and even this says nothing of the continuation of the reign of Abul Hassan, and absolutely negatives, in everything short of direct terms, El Zagal having anything to do with the matter at all.

It is possible that Mr. Irving may produce some Spanish chronicler in which there may be a little more foundation for his picture; but we doubt strongly there being any authority beyond the MSS. of Agapida. And even if there be, it is well known that those writers are proverbial for romancing upon Moorish subjects, to say nothing of their being so much more within the cognizance of the Arabic historians. And as regards them, Señor Conde is allowed to be the best authority extant, and we have seen what he says already.

We shall now give the brief condensation from that writer of which we spoke before we came to Almeria, and then we shall go at once to the scenes which concluded this awful series of human crime and misery. We take up the thread at the accession of El Zagal as previously given.

Abdallah would not agree to the arrangement which placed his uncle on the throne. They continued both reigning in a manner the most

extraordinary; sometimes one being the stronger, sometimes the other, —and each afraid to leave Granada to oppose the common enemy, lest his rival should take advantage of his absence. There were constant tumults between the parties, attended with much bloodshed. Abdallah always remained in constant communication with the Christians, which occasioned him the very greatest unpopularity among all the more intelligent people. He sometimes fought against them out of very shame, but then again flattered and cringed for their support. He even went so far as to congratulate Ferdinand on the capture of Malaga. It seems to us that he was one of the most fickle, feeble, and mean-minded princes that ever disgraced a throne.

El Zagal, on the other hand, was a man of energy and intelligence, besides being a most skilful captain. We doubt, indeed, whether, if he had reigned singly and fully, he might not have saved the Moorish empire even at the late period when he came to his divided throne. In the end, however, he succumbed. He made several very successful excursions against the Spaniards; at length he failed in one of them, and the gates of Granada were shut in his teeth on his return. He retired to Guadix, from whence he directed two of the most ably-conducted defences that took place throughout the war,—those, namely, of Malaga and Baza. We will just cite an example of contrast between the uncle and nephew. The force of Ferdinand was fast diminishing the number of towns remaining in El Zagal's possession, who, at the least was, as his nephew well knew, true to the core in the national cause. And does this reptile, at that extremity, feel one throb of sympathy at the awfully impending fate of his glorious nation? No; he enters into a treaty with Ferdinand, stipulating, that as soon as the Castilian king should become master of the towns which El Zagal still held, he, Abdallah, would receive a Spanish garrison into Granada, in consideration of ample possessions which he should hold as feudatory and vassal of the King of Castile! This needs no comment.

After El Zagal, thus abandoned, had lost his last town, he felt the hopelessness of further resistance. He then himself treated with Ferdinand, and was given a considerable extent of territory on very handsome terms. But this man had a man's heart;—he could not long endure a state of vassalage, and he passed over into Africa, where he continued till his death.

Abdallah remained sole sultan for the year or two which elapsed before the final downfall of Granada.

Such is the *précis* we have drawn up from Señor Conde: we shall now endeavour to give a closer idea than we have hitherto done of the mode of conducting the war towards its close, and then we shall be glad to lay down our pen, lest, after all this talk of every variety of killing, it should run blood instead of ink.

We will now present to our readers a picture of the siege of the very town which was beleaguered by Ferdinand at the time the treaty of which we have just spoken was made—and they will not only see how these Moors fought bravely when many would have sunk in despair—this is not rare—but they will behold the noble endurance of, not men only, but women and children also, under privations and sufferings, from the mere record of which Nature shrinks—lest their weakness

might be conducive to the awful annihilation of their nation and its name. This is rare.

The name of this town was Baza; and the garrison was commanded by the prince Cidi Yahye*, the nephew of El Zagal, who remained at Guadix. In the courage and skill of this prince he had every confidence, and justly. Ten thousand of the bravest troops left unslain formed the garrison of Baza. The town was situated on the decline of a hill—at the foot ran a river, and, on the other side, it was protected by declivities and slopes; and it was so abundantly supplied with provisions and soldiers, that the minds of the inhabitants were filled with confidence.

As soon as the Christians came up, the Prince Yahye sallied against them with picked men, and attacked them with the greatest courage. The battle was brave and bloody, and the Christians were broken and routed, and driven back to their camp with great slaughter. And not a day passed that the Moors did not sally forth and engage in skirmishes, of great heat and bloodshed, with the Spaniards. They took their revenge by laying waste to the corn-fields, and destroying all the vineyards and gardens. "These," says Señor Conde, "are but the ordinary ravages of war, but the owners and the cultivators could not behold them without grief and tears."

The Christians, seeing the extreme resistance of the besieged, and the great damages they suffered in their constant sallies, encircled their camp, and also the approaches and entrances to the town, by a deep ditch and strong palisades. And, here and there, they built some towers, and thus gave a check to those fierce sallies which had caused so much injury throughout the siege.

This not only almost prevented the Moors from reaching them—but far worse, it cut off all supplies from the town. It was now that that noble and beautiful fortitude, of which we have spoken, began to be displayed. The inhabitants, for a period of six months, endured all the horrors which must ever accompany a protracted siege. Lack of food, broken rest, the dread of expulsion from a loved home—and the sufferings of age, and the death—aye of those dearest—all this did the inhabitants of Baza undergo, for six months, and that without complaint. Their complaints were reserved for an occasion equally singular and touching. What do our readers think this was? the surrender!

The prince felt, after a time, that unless he had succour from without, he must yield: he wrote to El Zagal, stating how he was placed. The trust of this latter in his nephew was such, that though he felt that Baza was the last hope, yet he knew also that he could give no aid, and he sent back to bid him do that which seemed to him the best.

The surrender was announced in the town—and then both soldiers and citizens joined in grief amounting to despair. The women ran to the mosques—and prayed, and wept in bitterness. Their relief from their own sufferings they totally forgot, in the disgrace and ruin of their city. The very agonies under which they had been shrinking for months they now only desired should continue. This is a rare and noble picture.

* He was son of Abul Hassan, by the second sultana. That king had died in retirement a year or two before.

It will be gratifying to our readers to learn that this admirable people received mild terms of capitulation. They retained their liberty, their property, and the free exercise of their religion.

We shall not enter into the details of the siege of Granada itself. It is chiefly remarkable only for the importance of its effects—the primary result was certain from the first. The surrender took place on the 2nd of January, 1492; and the Empire of the Moors in Spain ceased for ever.

The sultan and his mother, it is said, paused, as they quitted the city on the way to the retreat they had chosen in Africa, as the last from which they could behold Granada. The deposed king casts his eyes upon the city, and wept. “Yes! weep”—said the sultana—“weep like a woman for the loss of that kingdom which thou couldst not defend like a man!”—Such was the consolation which this fierce and unwomanly mother gave to her mean and effeminate son!

We must now recur to Mr. Irving. We are quite aware that it may be said that we have judged him too seriously and too deeply—that he merely meant to make an entertaining and attractive book, not a philosophical treatise, which, it may be sneeringly intimated, our doctrines would lead to. They would do no such thing:—they would produce a picture of the social state of a great nation, in all its varied details of statistics, of science, of literature, of art, and of daily life. Above all, they would inculcate the spirit of Peace and Fellowship. Mr. Irving, also, we hope, would feel ashamed of a defence which were to attribute to carelessness,—or, which is worse, to not caring,—the tone he has adopted in treating of the great subjects his present work includes. Mr. Irving is not a young man. He has seen enough of his fellow-creatures, and studied their nature sufficiently, not to hold matters lightly, such as those his new production embraces. These must be his real opinions; and, while we lament them, we cannot, in honesty, but condemn them also.

We feel pain to say, that we consider the tenor of what Mr. Irving has now written to be calculated to produce a love of War;—to palliate—nay to defend, if not to extenuate,—the endless and awful calamities caused by the crimes which War invariably and necessarily creates;—to hold lightly the happiness of the mass of human beings in comparison with the indulgence of the passions of the few;—to—but this last charge cannot but include nearly all we had to make. There is, however, one more. He has written to represent the coldest, the most cruel, the most bloody sentiments of Superstition, as the feelings of the purest, the noblest, *the most humane* of all religions.

Judging thus, we think we are passing a sentence almost unduly lenient, when we say that we regard this work to be written in a spirit narrow and evil.

TAM O'SHANTER—BURNS.

WE have been to see the statues of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny, by Mr. Thom, and most extraordinary productions they are. The artist is, it is said, perfectly untaught, and yet he has produced two figures, we do not scruple to say it, more life-like than any we have ever seen in stone. The two great faults of sculpture are, we have always thought, the absence of colour, and the nullity of eye. That the latter fault is the more apparent is clear, from the much more natural effect a fine engraving of a human figure has, than one cut in stone. This may seem very heterodox to those who judge by authority and not by their own perception; but we rank in the latter class.

These statues are in a brownish stone, which prevents the startling effect of white marble upon the eye—the dress is given with the utmost accuracy and vraisemblance, and, especially in Tam O'Shanter, the eye is brought out in a manner which we did not think sculpture could produce. In the finer of the statues we see in Italy, the expression is nearly always totally thrown into the muscles of the countenance, and this also is done here. But the eyes are not like those of a boiled fish, which some of the very finest specimens of the art present. The attitudes are admirable. The life-like posture of all the limbs is perfect.

As to the expression, that is perfect also—but, we confess, it is one which we do not love to contemplate. It is that of an advanced stage of drunkenness—especially that of Tam O'Shanter—the Souter is less forward, but still is strongly touched. Now drunkenness being a vice the most utterly unredeemed from mere physical baseness, the only doubt is, when we see a person in a state so degrading, whether the prevailing feeling be disgust or scorn.

Our admiration, indeed, of the genius of this self-taught artist, cannot make us silent with regard to our regret at the subject he has chosen. There has, latterly, been made a very dictatorial, and, we think, absurd endeavour to place Burns in a rank, both moral and intellectual, to which he has no manner of claim. We allude, more especially, to an article in the ninety-sixth Number of the Edinburgh Review, written in a fantastic, maudlin, mystical, and affected tone, sadly different from what distinguished that work in its earlier days. Its conductors have lately enlisted one or two writers whose lucubrations are in striking contradiction, both in matter and manner, to the sound, frank, clear, straightforward spirit for which their criticisms were formerly remarkable. There cannot, indeed, be a more striking difference than what the work says in 1829, and what it said formerly, on this very subject of Robert Burns. . . . Since we wrote this last sentence, we have reverted to the former article, which is dated in 1809,—and it is really nothing short of farcical to see the discrepancy between the two. Printing them in parallel columns would shew, in a manner quite *finishing*, the difference between, of the one, the strong sound sense—the irresistible logic—the pure, tender, generous, in a word, the virtuous feeling—all couched in clear and vigorous English,—and of the other, the false, feverish, corrupt, corrupting sentiments,—the wild, vague, inconsecutive arguing—reason-

ing we cannot call it—and the suitable language, with confused images, and arranged in a style equally difficult to understand, and unpleasing to read.

We are rejoiced that we have turned back to this first judgment—for it is no light advantage to us, who write for love of the cause, and not for the sake of display, to be able to give the very ideas which had arisen in our minds in the words of a work of such reputation as the Edinburgh Review bore in the days of its zenith. Indeed it is not a little gratifying to find that such a writer as the author of the following passages forestalled us in so many of our ideas. It is more years than we like to mention since we read this paper, and we had only a general recollection of its tendency: 'we were, therefore, little short of startled when we found our own sentiments in such powerful language. We are quite aware that there are some who regard what we have lately said on the matters we are about to bring into question as fit only to be sneered at. Of course we cannot attach great weight to such opinions; still we are most glad to have such strong authority to back us.—The Italics are our own:—

The leading vice in Burns's character, and the cardinal deformity indeed of all his productions, was his contempt, or affectation of contempt, for prudence, decency, and regularity; and his admiration of thoughtlessness, oddity, and vehement sensibility;—his belief, in short, in the *dispensing power of genius and social feeling*, in all matters of morality and common sense. This is the very slang of the worst German plays, and the lowest of our town-made novels; for can any thing be more lamentable, than that it should have found a patron in such a man as Burns, and communicated to a great part of his productions a character of immorality, at once contemptible and hateful. It is but too true, that men of the highest genius have frequently been hurried by their passions into a violation of prudence and duty; and there is something generous, at least, in the apology which their admirers may make for them, on the score of their keener feelings, and habitual want of reflection. But this apology, which is quite unsatisfactory in the mouth of another, becomes an insult and an absurdity whenever it proceeds from their own. Am an may say of his friend, that he is a noble-hearted fellow,—too generous to be just, and with too much spirit to be always prudent and regular. But he cannot be allowed to say even this of himself; and still less to represent himself as a harbrained sentimental soul, constantly carried away by fine fancies and visions of love and philanthropy, and born to confound and despise the cold-blooded sons of prudence and sobriety. This apology evidently destroys itself; for it shows that conduct to be the result of deliberate system, which it affects at the same time to justify as the fruit of mere thoughtlessness and casual impulse. Such protestations, therefore, will always be treated, as they deserve, not only with contempt, but with incredulity; and their magnanimous authors set down as determined profligates, who seek to disguise their selfishness under a name somewhat less revolting. *That profligacy is almost always selfishness, and that the excuse of impetuous feeling can hardly ever be justly pleaded for those who neglect the ordinary duties of life, must be apparent, we think, even to the least reflecting of those sons of fancy and song.* It requires no habit of deep thinking, nor any thing more, indeed, than the information of an honest heart, to perceive that it is cruel and base to spend, in vain superfluities, that money which belongs of right to the pale industrious tradesman and his famishing infants; or that it is a vile prostitution of language, to talk of that man's generosity or goodness of heart, who sits raving about friendship and philanthropy in a tavern, while his wife's heart is breaking at her cheerless fireside, and his children pining in solitary poverty.

The concluding passage of this we consider most just and beautiful, It is singular that the critic applied no direct blame to Tam O'Shanter, when he incidentally speaks of it; and yet these are the very ideas that the following passage suggested to us, which is at the opening of that poem:—

“ While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' gettin' fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots' mûls,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
*Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.*”

Why, the two passages, prose and verse, represent exactly the two different ways in which a sensible and feeling man, and a drunken and brutal reprobate, look at the same thing. Why should the wife have the blame of sullenness and sulk thrown upon her, because her profligate husband leaves her to sit “by her cheerless fire-side”? He deserves it, if she do receive him with coldness and reproof—but alas! the chances are fifty to one that her only reproaches are silent tears and heart-break.

And how is the man described who causes all this?

“ Ae market night,
Tam had got planted tuffo right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
And aye the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious;
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious:
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy;
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life vict'or'ous.”

We beg our readers will pay particular attention to this passage, for it is that from which the admirable specimen of art, which has occasioned this notice, is taken. Let them recollect that the wife is left pining at home, and then let them ask themselves what sort of a heart that man must have had, who describes in these glowing colours of fellow-feeling this conduct of the husband abroad. Our English readers too must remember, that the direct translation of the line which gives the reason for Tam loving Johnny “like a very brother,” is that

“They had been *drunk* for weeks together.”!

It is our opinion that this poem fully substantiates all the accusa-

tions of bad taste, bad feeling, low profligacy, and indecent writing, which have before now been brought against Burns. There is a couplet in the foregoing passage, which nothing could have induced us to quote but the necessity of shewing that our accusations are not lightly grounded. It conveys ideas which are the very last that should ever be publicly pictured. And we have thus been driven, that we may not be accused of slander and injustice, to print expressions which we strongly reprobate. We regret, therefore, infinitely, that the seeing these statues involves the putting the poem into the hands of every one who goes—for there are passages in it which cannot bear the truest criterion of propriety—they are quite unfit to be read aloud to women. We hope, however, that the strong Scotch dialect will save a considerable number from annoyance.

On this point, also, the 'Edinburgh Review' agrees with us:—"Instead of suing for a smile, or melting in a tear, his muse deals in nothing but locked embraces and midnight rencontres; and even in his complimentary effusions to ladies of the highest rank, is for straining them to the bosom of their impetuous votary. It is easy, accordingly, to see from his correspondence that many of his female patronesses shrank from the vehement familiarities of his admiration."

The bragging praise, indeed, which Burns lavishes upon drunkenness the most bestial, and sensuality the most gross, is of great frequency in his writings.

He is perpetually (says the Edinburgh Review) making a parade of his thoughtlessness, inflammability and imprudence, and *talking with much complacency and exultation of the offence he has occasioned to the sober and correct part of mankind*. This odious slang infects almost all his prose and a very great proportion of his poetry; and is, we are persuaded, the chief, if not the only source of the disgust with which, in spite of his genius, we know that he is regarded by many very competent and liberal judges.

We hope that we are at least liberal judges, whether we be competent or no. But the accused person is not the only party concerned. Society has a right to a voice: We shall now notice only two points more.

The first is, we consider Burns's conduct after his marriage wholly to exclude him from the slightest pretence to goodness of heart. On the contrary, it stamps him with the most despicable selfishness. He had obtained, by the exertion of his talents a full competence—not riches—but more than he had ever possessed before, and quite sufficient to keep him and his family in comfort and happiness, with any thing approaching to the denial of his selfish vices. But his wife he treated as Tam O'Shanter did his—drunkenness and debauchery of every kind constantly kept him from her—and she, poor, poor creature, had married him under circumstances which would have bound for ever any being with a heart.

The other point we wish to notice is this. Burns's vices have been defended as those of a man of genius. The 'Edinburgh Review,' in the quotation we have given, says, it is quite unsatisfactory. It is more, it is a contradiction. For, from him to whom the strongest powers of mind are given the most virtuous conduct should be demanded. Burns had great gifts; and, with them, we think it undeniable that both in his life, which has been so unduly brought forward, and also in his writings, he has done much evil, and very little good.

PHILOSOPHY OF DRESS, EXERCISE, AND SLEEP.

HAVING discussed the subject of diet pretty fully in some of our late numbers, we are induced to add a few remarks on the kindred *Hygiénique* consideration of clothing, upon which, as might be expected, our French authorities are somewhat diffuse. If there be one quality in which the French excel more than another, it is that of a most exact minuteness of explanation. We have already given one or two specimens of this excellent virtue, and, in ushering in the article "*des Vêtemens*," we have another: *e. g.* "*Toute substance immédiatement appliquée sur le corps, dans le but de le garantir de l'impression des objets extérieurs, a été appelée vêtement. En effet, tous sont destinés à accomplir cet objet, soit qu'ils protègent la peau contre le calorique extérieur ou l'humidité, soit qu'ils tendent à conserver à la surface du corps une partie du calorique qu'il dégage.*"

But the question is, what are the best and safest means of effecting these necessary purposes? The ingenuity of man, aided by the astounding perfection of science, has provided ample materials, not only to protect our bodies from the effects of heat and cold, but to indulge our fancy, and to pamper our pride with "purple and fine linen." It has searched diligently the vegetable kingdom, and obtained from the animal infinitely more objects than are necessary for our mere comfort: "*Le chanvre, le lin, le coton, pour le règne végétal; la soie, la laine, les poils, les cuirs, pour le règne animal, sont les matières premières qui, mises en œuvre par des mains industrieuses, servent à nous préserver de l'inclémence des températures et des choses extérieures.*"

We shall not follow our Encyclopedists through all their very minute examination of the properties of the different articles of clothing, but shall content ourselves with observing, that "*Les étoffes de coton*" are very bad conductors of heat, and that they are consequently well adapted for cold seasons and climates; but some people's skin is so delicate that it cannot bear the irritation which cotton cloth will sometimes produce. "*La soie est douce au contact;*" but flannel possesses, in a high degree, all the combined advantages of silk and cotton.

We must pause here, to offer a few observations of our own upon the wearing of flannel. Many persons have a strong, and an unconquerable aversion to this indulgence, as they consider it a mark of very considerable effeminacy; others object to it, because it irritates their skin, producing very considerable inconvenience. We think we can set both parties right. To a man in robust health, of an active disposition, unencumbered with obesity, and subject to no inflammatory affection, the use of this luxury may be, perhaps, unnecessary and disagreeable; but by individuals of a contrary condition, it ought never to be dispensed with, at least in the winter. We have known many a troublesome malady prevented by wearing flannel next the skin, and much mischief caused by not doing so. In one instance, we have

every reason to believe, that we saved the life of a young lady, by the recommendation of this simple prescription. It can be no proof of effeminacy to adopt any plan which is likely to ensure the greatest of all blessings—health.

But then, flannel irritates the skin, and is so uncomfortable. No such thing. If the *vêtement* be made—as it always ought to be—of the very finest *Welsh* flannel, we will affirm, without fear of contradiction, that, after the first three days, no inconvenience whatever will be experienced; but on the contrary, the most delightful comfort, and benefit. And we therefore beseech all sticklers to the use of flannel waistcoats, from this time forth, to cast aside their prejudices—to “wear flannel”—and be well.

One caution, however, we must give them—and that is—to be very careful of the mode in which they leave off this luxurious investment. There are many individuals who ought to wear it winter and summer; but in most instances, a calico waistcoat may be substituted in the warm weather, the flannel being resumed on the approach of cold.

With regard to clothing in general, our own feelings must be our principal guide. Those persons who are subject to inflammatory affections of particular organs—as the throat, lungs, stomach, &c. should be particularly careful to defend those organs from the action of the external air; and, in all cases, the feet should be kept dry and warm; for, if this be not attended to, the blood will not circulate equally, but will be detained in the internal organs, imparting to them a more abundant sensibility, and a greater degree of susceptibility, than are safe or salutary. “Attention to little things,” says the proverb, “will prevent great evils;” and this truth is never more forcibly exemplified than by inattention to articles of diet and clothing, and more especially to the latter. We must again observe, that persons in high health, and blessed with a good constitution, may play as many “fantastic tricks before high heaven,” as suits their fancy; but invalids, and those who are of a weak and delicate constitution, ought to be particularly attentive to “little things.” They should avoid all extremes, and diligently defend themselves against the abrupt variations of temperature, which occur so incessantly in this country: they will find themselves very egregiously and sadly mistaken, if, despising this friendly caution, they attempt to invigorate their frames, or to “wear out” their constitutional debility, by acting in direct and obstinate opposition to the dictates of reason and sound sense.

It would seem that fashion—of all tyrants, the most tyrannical—has adopted every means to render the present style of dressing as inconvenient and as injurious as possible. Let us look—with patient complacency if we can—upon the starched and incarcerated carcase of a modern exquisite. His coat is made to fit so close to his person, that if there be but the shadow of a wrinkle, Stultz or Weston will have it thrown upon his hands. The sleeves are tight—so tight, that, with the exception of an ungainly projection on the shoulder, they compress the arms, and render them almost motionless. The waistcoat, as a wag has observed, may be truly called a *strait* one—while the waistband of the “nether integuments” is made so wide and short, as to compress with considerable force, the “chylopoetic viscera.” But this

is not enough: your thorough-bred dandy must wear stays! classically called by the sadlers and hosiers "riding belts;" and thus screwed up, thus squeezed and encased in "doublet and hose," he moves about a complete automaton.

"Narrow sleeves"—says Sinclair in his Code of Health, "are a very great check on the muscular exercise of the arms. The wrists and knees, but more particularly the latter, are braced with ligatures or tight buttoning; and the legs, which require the utmost freedom of motion, are secured in leathern cases or boots, though the wearer, perhaps, has never been on horseback. To complete the whole, as the head is confined by a tight hat,* but rarely suited to its natural shape, so in regard to shoes, the shape of the foot, and the easy expansion of the toes, are never consulted—but the shape regulated by the fashion of the day, however tight and uncomfortable it may be."

The cravat, also, must come in for a share of our vituperation. Not, however, that loose, negligent, upright ligature, which is now so usually "sporting;" but the tight, cumbersome, thick bandage with a wadded "stiffener" inside. The *ci-devant* king of the dandies, Beau Brummel of exquisite memory, conferred infinitely more benefit upon his numerous subjects, than he was at all aware of, by leaving them, on his abdication, that precious legacy, a starched neckcloth; for, with the exception of a little *fridging* about the ears and chin, no great inconvenience can be experienced from the use of the modern fashionable cravat. It is different, however, when, as we still see in some old-fashioned mortals, the neckcloth is large, thick, and tight. Lord Byron, it is well known, during the latter years of his life, eschewed the cravat altogether; because he discovered, that its pressure prevented the proper exercise of his mental faculties, by oppressing the brain with more venous blood† than was salutary; and, indeed, those individuals who are given to hard study, or whose minds are often in excessive

* "Keep your head cool and your feet warm," is the laconic advice of old Boerhaave; and our Encyclopedists agree in the opinion. "La tête étant le siège d'une transpiration plus ou moins abondante, il n'y a pas d'usage plus nuisible que de l'envelopper dans l'épais bonnet de l'Ecoisais ou dans le turban du Turc et du Persan." According to this, too much hair on the head is hurtful. By some, it has been supposed to absorb too much *vous* from the brains; but this cannot be applicable to the generality of our frizzled *petits maîtres*.

† We are greatly indebted to Richât and Brodie for some very important discoveries connected with the action of venous blood upon the brain. These able physiologists have ascertained, that in some cases of suspended animation (*Asphyria*) the heart continues partially to beat after respiration has ceased. Under these circumstances, the blood, which is circulated, being deprived of its oxygenation by the insensibility of the lungs, is black or venous, and totally unfit for the important purposes of that fluid. Nay, more; it is the venous or un-oxydized blood, which completely destroys life: for, as soon as a few waves of this black blood are propelled through the arteries of the brain, insensibility ensues; and animal life ceases; and, at length, organic life still remaining, and the heart still propelling this (now) poisonous fluid through the other parts of the body, the action of the heart itself is destroyed by it, as well as the vitality of every other contractile part through which it passes. If, as in cases of partial drowning and hanging, as well as in those where carbonic acid gas has been inhaled, the lungs can be brought again into such a state of action, as to admit the air, and thereby oxydise the blood, the pernicious effect of the venous blood may be obviated, and life restored. This is, then, the whole secret of the mode of resuscitating persons, who have been apparently drowned, hanged, or poisoned.

action, should be particularly cautious in the choice of their cravats, as well as in their mode of wearing them.

If men are, in any degree, the slaves of fashion, most assuredly women are ten times more so. The artificial existence, which a young lady of rank is now compelled to assume, however advantageously it may be thought to heighten her charms, must inevitably entail upon her evils, which are eventually calculated most certainly to embitter that existence. The mode in which her education is conducted is, in most instances, calculated rather to constitute a superficial state of acquirements, than a sound, and extensive, and durable system of mental cultivation, or corporeal strength. After this, she lives in strict obedience to rule; and when, at length, she becomes fully and freely involved in the vortex of the busy "world," late hours, crowded, and consequently heated rooms, and an incessant succession of alternate excitement and depression, complete the bad work, debilitate her frame, worry and irritate her mind, and render her particularly liable to all the "numerous ills that flesh is heir to."

It should seem, that there is a vast and most vehement emulation amongst the "maidens of fair England" to excel each other in tenuity of waist, circumference of bonnet, and smallness of foot. To this end, the ingenuity of the various *artistes*, who are conversant with such affairs, is put to the test in every conceivable manner; and the fortunate milliner, who succeeds in outraging nature most, becomes as much in request, among the votaries of fashion, as Sir Henry Hallford is amongst invalids, or Mr. Cartwright amongst those who require a new set of teeth, or to have their old ones kept in decent repair. The object of all this is to improve the figure, by setting it off to the best advantage. But wise people know that the artificial methods, which are practised to "improve" the forms of our beautiful countrywomen, are more frequently detrimental than beneficial, and that they even contribute in some instances to the production of actual deformity. We all know that in Circassia, and in other Eastern countries, which are famed for the luscious beauty of their women, the most loose and unincumbered dresses are worn; by these means, a perfect freedom of the limbs, and an easy and graceful carriage of the body are insured, while every part of the frame is allowed to reach its maturity, without any interference or obstruction from the coercive measures of art.

It is very different with us highly civilized Europeans; and, in addition to the mischief which the cramped costume of the fair sex produces upon the external parts of the body, the more important organs are injured in their functions, and the health of the victim consequently affected.

"L'habitude contractée par les femmes de nos pays civilisés, de porter des corsets, est la source d'une foule de maladies qui portent principalement leur action sur les organes de la respiration et de la circulation. . . . Alors les mouvemens du cœur sont gênés, l'estomac et les intestins sont refoulés; de là naissent la dyspnée, l'hémoptysie, la toux, les inflammations pulmonaires, la phthisie, les anéurismes du cœur, le trouble des digestions, les engorgemens des viscères, les avortemens, chez les femmes enceintes, et tous les accidens qu'ils entraînent à leur suite."

This is not all that our Encyclopedists have said on this subject : they reprehend the whole system, with more firmness and resolution than we could have expected from them, especially on a point, where their national gallantry and politeness, is so intimately concerned. Their medical brethren, it should seem, are less squeamish : “ Il est vrai que, de nos jours, les médecins, de concert avec les philosophes, sont parvenus à faire entendre aux mères la voix de la raison pour le bien de leur enfant : mais elles ont été sourdes à leur propre intérêt. — Pourquoi cela ? — C’est que l’amour maternel est un sentiment délicat qui remplit le cœur, tandis que la coquetterie est une passion qui le laisse vide.”

We will add a few words on the important and interesting subjects of exercise and sleep.

Every body appears to be perfectly aware of the vast importance of exercise ; but few persons are acquainted with its *modus operandi*, and few avail themselves, as fully as they might, of its precious and extensive benefits. “ Respiration,” says Mr. Bell, “ carries away the superfluous carbon of the blood, bestows heat, and stimulates the system, endows us with the power of speech, and affords us the sense of smelling, or greatly contributes to the perfection of that sense.” Now, the lungs possess the same power of imbibing nutriment—that is, *oxygen*—from the air, as the stomach possesses of extracting nourishment from food ; and as the healthy functions of the stomach depend upon the performance of certain chemical and mechanical actions, so do the functions of the lungs depend upon the due performance of proper exercise.

That close and mysterious connection—that singular and beautiful process of action and reaction—which exist between the mind and the body, are very strikingly exemplified in those disorders which are incident to literary men, who, passing their time in sedentary occupations, and exercising their minds to a very extraordinary extent, are martyrs to a train of obstinate maladies. There ought always to be a nice and well-adjusted balance between the operations of the mind, and those of the body. Strength of frame, with elasticity of fibre, and the due performance of our different functions—mental as well as corporeal—are decidedly incompatible with sedentary habits, the victims of which are perpetually exposed to the operation of two pernicious causes—the one acting more immediately on the *animal*, the other on the *mental* frame. If, therefore, we wish for health, strength, and comfort, we must make exercise, to use Dr. Cheyne’s expression, a part of our religion.

To render exercise salutary, it should be performed in the *open air*, and in such places as are free from smoke, from noxious exhalations, and from impurities of all kinds. Pure air is as necessary and as important as good and wholesome food ; for the air, by coming into immediate contact with the blood—which is the case in the lungs—enters at once into the constitution, and by a process much more rapid than the assimilation of our food.

If the blood be not properly oxydised by the action of good air, how can the arteries of the stomach secrete healthy and efficient gastric juice ? Then we have a valuable mechanical benefit besides. By exercise, the circulation of the blood is rendered more energetic and

regular. Every artery, muscle, gland, and membrane, are excited into action, and the work of existence goes on with spirit. The muscles press the blood-vessels and squeeze the glands, and work upon the different membranes and cavities, so that none of them can be idle or torpid. The consequence of this is, that all the functions of the frame are well performed. The stomach digests readily, the liver pours out its bile freely, the bowels act regularly, and much superfluous heat and impurity are thrown out by perspiration. These are very important and essential operations; and, in proportion to the perfection with which they are performed, will be the health and comfort of the individual.

To preserve the healthy action of the skin only one thing is necessary, and that is, to use a vulgar phrase, to keep its pores open. This may be easily effected, with a sponge, or a wet towel, care being taken to wipe it quite dry afterwards. A warm bath, of a temperature not exceeding 100 degrees, is one of the greatest luxuries in which man can indulge, and a more effectual method of "keeping the pores open" cannot be devised. Bathing of all kinds, on the same principle, is particularly conducive to health, especially in the summer, when perspiration is abundant, and the skin more or less encumbered with it. Speaking of "*les bains*," our authors observe,—"*Ils ont pour effet immédiat de nettoyer la peau; leur effet médiat consiste à faciliter la transpiration insensible et les sécrétions folliculaires. Ils forment autour du corps une atmosphère plus dense et plus pesante que l'air, qui fait qu'à égale température nous ressentons plus vivement les impressions du froid et du chaud Ils imprègnent la peau d'eau par une sorte d'imbibition, l'assouplissent, l'adoucissent et la rendent plus impressionable.*"

But there are different kinds of "baths," and, availing ourselves of the excellent observations of our authors, we shall present the reader with an epitome of their several virtues.

Cold baths ought not to be indulged in without consideration—for their effect is, sometimes, very pernicious. It stands to reason that so great a shock as cold bathing must produce ought not to be hazarded without extreme caution. "*Son effet*"—we are informed,—"*est de refouler les forces à l'intérieur;*" and reasoning upon this fact, which is sufficiently evident, those individuals who are subject to a determination of blood to any of the internal organs, whether the head, stomach, lungs, or bowels, should avoid cold-bathing. We are acquainted with a gentleman who bathes in the open air every morning of his life, winter as well as summer. But he is a man of Herculean robustness; and being exceedingly temperate withal, he doubtless adds to his health by such a practice. With regard to cold bathing generally, no invalid of an irritable temperament* should venture to use it; but, to a person in good health, nothing can be so salutary and comfortable as bathing in a river, or in the sea. "*Les bains de rivière,*" say our authors, "*ont un effet éminemment fortifiant; le cours de l'eau, en frappant continuellement les membres, leur imprime de la*

* Individuals of this class, and especially those who are subject to any internal malady, will find considerable benefit from using the tepid salt-water bath; it allays irritation, while at the same time it contributes to the improvement of the frame.

vigueur; de plus, l'exercice de la natation, à laquelle on se livre le plus souvent, ajoute encore à sa bonté."

These properties, for obvious reasons, are greatly, augmented by "Les bains d'eau de mer." There is something noble and spirited in battling with the foaming waves of the "wild ocean;" and, in addition to this, the saline property of the water increases the salutary stimulus on the skin. So that, upon the whole, while warm bathing proves luxurious and sedative, sea and river bathing strengthens the frame, and contributes, above all things, to the due and energetic action of the skin; first, by "opening the pores," and secondly, by stimulating the small sebaceous glands and the capillary vessels to eject their cumbersome contents.

Adverting to the subject of air and exercise, we must offer a few remarks upon the benefits of "change of air," a process which is deemed most salutary, in all cases of convalescent suffering. That change of air has occasionally produced the most wonderful effects, is not to be denied; but in this, as in all other matters, some caution ought to be exhibited. There can be no doubt of its certain utility to an individual who has been living and labouring in a populous town; and even a person in good health will gain flesh, and feel stronger, from an occasional pilgrimage to the woods, and meads, and running brooks. But it is not a wise plan, nor any proof of affectionate solicitude, to hurry a person from the comforts of his fire-side to seek "change of air," in a climate, perhaps, not at all suited to his constitution. If we can run away from the cares, and bustle, and annoyance of business, and, thus, take a tour of two or three weeks, through some interesting and salubrious country, then, indeed, shall we experience the full, perfect, and lasting benefit of a "change of air"—but not otherwise.

There is one more subject to be considered before we bring our article to a conclusion; and that is, Sleep—the general restorative of the energies of our frame.

A great deal has been said about the necessary *quantum* of sleep, that is, how long we ought to indulge in this surpassing luxury. Now, this question, like many others connected with the animal economy, cannot be reduced to mathematical precision; for every thing must depend upon habit, upon constitution, and upon the particular nature and duration of our occupations. A person in good health, whose mental and physical occupations are not very laborious, will find seven or eight hours' sleep quite sufficient to refresh his constitution. Those whose frames are debilitated, or whose occupations are studious and laborious, require somewhat more; but the best rule is to sleep till we are refreshed, and then get up. We were acquainted with a gentleman of very good family in one of the eastern counties, who lived till he was upwards of eighty years of age; and, for the last forty years of his life, we do not think he ever went to bed perfectly sober. But his plan was, to rise the instant he woke in the morning, no matter at what time, and to spend the greater part of the day in the open air. Few constitutions could endure this; but a safe rule is, if we feel inclined for more sleep during the day, to indulge in a quiet nap. People ridicule and abuse the habit of sleeping in the day-time;

but is it not infinitely better to go to sleep for half an hour than to go on "noodling all day," in a nerveless and semi-superannuated state? The inhabitants of Spain and of South America* are a wise and a provident people. *They* enjoy their *siesta*, and sleep away the dull and sultry hours of their existence,—thereby digesting their food, and enjoying their health, with infinitely more comfort. In sleeping, as in eating and drinking, we must consult and humour our habits and inclinations; but we see no reason why we should not administer a little wholesome advice touching the mode in which those said habits and feelings should be indulged.

"Le sommeil"—we are informed—"suspend toutes les fonctions; il ne sera pas prudent de s'y livrer avant que la digestion stomacale soit achevée; elle dure, comme nous l'avons dit, environ quatre heures. . . Un homme adulte doit dormir six heures au moins et huit heures au plus; les personnes faibles, les femmes, les enfans dont la sensibilité est plus exquise, doivent dormir de sept à neuf heures. . . En général les personnes qui ont une occupation mentale, les hommes de cabinet, doivent dormir un peu plus que celles qui exercent seulement leur corps. . . La position la plus favorable pour se livrer au sommeil, est d'être étendu horizontalement, la tête un peu relevée. Il est indifférent pour une personne qui se porte bien, d'être sur le côté droit, ou sur le gauche, ou sur le dos; le décubitus sur le côté droit favorise le passage des alimens de l'estomac dans les intestins } mais nous avons dit que l'on ne devait se coucher qu'après la digestion stomacale; celui sur le côté gauche nuit, dit-on, aux mouvemens du cœur," &c. &c.

In addition to this, we would wish to inculcate one rule, the observance of which is not without benefit. This is to sleep in a room as large, as lofty, and as airy as possible, and in a bed but little encumbered with curtains. The lungs must respire, and the blood must circulate during sleep as well as at any other time; and it is of great importance that the air of the bed-chamber should be as pure as possible. In summer curtains are certainly superfluous, and in winter we should do much better without the impervious skreen, in which our beds are so commonly enveloped. In summer great advantage may be derived from sleeping in some of the villages near town, and at a sufficient distance from its smoke and impurities.

POPULATION—SENIOR[†] VERSUS MALTHUS.†

ALTHOUGH the subject of population may not seem especially fitted for the pages of our periodical, yet as we have pledged ourselves, in our monthly labours, to mingle the useful with the pleasant, our readers have no right to quarrel with an occasional service of wholesome food,

* See Captain Head's "Rough Notes," one of the best and most amusing books which has been written concerning that interesting part of the world.

† Two Lectures on Population, delivered before the University of Oxford, in Easter Term, 1826, by Nassau William Senior.

even although unsapiced with any ingredient very savoury to the palate. The permanent amelioration of all ranks of society—and especially the happiness of the lower ranks—hinges, besides, so materially on the universal reception and practical influence of the true doctrine of population, that we cannot but think the importance of the subject claims for it a degree of attention which might otherwise—with some show of justice—be denied to the dryness of its details.

The lectures on this very prolific subject, which are noticed at the head of this article, are the third publication from the chair of Political Economy in the University of Oxford. According to the terms on which this lectureship is founded, one lecture at least must be published every year;—a regulation intended to secure, amidst the temptations to indolence which beset our University chairs, the *bonâ fide* exertions of the Professor, and, at the same time, to make the public acquainted with the nature of the doctrines taught.

Mr. Senior's introductory lecture was published in 1827; and last year were published 'Three Lectures on the Transmission of the Precious Metals from Country to Country, and the Mercantile Theory of Wealth.' These publications have earned among political economists a large share of approbation. Although not distinguished by any extraordinary show of research, or brilliancy of execution, they are nevertheless characterized, throughout, by uniform elegance and great soundness of judgment; and form a very favourable specimen of the excellence of the Oxford course. The two Lectures on Population which Mr. Senior has chosen for this year's publication, are highly enhanced, by having appended to them a correspondence upon the subject, between the author and Mr. Malthus. It will be our object to canvass, as briefly as possible, the subject of these lectures, and to pass judgment on the merits of this correspondence.

Those of our readers who are acquainted with the rudiments of political economy, have, of course, considered the question of population. Yet, for the sake of those who have paid less attention to the subject than its importance merits, a short statement of its acknowledged principles may be tolerated. It is now upwards of thirty years since Mr. Malthus published the first edition of his celebrated Essay, which may be considered as having set the subject of population, as a question of political economy, for ever at rest. The evils of superabundant procreation had been noticed and commented upon by different writers, before Mr. Malthus directed his attention to the subject; but he has the high merit of having been the first to form a just estimate of their magnitude, and to be hence led to trace the principle of population to its consequences, and to embody into the moral code of political economy those important maxims of practical wisdom which result immediately from the investigation.

The details embraced by Mr. Malthus's Essay are profusely extensive and multifarious. Indeed, there is, throughout the work, much of mere talk mingled with the requisite discussions. In as far as the logic of the question is concerned, it is reducible to very narrow limits; whilst all the statistical details and collateral investigations requisite for illustrating the principle fully, and placing it in permanent relief before the gaze of the public, might have been given with far

greater effect, in a selected and condensed form, within the compass of a tenth part of its present bulky dimensions. What constitutes, however, the great practical value of the 'Essay on Population' is the exhibition, throughout, of a vein of sober but fervent philanthropy, which aims at teaching the thoughtless multipliers of misery the gross error of their imprudent proceedings, and anticipates the gradual amelioration of the condition of the human race,—from the increasing influence, throughout the lower grades of society, of those prudential considerations which result from a right understanding of his favourite doctrine.

The main propositions which Mr. Malthus establishes by a copious induction of historical and statistical details, are,—

I. That population invariably increases when the means of subsistence increase, unless prevented by powerful and obvious checks; and,

II. That these checks, and the checks which keep the population down to the level of the means of subsistence, are moral restraint, vice, and misery.

That population has a tendency to increase with progressive rapidity is sufficiently obvious, without the evidence afforded by statistical details. Those who view the matter physiologically consider the number *ten* as a fair amount of offspring for a human pair, reared under favourable circumstances. Now, making ample allowance for casualties of every description, by assuming *four* as the average number that would be reared to maturity by every human pair, under circumstances where marriage and its results were unobstructed by any of the usual checks,—it is evident,—allowing the thirtieth year to be the average limit of fecundity,—that population would double itself in every successive period of thirty years. The population of North America, it is proved by authentic documents, has doubled itself repeatedly in twenty-five years; and since, under the circumstances, this ascertained rate of increase may be regarded as resulting from a fair experiment, it has been assumed by political economists as the natural rate according to which population will increase, where adequate subsistence is procurable by ordinary exertions. At this rate any given population at the end of one hundred years will have been increased by fifteen times its original numbers. Such a rate of increase it is easy to perceive would in the course of a few centuries, were it suffered to proceed unchecked, crowd every spot of earth on the surface of the globe with human beings,—whose procreative powers would be adequate to furnish an equally dense population for another globe of the same dimensions in the next five and twenty years. All this is abundantly plain. How comes it, then, that centuries have rolled on, and population has been allowed to ply as it can the business of increase,—and yet the habitable parts of our earth are only partially peopled? It is in answering satisfactorily this question, that the great merit of Mr. Malthus's Essay consists. The vegetable products of the earth, which ultimately constitute the food of human beings, are fitted by their organization for multiform re-production. Wheat, for instance, re-produces itself in so high a ratio, that the produce of a single acre, as is observed by Mr. Senior, might cover the globe in fourteen years. It is known, therefore, that the rate of increase accord-

ing to which food is capable of being produced—in as far as this capability depends upon vegetable organization—is far higher than the highest rate which regulates the fecundity of the human race. Could food, therefore, be produced as abundantly as its capacity of re-production admits of, there would be no hinderance from want of food to the indefinite multiplication of the human species. The multiplication of food, however, is limited by the definite quantity of land upon the surface of the earth. Over any given surface population may be expected to go on increasing, so long as the produce raised by the united labours of the people is found to be fully sufficient to support the existing community. And the numbers will, of course, become stationary, when the utmost labour bestowed upon the soil can extort no more than a bare subsistence to the existing population. Now that such a stationary state must very soon be arrived at, even on the most fertile spots of the earth, is abundantly evident from the limited capabilities of production possessed by the soil, compared with the ceaseless tendency of mankind to multiply their numbers. When once the best soils are brought fully under cultivation, the returns got by the continued application of a given quantity of labour to inferior soils, or of equal additional quantities to the same soil, are well known to decrease continually; so that there is in every quality of soil a maximum of productive energy resulting from the application of labour,—such, that an additional return will not repay the expense of the additional labour requisite for its production. Any given quantity of land, therefore, must in the progress of cultivation arrive at a point where its produce will admit of no further augmentation, so as to be available to the support of additional labourers. And what is true of any given portion of land is true of the whole earth. So that man in his career of multiplying and replenishing the earth is at length stopped short by the stern law of necessity, which proclaims with irresistible authority,—“hitherto shalt thou come and no farther.”

When the subject is viewed thus, there can be no difference of opinion upon the question,—whether population has a tendency to increase faster than food, or food than population. But in reviewing the history of the human race, it so happens that, as mankind has advanced in civilization, the means of subsistence are found to bear a higher ratio to their numbers than in the earlier stages of society. Food is far more precariously and less plentifully obtained in the hunting and fishing than in the agricultural stages, and with comparatively greater abundance in those of the agricultural stages which are further advanced than in ruder times. It is from having observed that there is thus less of comparative poverty in the advancing stages of society, that Mr. Senior has ventured to call in question the accuracy of the statement made in the main proposition of Mr. Malthus,—viz., That population has a tendency to increase faster than food;—and to pronounce that the reverse of the proposition is true,—viz., That food has a tendency to increase faster than population. •

The explanation of the facts which lead him to frame this proposition, Mr. Senior thinks he has found in the consideration—that the desire to better our condition is a more powerful principle than the

desire of marriage. "If it be conceded," he observes, "that there exists in the human race a natural tendency to rise from barbarism to civilization, and that the means of subsistence are proportionally more abundant in a civilized than in a savage state, and neither of the propositions can be denied; it must follow that there is a natural tendency in subsistence to increase in a greater ratio than population*."

The statement of his view of the matter, however, will be best exhibited by an extract from his first letter to Mr. Malthus. In stating his impression of Mr. Malthus's doctrine he proceeds thus:—"I conceive you to hold that an increase of population, in a greater ratio than that of subsistence, is a probable event only under peculiar circumstances. Such as those of America, where the knowledge of an old people has for a considerable time been applied to a continent previously almost unoccupied; or those of France, when the confiscation of the greater part of the land operated like an Agrarian law, and the conscription falling on bachelors only, made early marriage a precaution instead of an improvidence. But that in an old country, under wise institutions, in the absence in short of disturbing causes, though population is likely to increase, subsistence is likely to increase much faster. In short, that the condition of a people so circumstanced is more likely to be improved than deteriorated. If I am right in this view, the only difference between us is one of nomenclature. You would still say, that, in the absence of disturbing causes, population has a *tendency* to increase faster than food, because the comparative increase of the former is a mere compliance with our natural wishes; the comparative increase of the latter is all effort and self-denial. I should still say, that, in the absence of disturbing causes, food has a tendency to increase faster than population, because, in fact, it has generally done so, and because I consider the desire of bettering our condition as natural as wish as the desire of marriage†."

To this extract we feel great pleasure in subjoining the following portion of Mr. Malthus's able and conclusive reply:—

"The meaning which I intended to convey by the expression to which you object was, that population was always ready and inclined to increase faster than food, if the checks which repressed it were removed; and that though these checks might be such as to prevent population from advancing upon subsistence, or even to keep it a greater distance behind, yet that, whether population were *actually* increasing faster than food, or food faster than population, it was true that, except in new colonies favourably circumstanced, population was always pressing against food, and was always ready to start off at a faster rate than that at which the food was actually increasing.

"This constant pressure of population against food, which I have always considered as the essence of the principle which I endeavoured to explain in my work, appeared to me to be distinctly proved by the universally acknowledged fact, that whenever improvements in agriculture, or the effects of some destructive plague, loosened the restraints which kept down the population, it made a start forward at a greater rate than usual; and that further, notwithstanding the operation of the desire of bettering our condition, there were the strongest reasons to

* Page 49.

† Appendix, p. 57.

believe that the pressure in question occasioned premature mortality in every old country with which we are acquainted.

“The cause of this pressure I thought might be described by saying that the human race had a *tendency* to increase faster than food; and I own it appears to me, that in this position, which it was the great object of my work to prove, not only is the term *tendency* applied in its most natural and ordinary sense, but it conveys a more instructive and useful meaning than the one which you would substitute for it, namely, that food has a tendency to increase faster than population; a position which, without further explanation, seems to convey an incorrect impression of the laws which regulate the increase of the human race.

“Your reasons for adopting this position are, first, because you consider it as a fact, that population *has* generally so increased; and, secondly, because you consider the desire of bettering our condition to be as natural a wish as the desire of marriage. Your first reason rests upon the assumption of a fact, which by no means admits of being stated so generally as you have stated it, as will be shown presently; and it is obvious that a partial relief from a pressure does not imply that a tendency to press is overcome. In regard to your second reason, it appears to me that the desire of bettering our condition, as far as it affects the direct increase of food, is perfectly feeble compared with the tendency of population to increase. The most intense desire of bettering our condition can do nothing towards making food permanently increase, at the rate at which population is always ready to increase; and, in fact, this desire, in reference to the increase of food, operates in a very trifling degree upon the great mass of the labouring classes. They are not the persons who accumulate farming capital, and employ it in agricultural improvements and the increase of subsistence. In this respect they are almost entirely passive. In another respect, indeed, they are most powerful. Though they cannot much accelerate the increase of food, they are the only body of people who can essentially retard the increase of population. But as this cannot be effected without restraint and self-denial, to which there is certainly a much less *tendency* than to marriage, the practical result is such as might be expected, namely, that although this restraint and self-denial may prevent more misery and vice at one period than at another; though they are more often efficient in civilized and populous countries than in ignorant and thinly-peopled countries, and though we may hope that they will become still more efficient as knowledge advances, yet, as far as we can judge from history, there never has been a period of any considerable length when premature mortality and vice, specifically arising from the pressure of population against food, has not prevailed to a considerable extent; nor, admitting the possibility, or even the probability of these evils being diminished, is there any rational prospect of a near approach to their entire removal*.”

After this Mr. Malthus notices in detail a variety of facts, demonstrating that the relative increase of food and of population has not been such as to warrant the statement of Mr. Senior; and, towards the conclusion of his letter, proceeds thus:—

* Appendix, p. 61.

"The rate at which social improvement proceeds, does not depend exclusively upon the rate at which subsistence can be made to increase faster than population. I look forward to the possibility, and even the probability, of the labouring classes of society being altogether in a better situation than they are now, when the means of a further increase of food shall be nearly exhausted, and both subsistence and population shall have come nearly to a stand. But it is obvious that if this improvement should be accomplished, it cannot be by exertions to increase food, but by the moral restraint which will diminish the misery and vice constantly occasioned by the tendency of population to press against subsistence. Consequently, in discussing our future prospects of social improvement, it cannot but lead to error to lay down positions calculated to direct the attention towards means which must of necessity be inefficient, while the nature of the difficulty to be contended with, and the only efficient means of contending with it successfully, and of improving the condition of society, are kept in the back ground. Your position, that food has a tendency to increase faster than population, appears to me to be open to this objection, and, therefore, I cannot approve of it.*"

No comment needs be added to this judicious and instructive reply. At the same time it may be observed that Mr. Senior's position admits of being less ceremoniously dealt with. When the tendencies of food and of population to increase, respectively, are put in opposition, there is an incongruity in the comparison which Mr. Malthus has not adverted to. In as far as by the *tendency of food to increase* is meant the *capacity of the soil to produce*,—the statement of Mr. Malthus, as has been already shown, is demonstratively correct. The statement meant to be made in the proposition of Mr. Senior must therefore be—"that the desire of bettering our condition has a greater influence in producing food, than the desire of marriage has in producing consumers." Now, when put into this,—its proper shape—the statement still exhibits much looseness of thought;—inasmuch as it assumes that the production of food results solely from the desire of bettering our condition; whereas it can be regarded as the result of this desire only in an indirect and very partial sense: and inasmuch as it does not take into account that if the production of food did mainly result from the existence of this desire, the more actively this desire played its part amidst the round of human operations, the more palpably would it aid, instead of restraining, the influence of the other desire:—whereas it is implied in Mr. Senior's statement that, to some extent at least, the desire of marriage would thus be counter-acted.

It is indeed sufficiently obvious how, in any given country, population may at one time outstep the means of comfortable subsistence, and how, at another, a superabundant supply of food may exist. But in order to pronounce whether, as mankind advances in social improvement, the higher ratio of increase is on the side of food or of population, it is necessary to trace their connexion and progress from the earliest states of society. It is, in the first place, of course the existence of population which renders the production of food necessary; and it is the necessity of further production which demands fresh labour and

* Appendix, p. 71.

gives birth to ingenuity in raising the requisite supplies. This growing ingenuity, joined with an occasional year of plenty, raises from time to time a superabundant quantity of food. This superabundance of subsistence has the immediate tendency to raise the standard of enjoyment among the people, and at the same time to give an additional impulse to the principle of population. There is hence created a further necessity for increased cultivation; and another period of superabundance is followed by similar effects. And thus it is, that, in the progress of society, the rate of increase in the production of food must appear to be always shooting a head of the rate of increase in the population, till all the best soils are taken into cultivation. But in this progress it is plain that the appropriate cause of the extension of agricultural labour, at any given time, is the necessity of supporting an increasing population, so as to keep up the standard of enjoyment then existing; and that the desire of bettering our condition, in as far as it may have an effect in merely augmenting the means of subsistence, has a manifest tendency to increase population further. The increasing rate of agricultural produce, in as far as it depends on human labour, results from the establishment, among the population of a higher standard of enjoyment, in consequence of the superabundant supplies of a former period. Unquestionably, therefore, in the progress of society, there is a manifest tendency to the progressive augmentation of agricultural produce, which will be finally stopped, only when all the best soils have been brought under cultivation. But this augmentation, instead of affording evidence to mankind of the existence of an indefinitely increasing fund for their maintenance, gives them a double assurance that, but for preventive causes, the existing fund must speedily reach its utmost limit of increase: this double assurance arising, of course, from the continual tendency of the best soils to exhaustion, according as cultivation extends; and from the necessary effect which an augmentation of agricultural produce has in giving additional impulse to the principle of population.

It thus appears that, in as far as the desire of bettering our condition operates in augmenting the means of subsistence, it must afford facilities for the indulgence of the desire of marriage. And it is hence evident, further, that the only way in which this desire can operate in influencing directly the comparative rate of increase of population and food, is by adding force to that moral restraint upon the desire of marriage, which would be unnecessary but for the constant pressure of population against the means of subsistence.

We are afraid, therefore, that in thus having attempted to controvert the view taken by Mr. Malthus, of the tendency of population to increase beyond the means of subsistence, Mr. Senior is not likely, by the publication of these Lectures, to add much to his reputation as an accurate reasoner or sound economist. At the same time, he merits all praise for the frankness with which, in his correspondence, he has yielded assent to the superior accuracy of Mr. Malthus's phraseology; and for the uniform spirit of philanthropy which he exhibits in common with that eminent writer, in making it the professed aim of his speculations, to limit the influence of poverty and misery among the lower orders, and to ameliorate the condition of all ranks of society.

THE CHOSEN ONE.

"Here's a long line of beguties—see!
Aye, and as varied as they're many—
Say, can I guess the one would be
Your choice among them all—if any?"

"I doubt it,—for I hold as dust
Charms many praise beyond all measure—
While gems they treat as lightly, *must*
Combine to form my chosen treasure."

"Will this do?"—"No;—that hair of gold,
That brow of snow, that eye of splendour,
Cannot redeem the mien so cold,
The air so stiff, so quite *un-tender*."

"This then?"—"Far worse! *Can* lips like these
Thus smile as though they asked the kiss?—
Thinks she that e'en such eyes can please,
Beaming—there *is* no word—like *this*?"

"Look on that singer at the harp,
Of her you cannot speak thus—ah, no!"
—"Her! why she's *formed* of flat and sharp—
I doubt not she's a fine soprano!"

"The next?"—"What, she who lowers her eyes
From sheer mock-modesty—so pert,
So doubtful-mannered?—I despise
Her, and all like her—she's a *Flirt*!"

And this is why my spleen's above
The power of words;—'tis that they can
Make the vile Semblance be to Love
Just what the Monkey is to Man!

But yonder I, methinks, can trace
One *very* different from these—
Her features speak—her form is Grace
Completed by the touch of Ease!

That opening lip, that fine frank eye
Breathe Nature's own true gaiety—
So sweet, so rare *when thus*, that I
Gaze on't with joy, nay ecstasy!

For when 'tis thus, you'll also see
That eye still richer gifts express—
And on that lip there oft will be
A sighing smile of tenderness!

Yes! here a matchless spirit dwells
E'en for that lovely dwelling fit!—
I gaze on her—my bosom swells
With feelings, thoughts,—oh! exquisite!

That such a being, noble, tender,
So fair, so delicate, so dear,
Would let one love her, and *befriend* her!—
—Ah, yes,—*my Chosen One* is here!"

THE REVIEWS OF THE QUARTER.

As usual, May has been as prodigal of both her bright and dingy crops of criticism, as of "the yellow cowslip and the pale primrose." It is some time since she threw "from her green lap" the Quarterly and the Westminster; the North American, borne by the zephyrs, has already found out our shore; and here at last is our old friend, the Edinburgh, all over as azure as the most learned stocking that ever encased fair limb, save only for that tawney stripe, which may be likened to a golden garter pendant from the same. We have no time, however, to spend more words on the mere outside show of this flush of new-blown flowers, meaning as we do rather to rifle their leaves, and, after the manner of the bee, to search for what honey we can find within, that we may treasure up a portion of it for our gentle readers. In other words, if it shall be deemed no act of insubordination in the republic of letters, we would presume to attempt something like a review of our Reviews, which, after all, are but the productions of fallible humanity, even as other books are, and have therefore no good claim to exemption, that we can see, from what is now-a-days the universal lot of letter-press. Without further preface or apology, then, we take up the Quarterly, and commence our survey with article first.

This is a capital paper (by Southey, evidently) on the subject that, next to the Catholic Question, has, for the last twelve months, given most occupation to periodical goose-quills—even the life and writings of the late Dr. Parr. The present article is incomparably the best thing the Reverend Doctor has produced since he died, and is worth nine-tenths of all the world ever received from him while alive. It must not be said that the man has lived in vain to whom we owe any thing so good as this. It is a sample of its writer's happiest manner—easy, flowing, and animated in style, like the talk of one who has got hold of a subject that he likes, variegated with curious and apposite illustration, which is made to play upon the narrative like prismatic light, and altogether a delightful piece of literary gossip. There is no writer of the day, not even Sir Walter himself, who can do this sort of work so well as Southey. We do love that tone, not of earnestness, or any thing in the least degree like it, but yet of perfect possession by the spirit of his theme, and delight in the developement of its minutest minutia, which pervades the Laureat's disserting, when with a text to handle of which he feels himself to be master (so that it be not theological) he has also "ample room and verge enough" to pour over it a liberal allowance from his inexhaustible cornucopia of anecdote and fragmentary lore. How gaily, and often how elegantly does he garland it all over with sprigs and blossoms plucked from the whole field of the *omne scibile*! He is no thinker—he cannot reason, and seldom attempts to do so. As his knowledge is all odds and ends, the mere tips gathered from the sprouting of science and literature, so his mind seems to have no power of producing any thing save single and seedless fancies, which, however beautiful to look upon, or skilfully disposed so as to produce

the most effect by their varied hues, are as incapable of prolonging the chain of their race as are the dried specimens in an herbal. Yet, without either the capacity of reasoning, or of understanding and being affected by reasoning, Southey, in his own line, is an admirable writer; sprightly and entertaining, without the least eccentricity or affectation; so dexterous in the management of his materials, that he seldom either tires us even when he is manifestly writing against space, or exposes himself very greatly although discussing matters of which he understands nothing, and often highly eloquent. The present article is an exceedingly characteristic one, offering evidence in every page of the defects as well as of the powers of the writer.

"We have seldom," says Mr. Southey, "seen a character more difficult to decypher than that of Dr. Parr;" not meaning by these words, as the reader might perhaps suppose, to allude to the good doctor's handwriting (which was certainly a most inscrutable hieroglyphic), but to the man himself, moral and intellectual. The resolution given of this enigma by its proposer is, that Parr "had vast strength, but never seems to have discovered wherein it lay." If that was the case, we say, depend upon it the strength was not so vast as is imagined. We have but little faith, we confess, in that latent mental power which throughout the course of a varied life, passed in the very midst of those events, and avocations which afford the best opportunities for its exercise and display, supposing it to be of the character assumed, or even of any other at all resembling that, remains inactive and dormant, or perishes at last without leaving any thing to testify of its existence, except the memory of a few random efforts, and just as many signal discomfitures. We are not to be deluded by the magnificent funeral orations of Dr. Parr's acquaintances into a belief that he was the greatest man of his age, or even one of its great men. We, the public, know him, we apprehend, now, quite as well as any of his personal friends—in so far at least as his intellectual character is concerned. He has been brought before us by himself and others, more frequently and ostentatiously, and exhibited in a greater variety of attitudes, than almost any other man of his time—so that there is scarcely one of his peculiarities of temper, manner, or personal appearance, with which we are not every one of us familiar. But above all, Dr. Parr has made himself known to us, and shown us what was in him, and what was not in him, by a considerable variety of publications on a considerable variety of subjects. The man, or rather we should say, the best part of the man, still lives and may be examined or conversed with by any of us, in his books. And if this be deemed not enough—if it be asserted that the giant moved in fetters in the act of authorship, and that his spirit never blazed freely out except in its *viva voce* efforts, have we not his daily talk, small and great, chronicled by a whole legion of Boswells—by Dr. Johnstone, (to whom we mean no disrespect by naming him in this list) by Mr. Field, by Mr. Barker and his multitudinous correspondents, and by the anecdote-mongers of the newspapers and magazines in number numberless? If notoriety be faine, Dr. Parr, during his lifetime, had enough of it; and since his death, he has certainly occupied more of the letter-press of the day than any other single

subject, dead or alive, which it would be easy to name. We repeat, therefore, that we may safely assume that, whatever Dr. Parr was in mental powers and attainments, neither posterity nor we of the present generation, can with any decency be asserted to want materials for forming a correct judgment as to that point. Yet we confess for our own parts, that Mr. Southey takes a tone with regard to the *capabilities*, at least, of his hero, in this paper, which we can neither sympathise with, nor account for. We do not wonder so much at the assertion, that, "in philology he might have done any thing." This is merely the natural remark of a person, who, aware that Dr. Parr was a great Grecian, and not knowing any thing at all about philology, except that it is a science having something to do with languages, takes it for granted that the case must have been as he states it. The whole of the paragraph, however, in relation to this matter is as good an example as could be desired of the art of talking of what one does not understand. Where, we should like to know, has Parr done any thing entitling us to suppose that he could have produced a great work on the philosophy of language, even if he had applied his best powers to the task? On the contrary, we assert, without the least apprehension of being contradicted by any person entitled to express an opinion on the subject, that the few disquisitions he has left us in this department show nothing except his ignorance of all philosophy and all principle whatever, in so far as the constitution of speech is concerned. We care not whether the reader be a disciple of Harris, or of Horne Tooke, or of Mr. Fearn, or of any other known or unknown name in this field of enquiry; if he has only made the science in question a subject of study himself, we are sure he will agree with us in holding that Dr. Parr to a certainty never had. Let those who doubt, peruse only his two performances of greatest pretension in this line—his dissertation on the import of the Latin prefix *sub*, printed at the end of Dugald Stewart's Essays, and his letter to Mr. Carson on the syntax of the Latin subjunctive, which Dr. Johnstone has given in one of the volumes of his late publication. Is it here that Mr. Southey has found that metaphysical subtlety which he eulogises with such worshipful obeisance? The only light or enlivenment that we can discern about these two masses of cloudy and cumbrous pedantry, is what arises from the ludicrous vanity and self-satisfaction of the good doctor as he piles up his chaotic quotations, and goes on showing how much he has read, and how little he has thought, by every sentence that comes from his pen. Of the light of philosophy there is not a ray.

There can be no doubt of Dr. Parr's profound and extensive knowledge, both of the vocabulary of the Greek language and that of the Latin. He knew both much better than he did that of the English; his acquaintance with which was exceedingly partial, and confined in a great degree to the least valuable part of the language, to that, namely, which is a derivation from the dead tongues of antiquity, as distinguished from that which is the genuine growth of our own feelings, usages, and history, and constitutes, therefore, what best deserves to be called our pure and national English. It is this latter portion of our vocabulary, too, which forms our chief storehouse of poetical expression; and that for a very plain reason, it being here alone that we

find words which present images. Those of foreign origin can convey to us only conceptions; they are the currency with the impress worn off. Hence it is that the French have no poetic language;—their vocabulary is entirely a derivation from that of another people of different origin from themselves, whose customs and modes of thinking have in a great measure passed away, and whose tongue is therefore of necessity, a *dead* one, in a much more important sense than as having ceased to be popularly spoken. Such a language as the French differs from the English or the German as much as flowers plucked from where they originally grew, and preserved from withering by having their stalks inserted in water, do from those that remain rooted in their native garden, drawing always fresh life and lustrous beauty from the soil. But all this by-the-bye. Parr's command even over his native tongue, was more over its thunder than its lightning. He delighted in sonorous polysyllables, much more than in those forms of diction which, if they do not so well fill the ear, (at least as some ears, of larger capacity, require to be filled,) do much better fill the imagination and the heart. Turn either to his writings or his recorded conversations. That there is vigour and power occasionally, nay, frequently, we are far from denying; so vehement and impassioned a talker and writer must have been often an effective one; for no man who feels strongly, *whom* Parr did, will express himself feebly, in any language under heaven. But beyond this leonine roar, and an occasional display of that rhetorical brilliancy which may also be in a great measure accounted for by the rule *facit indignatio versus*, is there much in any thing that Dr. Parr has written or said to entitle us to predicate of him that he was a man of extraordinary intellectual powers? Where are the *ideas* that he has left us? Where the single new truth we owe to him?—the thought of his that has fallen upon our mental eye like light?—the one reflection, remark, or suggestion, that ever dropped from his lips or his pen, for which the world is the wiser, or which either our hearts or memories have stored up among their treasures? Nay, of all the good things which according to his friends he was continually uttering, are there any, or above some two or three, that will bear repetition—that have wit enough in them to keep them alive, now that the loud voice and imposing gesticulation with which they were first delivered are no longer present to give them a seeming and delusive animation? It is impossible to deny that, for a professed talker and wit, even Dr. Parr's very best sayings are, generally speaking, the *dullest* on record. How different are his reported conversations from those of Johnson, for example, whom he strove so zealously to imitate! And are we to believe that the falling-off is all owing to the reporters?—

All Dr. Parr's most successful efforts were in the character of a rhetorician—an adorning of other men's thoughts, not a producer of thoughts of his own. And even as such his taste was so deficient and impure, that he never wrote with much safety, except when he had a model to copy after, or rules, the stricter the better, to guide and controul him. Hence, his Epitaphs are the best things he has left us. He understood better than any man of his time the *rule* of this sort of writing, and practised it accordingly like an accomplished and cunning

workman. Nearly as good as his Epitaphs are some of his antithetical delineations of character, both in his Latin and English compositions. Many of these—those particularly in his famous Preface, and in the Dedication of the Tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian—are animated by a fine inspiration of personal or political feeling—and have accordingly that sort of nerve and power about them which belongs to every thing that comes warm from the heart. Yet with all their glow and sarcasm, and even occasional brilliancy, they are but the elaborations of talent; and it would be a prostitution of the term—upon any interpretation of it that may be preferred—to designate them as works of genius. Even these characters are but eloquent and stirring appeals—not living creations;—descriptions, not pictures. Yet we apprehend they are, as we have already said, of the highest class of Dr. Parr's performances.

Such being the case, we do wonder, we confess, to find Mr. Southey speaking of the Reverend Doctor's powers in the manner in which he does in some passages of this article. In one place he seems actually to place him on a level in point of genius with one of the most illustrious names in our literature. "That impatience of restraint," says he, "which vented itself in unavailing declamation on the people's rights, aided by Parr's scholarship, might have given birth to another Liberty of Prophesying. That graphic pencil which could depict the Senator with such force, might, under a different influence, have traced out another 'Divine Exemplar.'" This is really to squander panegyric, and level distinctions, with a very reckless hand—and in a way we should not have expected from Mr. Southey, who, little conversant as he may be with any thing more than the names of the works to which he refers on the philosophy of language, undoubtedly knows and appreciates the writings of Bishop Taylor too well to deem them such as Doctor Parr could in any circumstances have produced or approached to. "Under another influence," forsooth! Is it meant that if Parr had been a Tory instead of a Whig, his works would have teemed with beauty and splendour for the admiration of all time instead of the ephemeral glitter which only he has actually given to them? or that if he had been promoted to the bench, that piece of good fortune alone, would have "touched his lips with fire from the altar?" Whatever Mr. Southey may do, we cannot carry our notions of the virtues of episcopal ordination quite so high, as to attribute to it any such miraculous efficacy as this:

Dr Parr's taste in regard to the higher productions of imagination, and also his knowledge of English literature and the English language, may be sufficiently understood from the fact that he was one of the dupes of that silliest of all literary forgeries, the Shakspeare papers. What should we think of a classical scholar who should allow himself to be for a moment deceived by a composition in Greek or Latin in every way so wretched and so unlike the known style and manner of the writer from whose pen it professed to have come, as those productions of Ireland's are now universally felt and acknowledged to have been? Such a slip would be an annihilation to a man's pretensions to scholarship or critical sagacity—a blow which he would never recover, nor deserve to recover. We do not believe that Parr could possibly have been so taken in, had the subject of the attempted imitation been

one of his classic acquaintances instead of the great English dramatist. No; his memory and his judgment together would have enabled him in that case to detect the illegitimate turns of phrase and of rhythm at least, in the pretended relique, and we verily believe even to discern the lying spirit of its whole style and sentiment. Had he known Shakspeare only as well as he knew *Æschylus*, or *Sophocles*, or *Euripides*, or English as well as Greek, the clumsy imposition would not have deceived him. But the fact that he was deceived is at all events decisive as to his claims as a judge of poetry—even more so, we are almost disposed to think, that the verdict he passed many years afterwards on a certain Reverend John Stewart, author of 'The Pleasures of Love,' and a long list of other effusions with which we can scarcely hope that any of our readers are familiar, whom he ranked (according to that gentleman's own account; see Mr. Barker's volume p. 87.) among, if not at the very head of, the few genuine poets of the age. The passage is really so exquisite a one that, in justice to Mr. Stewart, who we apprehend is not so well known as he deserves to be, we will transcribe it:—

"One morning," says the reverend bard, "he sent for me to attend him in his library. I found him seated at one side of the fire, Mrs. Parr leaning against the mantel on the opposite, and a chair placed for me between them. 'Mrs. Parr,' he began, 'you have seen Moore in this spot some time ago; you now see Mr. Stewart. The race of true poets is now nearly extinct. There is you,' turning to me, 'and Moore, and Byron, and Crabbe, and Campbell—I hardly know of another. You, Stewart, are a man of genius, of real genius, and of science, too, as well as genius. I tell you so. It is here, it is here'—shaking his head, and sagaciously touching his forehead with his finger, 'I tell you, again, it is here! As to Walter Scott, his jingle will not outlive the next century; it is namby-pamby. I do not enumerate him with poets.'"

But, although somewhat too much disposed to make a wonder of his hero, and vastly overrating, as we think, his intellectual powers, it delights us to find Mr. Southey doing justice to Parr, in regard to a part of his character, which can scarcely be overrated—we mean his heart and moral nature. Here Parr was really a noble fellow. Weaknesses he had, no doubt, (who is without them?) and, like all other men of warm temperament, he may, in the course of his life, have committed some blunders, which a cooler or harder heart would have saved him from. Of the former, the most conspicuous was merely an exceedingly amusing vanity, which made himself happy, and seldom greatly annoyed any one else. His errors in conduct (to use the phraseology of this very wise and correct world) were merely the precipitancies and imprudencies of an intensely honest and generous nature—for which we honour him. Of Dr. Parr's political career we cannot expect a very impartial account from the present reviewer of his life and writings; but, upon the whole, what is said upon that subject has less prejudice, and more charity in it than we were perhaps entitled to anticipate. The summing up of his character in the following paragraph is as just as it is eloquent:—

"At est bonus"—but, with all his splendid failings, he had splendid

virtues too, and many indeed of his failings leaned to their side.—Though stricken by poverty, he was never tamed into meanness; but emerged from sixty years' comparative want into affluence, with a spirit that would have done justice to the revenues of a Sultan. In the worst of times he had crouched to no man, he had been in bondage to no man. Even then he seated himself in cathedra, and dictated a lecture, like one having authority, to prince or prelate, as it might happen. He was frank, ingenuous, unguarded; incapable alike of uttering a falsehood and suppressing a truth—his maxim still was, *ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat*. Contrary to the way of the world (Parr's was generally so), the prosperity of his friends tried his attachment to them much more severely than their distress. He was very likely to pick a quarrel with them when they were 'promoted unto honour,' either from a feverish suspicion of lukewarmness on their part, or from an ill-congealed pride of independence on his own; but, if they or their children came to be in want, Parr was the last man to turn away from them when they would borrow of him, or to cut their acquaintance because they happened to be going to Botany Bay. Of his vast acquirements he can scarcely be thought to have left behind him such a monument as he was capable of rearing up—no one great work which he could bequeath unto posterity, with the certainty that they would not let it die."

We are rather surprised that Mr. Southey takes no notice, in the course of this article, of the two volumes of Correspondence which form so curious a part of Dr. Johnstone's publication. There are some pages of these volumes well worth the perusal of the lovers of gossip, whether literary or of any other sort. We shall not attempt to justify the principle upon which the learned editor has thought himself entitled to give a great part of what they contain to the public. They certainly make an exposure of much private and confidential intercourse, with a freedom and want of reserve, which are quite unexampled.

The articles that come next in order are, 'On the New Colony at Swan River;' by Mr. Barrow, we suppose—On 'Judge Hall's Letters from the West,' in which that absurd performance is cleverly shown up—an able and interesting paper on 'Surtees's History of Durham,' though from the pen of a somewhat too exclusive admirer of Mother Church—and others on that delightful volume, 'The Journal of a Naturalist,' on 'Dr. Lloyd's Mechanical Philosophy,' and on 'The Present Condition of the Currency;' none of which call for any remark. Then comes a long and very extraordinary concluding article, entitled, 'The State and Prospects of the Country.'

If we may trust the evidence of our senses, this is certainly our old acquaintance, the Quarterly—which we see before us. It cannot surely be a Quarterly "of the mind—a false creation, proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain." "Come, let us clutch thee" once more, thou plump and portly, though yellow-visaged octavo! Our finger-ends have no feeling in them if this be any "unreal mockery." But if it be, indeed, the veritable body and presence of our old friend, and the well-known impress from Albemarle-street on the skirt of its frontal garment be no lying scroll, although the outer man be the

same as ever, the inner has undergone a marvellous revolution. If not a case of metamorphosis, it is one of metempsychosis at least. What may have become of the acrimonious and scowling genius of Toryism which has been wont to make its periodical *avatar* among us in this shape for these twenty years past we know not; but the Quarterly is now neither more nor less than an incarnation of the spirit of the veriest radicalism. In our simplicity we imagined the carrying of the Catholic Question by the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel to be the top-miracle we had any chance of witnessing in our day; but this is something better still—"a more exquisite song than the other." We never thought to read with these eyes in the Quarterly such a paper as this.

Of course we cannot attempt here to give even the most rapid analysis of a dissertation extending over nearly fifty pages, and embracing such a multifarious assortment of subjects as falls under its comprehensive title. It is manifestly, however, a deliberate and well-advised exposition; and the author, be he who he may, speaks throughout with the tone and manner of one having authority. Some of his positions we certainly do not assent to, although we have at present no time to controvert them; but on the other hand there is much of what he says, the truth and force of which it is impossible not to feel—however much we may be surprised to "meet with it in the Quarterly Review. The following, for example, to quote but a single passage, is rather an extraordinary strain for this demi-official journal of the government:—

"If we are to keep our place, however, it is indispensably necessary that every incumbrance should be removed which clogs the activity and energy of individuals or the government. Every part of the machine of society must be adapted to the increased exertion it is called upon to make. If this be so, every branch of our public and private economy;—the administration of the affairs of parishes and counties;—the state of charities, corporations, public schools, colleges, the law, the church, and the whole management of our foreign dependencies, must successively submit to examination and amendment. Wealthy as the country is, and attached to ancient institutions as it has always wisely been, it can no longer support the burden of places or proceedings which can be simplified or dispensed with. It is utterly impossible that every thing established by our ancestors should remain untouched for ever either in form or substance; and what Marmontel said of the Cardinal de Brienne, who was then at the head of affairs in France, 'que ce vieil enfant étoit étranger à son siècle,' applies to many excellent individuals among us. A civil revolution has taken place far more extensive than any which was ever brought about by conquerors or negotiators, and which promises to be far more permanent. The feudal system, from which so many of the laws and customs of every part of Europe are deduced, is everywhere undermined or overturned, and those vestiges of it which remain are only calculated to obstruct the changes which the current of events is forcing forward. While no branch of our institutions ought to be touched which can be safely let alone, there yet exists an imperative necessity for subjecting many of them to alteration; and it is the number and importance of the things which require to be altered, and the inconceivable difficulty of altering them, which must, for some time to come, render the duties of statesmen in this country, if they are adequately performed, peculiarly severe and unremitting.

Οὐ κατὰ παντός τις ἰσχυρὸν βουλευόμενον ἀνδρᾶ·

ὅτι λαοὶ τῶν ἡμετέρων καὶ τοσούτοι μὲν ἐσσι.

Ibid. ii. 25.

We entertain no desire to step beyond our proper sphere, or to erect ourselves into judges of those who are placed in authority over us; but we are mistaken if several affairs be not now assuming an aspect, which will demand more laborious investigation, than has for many years past been bestowed upon them. The ministers of this country live in such continual hurry, and are so oppressed with multiplicity of business, that much of it is either dispatched precipitately, turned over to inferior officers, or remains undone altogether. This is another of the matters which require to be looked to. When the wind is fair and the sea calm, the most indifferent hands may be trusted; but, if the breakers sound, or the gale approaches, the safety of the vessel as distinctly requires that able seamen should be sent aloft, as that a fearless pilot should have his station at the helm. When the situation of a state becomes really critical, when its affairs require to be effectually disentangled—it is neither to mere men of routine, nor to proficient in statistical calculation, and the metaphysics of political economy, that the wise will look. Such a service (should we ever demand it) can only be performed by statesmen who are free from that affectation and conceit which is one of the prevailing vices of the day; who are prepared to spend their health and strength in gaining a thorough knowledge of our difficulties; and who possess sufficient courage to apply to them those plain and decisive remedies of which all mankind can comprehend the meaning and effect.

“A variety of concurring circumstances seems to show that formidable difficulties must be encountered by us at no great distance; and it is a sense of duty alone which has induced us to avow the conviction which has been reluctantly forced upon us. Let the aristocracy of England—let all who have strong influence in this land, bethink them well what they are about. Let them beware of rash actions—and of rash words. Let them look before they leap.”

This, it must be confessed, sounds something like the trumpet of a coming reformation—and as such, accordingly, it has, we understand, not a little alarmed certain ears. For our own parts, neither our expectations, nor, we will add, our wishes, probably extend so far as those of some of the more ardent zealots of innovation—holding, as we do, that next to a bad political system the greatest curse that can befall a people is a sudden and sweeping destruction of it, however bad;—but, that we live on the eve of great changes, which must come, if not with noise and tumult, yet with a gradual, steady, and irresistible progress, they can hardly be said to think at all who do not discern. The actual invasion of these changes does not depend upon any single man, or body of men; the tide is on its way, and it belongs to no mortal power to say to it “stand still.” All that governments can do is to make preparation how best to meet it. If they still persist, with a blind and insane obstinacy, in endeavouring to oppose its wave by a stern and unyielding resistance, the stronger the embankments they raise up against it, the more terrific will be its fury as it sweeps them away, and the wider and more ruinous the devastation which it will spread around it when its triumph has been achieved. Its force may be broken, but not resisted; and that government, or nation, only will act wisely which shall remember this. That our own rulers may thus transform the threatening tempest into a visitation of peace and light, we devoutly pray; and most gladly would we discern in the words we have just transcribed, some token that their views are, indeed, broad and enlightened, in a degree corresponding to the great-

ness and the difficulty of the crisis in which it is their lot to lead the van of human civilization.

The most important article in the present number of the North American Review, is that on Dr. Webster's English Dictionary. From the account given of this work by the Reviewer, it would appear to be one of the most valuable contributions our literature has yet received from our transatlantic brethren. Dr. Webster has, it seems, devoted twenty years of his life to his task. The publication appears in two volumes, quarto,—and, in so far at least as respects the general character of its contents, may be considered as modelled upon Johnson; though the entirely new manner in which each of its departments is treated makes it, even in regard to plan, a new work. In so far as we may judge from the present paper, Dr. Webster's qualifications, as an English etymologist, appear to be of the first order. We have, indeed, nowhere met with a more enlightened exposition of the principles of etymological science than is given in the article before us. It was a subject of which Dr. Johnson knew absolutely nothing. His Dictionary is one of the most wonderful works ever completed by a single individual, and has undoubtedly many real merits of the highest sort; the amount of which, as is well remarked by the present writer, is only to be sufficiently estimated by a comparison of what he has done with the performance of the most successful of his predecessors. But if we allow that he has given us, in the first place, nearly a complete vocabulary of the language as actually living and in use at the time when he wrote,—that secondly, his great reading within a certain range of our literature has enabled him to illustrate his definitions with an abundant selection of the most apt quotations,—and thirdly, that his definitions themselves are often distinguished by a precision and felicity of expression, such as scarcely any other pen could have rivalled in that very difficult species of writing—we shall have admitted everything, we think, that can be fairly advanced in commendation of his work by its warmest admirers. But, considered as a Dictionary of the English language, its deficiencies are, notwithstanding all this, of the most serious description. Even as a mere vocabulary, it did not, in the state in which it was given to the world by its author, contain anything like a complete display of the treasures of our noble tongue. Dr. Johnson's knowledge of English literature, indeed, scarcely extended beyond the reign of James I., and just as, in writing the Lives of our Poets, he chose to begin with Cowley, so in compiling his Dictionary he scarcely sought for its materials from any period antecedent to the commencement of the seventeenth century. Yet for two centuries previous to this time the English was a formed and cultivated language, and could boast of its classics and its native muses. The reign of Elizabeth was its golden age—the time at which its powers displayed themselves in their greatest vigour, and were made flexible so as to produce the most varied, harmonious, and expressive forms of diction. Of the writers of this period, however, Dr. Johnson's Dictionary was originally not even an interpreter—far less a storehouse of the riches of expression to be found in their pages. A passage from Dr. Webster's work, quoted in the present article, gives us some curious informa-

tion as to the numbers of words contained in some of our standard Dictionaries. "The Dictionary of Walker," says he, "has been found by actual enumeration, to contain in round numbers, thirty-eight thousand words. Those of Johnson, Sheridan, Jones, and Perry, have not far from the same number." The American edition of Todd's Johnson contains fifty-eight thousand. In the work now submitted to the public, the number has been increased to seventy thousand."

It must be admitted, however, that there is some difficulty in determining what limits a Lexicographer should prescribe to himself as to this point, and more especially in regard to our own language. In our older writers we find, for example, the same word spelled not unfrequently in half a dozen different ways. We should say decidedly, however, that with these variations the compiler of a dictionary has nothing to do. They are the mere eccentricities of ignorance or caprice, which it can serve no purpose of any kind to chronicle. Indeed, we know not a piece of weaker or more preposterous pedantry than that which we so often find disfiguring modern reprints of old works, where every thing of this kind is copied with the most scrupulous accuracy from the original edition. This is in most cases neither more nor less than to transcribe and perpetuate the blunders of illiterate compositors; the very last vestiges of by-gone times, we should think, which it could import to the edification of any one to have preserved or revived. It is not any part of the author himself which is restored, when so much pains is taken to record, upon finer paper and with a broader margin than they were ever before honoured with, all these wild and unmeaning irregularities. It would be just as reasonable to insist upon making the new edition a fac-simile of the old one, in respect of its coarse paper, or its clumsy typography, or any other accidental or manifest imperfection which may chance to belong to it. In all cases in which the spelling in the least degree affects the style or meaning of the author, it ought of course to be scrupulously preserved. There it is part of what he has written, the force, or beauty, or value, in some other respect, of which would be destroyed or impaired by any alteration. Thus, for example, wherever, whether in poetry or in prose, there is reason to believe that the pronunciation of the word at the time when the work was written is indicated by the old spelling, and would not be so were it changed, we should be doing an injury to the author, by depriving him of his antique orthography. We now write *small*, but we ought to retain the old form *smale* in reprinting the poems of Lord Surrey, who uses the word as rhyming to *pale*, and other similarly sounding terms,—while, in the case of Chaucer, who is supposed to have employed it as a dissyllable, we ought to do the same, at least until the theory of his versification of which this is the principal canon shall have been demonstrated to be unfounded*.

But, besides the difficulties arising from this circumstance, there are

* May we take this opportunity of enquiring when we are to be favoured with the examination of Mr. Tyrwhitt's celebrated Essay, promised some years ago by Mr. Price, in his learned and admirable edition of Warton? We venture to say that the students of our old poetry look for the appearance of this announced work with much expectation. Mr. Price may be assured that the followers of Tyrwhitt are very far from being convinced by the late Dr. Nott's strictures.

some others to which the maker of a dictionary is exposed in attempting to fix the limits of his vocabulary. Shall he admit every word that has been used even in comparatively recent times,—every singular formation which has been employed perhaps by only one writer—every innovation which is as yet only struggling for general reception? Again, how is he to act in the case of compound words? Is he to enumerate all he can discover—or none at all—or only some of them? What is he to do with regard to derivatives from proper names, such as Franciscan, Newtonian, Alphonsine, Shakespearian, which are plainly innumerable? Is he to reject them all? In that case our dictionaries would be weeded of all such adjectives as August, Platonic, Christian, and a 'thousand others which are to be found, we believe, in all of them. As to such matters, in truth, the compiler must exercise his own discretion, without considering himself bound by any rigid rule. He cannot be expected to produce an Encyclopædia, a book professing to explain every thing. What he undertakes to furnish is simply a list of words, with an account of the history of each, and its meaning as separately used. If, even of these there be any description which may be indefinitely multiplied, the utmost labour he could bestow in collecting and cataloguing existing specimens would of course produce after all only an imperfect work. Yet looking to the best means of making his work generally useful, he will probably find it expedient to give a considerable number of the most common and best authorised of such words, even although he cannot hope to make his list a complete one. It is in this way, we imagine, that Dr. Webster has got together his seventy thousand vocables—a number so greatly exceeding that collected by the most industrious of his predecessors.

An English dictionary, intended to serve merely as an authority for the language, ought not, we think, to be compiled upon this plan. It should contain every English word, properly so called, to be found in any of our authors, from the time the language first assumed, in all essential respects, its present grammatical shape and structure, or became what we may fairly call English—such as are obsolete, or have never been sanctioned by any good authority, being of course distinguished by appropriate marks. Of compound terms, whether constituted of two distinct words or of a simple term and an inseparable particle, it should give only such as are formed in a manner peculiar to themselves, or have obtained a signification different from what their composition would imply. If there be any term, separable or not, which may be joined, with a certain specific effect, to any other term of a certain class, it would be obviously absurd to exhibit it in all the variety of its possible combinations. The rule of its capabilities only should be given—which were better and more complete than a thousand exemplifications. This, however, is a part of our language which has yet been but very loosely investigated—and it were no easy matter to say, with regard to several of our particles, and other terms commonly employed for the purposes of composition, with what sort of words they may, and with what they may not, be used. Dr. Webster remarks of *ill*, we find, that it may be prefixed to almost any particle. *Un* is another of our most usual

prefixes ; yet, although we say, *unnatural*, we do not now say *unhuman*, and while *unwell* is used by everybody, we certainly could not say *ungood*.

But we must leave this article, which is a very learned and able one, and would afford us matter, if we had room, for much more extended observation. We cannot doubt, from the account here given us of it, that Dr. Webster's work is one well worth the attention of every student of the English language, and that in some most important respects it is greatly superior to any thing of the kind that has yet been produced among ourselves. Even among the author's own countrymen, we observe it stated, it has been pretty generally deemed rather a hazardous enterprise for an American to undertake a dictionary of a language which may be fairly supposed to be spoken and written in its purity only among another people ; and this prejudice may doubtless be counted upon as likely to operate still more strongly on this side the water. The notion is obviously, however, more a prejudice than any thing else. The intercourse of nations is now so intimate, that whatever literary stores are open to an Englishman are equally open to an American, and for the making of a dictionary of the language, it really, therefore, can matter little whether an individual reside in London or New York. We can very well conceive how the political institutions, and habits of a people should exert an influence on certain descriptions of their literary produce, but not on their dictionaries. It is in our opinion in the highest degree creditable to America, that the encouragement she affords to learning has been already sufficient to give birth to such a book as this of Dr. Webster's seems to be.

Of the other articles in the Review we have not left ourselves room to speak. The number is upon the whole an interesting one ; and several of the papers it contains, as well as the one we have more particularly noticed, display much ability. We do not go too far in saying, that it quite deserves to be placed by the side of any ordinary number of our own literary journals.

Turn we now for a moment to the WESTMINSTER, the clever champion of things as they are not, in church, state, and elsewhere. Unfortunately this same cause, though possibly a very meritorious one, is not altogether so well calculated to win the world's sympathies as its friends might desire, and is, in truth, not likely we fear ever to become very popular. It is too abstract for vulgar apprehension,—has too little of the complexion of flesh and blood about it for the sensual affections of the multitude. In this country especially, people like something positive and palpable to attach themselves to :—they cannot fall in love with a universal negative. But the Westminster has other disadvantages to struggle with besides this. From the character of its politics, its very business is an ostentatious assumption of the tone of honesty and plain speaking ; and yet upon certain subjects, and those more important than any other, it cannot well afford and does not attempt, to be perfectly honest, or to speak its mind freely. Hence, upon the most fundamental questions, both of religion and politics, a constant habit on the part of its conductors of indirectness at least, if not of positive insincerity and equivocation ; sneering instead of argument, hints, insinuations, sarcasms, instead of a manly avowal of opinion.

We are not at present blaming them for this; perhaps were they to speak more out, they would give still more offence; but certainly the effect of the plan they take is the very reverse of fortunate. This, we should think, must be felt by readers of every sort. For ourselves, we confess besides, that our passion for the *utile* as opposed to the *dulce* is not quite so violent as that of the scribes in the Westminster; and there is a good deal, therefore, even in the avowed spirit of their politics and morality with which we do not sympathize. But these are matters we cannot discuss in the space that now remains to us.

The present number is one of the very best the Westminster has ever put forth. The first article, on Sir Walter Scott's Tales of a Grandfather, is an extremely fair and candid as well as able piece of criticism, and does ample justice both to the gifted writer whose work is reviewed, and to those characters of another age, some of whom his pen has not quite so impartially sketched. Yet we should be disposed, we confess, to seek a little deeper for the motives of some of the persons whose conduct is here characterized, than this Reviewer always does. It is a shallow philosophy, for instance, which sees no distinction between Charles I. extorting money illegally from his subjects and a robber going out to plunder purses on the highway—nor is either the logic or rhetoric of such comparisons in very good taste. If Sir Walter, in his narrative way, is rather too apt to decline assigning motives altogether, his Reviewer appears to us to be somewhat too much given to rest satisfied with the first that present themselves, and so to mistake the air for the spirit of philosophy. But the article is a clever, and upon the whole, as we have said, a fair and right-hearted one for all that, and exposes the insinuating toryism of Sir Walter's work with great skill and success.

The next paper is on the Hamiltonian system of teaching languages, and is by far the best that has been written on the subject. All who take any interest in the business of education, should read this able, luminous, and comprehensive exposition of the principles of the new method of instruction. It is admirably well calculated to dissipate many of the prejudices and misconceptions which have got abroad upon the subject, and for which, by the bye, Mr. Hamilton has chiefly to thank his own quackery.—Of the remaining articles, that on the court of Napoleon is a lively and amusing digest of the gossip of Mademoiselle Ducrest, Madame Durand, and the Comte de Bausset—that on the Public Records, an able exposure of a most enormous abuse, or rather system of abuses, which we should think cannot fail to produce a good effect; those on Dry Rot, the Law of Literary Property, and the Expeditions to the North Pole, all full of information and well deserving of perusal. The last-mentioned especially is written with great cleverness. Such a variety of good, and some of them eminently good articles, has not often been exhibited by a single number of any literary journal. Some of the shorter and lighter papers, which have not been noticed, also deserve to be so, especially the very curious one on the French Police.

And now, a very few words on the Edinburgh, and we have done. Our brother of the North hangs out this time an inviting bill of fare—although we fear we have indulged rather too plentifully in the good

things we have just been engaged with, to be quite in a condition for doing justice to those now set before us. The first article in the number is a long and elaborate one on the subject of an improved census of the population and the law of mortality. It contains many very sensible and valuable suggestions, which we hope will not be overlooked when the population returns are again called for in 1831. It is not creditable to such a country as this, that the official information it possesses respecting its own statistics should be so miserably imperfect as it is; that the government should do so little in collecting such information, and that the little it does, should be in general so ill done. This is both a good and a well-timed article, evidently by a person who has studied and understands his subject. Passing over a short paper on the works of Paul Louis Courier, which is merely curious as giving an account of some very little known, but apparently somewhat extraordinary productions, from the pen of this individual, we come to another dissertation of great length on the game laws. This is an examination of the subject *ab initio*, or at least almost so; for if the writer does not go quite so far back as to the creation of the world, he takes up the history of the English game laws from the invasion of Cæsar, and pursues it most learnedly through the times of the Britons, the Romans, the Saxons, and the Normans, till the establishment of the principle of the existing code. The article, however, is a lively, and occasionally an eloquent, as well as a learned one, and adapted to other readers as well as lawyers and antiquarians. We need not say that it advocates the rational reform of abolishing the disqualifying laws, and legalizing the sale of game. We have not read the article on Stewart's Planter's Guide, nor that on Major Clapperton's last African Expedition, which follow. The next is on the 'Library of Entertaining Knowledge'—a review copiously illustrated by extracts of the first half volume, published under that title by the 'Diffusion Society,' and giving a plain but luminous exposition of the nature and objects of the new series of works. Then comes a clever and biting attack on Mr. Mill's famous Essay on Government, under the ominous title of 'Utilitarian Logic and Politics.' "So ends," says the writer, after he has finished his work of demolition, "so ends this celebrated essay. And such is this philosophy, for which the experience of three thousand years is to be discarded; this philosophy, the professors of which speak as if it had guided the world to the knowledge of navigation and alphabetic writing; as if, before its dawn, the inhabitants of Europe had lived in caverns and eaten each other! We are sick, it seems, like the children of Israel, of the objects of our old and legitimate worship. We pine for a new idolatry. All that is costly, and all that is ornamental in our intellectual treasures must be delivered up, and cast into the furnace; and there comes out this calf!" This is at least plain-spoken enough. But it will all be answered, we have no doubt, by an array of unanswerable syllogisms in the next number of the Westminster. Our own goosequill is now worn too near the stump to allow us to think of striking in at present upon so high a debate. The next paper, on the Law of Legitimacy, swarms, we see, with proper names; but further we cannot say, save that the subject is a curious one, and we doubt not is here learnedly and ingeniously discussed. The number concludes with a paper of between fifty and sixty pages, entitled *The Last of the Catholic*

Question. There is no mistaking the author of this eloquent and powerful vindication of the recent great measure. It is a splendid *Io Triumphe*, worthy of the writer and of such a theme. We extract a single paragraph—a short one, but the longest our limits will allow :

It is to the credit of the lay-talent of this country, that, beset as this courtier superstition has been with temptations, yet its fortune has been long decided by a constellation of every distinguished name among our statesmen. There is not missing a star of any magnitude. It is singular, when no country exists in Europe, where the authority of great names is so strong a supplement to reason (indeed, it might be said, is so often stronger than reason, where they happen to be opposed) as England, that in a case where reason and authority cover each other in an entire coincidence, means were found for so many years of evading the grasp of their conclusions. Our Premier, thus supported, need give himself little trouble about the obsolete and impetent ultras, who reproach their own Bishops for indifference to Episcopacy; and whose hulls, mouldering on the strand, will soon serve only to measure the distance at which they are left by the current of the times. The survivors of the baffled minority on the abolition of the Slave trade—those practical statesmen, who nailed their colours to the mast of the last Guinea-ship—may be allowed to sun their harmless imbecility in the brightness of a similar exhibition, and to celebrate, with one cheer more, their favourite virtue of consistency, whether right or wrong. When the misguided villagers have had a respite, and have recovered from the Saturnalia of inflammatory politics, at whose dram shop they have been drenched, they will see into what company they have fallen; and may judge of the real tendency of all this intolerance, by the rank and file with which it musters. This is only one leaf out of a dark volume, whose Turkish text opposes emancipation from any oppressive error. They will recognise in the advocates for Religious exclusions from civil rights, the consistent supporters of Corn Laws, Sugar Laws, Game Laws; men to whom every subject is equally dear, if it is but a monopoly and a wrong. Who can doubt but that these persons, if they had embarrassed 1688 by their presence, would have deprecated its proceedings, have quoted 1648, have shaken the head of the Martyr King before them, and have been the same thorns in the side of Lord Somers, as at present they are in the Duke's? In the great national recovery which we are suffering, we have vouched every thing that a nation can rely upon, in the way of security for being right. Could we trust this party, and ruin an empire to please them, they have nothing to offer us either as indemnity or excuse.

A portion of the foam which the present storm has scattered on every wind, comes from a school with which we shall certainly never into controversy, till we meet together on the plains of Armageddon. Men that can see in the Apocalypse the present state of Europe, and who tell a British statesman to burn his Burke, and adopt the Book of Revelations for a political manual, are carrying on madness upon too sublime a scale for our interference. We were brought up in the humble creed of looking at the Prophecies chiefly in connexion, not with the future, but the past; where a cautious divinity, looking backwards, might shadow out marks of anticipation and of promise, and lead on our faith by proofs of divine foreknowledge, to an apparent accomplishment of the Divine will. But to use them as *this* year's almanac—to put the Millennium backwards and forwards, according as the facts of the last twelvemonth have falsified the predictions of the last edition—to jeopardize the state rather than tolerate a policy which might spoil a favourite criticism on some ambiguous text, or might intercept the vision that is floating for the week over the valley of Albury, is to turn the Apocalyptic eagle into the cuckoo of the spring.

CASE OF EAST RETFORD.—STATE OF PARTIES.

THE Clare Election and the "East Retford Question" are minute causes from which unexpected and remarkable political consequences have resulted. By the first event Catholic Emancipation has been unquestionably prematurely, though in good time, brought about; by the second, an administration was broken up, and Cabinet measures imposed on the king, which ultimately accomplished the settlement of a great national agitation originating in the unjust and antiquated disabilities of his Roman Catholic subjects.

It does not require the gift of prophecy to foretell that the East Retford Question, now again adjourned to the next session of parliament, is destined to be the *causation* of other important political events; and it will infallibly revive the public attention, and more especially that of the populous and wealthy unrepresented towns of the United Kingdom, to the state of the representation, and to the possibility of amending the House of Commons, by the extension of the elective franchise to such towns as Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, and Glasgow.

An intellectual revolution is in active progress and operation, which no monarchies or aristocracies can extinguish. Knowledge is the great principle of ignition, which, combining with wealth and population, illuminates the political atmosphere of England and Europe. Political institutions will receive the benefit of the light, however the incumbents of places, pensions, and sinecures, may vainly try to shut *their* eyes to it, for they can no more resist it than the midnight owl by his screams can prevent the dawn of the rising sun. PUBLIC OPINION has become a fourth estate of the constitution; we live to see John Lord Eldon (as *Ex-Chancellor*) lamenting and exposing the abuses of the Courts of Equity, and Lords Winchelsea and Chandos praying for parliamentary reform!

The little borough which gave birth to the "East Retford Question" (which involves the right of the large unrepresented towns to the elective franchise) has thus gained a notoriety which will justify a few antiquarian researches into its political origin and conduct.

East Retford is a borough, market town, and parish, in the hundred of Bassetlaw, in the county of Nottingham. It is situated near the river Idle, 145 miles from London, and contains about 450 houses and 2000 inhabitants. Its representative history informs us that it first sent members to parliament in the 9th of Edward II., but never returned again till the 13th of Elizabeth, when representatives were a second time summoned, though by the Journals (April 6, 1571) the legality of the writ appears to have been questioned. The usual misdemeanours were soon commenced at the succeeding elections of its members. In 1700, the bailiffs of the borough, partisans of two candidates, in a severe contest, began the system of disfranchising many legal voters and enfranchising for present purposes many not entitled to vote, which with other "undue practices" brought their worshipps before a committee of the House of Commons. An election committee

on that occasion reported that the right of election was in the burgesses being freemen, including *non-resident* as well as resident burgesses, and thus established at once the nucleus of future and incurable corruption and expense. This determination in favour of the cause of non-resident voters was come to by the House of Commons, notwithstanding the following custom and ordinance of the borough, made in 1624—"for disabling the burgess to vote at any election or elections whatsoever within the borough, who shall remove his dwelling out of the borough, and continue so for one whole year, provided in case he did return again, and live within the borough, he should vote, while he lived thereip."

Many succeeding elections were the costly and corrupt scenes of severe local contest and disputed returns. The municipal government of the town is vested in that excellently adapted machinery of an English election and close borough—a *corporation*. The component parts of this patent machine consist, in the present case, of twelve aldermen, from whom the *senior* bailiff must be annually chosen; the *junior* bailiff from amongst the freemen, who is an alderman during his year of office, makes the golden number of thirteen. Such an establishment, in England, necessarily creates a demand for a *Patron*—in other words, a purchaser of elective franchises. The demand usually finds a supply, which, in the case of East Retford, has been provided by the "NEWCASTLE FAMILY," the three last Dukes of that name having been successively High Stewards, and the corporation basking of course "under the influence" of their *Graces*.

A century since, the number of freemen, "honest and true," did not exceed 50. When the numbers were thus limited, the machine was neither very troublesome nor extremely costly. Woe then to the poor opponent of a noble patron. But in the passage of time the free commonalty quadrupled, and its "*political character*" became essentially changed; in plain language, the freemen discovered their intrinsic *value*, they went to market themselves. This period, in the life of a political borough of small dimensions, is eventful and anxious. Great and violent are the struggles between the patron and dependents; the slave bursting his manacles is not more to be dreaded, than the infant resolution of the freemen to shake off the yoke of patronage.

The first effort of independence was made by the freemen in 1768, who invited Sir Cecil Wray, a neighbouring country gentleman, and a member of the Bill of Rights' Society to represent them; and he was returned in opposition to the Duke of Newcastle and the corporation. In 1790, the worthy old Major Cartwright was invited, and would have been returned by the majority of voters, but his stern commonwealth principles would not submit to the *ad valorem* practice, which even with independent members was the consideration of a seat. Sir John Ingleby, a gentleman of less scrupulous peculiarities, was returned in the Major's interest. In 1796, the "independent party," (or salesmen in their own right) for the first time returned *two* members. This offence against the hereditary right of the *Dukery* required a cunningly devised remedy, and thereupon the creatures of the Corporation had recourse to the expedient of manufacturing thirty-eight

honorary freemen to restore the majority of his Grace at future elections. The bailiff, aldermen, and leet juries, were all selected from this new body of *freemen*. Long and expensive law proceedings were the result, under the aid and protection of Mr. Bowles, the London Bunker. The question of the legality of the creation of honorary freemen was brought before the court of King's Bench, by *Quo Warranto*; they were adjudged to be illegal, and five aldermen, and the whole body of honorary freemen were dispossessed of their usurped honours and privileges. At the succeeding election of 1802, Mr. Bowles, the champion of the civil rights of this *rotten borough*, was a candidate with Mr. Bonham, when the base ingratitude of the electors returned the nominees of the Duke of Newcastle, or rather of the *Duchess* of Newcastle,—Mr. Robert Crawford, the brother of her Grace's husband, Colonel Crawford, being returned with Mr. Jeffray. The price of votes now rose from the maximum (of sixty years' custom) of forty guineas to one hundred and fifty! The return was unsuccessfully disputed. In 1807, the "independent" party again accomplished a moiety of their independence, that is to say, the right of selling themselves; and in 1812, they finally worked out their political freedom, and have been ever since notoriously purchased by the highest bidder, or the most accomplished electioneers, who could contrive to obtain their plebeian *graces*. A hand bill concerning £10,000 in the house of Coutts and Co., or rumours of a letter of credit to the Retford Bank, were always sufficient introductions to any who aspired to the honour of representing East Retford. Strangers never heard of before, were alike acceptable with wealthy neighbours, and if returned and never heard of afterwards, it was a matter of no moment to the worthy electors, provided all accounts were settled, and opulent successors, to the number of *four*, presented themselves at the next dissolution of Parliament.

Such was the ancient character of this immaculate borough to the period of the last election in 1826. It appears by the Journals of the House of Commons, that the committees of that House have been occupied no less than *seven* times for several weeks together, within the last century, in determining what constitutes a freeman in this little borough, and have left the question at last as much open to contention and litigation as they found it. It is not yet decided whether the son of a freeman born *out of the borough* has an equal right to be admitted with the son of a freeman born *in the borough*, upon a claim of birth-right (the septennial annuity of forty guineas); nor whether the *apprentice to a journeyman shoemaker*, which description of persons constitutes a majority of the electors, has the same right to his freedom as the apprentice to a *master shoemaker*, upon a claim of servitude. To the empire this is a legal question of little moment; "like master like man,"—the leaven pervades the whole body.

It is thus our political Pharisees canvass: "My good fellow I will not talk about money; I come here to *do* that which is right and just*." It is a singular proof of the fanaticism of religion, by Hume described as "a principle the most blind, headstrong, and ungovernable, by

* Canvass conversation of Sir Henry Wright Wilson. See Minutes of Evidence, No. 2, p. 55.

which human nature can possibly be actuated," that this universal corruption was never suspended in East Retford, except by a party who under *No Popery* excitement absolutely resisted the bribes of a Pro-Catholic candidate! We wonder that this remarkable argument in favour of Catholic disabilities escaped the observation and logic of the new convert to parliamentary reform, Lord Winchilsea.

To return to the "East Retford Question," our readers will probably remember that at the last election in that borough, Sir Robert Dundas and Mr. Wrightson were the successful candidates, against Sir Henry Wright Wilson; the respective numbers on the poll being 118, 120, and 53. Sir H. W. Wilson petitioned against the return; the select committee appointed to try and determine the merits of which reported, May 1, 1827, a void election; and that the sitting members had been guilty of *treating*. A voluminous report of the evidence was subsequently communicated to the Commons, and printed, consisting of one hundred and ninety-five closely printed folio pages. It is tolerably well known that election committees of the House of Commons are extremely finical in their admission and discrimination of evidence, and equally delicate in their reports, when the verdict is a Scotch one, *not proven*. The record of the evidence above alluded to, proves, to men of common understandings, that the whole body of East Retford electors, was, with an occasional exception, tainted from its birth; that it inherited corruption, and that its chronic complaints were incurable. Mr. Peel, the most fastidious judge of the House, in his "judicial character," denounced the impurities of the Nottinghamshire shoemakers; nor do we think that the wit of Sheridan with all his predilections for his Staffordshire Crispins could have justified this *last* transaction.

The frailties of this sinful borough were specially brought under the notice of the House of Commons by the following two resolutions in the Report of the Select Committee:—

"*Resolved*, That the Committee consider it their duty to direct the serious attention of the House to the corrupt state of the borough of East Retford. It appears to the Committee, from the evidence of several witnesses, that at elections of burgesses to serve in Parliament for this borough, it has been a notorious, long-continued, and general practice for the electors, who voted for the successful candidates to receive the sum of twenty guineas from each of them, so that those burgesses who voted for both the members returned, have customarily received forty guineas for such exercise of their elective franchise. It further appears to the Committee, that an expectation prevailed in the borough, that this custom would be acted upon at the last election, although they have no sufficient proof that such expectation was encouraged by the candidates then returned."

"*Resolved*, That the chairman be requested to move, that this Report, with the evidence taken before the Committee, be printed; and that the Speaker do not issue his writ for the return of two burgesses to serve in parliament for the said borough of *East Retford*, until the same shall have been taken into the consideration of the House."

Mr. Western, was the Chairman of the Select Committee on the peti-

tion, but Mr. Tennyson, who had taken a particularly active part in the Committée, was deputed, we believe, to call the special attention of the House to the consideration of the above report, and introduced it by an excellent speech on the 11th of June, 1827*. We shall now proceed to lay before our readers a short recapitulation of the various motions and divisions, which have followed the debates in the House of Commons on the "East Retford Question."

On the 11th of June, 1827, the order of the day "for the consideration of the special report from the East Retford Election Committee" being read,—Mr. Tennyson moved, and, after discussion, the House of Commons resolved—"That the corrupt state of the borough of East Retford required the serious attention of the House." On the same day, Mr. Tennyson obtained leave to bring in a bill "for excluding the borough of East Retford from electing burgesses to serve in Parliament, and to enable the town of Birmingham to return two representatives in lieu thereof."

On the 22nd of the same month, this bill was read a second time, but in consequence of the approaching prorogation, the subject was postponed to the next session; and on the 29th of June, the issue of the writ to East Retford was suspended accordingly.

On the 31st of January, 1828, the bill was again brought in; and on the 25th of February was read a second time, and ordered to be committed: several witnesses were then summoned to attend the committee on the 3d of March.

On the 3rd, 4th, and 7th of March, the committee examined evidence in support of the bill, and heard counsel against it.

On the 10th of March, the committee went through the bill, *pro formâ*, and reported it to the House.

On the 21st of March, Mr. Tennyson, having stated and commented upon the evidence, moved,—That the bill be recommitted, on the ground that the case against the borough had been established. The House agreed to the motion; but on the question, that the Speaker should leave the chair, Mr. Nicholson Calvert moved,—"That it be an instruction to the committee, that they have power to make provision for the prevention of bribery and corruption in the election of Members to serve in Parliament for the borough of East Retford, by extending the right of voting to the forty-shilling freeholders of the hundred of Bassetlaw."

After debate, the House agreed to the instruction,—

Ayes	157
Noes	121
<hr/>	
Majority	36

Mr. Tennyson afterwards moved the postponement of the committee from time to time, on the ground that,—several Members having agreed to the instruction voted on the 21st of March, because it was proposed by the bill in progress for disfranchising the borough of Penryn, to transfer the elective franchise from that borough to Man-

chester,—it was expedient to delay the East Retford bill until it could be ascertained whether the House of Lords would agree to that transfer.

On the 14th of May the Earl of Carnarvon, who had the conduct in the House of Lords, of the bill for disfranchising Penryn, stated in his place, after evidence had been heard in support of it, that the nature of that evidence was not such as would justify him in recommending a transfer of the elective franchise from Penryn to Manchester, but that he should probably propose to open the right of voting to the freeholders of the adjacent hundreds.

Accordingly on the 21st of May, Mr. Tennyson moved the recommitment of the East Retford Bill in the House of Commons. Thereupon the House resolved itself into a committee, and Mr. N. Calvert, with a view of giving effect to the instruction of the 21st of March, moved, in the first place, to omit that portion of the preamble which recited the expediency of entirely excluding East Retford from returning representatives, and of substituting the town of Birmingham.

After a debate in which Mr. N. Calvert, Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Lumley, Mr. Alderman Wanthman, Lord Ranelagh, Sir George Philips, Mr. Secretary Peel, Mr. Littleton, Mr. Stanley, Mr. Sturges Bourne, Lord Viscount Sandon, Mr. Secretary Huskisson, Lord William Powlett, and Mr. Williams Wynn took part, the committee divided, when the numbers were :

In favour of Mr. Calvert's motion	145
Against it	127

Majority in favour of Mr. Calvert's motion . . . 18

After this division, Mr. Calvert proposed to substitute for the words omitted in the preamble the words following:—

“ And whereas such bribery and corruption is likely to continue to be practised in the said borough in future, unless some means are taken to prevent the same; in order, therefore, to prevent such unlawful practices for the future, and that the said borough may henceforth be duly represented in Parliament,”—

Whereupon Mr. Secretary Huskisson moved, that all the words of the proposed amendment, after the word “ future,” be omitted.

Upon which it was moved and agreed, that the chairman should report progress, and ask leave to sit again on Monday, the 2nd of June.

The resumption of the “ Question” this year we need not recapitulate. It has again another life in the political womb of 1830. In the mean time it has become the parent of a great national claim, preferred independently of any doctrines of parliamentary reform, and Lord John Russell has given notice that he will next year bring before the consideration of the Legislature and the country, the *non*-representation of the large and important manufacturing communities who have risen into political existence since the last settlement of the representation, and subsequent to the extinction of that important popular prerogative which formerly invested the English Monarch with the legal power of conferring representation on new commercial towns of population and wealth, contributing to the resources and revenues of the state. Manchester and Birmingham have in large and unanimous public meetings

made known their estimate of the great national right of the elective franchise, and their desire to possess it with adequate securities against the tumult, delay, and expense too frequently and unnecessarily attending popular elections.

The speeches of Mr. Tennyson and Sir James Mackintosh, on this question, have eminently contributed to excite public spirit, and possess merits, as historical and statistical dissertations, which would have attracted much more extended observation if the contemporaneous events of the Cabinet dissolutions and the carrying of the Catholic Question had not so completely absorbed public attention.

The speech of Mr. Tennyson, on the 19th of May, 1828, on Mr. Calvert's motion to substitute the hundred of Bassettlaw, is, in its historical and constitutional argument, especially excellent and conclusive. The claims of Birmingham, as contrasted with those of the agricultural hundred, are also *statistically* exhibited in facts and figures which demonstrate the absurd and idle jealousy sought to be excited between the "landed interest" and the commercial public. He clearly shows the relative increase of landed and commercial property since the Revolution and Union, and the relations of both to the distribution of the elective franchise. This comparison he makes more minutely in assaying the representation of the counties of Warwick and Nottingham:—

"If we consider the manner in which the counties are represented,—not as the right honourable gentleman looked at it in the former discussion, but with reference to their population,—the population of Nottinghamshire does not appear to require eight members nearly so much as Warwickshire. Warwickshire has at present only six members for its population, which may now be stated at three hundred thousand; while Nottinghamshire has eight for its one hundred and ninety thousand. But taking the relative population as stated in the last census—that of 1821,—Warwickshire at two hundred and seventy-four thousand, and Nottinghamshire at one hundred and eighty-six thousand; still, after the transfer to Birmingham, Nottinghamshire will be better represented by its remaining six members, than Warwickshire by the eight members it will then have, for it will still have only one for each thirty-five thousand inhabitants, while Nottinghamshire will retain one for each thirty-one thousand. At present the disproportion is quite unfair; Warwickshire with six members has only one for about forty-six thousand, while Nottinghamshire has one for about twenty-three thousand, or, in other words, has double the representation of Warwickshire. In fact, Nottinghamshire stands the twenty-first in point of population upon the scale of English counties, while Warwickshire is the twelfth."

The peculiar *local* claims of Birmingham are forcibly stated by Mr. Tennyson:—

"But if, Sir, the commercial interest were at all times considered an object for representation, how much more important to the country, and even to that interest in particular, is the representation of those great manufacturing classes, which may, in an especial manner, be said to be the *new interests* which have risen up since any change took place in the representation! It is these which have given life and activity to all the other interests, and are the very soul and substance of

commerce itself;—for our commerce would sink into its original comparative insignificance, unless our manufactures enabled us to create at home articles, in exchange for which we may receive the raw produce or manufactured goods of other countries. The chief source of our national wealth is the industry and ingenuity of the manufacturing classes of the people: it is, that ingenuity and that industry which chiefly impart to us the civilization, the wealth, the power, and the happiness we now possess,—which supply the means of maintaining our extensive establishments, and our eminent position amongst the nations of the world.

“One of the main branches of British commerce and manufacture, vast in its importance as a source of national prosperity, I would now particularly recommend to the favourable consideration of the House. Employing and maintaining half a million of people—dividing itself into an infinite variety of ramifications—diffusing its productions through the whole country—supporting an extensive export trade, in articles unrivalled, unapproached, and almost unattempted by any other manufacture in the world;—otherwise entitled to our anxious protection as giving an immensely increased value to the metallic productions of our own soil, by the simple application of human labour and ingenuity, which, so applied, add to the stock of national wealth in a greater degree than any other application of it, by converting materials of trifling intrinsic worth, and for which no equivalent is paid to the foreign merchant, into articles of great comparative and exchangeable value;—I have not hesitated to select it for the transfer of the elective franchise now at our disposal.

“This manufacturing and commercial interest, so varied, complicated, and extended—is connected with, and has created and collected together, large masses of the people. In a particular district,—and that the very heart and centre of England, one of these masses consists of four hundred thousand persons, in the midst of which, an enormous town—a sort of focus—has formed itself, containing a wealthy, industrious, enlightened, and loyal population.

“This prodigious capital—the whole of its own peculiar commercial kingdom—and the interests which engendered and now maintain them, are unrepresented—totally unrepresented amongst us,—either directly or indirectly—actually or virtually; for no other town, sending Members to Parliament, has the slightest identity of trading interests with this community; so that such interests, important as they are, must depend upon the gratuitous and charitable attention of others, or, as my Right Honourable Friend on a former night expressed it,—upon the general justice of Parliament.

“Will any man—will my Honourable Friend the Member for Hertfordshire himself—contend, that such a community ought to remain an outcast from the scheme of representation, if the means of remedy offer themselves, as in this case, without trenching upon other interests;—and that, not only without risk, but in conformity with the ancient practice and principles of the Constitution? Yet such is the town of Birmingham,—and now it is proposed by my Honourable Friend to eject Birmingham from this Bill, and bestow the two Members we have to dispose of—not upon any unrepresented town, or even

district,—but upon the Dukes and Earls of Bassetlaw, already represented twenty-fold!”

Mr. Tennyson thus concludes his unanswerable appeal in behalf of this great commercial community:—“Thus, Sir, the manufactures of Birmingham—being not only an important source of foreign commerce, but based upon, and more closely connected with, home-interests of every sort than any other;—mainly dependent on the welfare of the agricultural population;—supplying domestic comforts and luxuries to all classes of the people;—giving life and vigour and value to our mineral productions;—engaging and supporting three times the population of the whole county of Nottingham, and fifteen times that of the hundred of Bassetlaw;—I am not intimidated by the pretensions or the influence of this the aristocratical rival of a trading community so abundantly productive of national wealth and energy—but I still seek for the town of Birmingham admission into the Constitution:—I implore for her, the signal advantage—the just privilege—of distinct representation in Parliament.

“With her half-million of dependent population—with her three millions of annual manufactures—with her ten millions of active capital,—I submit it to the candour of my Honourable Friend, whether his hundred of Bassetlaw, with all its coronets, has any claims which could compete with these, even if justice, expediency, and the Constitution, would permit them to be heard?”

We regret that our limits will not allow of a more extended quotation from a speech which will live in the records of Parliamentary history, and that we cannot do critical justice to the able assistance afforded to Mr. Tennyson by Sir James Mackintosh. Sir James Mackintosh aptly cited a poignant reply of Lord Dudley, in the Grampound debate, who, in commenting on an expression made use of in the House of Commons during that discussion, “that the practices connected with Gatton and Old Sarum were enough to call up our ancestors from their graves,” wittily remarked—“No, our ancestors were well acquainted with such boroughs; they had their Gattons and Old Sarums like ourselves: but I will tell you what *would* have startled them,—to have seen towns, greater than their London, without a single representative.”

However, this question is again postponed to the next Session, and, in the mean time the administration may wisely consider whether they will, “with grace and favour,” bring forward, as a government measure, that which the patriotic (and eminently successful) legislator Lord John Russell will otherwise infallibly in a few years *force* upon them. The *policy* of such a cabinet measure cannot but be obvious to a statesman of the penetration of the Duke of Wellington. He has no pledges or opinions to Macadamise, and he cannot but see that the large unrepresented towns have a *right* to the elective franchise in the great original representative principle of the British constitution. We also affirm that Mr. Peel, on *this* subject, is equally a free agent. His ancient Anti-Catholic opinions and prejudices were never amalgamated with any resolutions against the amendment of the representation. It is singular, but we assert the fact without fear of contradiction, that Mr. Peel never “committed himself” on the subject of Par-

liamentary reform. And if he had so committed himself would not Birmingham be entitled to the benefit of his bold and statesmanlike defiance of the *ultras* on a recent occasion—that whenever convenient to him, or called for by times and circumstances, *he would change when and where 'he saw fit?* A liberal policy on the part of the government, on this important question, would, in connexion with the more extended proposition of Parliamentary reform, greatly strengthen the existing representation. It would satisfy large bodies of the unrepresented community by the *extension* of the franchise; it would form a practical experiment, as to the virtue of a more popular franchise; and by a timely concession to the people, ward off the demolition of that “Borough System,” which must, “in the nature of things,” soon be gathered to the tomb of the Capulets. An *argumentum ad hominem* may probably prove the most effective and successful logic. For ourselves, we must confess that the proceedings against this wretched borough of East Retford wear the face of most solemn ridicule. Unquestionably the claims of the non-represented towns ought to be considered and determined on a *wider* basis than the distribution of the aliquot parts of here-and-there a detected rotten franchise. So far we agree with the legal advocate of East Retford, Mr. Common Sergeant, who, in a speech at the bar of the House of Commons, on the 7th of March, 1828, delivered an argument in justification of the *faux pas* of his client, remarkable for its irony, ingenuity, and rhetorical subtlety. The passage we allude to we heard with unmingled satisfaction, and we regret that the speech has not been recorded in Hansard:—

“Can any thing be more absurd than, if that great town (Birmingham) ought to have representatives, to wait till you catch such a man as Mr. Hanham, who has kept those things in his mind for sixteen years, and now comes at the end of that period to disclose the secrets of his employer and betray his trust?—Are you to wait till you find some coadjutor with whom you would be afraid and ashamed to be seen in a room by yourselves? Is that the mode in which this right of representation is to be conferred? It is a right belonging to the whole people of England, to be exercised on principles of equity and general benefit to the public, and you debase and pollute it by the company in which it stands. Therefore, Sir, I take the liberty of saying it is not against a particular borough, as it appears to me humbly, that the question ought to be directed. The question should be, as I humbly submit, what ought to be done for the public benefit, and if done on a comprehensive scale of action, let me take the liberty of suggesting that these inquiries are not calculated to teach purity—they may teach caution—they may teach persons to do the thing with more hypocrisy and art than they have done before: but, I ask, why should Manchester and Glasgow, and so many other great and important places, including Birmingham, remain unrepresented, because there is no person who has kept his list of paid voters for sixteen years, and is then willing to come and give up the letters he has received, and to help in the work of disfranchisement?”

Such has been the utility and success of the “East Retford Question” in calling into new life the great WHIG principle of the purer re-

presentation of the Commons, and exciting the claims of Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, and Glasgow. The consistent and judicious parliamentary exertions, of Mr. Tennyson, aided by Lord John Russell, have eminently contributed to this great and paramount political end, and the country at large is correspondingly indebted for services most laborious and disinterested.

The state of parties, immediately caused by the Catholic and East Retford Questions, is singular and anomalous. A mariner in the billows of the Bay of Biscay, is not more perplexed to divine to-morrow's will of the wind and waves, than is the English politician to foresee the current of politics and personal power. The *charm* of Toryism, broken by the sudden dissolution of the Eldon administration, never can return. The scales of the *patient's* eyes have been removed; the people, we may say, the King, Lords, and Commons, are emancipated from the thralldom of the Ultra Tory witchcraft. The *Commonwealth* has other friends than those who so long and successfully arrogated and secured for themselves the good things of "Church and State." Watch words have lost their effect on the public mind. The country now seeks to be governed not by the Walpole, Pelham, Pitt, or Liverpool *families*, but by *principles*. This radical change in the opinions of the nation is daily becoming more confirmed, and, consequently, more active in its operation; its remote and approaching effects cannot be prognosticated. The schoolmaster is abroad, and wheresoever he walketh the light will break in. Resistance is vain; education is the steam power of the political element, and its application has no assignable limit.

The politics of Great Britain are at this moment remarkably dependent on natural casualties, on the life and death of individuals. What confusion might not the death of the king involve among parties? and what that of the Duke of Wellington? What would be the effect and influence of a Regency, an event not unlikely, perhaps not far off? And what *coalition* will take place immediately on the prorogation of Parliament? There are *three* great parties in the Legislature—the Ministers, the Opposition, the Ultra-Anti-Catholics, or ministerial malcontents. The personal talents and *votes* of the administration are *not* the most powerful. In men of business the present administration is singularly deficient: Mr. Huskisson and his adherents have a jealous eye to this vacuity. The "Opposition," in all its discordant and various divisions, is more formidable in numerical, aristocratical, and intellectual weight than at any previous period: it has, however, no head, or common principle of action; and, perhaps, its political tenets are now slightly distinguishable from the principles of the Duke of Wellington's cabinet. In the majority of ministerial questions the Opposition, for consistency's sake, necessarily supports the government; this gives strength to the present cabinet. Still their numerical force when *against* administration, added to the sulky neutrality of the Ultra Tory malcontents, must ever endanger and weaken the ministry. A coalition, or a re-union, therefore, *must* immediately take place. We hoped that the removal of Catholic disabilities would have allied to the government many friends of liberal principles and party; but we know that intrigues have been going on, and are still in active operation, to restore the penitent Ultras to their patrimonial claims. Whether *in* or out, all must

see in the past, the present, and the future, the truth of Hume's remark, in his essay on the coalition of parties—"All human institutions, and none more than government, are in continual fluctuation."

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

AN injudicious pedagogue is he who metes the encouragement he gives to his pupils by the strict measure of the merit of their performances. Would he have them improve, he must watch the disposition to do better: he must even seek for excuses to allow a muscle or two of his magisterial visage to relax from its awe-inspiring rigidity; occasionally must he even affect a satisfaction which he cannot feel; he must applaud where he is more than half disposed to chastise, and bestow rewards which he deems, at best, but barely merited. Even with such indulgence will we regard the labours of the Royal Academy: we will follow the multitude in crying well done to our artists; we will commend the Exhibition as a good one, because it excels that of last season: nor will we examine how far the fulfilment of our anxious and longing desire to behold the establishment of a school worthy of the intellect and eminence of the country, is still distant. If we cannot indulge in hopes, at least will we suppress our fears, while we examine the contents of this display of national talent, not by what we wish that it had been, nor by what it might and ought to be, but by what similar exhibitions have been before it. With such a comparison in view, we fear not to commit an error—we can be guilty of no partiality, in pronouncing the Exhibition a good one. In the first place, our best Academicians in each of the three classes of art have contributed to the collection, works at least worthy of their previous reputation, and of companionship with their former productions. Wilkie re-appears on the scene laden with rich fruits, exotic, perhaps, but not the less luxuriant and savory on that account. Etty soars boldly, but on far surer wings than the Nephew of Dædalus—Turner is romantic, but he romances with taste and in the poet's spirit—Callcott is natural, but his nature is pure, refined, and beautiful—Constable is vigorous—Collins is brilliant—Daniell invests his Indian scenery with more than accustomed brightness—Hilton interests, to say the least of his effort, in handling the pencil of Raphael—Howard displays his grace—Lawrence his ton and elegance—Pickersgill his spirit—Jackson his judgment. If Beechey, Phillips, and Shee, be tame, they are not more so than usual. Does Reinagle stand conspicuous in vulgar gentility—when was he otherwise? Or was Westall ever free from mawkish affectation? Soane is as splendid as ever, but not more absurd (could he be so?) than heretofore. Sir Jeffrey Wyatville in more than one display shows himself worthy of his architectural knighthood. If Chantrey never before exhibited a work so unworthy of himself as his bas-reliefs in the present exhibition; yet can it not be denied that his heads of Sir Edward East and Lord Stafford may compete with the best of his busts. Westmacott's Brahmin and Mussulman Moulah unite the qualities of

correctness and feeling in a degree not often observable in the model academy.

The Royal Academicians then, let us be indulgent and own it, have done their duty; and truly those who have half honours only to boast, and those who have not even a single honorary Capital to decorate their self-created name have not been wanting in theirs. Gibson, for instance, has a delicious figure which seems an antique placed by mistake on its arrival from Rome, among the modern works in the model academy, instead of being sent to add to the sculptured treasures of the collection in Great Russell Street. Briggs and Landseer, and Chalon and Clint, and Eastlake and Newton, all Associates, have done themselves credit, while even other uninitiated youths as well as Gibson, tyros not admitted even to the first mysteries, Williams and Lee, and Simpson and Wright and Knight—but hold, enough of generalising—we must descend to details. Should, however, want of space or other accident prevent our signaling the pictures of all the artists we have named (or of others whom we would mention, but for the apprehension of making a catalogue of our notes), let it be concluded at least, from the hints we have given, that there are works of theirs for which we should have something favourable to say, did the opportunity present itself.

Out upon those who estimate a thing not by what it is, but by what it is called, and by whence it came! Out upon those equally, who admire nothing that is foreign—who tolerate only what is good old English! Out upon those we say, who complain that Wilkie has changed his style. We maintain that Wilkie is Wilkie still—although he has not painted Italians and Spaniards with Saxon complexions, nor thrown the characters and manners of northern nations into his southern groups; but he has caught the spirit of the people among whom he has wandered, he has exchanged the domesticity and homely good humour of British yeomanry for the wilder and loftier bearing of the Spanish guerilla and the Italian devotee. The sun that in southern regions excites the blood to a more constant simmering, and elevates the spirit, has communicated its warmth to his pencil and his colours. And his paintings, consequently, merely as such, present to the eye more agreeable richness than heretofore; they are the works of a man who in his diet, as well as in the objects of his observation, has exchanged the milk and fruits, all delicate, and rosy, and nourishing, of Britain, for the wine and grape, sparkling, purple, and elevating, of Spain and Italy.

The “Defence of Saragossa,” No. 128, is the most important of Wilkie’s pictures both in subject and size. The composition is beautiful and learned; it tells the story admirably; breathes an earnestness which carries along with it the spirit of the observer. What serious energy in the figure and action of the heroine Augustina! What fanatic eagerness in Father Consolacion, directing with his crucifix the pointing of the cannon! How pleasingly contrasted is the activity of another kind, and the coolness of Palafox! How delightful in their repose is the group in the other corner of the picture, awaiting the conclusion of the despatch! Our artist, however, has made some sacrifices of truth to effect, in representing his gunner half-naked: whatever may be the custom on

board British men-of-war, to labour *san chemise* would be quite inconsistent with Spanish ideas, and would be considered degrading and indecorous. Wilkie's other works are equally clever. His 'Spanish Scenes,' the 'Posada,' 56; and the 'Guerilla's Departure,' 403; are even more truly Spanish than the 'Defence of Saragossa.' In the former, the student and the Posadera, except that the latter has no occasion for the mantilla, while at home engaged in the duties of her hostellerie, are highly characteristic. The Guerilla borrowing a light for his segar from the monk, is equally illustrative of Spanish manners. For sentiment, composition, and painting together, however, perhaps, the 'Cardinals, Priests, and Roman Citizens washing the Pilgrims' feet,' No. 110, must be pronounced the capo d' opera of Mr. Wilkie's productions.

Bravo, bravissimo, Mr. Etty! Who but will admire the spirit of this artist, even should they be insensible to the merit of the painting. Henceforth let us hear no wailings from our limners, that for want of encouragement they cannot paint history. If men love Art, they will devote themselves to her, and not to the vanities of life; and if they have it within them to be artists—but "there's the rub"—they will do as Mr. Etty does, and be independent of patrons and self-loving sitters for portraits. But for the 'Benaiah,' No. 16. It is a magnificent attempt: and more, it is a truly grand picture. What power, and vigour, and eagerness, in the principal figure! What effect and expression in the athletic form beaten down! How calm in death lies the robust figure of the foe already slain, and how masterly the colouring! how clear! What a glorious distance and sky, and with what effect they throw out the figures! We might find a cavil for the disproportion of—but we abstain—the few defects are as nothing compared with the merits of this picture, and the hardihood of the attempt deserves every encouragement. But for the cruelty of amputating the legs of his 'Leander,' 'just below the knee,' we would give unqualified praise to Mr. Etty's other work, 'Hero and Leander,' No. 31. It is a most masterly painting.

Another R. A. next claims attention—Mr. Callcott. 'The Fountain—Morning,' No. 10. What a delightful composition! How pure, how simple, how true, yet how classical, and how highly beautiful! It calls to mind Poussin and Claude together, yet not to the shame of their emulator. The 'Dutch Ferry,' No. 66, is a painting of an opposite description, but scarcely inferior in merit to its companion. A Flemish landscape with all its deadness and flatness, without an attempt to exalt or to caricature, is rendered interesting! Certainly to the art of the painter must our satisfaction be ascribed,—be his then the glory!

'Landscape,' 9.—J. Constable. What a contrast to Callcott! and yet, but for that accursed bespotting with blanc d'argent, or white-wash splashing, as Mr. Turner will have it, how excellent! Mr. Constable persists in his manner—yet as he goes on, somehow or other, he contrives to improve—his effects are even more vigorous and masterly than ever, and perfectly easy, and, 'excepting as before excepted,' natural. His 'Hadleigh Castle,' in the School of Painting, No. 320, is one of the most delightful paintings in the exhibition, when seen at a due distance. It represents the mouth of the Thames—morning after

a stormy night—ruined towers in the fore-ground—with a general effect, full of power, and truth, and freshness.

Mr. Constable's works present no stronger contrast with Mr. Calcott's, than they do with Mr. Turner's productions. The first is all truth, the last all poetry: the one is silver, the other gold—there is this further difference, however—Mr. Constable's silvery effect is a manner; Mr. Turner's gold is a style. We shall never derive perfect satisfaction from Mr. Constable's works, until his silvery effect be abandoned: were Mr. Turner to lower one shade of his 'Ulysses deriding Polyphemus', we should regret the change. The painting is gorgeous—unnatural if you will—but the whole is so poetical—the effects are wrought in such a bold and masterly manner, and with such apparent ease; the whole combination, as regarded with reference to itself alone, is so pleasing, so elevating, that it convinces us, that whatever Mount Gibel may be now; however its rocks, its coasts, and its seas, may resemble actual, every-day mountains, and shores, and waves, all this was not so formerly. We are persuaded that in olden time, ere nature had invented her steam-engine, and applied mechanical apparatus to her daily purposes; before the dull earth revolved by machinery around the bright body that enlightens it; when Phœbus in his car, used to be whirled up the steep arch of heaven, four-in-hand, by winged steeds; when the winds were confined in sacks; and the towing of the galleys of heroes, was the concern of tritons and naiads; when the fires of *Ætna* were the forge of a smithy deity; when the cattle of the god of day fattened on its pastures, and its caverns enlaced the Cyclopes—the very morning, in short, on which Ulysses avowed himself the king of Ithaca, after so dextrously rewarding by anticipation his savage host, for the hospitality intended him—then, most certain are we, the aspect of *Ætna*, and of the elements which surround the mighty volcano, must have been, as Mr. Turner has represented them in the picture before us.

Descend we from the heights of Helicon to take a quiet stroll at its base. "Sir Roger de Coverley and the Gipsies," No. 134, C. R. Leslie—a delightful scene; it is balm to the heart to participate in the good humour, the kindly feeling, which such a picture as this represents and imparts, and which consecrates and gives a charm to the most outrageous of costumes. Mr. Leslie carries us back a century most effectually. His painting, too, is very skilfully managed—the group in the right hand corner of the picture is an exquisite piece of colouring.

'Milton's Reconciliation with his Wife,' No. 207, W. Boxall, is a charming specimen of feeling and sentiment, produced with most laudable simplicity,

'The Taj Mahal at Agra,' a mausoleum erected for the Emperor Shah Jehan for his favourite queen Mumtaz Izamani, No. 210, W. Daniell, is well worthy of "the most exalted of the age." The architecture is picturesque and magnificent, and Mr. Daniell in his painting has treated it with great brilliancy and effect. The drawing is excellent.

We must not quit this room without a glance at the portraits. Sir Thomas Lawrence as usual does justice to D'Egville and Madame

———. The Court Journal has said it—and can we apply to a better oracle?—that to paint portraits of ladies of quality, it is requisite to have the entrée of Almack's. Was it then only to catch the air of our fashionable dames, that the worthy President was so constant and so eager,—as eager as it beseemeth an artist of such courtly polish to be—in his attendance at the King's Theatre last year? We dreamt that Pasta was the subject of study, and we looked for a proof that painting court ladies was a condescension on the part of Sir Thomas. We hardly yet despair—another exhibition, or perhaps a posthumous appearance, may gratify us. The Duke of Clarence, the Duchess of Richmond, Miss Macdonald (exquisite!) Lord Durham, and Mr. Soane are perfect in their kind. Mr. Southey was evidently, notwithstanding his laureateship, too poetical and lakish, far too little genteel, to be made a good picture of.

Mr. Pickersgill's Jeremy Bentham is venerable and excellent. Mr. Jackson's Dr. Wollaston is full of philosophical feeling. In looking at the late Earl of Kellie, Mr. Wilkie's exclusively—British admirers quote Shakspeare, and cry, "Richard is himself again." Mr. Shee shines with unusual splendour in his portrait of Sir Thomas Strange; but he also is himself again in Mrs. Edward Tunno—none of your clever guess-work corrections, Mr. Compositor, our MS. is quite clear, T-u-n-u-o is the name, *sec. cat.* There is no want of character in Mr. Phillips's portrait of Sir John Richardson; but it is a pity that Sir John is such a palid subject—more so, that he should persist in his paleness.

Mr. R. R. Reinagle, R. A., should confine himself to the portraits of Zebras and Quaggas v. Nos. 246 and 6. 'The Battle of Borodino' No. 257, G. Jones, R. A., is a splendid piece of confusion. Mr. Howard's 'Greek Girl,' 262, is sweet: how charming our young countrywomen would be were they but Greeks! 'Landscape after a shower,' 269. Here is a piece of rural nature!—Thunder is still about—the earth is moist, but the atmosphere is yet sultry—how dark the shade—we would swear the fish will bite.

No. 291. Edwin Landseer, 'Bashaw,' no Bashaw is he; but a handsome, playful, good-natured Newfoundland, quite ready to be familiar, and to gambol with the first beggar's cur he meets. We have Burns in our head, and would quote him, but, for the life of us, he will not come at our call; our readers may supply the deficiency.

'Camilla introduced to Gil Blas, at the Inn,' 246, G. S. Newton, in point of popularity is the crack piece of the 'School of Painting.'—The painting is better than the conception; the former is exceedingly masterly and clever. The latter is good,—the Ruby of the Philippine Isles speaks for itself, and the spectator is further sufficiently let into the secret of the swindling design by the mere arch look of the page—artist-like tact! The other characters have very properly a sustained carriage.

The 'Loretto Necklace,' No. 337. Mr. Turner has not sufficiently discriminated between the poetry of the Roman Catholic Apostolical Church, and that of Paganism.

We would say, that Mr. Simpson is a very promising artist, were it not for the fear that some enemy might catch us on the hip, and tell us he has been eminent these twenty years. We have no such fear

in pronouncing two or three portraits in this room to be first-rate performances. That of Mrs. Flight, No. 284, is one; that of J. Robinson, Esq., No. 373, is another most masterly production. Mr. Pickergill's 'Portrait of Mrs. Royds,' 342, deserves to be distinguished; it is a living picture, devoid of parade, and executed with a bold and free pencil.

In the Ante-Room, Mr. Stanfield has a most clever 'View near Chalons sur Soane,' 380. * Mr. Copley Fielding's 'Distant View of Winchester, shower passing off,' 397, is quite illusive.

The best thing in the Antique Academy, although there are as usual some exquisite specimens of Mr. Chalon's easy and elegant pencil, is 'A Gondolier, sketched at Venice,' No. 532, J. F. Lewis.

It was our intention to have criticised the Miniatures *seriatim*, but our space will not allow us to do them justice. .

TO A FRIEND ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

"Virides fecere merendo"—*Old Motto.*

Have you walked in the fields, when the sun
Through the trees is really burning,
And the village children, one by one,
To their cottage homes are turning?
Hast thou not bow'd to their laughing mirth,
As they toss'd the wild-flowers far and nigh,
Their voices ringing over the earth;—
They cannot have gone unheeded by.
Their thoughts are fresh, and their hearts are green,
Oh, they have not seen what thou hast seen!

Have you not mark'd in the quiet aisle
Of Tintern church, the sweet and fair,
The wandering leaf of the ivy smile,
In gladness on the pulpit-stair?
You have not forgot the aged man,
With shepherd staff, and hoary hair,
You turn'd from your homeward path to scan,
So old, and yet so free from care—
His soul was bright, though his eyes were dim,
The God of his youth was light to him.

Thou art sad!—thy heart is journeying back,
To the guide of thy early day,—
Hast thou stray'd so far from his peaceful track,
Are all his foot-prints worn away?

Have you walked in a path benighted,
 Beguiled by a flickering spark ;
 The lamp of joy your father lighted,
 Oh, is its bright flame burning dark ?
 Surely, oh surely it cannot be,
 The thought of that face hath gone from thee !

The green nest of the bird will perish,
 The violet know its place no more,—
 The ivy of virtue will cherish
 The greenness it cherished of yore.
 Friend of my youth ! 'twere sweet to borrow.
 The soft gleam from that ivy leaf,
 'Twill be a light on the eye of sorrow,
 'Twill be a smile on the cheek of grief,
 The Peace of God on that ivy will be,
 Father and mother, yea more, to thee.

THE HARROVIAN.

April 11, 1829.

NEW EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

WE think this a mistake. Not in a pecuniary point of view, certainly,—for we doubt not its sale will be enormous.—But it is nothing short of a blunder, as regards the ultimate fame of the AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY,—and we thought that Sir Walter had been sagacious enough to know it. What we mean is this. To go behind the scenes prevents real enjoyment of the play. We will give an anecdote on this score. In our youth we occasionally went to the Green-room. We recollect once taking a friend “behind”—and going to the wing with him, where a young singer stood hoydening in a very side-scene fashion, and talking in a loud and unfeminine voice. This very person, the public—(in this instance we take credit to ourselves for always seeing they were wrong)—constantly praised for peculiar grace of motion and delicacy of manner. Our friend had been one of her greatest admirers : “ Let me go,” he exclaimed, “ I will never come behind the scenes again.”

In like manner we think that Sir Walter has been unwise, in letting us see the machinery of his scenery—which from the front had so beautiful an effect—and shewing as some of the reality of characters which, as he had put them upon the scene, were so admirable in their several natures. Why would not he leave—not well but, admirably—alone? Why shew us the warp and woof of that tapestry which, in its unbetrayed state, was so perfect?

In ‘Waverley,’ this is of less disadvantage than it will be anon. Oh ! how we dread his giving us the *pleadings* in the ‘Heart of Mid Lothian.’ Please, Sir Walter, please leave untouched your most estimable and noble offspring, Jeanie Deans;—if you don’t, we’ll have you indicted for child murder, instead of poor *Effie*—and *you* would be guilty.

Oh ! how our hearts went along with the earlier productions of the

Author of *Waverley*! That work itself—the ‘*Antiquary*,’ the ‘*Black Dwarf*,’—though it was not much the fashion, it always *ouched* us far more than many more successful—‘*Old Mortality*,’ ‘*Rob Roy*,’ with all its faults, delightful—‘*The Bride of Lammermuir*,’—and above all the ‘*Heart of Mid Lothian*’—Oh! how these both before and since have filled our hearts with kindly good humour, and made them melt with the most natural and deepest touches of *tenderness*.

We have heard Sir Walter and Miss Edgeworth—to whom we are rejoiced to see he pays a hearty and a just tribute of admiration in his preface—accused of want of that very quality of tenderness, of which few exist who appreciate the real depth, power, and beauty. In Miss Edgeworth’s works, there are many passages in which a single exclamation will go like a shot to the heart of him who has one. To her children’s works nearly all those now approaching full maturity must recur with gratitude and blessings. Her ‘*Parent’s Assistant*,’ none can look back to without those feelings. Some of her ‘*Popular Tales*’ have the most affecting *bits* that we have almost ever lighted upon. That entitled the ‘*Contrast*,’ is one of the most amiable and perfect representations of middling life we ever beheld. We know, indeed, an instance of a person holding an office of some local power, who was suddenly restrained from an act, perfectly permissible, but one of haste that might have produced injustice—who paused, because at that instant there flashed across his mind the anecdote of the old and excellent farmer, who comes to his young and gay landlord, after he has sent in a petition not to be turned from his farm in consequence of inevitable losses; when the young gentleman, who is kind-hearted, but careless, jumps into his gig, exclaiming (to the effect of) “Oh! yes, very hard case—very—go to my steward—he will see you righted.” The steward is of the opposite faction, turns the poor man out, and he is ruined. Even such accidental good as this, proves Miss Edgeworth’s power over the mind—but her general influence is great indeed. In “*Emmui*,” how many pictures, and sayings, of a few words, go direct to the heart. Nurse Ellinor!—what a multitude of strong, warm, and tender feelings, are there not gathered under that old woman’s cloak! And the “*Absentee*,”—no one, we think, can read the account of Lord Colombre’s incognito visit to Clonbrows, on the rent-day, without feelings of the kindest and deepest sympathy with nearly all that is best in our nature.

This may be thought an odd way of reviewing the work at the head of this article—but the connexion is close. Sir Walter is speaking of his motives for writing prose when his fame was so established as a poet:—

“The first was the extended and well-merited fame of Miss Edgeworth, whose Irish characters have gone so far to make the English familiar with the character of their gay and kind-hearted neighbours of Ireland, that she may be truly said to have done more towards completing the Union, than perhaps all the legislative enactments by which it has been followed up.

“Without being so presumptuous as to hope to emulate the rich humour, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact, which pervade the works of my accomplished friend, I felt that something might be attempted for my own country, of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately

achieved for Ireland—something which might introduce her natives to those of the sister kingdom, in a more favourable light than they had been placed hitherto, and tend to procure sympathy for their virtues and indulgence for their foibles. I thought also, that much of what I wanted in talent, might be made up by the intimate acquaintance with the subject which I could lay claim to possess, as having travelled through most parts of Scotland, both Highland and Lowland; having been familiar with the elder, as well as more modern race; and having had from my infancy free and unrestrained communication with all ranks of my countrymen, from the Scottish peer to the Scottish ploughman. Such ideas often occurred to me, and constituted an ambitious branch of my theory, however far short I may have fallen of it in practice."

We have already named those of the Scotch novels which are our prime favourites;—and they are so because we think they join far finer representations of human feeling than is to be found in the others with equal power of incident and description. 'Guy Mannering' is, probably, the best of those we have omitted—but it is nearly all "accident by flood and field," and, which is a great fault in a novel, it is impossible to sympathize with the heroine, the pert and flippant Miss Julia Mannering. 'Ivanhoe,' also, is a magnificent display of power—but it does not suit us so well as those in which the feelings are nearer to ourselves.'

But, after the publication of 'Ivanhoe,' we draw a strong and decided line. There is no one whole work which is really worthy of the Author of Waverley. Instead of comedy and tragedy of the higher order, it is only melo-drame—of the *very* highest order we grant at once, but still melo-drame. He works more from books, and less from his own observations, mind, and heart. The antiquarian shews himself far more, the man of genius much less. The causes of this inferiority are manifest; but the fact remains the same. The constant cry of more, more, more—necessarily threw even Sir Walter Scott upon resources foreign from his own. 'Peveril,' 'Quentin Durward,' 'Nigel,' 'Woodstock'—all these are rather *rifacimenti* of old memoir-writers and so forth, than the offspring of Sir Walter's recollections, and fertile and brilliant invention. We do not mean to say that we object to materials being thus collected; but they should not in the hands of such a writer be made prominently apparent—nor are they in his earlier works where, nevertheless, they exist, and in considerable quantity. In them, they are worked in with the development of the characters in a manner equally skilful in execution, and delightful in the result; for the skill appears only upon reflection afterwards. Like a first-rate painting we at first are struck by the object represented, and see nothing else; when we cool, we admire the means by which the object that has so entranced us has been created.

In the novels we have named, and in some of those of a later date, there are many passages in which the old hand is recognised at once with delight; but no one work ever takes that hold upon the mind which the earlier productions seized at once, and have never relaxed since.

And now to consider more directly the work before us. 'The more we consider it, the more we really regret its publication. After what we have said, we shall not be considered luke-warm admirers of this

great writer. He has given us gratification in every shape;—in his liveliness,—in his stronger and broader mirth,—in the graceful and *piquant* tone of his direct narrative—in the startling rapidity of his almost visible pictures of action, and the almost unequalled reality of his descriptions of external nature. Still more have we admired and felt his power of portraying every variation of human character, as well arising from the natural disposition and gifts, as from the circumstances of situation and event. In the rendering the effects of these two causes combined, he is unrivalled. Lastly, we thank him for his admirable representations of the passions and feelings, which form at once the most attractive and beneficial subjects of human contemplation. Of the more lofty and the fiercer, his portraitures are magnificent and vivid; but we confess that the delineations for which we are the most grateful, are his exquisite touches of what is fond, and simple, and pure, and generous, and tender.

It is because we feel these qualities to be so perfectly brought into action as the books exist, that we are reluctant to enter into their analysis. Nay, we do not even enjoy the exposition which Sir Walter makes of the progress of his mind during his literary career. It is certainly curious in a metaphysical point of view—but we still feel that it lessens the general effect, which was “one and indivisible” in our minds; and, moreover, in the talking of self, always so difficult, we do not think Sir Walter has struck upon the happiest tone. We confess, the following anecdote of childhood appears to us to want that simplicity which is ever the most touching characteristic of that age:—

“I must refer to a very early period of my life, were I to point out my first achievements as a tale-teller—but I believe some of my old schoolfellows can still bear witness that I had a distinguished character for that talent, at a time when the applause of my companions was my recompense for the disgraces and punishments which the future romance-writer incurred for being idle himself, and keeping others idle, during hours that should have been employed on our tasks. The chief enjoyment of my holidays was to escape with a chosen friend, who had the same taste with myself, and alternately to recite to each other such wild adventures as we were able to devise. We told, each in turn, interminable tales of knight-errantry and battles and enchantments, which were continued from one day to another as opportunity offered, without our ever thinking of bringing them to a conclusion. As we observed a strict secrecy on the subject of this intercourse, it acquired all the character of a concealed pleasure, and we used to select, for the scenes of our indulgence, long walks through the solitary and romantic environs of Arthur’s Seat, Salisbury Crags, Braid Hills, and similar places in the vicinity of Edinburgh; and the recollection of those holidays still forms an *ouïs* in the pilgrimage which I have to look back upon. I have only to add, that my friend still lives, a prosperous gentleman, but too much occupied with graver business, to thank me for indicating him more plainly as a confidant of my childish mystery.”

We confess we think the following far more natural and interesting. It comes directly after what we have just quoted:—

“When boyhood advancing into youth required more serious studies and graver cares, a long illness threw me back on the kingdom of fiction, as if it were by a species of fatality. My indisposition arose, in part at least, from my having broken a blood-vessel; and motion and speech were for a long time pronounced positively dangerous. For several weeks I was confined

strictly to my bed, during which time I was not allowed to speak above a whisper, to eat more than a spoonful or two of boiled rice, or to have more covering than one thin counterpane. When the reader is informed that I was at this time a growing youth, with the spirits, appetite, and impatience of fifteen, and suffered, of course, greatly under this severe regimen, which the repeated return of my disorder rendered indispensable, he will not be surprised that I was abandoned to my own discretion, so far as reading (my almost sole amusement) was concerned, and still less so, that I abused the indulgence which left my time so much at my own disposal.

"There was at this time a circulating library in Edinburgh, founded, I believe, by the celebrated Allan Ramsay, which, besides containing a most respectable collection of books of every description, was, as might have been expected, peculiarly rich in works of fiction. It exhibited specimens of every kind, from the romances of chivalry, and the ponderous folios of Cyrus and Cassandra, down to the most approved works of later times. I was plunged into this great ocean of reading without compass or pilot; and unless when some one had the charity, to play at chess with me, I was allowed to do nothing save read, from morning to night. I was, in kindness and pity, which was perhaps erroneous, however natural, permitted to select my subjects of study at my own pleasure, upon the same principle that the humours of children are indulged to keep them out of mischief. As my taste and appetite were gratified in nothing else, I indemnified myself by becoming a glutton of books. Accordingly, I believe I read almost all the romances, old plays, and epic poetry, in that formidable collection, and no doubt was unconsciously amassing materials for the task in which it has been my lot to be so much employed.

"At the same time I did not in all respects abuse the license permitted me. Familiar acquaintance with the specious miracles of fiction brought with it some degree of satiety, and I began, by degrees, to seek in histories, memoirs, voyages and travels, and the like, events nearly as wonderful as those which were the work of imagination, with the additional advantage that they were at least in a great measure true."

The part of this preface which has pleased us the least is that in which Sir Walter talks of the incognito. He says a great deal, and tells us nothing. The original cause must always have been manifest—the dread, namely, of compromising the poet's reputation: but to that which has always appeared to us the only enigmatical part of the business, Sir Walter gives no solution. We mean why, when the fame of the novelist even eclipsed, greatly in fact—in desert incalculably—that of the poet, why did he not at once declare—"They are one?"

The following passage we very sincerely regret to see published with Sir Walter Scott's name attached to it:—

"My desire to remain concealed, in the character of the Author of these Novels, subjected me occasionally to awkward embarrassments, as it sometimes happened that those who were sufficiently intimate with me, would put the question in direct terms. In this case, only one of three courses could be followed. Either I must have surrendered my secret,—or have returned an equivocating answer,—or, finally, must have stoutly and boldly denied the fact. The first was a sacrifice which I conceive no one had a right to force from me, since I alone was concerned in the matter. The alternative of rendering a doubtful answer must have left me open to the degrading suspicion that I was not unwilling to assume the merit (if there was any) which I dared not absolutely lay claim to; or those who might think more justly of me, must have received such an equivocal answer as an indirect avowal. I

therefore considered myself entitled, like an accused person put upon trial, to refuse giving my own evidence to my own conviction, and flatly to deny all that could not be proved against me. At the same time I usually qualified my denial by stating, that, had I been the author of these works, I would have felt myself quite entitled to protect my secret by refusing my own evidence, when it was asked for to accomplish a discovery of what I desired to conceal."

We cannot but lament that Sir Walter should stoop to this poor and unworthy sophistry. This conduct was not "refusing his own evidence," but giving it to establish that which was not the fact. And we think, that the qualification which he usually gave is exposed to all the objections of an equivocal answer. We will refer him to his noble trial-scene in the Heart of 'Mid-Lothian,' whether truth should be sacrificed under *any* circumstances whatever.

We now come to the annotations upon 'Waverley' itself. The first we shall notice is one with the opinion expressed in which we have always most thoroughly concurred. It is contained in the following few words:—

"These introductory Chapters have been a good deal censured as tedious and unnecessary. Yet there are circumstances recorded in them which the author has not yet been able to persuade himself to retract or cancel."

Sir Walter also mentions, in his preface, that these chapters were written ten years before the rest of the work.

"Having proceeded as far, I think, as the Seventh Chapter, I showed my work to a critical friend, whose opinion was unfavourable; and having then some poetical reputation, I was unwilling to risk the loss of it by attempting a new style of composition. I therefore threw aside the work I had commenced, without either reluctance or remonstrance. I ought to add, that though my ingenious friend's sentence was afterwards reversed, on an appeal to the public, it cannot be considered as any imputation on his good taste; for the specimen subjected to his criticism did not extend beyond the departure of the hero for Scotland, and, consequently, had not entered upon the part of the story which was finally found most interesting."

We have heard the same thing said by critical friends of our own, but we have always differed from them most strongly. We admit that it is not possible to form an idea from these chapters that the chief part of the scene of the book will be in Scotland; but we think it is quite clear that the book will be delightful, for we regard this opening of 'Waverley' to be the very model of agreeable English writing. We confess, we first read the book two or three months after its publication, when its fame had begun to rise. But we were very young, exceedingly fond of what was entertaining, and detesting any thing approaching to what was dull; and we remember being delighted beyond measure with the traits of character so charmingly depicted throughout.

The very opening lines of the work have, for many years, given rise in our minds to ideas deeper seated than we should like thoroughly to avow. We may be perhaps understood by the words we have printed in *Italics*. We have chosen, for our own private gratification, to read the passage from our old original copy of 1814, given us by a most dear friend:—

"The title of this work has not been chosen without the grave and solid deliberation, which matters of importance demand from the prudent. Even its first, or general denomination, was the result of no common research or selection, although, according to the example of my predecessors, I had only to seize upon the most sounding and euphonic surname that English history or topography affords, and elect it at once as the title of my work, and the name of my hero. But, alas! what could my readers have expected from the chivalrous epithets of Howard, Mordaunt, Mortimer, or Stanley, or from the softer and more sentimental sounds of Belmour, Belville, Belfield, and Belgrave, but pages of inanity, similar to those which have been so christen'd for half a century past? *I must modestly admit I am too diffident of my own merit to place it in unnecessary opposition to preconceived associations; I have, therefore, like a maiden knight with his white shield, assumed for my hero, WAVERLEY, an uncontaminated name, *bearing with its sound little of good or evil, excepting what the reader shall hereafter be pleased to affix to it.*"

Let every reader answer the question to himself—What ideas does he now affix to that sound?

We cannot find it our hearts to abet Sir Walter's mis-deeds by quoting many of his notes. We do not want affidavits to the truth to nature of his incidents, still less of his characters; and, to continue the legal metaphor, the plain narrative by the counsel is far more interesting than the question-and-answer work of the witness. And in these books, he must be more than a sceptic who needs any evidence at all after he has read the statement. This technical phraseology induces us to quote the following; as it strikes us as being exactly one of the stories in that style of humour in which Sir Walter so much delights. It is appended to that scene at Luckie Macleary's, where "What crumbs of reason the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine had not devoured were picked up by the Tappit Hen."

"When the landlord of an inn presented his guests with *deoch an doruis**, that is, the drink at the door, or the stirrup-cup, the draught was not charged in the reckoning. On this point a learned Bailie of the town of Forfar pronounced a very sound judgment.

"A., an ale-wife in Forfar, had brewed her] 'peck of malt,' and set the liquor out of doors to cool; the cow of B., a neighbour of A., chanced to come by, and seeing the good beverage, was allured to taste it, and finally to drink it up. When A. came to take in her liquor, she found her tub empty, and from the cow's staggering and staring, so as to betray her intemperance, she easily divined the mode in which her 'browst' had disappeared. To take vengeance on Crummie's ribs with a stick, was her first effort. The roaring of the cow brought B., her master, who remonstrated with his angry neighbour, and received in reply a demand for the value of the ale which Crummie had drunk up. B. refused payment, and was conveyed before C., the bailie, or sitting magistrate. He heard the case patiently; and then demanded of the plaintiff A., whether the cow had set down to her potation, or taken it standing. The plaintiff answered, she had not seen the deed committed, but she supposed the cow drank the ale while standing

* Really, with all our respect for increased learning, we are sorry that Sir Walter has been corrected in his Gaelic by some accurate Highlander to spell this phrase as above. Throughout his works he calls this parting-cup *deoch an doroch*—except, indeed, in this very passage in the original edition of Waverley, where it is manifestly mis-printed *dock and dorroch*. It is melancholy to have to give up an "old familiar" sound.

on her feet; adding, that had she been near, she would have made her use them to some purpose. The bailie, on this admission, solemnly adjudged the cow's drink to be *deoch an doruis*—a stirrup-cup, for which no charge could be made, without violating the ancient hospitality of Scotland."

There is only one other note we shall mention, and we think Sir Walter has been highly imprudent in printing it. We allude to his answers to the accusations of his portrait of Charles Edward being highly flattered. Every one of Sir Walter's historical knowledge must know that so it is—and others, who know it too, will perhaps tell the public so one of these days. We do not allude to the doubt as to his personal courage—we believe he had his fair share of that universal male quality—but he was narrow-minded, and selfish; and his later life—especially after his marriage—*proves* him to have been brutally careless of the welfare of others, and exclusively attentive to his own.

The illustrations of these volumes are poor. It would give us great pleasure if Flora M'Ivor could see how she is represented singing at the fountain. It would have this effect from her being one of our favourite aversions. Her mind is masculine, and that is enough to ruin a woman for ever in the estimation of those who know what a woman is. Let the mind be as strong, in its pure sense, as you please—but if it lack feminine delicacy, *hélas!*

We are sorry to see Edwin Landseer's name to the figure of —; no, to the figure which has written under it the name of Davie Gellatley. It is that of a "moping idiot"—not of the Daft Davie, whose cracked-ness shewed itself as much in odd wit as in anything else—and whose jokes are among the best on record. Those who have had the good fortune, like ourselves, to have lived among jokers of the first class, will recognise in Davie's witticisms the invaluable quality of being always *mots*, and never puns.

We have done—and that as we began. *Nous chantons toujours notre refrain.*—We feel convinced that the reality of the Fictions will be seriously injured by the introduction of the reality of the Facts.

DIARY

FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

2d.—We congratulate the higher classes in this country, on having at last a periodical work which they need not be ashamed to acknowledge that they read. We have before us the first number of the ‘Court Journal’; and those of the ranks to whom alone it is dedicated who at this moment share that gratification, must feel a thrill of joy and gratitude at being at last represented to the continental countries, in a manner combining such extraordinary accuracy of knowledge of their habits, their tastes, and their feelings, with a power of such peculiar delicacy of pencil to represent them.

The work is instituted for the exclusive enjoyment of “the Court Circle.” It is most generous in Mr. Colburn, to make such an incalculable pecuniary sacrifice, as this restriction must necessarily involve. The Court Circle of George IV., is not like that of Versailles in the time of Louis Quatorze, though this journal will probably soon extend it to similar dimensions. Since his present Majesty went to Windsor, the circle that surrounded him has been about equal in number to that which sat at the celebrated Round Table of one of his Saxon predecessors—namely, some two dozen. But Mr. Colburn feels, no doubt, a patriotic regret for those days, when in England no more than twenty-four persons *could* read—so, in disinterested pursuance of this noble feeling, he soars above all sordid considerations, and declares that the ‘Court Journal’ shall be confined to the Court Circle, whatever or wherever that may be.

We chance, however, to have obtained a copy, and shall therefore gratify those of our readers, who, alas! may not be included in the Court Circle, with some specimens of the inexpressible purity and polish of its feelings, its manners, and its style.

We will begin with the apostrophe à la Mode, which is written in French, and in a style on which we would give much to hear the criticism of Grimm:—but the author might die with delight, or some other feeling equally strong—and, ah! what a loss this “Peacock” would prove to “the ladies.”

“Déesse aux cent voix! Déesse aux mille caprices! Caméléon frivole, qui changeant à son gré de forme et de langage, se montre tour-à-tour sage ou légère, coquette ou prude, orgueilleuse ou modeste, franche ou flatteuse, simple ou rusée; souveraine de tous les tems,—idole de tous les âges, de tous les goûts, de toutes les couleurs, de toutes les conditions; qui ajusts ta robe à toutes les tailles, et ta marotte à toutes les folies! MODE! enfin, ‘*puisque il faut l’appeller par ton nom,*’—c’est toi que j’invoque aujourd’hui! c’est sous ton ascendant entraînant, irresistible, que je place ces feuilles, légères comme toi, mais que le caprice, le goût, le zèle qui les dictent peuvent cependant t’engager à fixer, en les opposant au tems qui trop souvent se rit de

tes efforts, aux cabales des sots qui te devancent, et aux préjugés mêmes qui t'obéissant en te dénigrant. Mode, sois notre *Lady Patroness* !"

What exquisite taste—what admirable feeling !—how exactly suited in tone and style to the more cultivated classes in this country !

We now come to the metaphysics of the *Journal*.—A writer who compliments Rochefoucauld, by calling himself his re-incarnation, has among others, the following "Maxims on Love."

"There never was a lover, who was not fonder of his passion than of his mistress, and would not (if pressed to an extremity,) sacrifice the one to the other."

"Women never feel respect for the man who loves them—not even when *they* love *him*. There is nothing capable of impressing women with an idea of your superiority, but the fact of your showing or seeming to show, indifference or disdain towards them. You cannot even *admire* them with safety. To admire them, indeed, is the way to make them *like* you; but for every step that you advance in their liking, you lose two in their respect."

We would willingly stake the reputation, as regards matters of the heart, of even the '*Court Journal*,' upon these two exquisite maxims. The pure and noble admiration of the efforts of love upon the minds of both sexes ! Can any thing show such an absence of selfishness—such a thorough devotion to the object of attachment—as the sentiment expressed in the first of these two aphorisms ?—Impossible ! Every man that has loved must feel his heart thrill at the moral truth and beauty of the maxim !

But the second ! It speaks well for those in whom this author has studied the sex. Of course one whose writings appear in the '*Court Journal*' must have wholly derived his knowledge from his observation of ladies in the highest circles and society. And their gratitude to him must be deep and keen at his thus representing them. It requires, indeed, great talents, and most amiable feelings to embody so many exalted, noble, and delicate qualities into such few words.

But now we come to something more general, "Some leaves from the *Journal* of the Countess * * * *." The following motto is prefixed from Voltaire :—

" Vous qui possédez la beauté
Sans être vaine ni coquette,
Et l'extrême vivacité
Sans être jamais indiscrete :
Vous, à qui donnèrent les dieux
Tant de lumières naturelles,
Un esprit juste, gracieux,
Solide dans le sérieux,
Et charmant dans les bagatelles ;
Souffrez qu'on présente à vous yeux
L'aventure d'une rivale."

We think our readers will, anon, agree with us in thinking almost magical the accuracy of the features of detail with which the *Court Journalist* has filled up Voltaire's *really* exquisite outline of a beautiful, accomplished, and gifted woman. We really cannot account for

it, unless the spirit of *le Patriarche* has migrated from Ferney just to sketch the portrait of a fair denizen of Grosvenor-square, as though in her own person. After talking, as is the custom in the society in which countesses move in England of "The hoarsest watchman within the hills of mortality growling four,"—she enters into the pith of her subject thus: we must premise that she is a widow:—

"To begin, then, at the very beginning,—and an enchanting one it was.—I left my toilet about eleven, as perfect as Maradan could make me—*jolie comme un cœur!* Nardin had surpassed himself in my *coëffure*; and my chrysophrase necklace reflected that sort of subdued tint upon my countenance,—that *air à sentiment*,—which, Alberville says, is like moonlight on the sea. *En fait du genre pensif* I was really perfect; yet I felt a sort of evil presentiment! I stumbled on the trimming of my dress as I was getting into the carriage; I knew it must inevitably be *chiffonné* somewhere or other; but, after the loss of five minutes in investigation, Mademoiselle could not detect the exact spot, and I was left in the horror of uncertainty! Another five minutes at Lady Mary's door!—who always keeps one whilst she is putting on her last *nuance of Végétal superfin*; and her great fat porter stands yawning in one's face. And this, by the way, is not the most provoking of her sins: she wears nothing but *des couleurs prononcées*—amber, or *ponceau*, or emerald;—so that, whoever hazards an *entrée* by her side is sure to look vapid and faded. On the present occasion her ladyship had thought proper to blaze forth in a *cerise* satin, by which I was quite *écrasée*."

Two things will strike our readers: the exact resemblance to the manner in which women of education in England write; and the admirable exposition of the lines,

"Vous qui possédez la beauté
Sans être vaine———"

As for *coquette*, the following will suffice: she is almost engaged to be married to the Lord Alberville, who uses the new simile of "like moonlight on the sea." She had told him "in the course of their morning's ride, but purely *par épreuve et pour désoler son amour-propre* that she should not be there." She, however, sees him on an ottoman with a certain Lady Alicia, and forthwith, being *jamais indiscrete*, rushes to the *écarté* table, and loses, Lord Alberville looking on, besides what she has in her purse, three hundred pounds, borrowed from a Sir Somebody Something, who is the object of her particular abhorrence. The next day she reflects thus:—

"That I, with a jointure of six thousand a-year, cannot keep out of debt;—that I, at four-and-twenty years of age, cannot keep out of ——. No! I will not write the word: never did four innocent letters combine to form one so miss-ish and so mawkish as that of *Love*. *Quant au premier délit*, let me once get out of this scrape with Foley, and I will dream of nought but Joseph Hume and retrenchment; *et quant au second*, I have half a mind to *trancher l'affaire*, and forestall the declaration of Alberville's new engagement, by accepting Sir George at once, and devoting myself to the podagrian duties of a conjugal life."

This certainly proves her to be *jamais indiscrete*, and to have,

“ — de lumieres naturelles,
Un esprit juste, gracieux,
Solide dans le serieux,
Et charmant dans les bagatelles.”

Inexpressibly so indeed!

We can hold no longer. We will not sicken, we might almost say insult, our readers with any more of such a production as this. We cannot regard it otherwise than as a flagrant outrage, that this foolish, ignorant, and offensive vulgarity should be represented as forming the spirit, and giving tone to the manners, of good society in this country. We are certain that if Garrick had written his farce of *High Life below Stairs* on the same model, it would have been reckoned a scandal and ashamed to attribute such manners and such morals even to Mrs. Kitty and my Lord Duke.

9th.—We are among the very foremost of Mr. Mathews's *real* admirers—as we think we have shewn on more than one occasion. We will say at once that we consider him to possess *genius*, and that of a very diversified sort. To those, if any such be left in the world, who consider him a mere *farceur*, we shall not address ourselves—but we do not at all consider him as no more than a very fine comedian to do full justice to his merits. Mr. Mathews goes further than this. His powers of creating emotion are great. If we use a periphrasis, to avoid the word tragedy, it is because that word has been warped from its truest meaning. The real criterion is—“Were you *touched*?” If you were, the actor or actress had those gifts which can produce all the effects of the best and purest tragedy. We don't care what the vehicle may be—is the sensation conveyed? Who that heard Pasta sing the song to the harp, in ‘*Otello*’—who that has seen Brigottini, in ‘*Nina la folle par Amour*,’ that has not been touched to the very quick by the most tragic emotions. What matters it that the one is an opera and the other a ballet? What does it signify whether it be prose or verse, speech, look, or gesture, that produces the effect, if it be produced?

And has it not been produced by Mr. Mathews often? To say nothing of the touches of tenderness in some of his parts in the regular drama; look at his ‘*Gamester*’—if you can bear to look—all the horrors of that odious passion are flung forth with a force that no tragedian ever surpassed. Look at his ‘*Mallet*’ for the picture of the softer and more pathetic feelings—every heart beat with him there.

Of his comic talents we need not speak—every body is full of them—but we say that his powers over both the fiercer and the softer passions, ought to be denominated tragic at once—though we do not care a cherry-stone what it is called as long as it is there. This gift, we think, is not sufficiently recognised by the public, and perhaps is too little cultivated by himself.

Having spoken thus, we are now not going to give him advice, like the people he complains of in his present ‘*At Home*,’ but to scold him at once. Not for any thing he does as an actor—but for his choice as

a manager. We respect his talents more than ever for the effect he is able to produce with such miserable materials—but he might get good ones, and he ought. We cannot afford to throw away the efforts of genius so uncommon as this upon such trumpery.

Mr. Mathews, "we pretend" to a slight knowledge of metaphysics, and therefore we regret most sincerely that your entertainments are not formed from your own observation, and the workings of your own mind upon what you observe. This very 'At Home,' now going on, proves us to be right. Our metaphysics always spring from facts. Those portions of it which are your own are admirable—impayable: the rest is — never mind. One of the portions we are alluding to, we chanced to know was yours—"Company, up or down"—and it is your *creation*—for you made the actual occurrence what it was. Another part which we liked exceedingly, namely, the very beginning, we have since heard, is also yours, and it confirmed another idea of ours which we will tell you as a secret: we are quite certain you are totally ignorant of it yourself. Those passages which you feel come from nature—the humour which is frank and true—the pathos which really has something to say to the heart—you deliver in a manner as superior to the composition of men who undertake to furnish so many puns in a page as — but we will make no comparisons—we are sure you understand us now.

In the present 'At Home,' there is alas! no pathos: and very angry we are with you for it. But if you had heard your voice change from the regular business-like grind of the song-speech in the second part to the fine fresh reality, of "O' your nain-sell," when the snow began to fall in Cumberland, you'd give us a little more of it, or you're not the kind-hearted man we take you for. Kitchener is good—but there is too much of him; and there is this dilemma besides. To those who did not know him, he cannot be very interesting, and to those who did, it must be painful to see him even by you. We, indeed, always regret seeing you come to individual imitation. In the first place, the best-humoured imitation may be displeasing at least to the party if not to the friends. It *always* does, and is mostly meant, to cast more or less ridicule—which is of necessity undeserved: for this reason, that mimicry is compelled to single out peculiarities, and leaves them unblended with, and consequently unsoftened by, all that the individual possesses in common with the rest of the world.

Our second reason is, that your condensation of general characteristics into one person is so admirable, that we are sorry that you should waste your powers in the lower and narrower sphere of imitating a real man. To borrow an illustration from painting, the one is a history-piece, the other only a portrait.

One word more. The man who is writing his life—the man who is cruel to animals because he endeavours to be kind—the passengers in the Ramsgate steamer—and all their coachings, boatings, dinings, inns, and conversation, (laus Deo!) never did, can, or shall exist. And, therefore, we cannot but lament and condemn the giving up to these *lusus, not naturæ*, but *malæ artis*, the time, and talents, and most wearing exertion, of one whose representations of real nature are like yours, Mr. Mathews.

Yates was exceedingly lively and clever throughout his part of the piece. In the trial before Lord Norbury, he was his lordship, Mr. Charles Phillips, Mr. Somebody else, on the other side, and two witnesses in a succession equally rapid and happy. The best thing, in this, was general nature also. We mean the male witness. It was one of the most skilful and characteristic exhibitions of an Irishman we ever beheld. We do not think Charles Phillips *very* like—but, indeed, his manner is not sufficiently peculiar to render imitation very easy. In the speech of his opponent, there are one or two passages which, we consider, might be softened with advantage. •

As for the Harlequinade! Wheugh! We should like to see the person who would *describe* it! Go see it, and you will see one of the most animated, ludicrous, and extraordinary exhibitions mortal eyes ever lighted upon. Pray, Mr. Yates, have you the gift of ubiquity?

20th. Unless five other papers be wrong—The ‘Times,’ the ‘Morning Chronicle,’ the ‘Morning Journal,’ the ‘Globe,’ and the ‘Courier,’—the ‘Morning Herald,’ of yesterday was guilty of a gross outrage against public decency, and of the foulest slander against a gentleman holding an official situation of considerable importance. We allude to the report of the inquest on the body of the girl lately murdered near Kensington. The circumstances, of the case are most singularly revolting altogether—but even this is not sufficient for the ‘Herald.’ In its report of yesterday, it puts into the mouth of Mr. Stirling the Coroner, in a case of life and death, two jests of a character so grossly and revoltingly filthy, that it is impossible for us to reprint them. Now we believe this to be an invention of the ‘Morning Herald,’ because there is a much more detailed report in the ‘Times,’ one quite as long as that in the ‘Herald’ in the ‘Chronicle,’ and moderately lengthy ones in the remainder. In these there is not one word of the kind. We cannot conceive a statement more calculated to injure Mr. Stirling, not only in his official capacity, but as a gentleman and a man. We have not the very slightest acquaintance with him, but we do not believe he acted in this shameful manner, for the reasons we have above stated. If be so, it is an additional reason for the giving a power to the magistrates, which we have heard hinted at, of punishing editorial malefactors summarily. Why should pick-pockets be punished, if *they* are let off.

25th. The papers again! In this instance, advantage is taken of a gentleman being in a profession which brings him personally before the public, to set his very dining-room before them also, as though it were a scene at his own theatre. We allude to a paragraph which appeared in the ‘Sunday Times’ of yesterday, concerning Mr. Yates, of a character such as we scarcely thought the papers had yet reached. For this contains nothing political or indecent; only a violation of the hospitality of a private gentleman of worth and respectability. It is needless to go into the details; but the conduct of the parties concerned during the transaction, was very much on a par with the act of sending an account of it to the newspaper afterwards. And why the paper should print it, we cannot for the life of us conceive. Really these people *must* be kept in order by some means or other.

29th. Two very remarkable circumstances occurred at the Review yesterday. The Duke of Wellington fell off his horse, at the head of the troops: we understand his Grace took it very good-humouredly. There was also, as we heard, one of the female "equestrians" from Astley's, in a dress resembling the uniform of the Tenth Hussars, and with a Bird of Paradise feather in her bonnet, who caracolled round the circle to the great entertainment of the crowd. There was a strangely absurd rumour spread that this was Lady Londonderry.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

No. XIV.

WE have no time, this month, gentle reader, for any idle talk about things in general; for—witness these heaps of the new-born that cumber our table, and cry for criticism from the floor of this our sanctuary—we have more real business to go through, than the minutes we may spend with thee now would suffice for, were they ten times told. An author's period of gestation has not, we believe, been yet exactly determined by naturalists; and indeed, we are inclined to think, that nature is a little irregular here, and will be found not very much disposed to submit to any precise law; but be this as it may, it is certainly the fact, that a very unusual number of craniological conceptions generally contrive to come to maturity about this time. This makes the duties of criticism doubly severe in the dog-days—the very season when one is least disposed to work hard. There is something a little perplexing, it must be confessed, in this arrangement—so unlike the other beneficent ordinations of nature; but there is no help for it—we must just submit to what we cannot alter. Now then for business: and here, in the first place, are two dumpy, little volumes, yclept

SHREDS AND PATCHES OF HISTORY, IN THE FORM OF RIDDLES.

This is no bad *riddle* of a title-page to begin with, at all events. Indeed, when we first opened the book, we were ourselves, we confess, fairly pozed by the mysterious announcement. We recollect very well when at school accidentally making the discovery that one of our class-fellows laboured under a slight misapprehension as to the import of the term *ænigma*, which happened to stand among a list of Latin vocables set us to get by heart—and that we were malicious enough to leave him in his error till he had an opportunity of being set right by the universal shout that followed his solemn repetition to the master of "ænigma, a riddle for riddling corn!" This was, after all, only a proper punishment to our erudite friend for his conceit of being wise above what was written; for, to do the book justice, it said not a word about corn; and if Tom had confined himself to speaking what was set down for him, he might have retained his peculiar notion touching the meaning of the term for years to come, without any one

knowing any thing about it. And this has always been the application we have been wont to make of the incident—calling it to mind as a warning and check to ourselves whenever we have felt tempted to take in the same way, in our oratorical displays, a leap in the dark. But on this occasion it occurred to us in our perplexity, that these same Shreds and Patches of History might possibly be some how or other disposed in the form of corn-riddles, or sieves. Some of the old Greek poets were wont to amuse themselves by the composition of odes in the shape of eggs, hatchets, and pigeons' wings—and our author, we supposed, might have taken it into his head to attempt a revival of this classic practice. We were confirmed in this idea when we cast our eye upon his motto, "I have gleaned an ear from every harvest," which had so agricultural an aspect, that we really no longer doubted what sort of riddles it was he dealt in.

However, upon further inspection, we found we were quite in the wrong. The Shreds and Patches are, or are intended to be, disposed in the form of enigmas, not sieves. In short, the work is merely a pair of volumes of historical anecdote, in the first of which the narratives are given without the names of the actors being mentioned, and are therefore called riddles, while in the second they are repeated, with the blanks filled up, or the generalities appropriated and explained, and are thus transformed into solutions. There is not much wit, it may be conceived, in enigmas of this construction; but the scheme is nevertheless a contrivance for giving something of the air of a game to the study of history, and may not be without its use in stimulating the curiosity of juvenile readers. We may remark, too, that in as far as we have looked into the work, it appears to be executed with judgment and taste, and to display considerable reading on the part of the author. The volumes are handsomely printed, and in outward shew, at least, well calculated to prove attractive to the young scholar.

Along with this performance we may notice another little volume of historical selections, the *Rev. Alexander Stewart's*

STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND,

of which the second edition lies on our table. This is a series of plain and direct narratives addressed also to the rising generation, and written in so simple and perspicuous a style as to be well calculated to engage their attention. We greatly rejoice in these different attempts to make the interesting and most instructive lessons of history an important part of early education. Mr. Stewart's volume is intended as a companion to Mr. Croker's *Stories selected from the History of England*. It embraces the whole range of the Scottish annals from the reign of Macbeth to the Revolution; and the author has been happy, we think, in gleaning the most striking incidents from that extended drama. The stories, as we have said, are related throughout without embellishment, and according to the most authentic source of information. We miss, certainly, the graphic sketches of Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, which refer in part to the same subjects; but Mr. Stewart's volume will be found, we believe,

at least a very safe and trustworthy guide for the young enquirer over the ground whereon the mighty enchanter has since scattered his more animating light.

These works, it will be observed, relate principally to our own species—but the next we have to notice, is history of another sort. It is a handsome volume, embellished with wood cuts, and entitled

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF DOGS.

AND why should not dogs have their biographers, as well as others who have made a noise in the world? This volume does honour to Captain Brown's sense of justice and fair dealing. All eminence, good and bad, is not bipped. We will not say that a mighty conqueror is merely a fighting mastiff, or a great orator nothing but a barking cur—but there is, nevertheless, a good deal in common between the two characters in each case, so much, at all events, as ought to prevent the admirers of the one from altogether despising the other. Captain Brown seems to have felt this—and hence the present amusing, instructive, and useful little volume. Every dog, says the old proverb, has his day—the insinuation being, we suppose, that he has nothing more than his day, the night of death extinguishing him, body, soul, and memory, at once. It is the old proverb's turn now, to submit to fate—it must die like a dog—it has had its day. Captain Brown has boldly set about the business of giving immortality to quadruped genius and worth. We rejoice, we confess, in this new note which has been added to the trump of fame, the blast of which has hitherto been too monotonous: this variety will improve its music. We see in these pages a great many stories, shewing how easily dogs, by a proper method, may be taught almost anything; may it not be possible to make them understand what has here been done for them, that so they may rise in their own esteem, and aspire to something still higher than they have yet reached, when they feel that they have a reputation to hand down to future ages? Would it not contribute to elevate the character of a dog, if he could be induced to ask himself occasionally, What will posterity think of me? What figure shall I cut in history? How shall I be reported of in the Biographia? Meantime we wish all success to Mr. Brown's book, which seems to be compiled with great industry both from reading and the original communications of his friends, and is really full of interesting matter. His sketch of the game laws in the Appendix, also, appears to be very accurately drawn up, and his suggestions for their improvement are judicious and liberal.

From History to Housekeeping, is no great step—by the Dictionary at least; and notwithstanding the common talk as to the dignity of the former, many of our readers, we doubt not, deem the latter the more interesting subject of the two. And even in respect of dignity, why should History carry it over Domestic Economy? The former is merely a collection of matters of fact; the latter is one of the sciences, founded upon certain established principles like Ethics or Astronomy,

and not to be mastered, except by the exercise of the reason on a concatenation of propositions and demonstrations. To study history is merely to read, or at most to get by heart; the student of house-keeping must ponder and calculate at every step he takes—as in all the other sciences. We must say, however, the subject is not quite so methodically treated as it might have been in the work now before us,

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S ORACLE.

THIS is the last speech and dying words of Dr. Kitchiner, and a strange farrago it is. It is really not doing the work justice to call it simply, "The Housekeeper's Oracle;" it ought to have been entitled a treatise on the *omne scibile* at least. "The head of man,"* says the learned author, "is like a Pudding; and whence have all Rhymes, Poems, Plots, and Inventions, sprang but from that same Pudding? What is Poetry but a Pudding of Words?" But of all "Puddings of words"—since that must be the phrase—certainly the most miscellaneous it has ever been our chance to partake of, is the "Housekeeper's Oracle." The worthy doctor must certainly have been in an amazingly excited state during its composition. The work deserves, indeed, in some respects, to be ranked with the highest effusions of the lyric muse. Its transitions are quite Pindaric; indeed in sudden starts and skips "from grave to gay, from lively to severe"—from the concerns of this world to those of the next, and back again, perhaps, from an epistle of St. Paul to fresh sturgeon or roasted pig—we venture to say there is nothing either in Pindar or any other poet to come near to it. Let us just open the book and go over a few pages of it. Passing over the author's picture, the title-page, and the preface, we find ourselves, after getting over a page about "the cage of matrimony," "the net of courtship," and other such matters, up to the ears, before we are aware, in a rambling dissertation about Cookery, Achilles, and the Jewish Patriarchs—from which we are landed amid a series of extracts from the Northumberland Housebook—all leading (most naturally it will be allowed) to a sort of sermon on the duty of order, enforced by a quotation from the 14th chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians. Then comes a set of tables and observations on the annual expenses of a family of three persons, with "two maids and a man servant, who have a dinner party once a month"—followed by "The Genuine Golden Rules of Economy"—which give way, in their turn, to "a true story" (of three pages and a half in a small type) about a linen draper "who went into business with better than a thousand pounds," and, by over feeding, became first corpulent and then bankrupt, and so was reduced at last "to live upon a chop and a draught of porter." It is the same thing if we open the book any where else. Towards the end, for instance, we find receipts for varnishing oil paintings, preventing the freezing of water in pipes, &c., succeeded by hints relative to beds and bedclothes—a direction for making common paste—a mode of preventing hats being damaged after a shower of rain—the proper way of cleaning knives—and a pair of short disquisitions on cosmetics and wounds of the skin. Cleopatra herself could boast of no such "infinite

variety" as this. Certainly we have never before met with any thing like it in the course of our reading.

We must give our readers, however, a few samples of the multifarious lore the doctor has contrived to stuff into this his concluding effort of literary cookery. 'The following are some of the newest and most striking remarks we have found in the volume :—

"A dinner-table should not be more than three feet and a half in width."

"To make THE SUMMONS OF THE TEA-TABLE serve as an effective ejection to the dinner-table, let it be announced as a special invitation from the lady of the house. It may be, for example, 'Mrs. Souchong requests the pleasure of your company to the drawing-room.' This is an irresistible mandamus."

"If you have a bird, or other delicacy at table, which cannot be apportioned out to all you wish, let it be handed round by a servant; modesty will then prompt the guests to take but a small portion, and such as, perhaps, could not be offered to them without disrespect."

"Instead of 'Do let me send you some more of this mock-turtle'—'Another patty'—'Sir, some of this trifle'—'I MUST INSIST upon your trying this nice melon,'—the language of *hospitality* should rather run thus :—'Shall I send you a fit of the cholice, Sir?'—'Pray let me have the pleasure of giving you a pain in your stomach?'—'Sir, let me help you to a little gentle bilious head ache'—'Ma'am, you surely cannot refuse a touch of inflammation in the bowels.'"

"DO YOU LOVE A BROILED BONE? (if you have ever tasted one nicely done, you have no taste if you do not!) prepare it yourself; it is putting too much temptation in the way of your 'officers of the mouth,' to delegate such a delicate operation to them. Mark! if you are so exceedingly indiscreet, the chances are ten to one that the *lingual nerve* obfuscates their *sensorium commune*, i. e. their tongue will get the better of their brains, and suggest that *their* mouth shall have the meat, and *yours* the bones. Therefore, MEM. When your joint of roasted beef makes its appearance in the parlour for the last time, make such abridgment of it as your eye and appetite advise, and desire it may be laid upon the gridiron without any further dilapidation."

"A hat will wear much longer if you change before, alternate days."

These, our readers will perceive, are cunning counsels; but they form only a small portion of the lessons of prudence to be found in the doctor's book. It contains too, it is but fair to add, abundant evidence of the author's zeal in behalf of much higher interests than those of the pocket, and even of his possession of a heart really liberal and feeling, with all its affection for the virtue of a wise frugality. The work tells us so much about so many things of universal importance, that it may be fairly entitled *Every Man's Vade Mecum*—and is certainly one of the cheapest seven shillings' worths we have ever met with.

To get through our work a little more expeditiously, we shall take

the liberty of dispatching our next half dozen volumes at one swoop: they embrace three titles,

PEACE CAMPAIGNS OF A CORNET, TWELVE YEARS' MILITARY ADVENTURE, TALES OF FIELD AND FLOOD.

THESE works, thus lumped together, form a very agreeable melange of the warlike and the pacific, of fact and fiction. Under the first title, we have three clever volumes in a somewhat peculiar style of broad and extravagant humour—in which, if we have occasionally caricature instead of comedy, we have no attempt at least to palm upon us the one for the other, the object of the author and his book,—to set us and keep us a laughing, namely—being manifest from the first moment we get acquainted with them. The scene of the Cornet's adventures is laid principally in Ireland—and the book is Irish all over in spirit and manner. Of plot or story, as might be expected, there is no great pretence—and truly in such a case this matters little; there are few readers so scrupulously conscientious, we presume, as to begin works of this sort at chapter first, and toil away at them, without ever neglecting the end of a sentence, or turning over two or more leaves at once, till they come to the catastrophe. Most persons, we take it, (always excepting those of our own craft, who of course must read the whole,) contrive to get over the business more compendiously—beginning their task, for instance, by plunging, epically, *in medias res*, instead of slowly and painfully trudging along with the author from the very confines of his title-page,—then, after a short time, taking wing again for a chapter or two—dipping down once more, after a reasonable flight, to see in what state matters are—and thus, by a few alternate ascendings and descendings, getting to their journey's end with tolerable expedition and without weariness. In this way the reader, in fact, makes the story for himself—so that it is really a mere waste of labour for the author to give himself much trouble about the matter. If his *tableaux*, separately considered, are what they should be, it is of little or no consequence on what they are strung together—a hempen cord or a leathern thong will do as well as the most curiously wrought chain of gold. We do not mean, however, to say that any part of the present book is either “leather or prunella;” on the contrary, it is, throughout, as we have said, a clever and lively performance, and abounds in humorous sketches, both of incident and character.

The Twelve Years' Military Adventure seems to be really what it professes to be, the “Memoirs of an Officer who served in the Armies of his Majesty, and of the East India Company, between the years 1802 and 1814.” It is the work of a writer whose chief qualification for book-making appears to be, that he has seen and taken a part in the transactions he relates, and that the transactions themselves are of considerable interest. His narrative is a very unadorned one—but it is at least naturally and perspicuously written; while of the reflections with which it is intermixed, if they do not indicate either a very well-informed or a very profound thinker, we may say, at least, that they leave upon the whole, a favourable impression, both of the author's good

sense, and of his honourable principles. It is true, he is in the habit of drifting occasionally out of his latitude, and entertaining us with dissertations touching matters he does not know a great deal about; but this is excusable enough in a soldier called to active service in his boyhood, and obliged to spend some of the best years of his life amid the din of arms,—while it must be admitted besides, that he seldom detains us very long in the way alluded to, and is never offensively dogmatic in expounding his opinions. The volumes contain a good many anecdotes, which are in general agreeably enough told. Those in particular will be read with interest which relate to the Duke of Wellington, under whom the author served both in India and in Spain.

Mr. Malcolm's *Tales of Field and Flood* carry us once more back to the land of fiction. It is a little volume of great talent—full of wit, humour, and poetry. Like those we have just noticed, it relates in part to "Othello's occupation,"—but the life of a soldier becomes something a good deal more imaginative in Mr. Malcolm's hands, than in that of either of the other writers, with whom we have classed him. We hope the author will be encouraged by the reception of his present work to give us, ere long, another volume of such tales as these—which we confess we like much better than his metrical effusions.

But we must once more return for a moment from fiction to fact, to notice two volumes, one of which has been for some time on our table. We all remember the Comte de Segur's animated and striking narrative of the Retreat from Moscow—and here is from the same pen—

A HISTORY OF RUSSIA.

WE wish we had more books written—not exactly like this—but yet somewhat after the same plan. The Count de Segur's work, in the English translation, makes only a single volume of little more than 400 pages—and the History of Russia, up to the time of Peter the Great, is comprised within the first half of this space—the latter half of the work, which consists in all of twelve books, being devoted to the reign of that monarch. The preliminary sketch—for so we ought properly to call it—is accordingly, as may be supposed, an exceedingly rapid one—a good deal too much so in our opinion. We have no wish certainly for any long and minute detail, in a work intended for popular use, of the early transactions of Russian history; but we would, at all events, have so much of the story as it is thought proper to give, plainly and distinctly told—that so a general outline of it at least might remain impressed on the reader's recollection. The Count is too rhetorical and ambitious an epitomist—seldom deigning to state facts, but always aiming at reflection and picture-drawing, and sometimes, we must say, with more zeal and effort than success. His favourite models of style, in so far as we can judge, appear to be Florus, and the bulletins that used to appear in Buonaparte's day in the *Moniteur*—not being very happy, in our opinion, in either choice. But so far does he carry his affectation of the striking and brilliant, that he actually aims two or three times at being pa-

thetic in his table of contents itself. We judge the author perhaps rather unfairly, however, in considering his book as written for English readers. The fault we have noticed will not be accounted quite so much of a fault in France.

In other respects—and even in this—the work is that of a man of talent—and shews a good deal of reading and research. It is, besides, one that was much wanted, as we had really, till it appeared, no popular history of the Russian Empire.

Our other historical volume is

LORD MAHON'S LIFE OF BELISARIUS.

THIS is a work which may be considered as written upon a plan the very opposite to that of the last. Belisarius, of course, figures in the history of the Roman Empire, among the other personages of the period to which he belongs—but Lord Mahon's purpose is to exhibit him as a separate portrait, instead of being surrounded by the other heads with whom he has hitherto been grouped. The work does considerable credit to his Lordship's scholarship, and is altogether a valuable contribution to the history of a most interesting era. Lord Mahon is disposed to maintain the correctness of the popular tradition, which asserts Belisarius to have been deprived of his eyes on his disgrace, and brings forward some new evidence in support of it.

The next volume we have to notice is the work of another Musc. It is entitled

THE POETICAL SKETCH-BOOK, BY T. K. HERVEY.

With a good deal yet to learn, and something to unlearn, Mr. Hervey is one of the most promising of our young poets—and he has presented us with a great many beautiful verses in this little volume—beautiful in respect both of expression and sentiment. We know no writer, indeed, who imitates Moore's tender and tuneful lyric flow more successfully—and indeed our chief wish with regard to Mr. Hervey is only that he were somewhat less of an imitator. Some of the pieces we have here, shew, we think, that he could write better even than he has yet written. But he must let his genius be more its own guide than it has been. His productions, at present, with all their grace and even occasional gorgeousness, want that perfect finish and unity which nothing can give but fusion in the joint of a self-heated and unborrowing fancy.

There are several pieces in the volume which shew more power than the following verses: but we give them, as being of convenient length, and because they are now, we believe, published for the first time:—

STANZAS.

AWAY—AWAY! AND BEAR THY BREAST.

Away—away! and bear thy breast
To some more pleasant strand!
Why *did* it pitch its tent of rest
Within a desert land!—

Though clouds may dim thy distant skies,
 And love look dark before thee,
 Yet colder hearts and falser eyes
 Have flung their shadows o'er thee !

It is, at least, a joy to know
 That thou hast felt the worst,
 And—if for thee no waters flow,—
 Thou never more shalt thirst !
 Go forward, like a fret-born child,
 Thy chains and weakness past,
 Thou hast thy manna in the wild,
 Thy Pisgah, at the last !

And yet, those far and forfeit bowers
 Will rise, in after years,
 The flowers,—and *one* who nursed the flowers,
 With smiles that turned to tears ;
 And I shall see her holy eye,
 In visions of the night,
 As her youthful form goes stealing by,
 The beautiful and bright !

But I *must* wake, to bear along
 A bruised and buried heart,
 And smile amid the smiling throng
 With whom I have no part ;
 To watch for hopes that may not bud
 Amid my spirit's gloom,
 Till He, who flowered the prophet's rod,
 Shall bid them burst to bloom !

And here we meant to have stopped till another month, but just as we were about to lay down our pen, a packet made its appearance, which turned out to be another cargo of song, bearing the title of

THE LEGEND OF EINSIDLIN, BY THE REV. WILLIAM LIDDIARD,

and we have looked over the performance. In so far as the title-page is concerned, all is well enough ; it might be mistaken for the harbinger of a volume of at least tolerable verse. There is something even imposing in the words that immediately follow : " Dedication. To Thomas Moore, Esq." But here ends the solemn joke. Yet we confess we read the Dedication, as also the Preface, which are both in prose, or something meant to be so, without a very clear perception of what was coming. It seemed strange stuff at times certainly ; but poets do not always excel in prose eloquence, and we read on, hoping that the verse would be better. Alas ! alas ! however, when we did get fairly into the kernel of the production, we were only, as the proverb expresses it, out of the fryingpan into the fire—and unfortunately it was not the fire of poetic inspiration. We certainly have not perused the whole of this dreary desert of rhyme ; heaven forbid ! but we have gone over as much of it, we believe, as mortal strength ever will. If, in the course of our examination, we had hit upon one tolerable passage, we should certainly have considered ourselves bound in justice to transcribe it, and present it to our readers. But the whole is really a mass

of the most unenlivened imbecility we ever met with in the form either of verse or prose. The Reverend Author seems to anticipate some uncommon commotion among the critics, at all events, on the appearance of his work, even if they shall unite in condemning it. An author, says he, "after the last work of his pen has crowned his work," begins "to tremble for the bold daring of his soul. Such is at this moment my predicament; 'The judges are met, a terrible row!' I must prepare for my defence: for here the order of the court is reversed, and (what can this mean?) *the defendant precedes not only the defence but the trial.*" "*Omnes eodem cogimur,*" he goes on, "is a saying which applies to those who *publish* as well as to those who *die*. '*Docti indoctique scribimur,*' whether we *read* or not we must *write*; and what is more extraordinary, we must all write verses, whether we possess the '*mens divini*or,' or write '*stans pede in uno.*' That which Fielding said of *unmeasured*, may now be said of *measured syllables*, of that species of writing which was once thought to require '*inspiration*, or something like inspiration;' that to the *construction of poetry* nothing more is necessary than what was deemed requisite for the composition of what are termed novels—'*pen, ink, and paper*, with the manual capacity of using them.'"

We fear his bardship will be disappointed even in this humble anticipation of notoriety—and that he is like to make his projected visit to Anticyra, not only with mighty little delay, but in still more marvellous tranquillity and silence.

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THE JOURNAL OF FACTS.

JANUARY, 1829.

THE Journal of Facts, as its name imports, is intended to form a record of the most valuable additions to the knowledge of the age. The materials for this new department of the London Magazine will be diligently sought for in such of our own periodical works as are devoted to matters of science and art, to natural history, to rural and domestic economy. In selecting any *new* fact from these very useful and important works, the greater number of which are conducted in a manner highly creditable to our country, we shall uniformly give our authorities; so that the reader who is anxious to follow up the enquiries to which any scattered paragraph may lead, may be conducted, without difficulty, to publications which *systematically* treat of matters which we have selected principally because they appear of *conversational* interest. In *foreign* works, we have most voluminous collections, from which we may gather whatever appears to us most striking and popular. The various journals of Germany, France, and Italy, offer a mine but little explored by those who cater for the public of this country. It is quite remarkable how indefatigably the writers and compilers of other nations labour to collect a great body of facts in every department of knowledge—many, indeed, very worthless and perishable, but others of a highly important and enlivening character. The *Bulletin Universel* of France, a monthly publication, averaging 700 or 800 octavo pages, is a most valuable storehouse of every new fact that is called into light by the communication of mind throughout the world. When an authority is not given, the information is derived from our own sources.

The merit to which we shall aspire in this department, which we hope to render as interesting as it will be useful, will be the humble one of judicious selection. The subjects will be such as will instruct and amuse the general reader; for it must be obvious that the scientific student, in any branch of knowledge, can only look at this record as an index-hand, pointing to the sources from which we derive our desultory information. It has been found necessary to classify the subjects of which the Journal of Facts is composed. The following division appears to us the most advantageous—

- § 1. Natural Philosophy.
- § 2. Natural History.
- § 3. Medical Science.
- § 4. Agriculture and Rural Economy.
- § 5. Horticulture.
- § 6. Domestic Economy.
- § 7. Mechanical and Useful Arts.
- § 8. Fine Arts.
- § 9. Antiquities.
- § 10. General Literature and Education.
- § 11. Naval and Military Economy.
- § 12. Geography, Statistics, and Public Economy.

We have only to observe, in conclusion, that the first number of a work which will be compiled from very scattered materials, must be necessarily very imperfect; and to add that, as our arrangements become more mature (particularly in the establishment of Original Correspondents), we shall be able to produce greater novelty and variety.

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§ I. NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

Encke's Comet.—THE comet, denominated Encke's comet, which is now engrossing the public mind generally, and the scientific world in particular, has justly claimed and received the careful attention of astronomers, since its appearance in 1818 engaged Professor Encke to consider the elements of its orbit. He was enabled to identify it with a comet described by Messrs. Mechain and Messier in 1786, in the constellation Aquarius; also with a comet discovered in 1795 by Miss Herschel in the constellation Cygnus: and with the comet in 1805. The investigation of the diligent professor enabled him to foretel its re-appearance in 1822, and to state the probability of its not being observable in our climate. This anticipation was realized by the fortunate circumstance of the attachment of Sir Thomas Brisbane to astronomical pursuits, who was then governor of New South Wales, and had fitted up an observatory there, and provided himself with the able assistance of Mr. Rumker. The latter gentleman appears to have discovered the phenomenon on June 2, 1822; and his accurate observations afforded Encke the means of reconsidering the true elements of the comet's orbit, and with additional confidence to compute its return for 1825. This occurred as was expected; the fresh data, afforded by that return were carefully collated by the professor to enable him still more satisfactorily to define the orbit, and with increased confidence to predict its return this year. It was first observed by Mr. South on October 30, 1828. This comet affords particular interest to the mind of the astronomer, though it does not offer a splendid object to his eye. Its orbit is an ellipsis of comparatively small dimensions, wholly within the orbit of Jupiter; its period is about three years and three-tenths,—a much shorter period than has hitherto appeared due to any other comet, with the exception of one seen in 1770, which did not satisfy, as far as observation has been able to show, the prediction of the period of five years and a half which was attributed to it. In the opinion of Encke and other astronomers, the comet which is now visible may afford an opportunity of proving that the heavens oppose a resisting medium to the motion of bodies. This subject has been discussed in the Transactions of the Astronomical Society of London, by the able mathematician Masotti; and that gentleman offers strong reasons for considering comets capable of affording a demonstration of a resisting medium in the heavens, though planets may give no indication of it. Another comet which encourages the anticipation of much astronomical gratification, is one which Biela discovered February 27, 1826, and which was afterwards seen by Gambart and others. It seems to possess similar claims to the attention of astronomers as that of Encke, it being conceived to revolve about the sun in about six years seven-tenths, and to be the same as the comet which appeared in 1772 and that which appeared in 1806. Encke's comet will be in its perihelion, by computation, on 10th January, 1829.—*Companion to the Almanac.*

Comet of 1811.—According to the recent calculations of the Professor Lamberti, of the University of Dorpat, the comet so long visible in the year 1811 was $5\frac{2}{3}$ times smaller than the sun, but 17 times bigger than Jupiter, 25,104 times bigger than our globe, 1,255,000 times bigger than the moon, while its orbit exceeds that of all the planets of our solar system put together.—*Leipziger Literatur Zeitung.*

Affection of the Magnetic Needle during Earthquakes.—On the 23d of February, 1828, in the coal-mine of Wiesh, near Muhlheim on the Ruhr,

at 155 feet below the level of the sea, 410 feet from the surface of the soil, and at the distance of 1,400 feet from the entrance shaft, the engineer *Zobel* being engaged in making an admeasurement with the compass, the needle became so violently agitated that it was impossible to use it in measuring angles. The extent of the oscillations from north to south amounted to 180° , in some of them the needle dipped. This state of the needle continued from fifteen to twenty minutes.

It afterwards appeared that an earthquake had been felt on the surface at the same moment that the needle had been thus affected. It is also singular that this earthquake had not been felt in a single one of the many mines which extend from Muhlheim eastward to the vicinity of Unna, by any of the two thousand five hundred miners at work in them, while the shock was strong at Essen, less violent at Bochum, and very feeble at Bortmund, where two shocks in the direction from west to east had been felt.—*Autologia di Firenze*.

Composition of Hail Stones.—On analysing small stones inclosed in hail which fell in the circle of Sterlitamak, in the government of Orenburg, in 1825, they were found to contain in a hundred parts, of red oxide of iron 70.00, of oxide of manganese 7.50, magnesia 6.25, alum 3.75, flint 7.50, sulphur and waste 5.00.—*Bulletin Universel*.

The Winds.—It may be stated as a rule without exception, that the west winds are more frequent than the east. But the west winds diminish more, and more in proportion as the centre of the continent is approached: they are more frequent in England, Holland, and France, than in Denmark, and in the greatest part of Germany: they are of more frequent occurrence in the last mentioned countries than in Sweden and Russia. In London, the east winds (N.E., E., S.E.) are to the west winds (N.W., W., S.W.) as 1 is to 1.7; at Amsterdam, as 1 to 1.6; at *Sandmoer* as 1 to 1.6; at Copenhagen as 1 to 1.5, at Stockholm as 1 to 1.4; at Saint Petersburg as 1 to 1.3.

The west winds blow from the direction of the south point in proportion as the Atlantic sea is approached: towards the middle of the continent they blow more nearly from the direct west quarter, or from N.W. The north winds appear to increase as we go eastward. Among the winds which blow from the west, that of the S.W. quarter is most prevalent in England, Holland, and France: the direct west predominates in Denmark, and in the greater part of Germany; at Moscow the N.W. is most prevalent; at St. Petersburg and Stockholm, the north wind is much more frequent than in the more western parts of Europe.

In the western and central parts of the north of Europe, such as England, France, Denmark, Germany, Norway, the west winds are much more frequent during the summer than during the winter and spring. This does not appear to be the case in Sweden or Russia. During winter, the point from which the western winds blow inclines to the south; they are more direct and more northern in the summer. This rule, however, does not appear to extend to the eastern parts of Europe.—*Bull. Univ.*

Scientific Voyage.—Letters have been received from Captain Henry Foster, commanding his majesty's brig *Chanticleer*, dated Monte Video, September 22, up to which time all the scientific objects of the voyage had proceeded very satisfactorily. The meridian distances had been determined between Falmouth and Funchal, Teneriffe, St. Antonio, St. Paul's Rock near the equator, the island of Fernando Noronha, and between the latter and Cape Frio, Rio de Janeiro, St. Catherine's, and Monte Video, at which latter place a satisfactory series of pendulum experiments was completed, notwithstanding an interruption in the midst of them from a false alarm in the garrison or fort, who were in hourly expectation of an attack from the

Buenos Ayreans. The Chanticleer expected to sail about the beginning of October towards the south, in the further prosecution of the objects of the voyage.—*Hampshire Telegraph*.

§ 2. NATURAL HISTORY.

The Aërial Spider.—The cobwebs which are found occasionally floating in the air, alighting on the face and person as we walk, in threads of finest texture, and which are observable more especially in dewy mornings, at certain seasons, overspreading the fields with a tissue charged with pearly globules sparkling in the sun's rays, are the work of vast numbers of aërial spiders, which descending during the night to imbibe the moisture, weave among the blades of grass the webs which collect the dew. The cause of the rising of this insect and its web into the air, since its specific gravity considerably exceeds that of the atmosphere, has been variously explained. Mr. Blackwall, in an address to the Linnean Society, professes to account for the ascent of the threads by ascribing it to the effect of warm currents of air emanating from the surface of the ground. Mr. John Murray combats this doctrine, and accounts for the phenomenon in these floating webs on electrical principles. The following is the substance of his observations on this interesting insect, in the "*Magazine of Natural History*," of November last. During the day these aërial spiders, according to the electrical state of the atmosphere, either rise in a vertical direction, (and that rapidly or slowly, as they are affected by the same electrical circumstances,) or they float at angles more or less inclined to the horizon, or on a parallel with its plane. They have the power of propelling their threads in a similar variety of directions, either in motionless air, or in an atmosphere agitated by the winds; or even against the wind, the threads preserving invariably the direction in which they are propelled, and never intermingling; and sometimes a pencil of threads, presenting the appearance of a divergent brush, is propelled. On comparing these operations of the insect with the electrical state of the atmosphere, the following corresponding results are observable:—when the air is in a positive state, as in clear and fine weather, the spider makes his ascent most easily and rapidly: when it is weakly positive, he rises with difficulty, to a limited altitude, and with but slight inclination of the propelled threads above the plane of the horizon; while when the negative electricity prevails, as in cloudy weather or on the approach of rain, he is altogether unable to ascend; so also as towards evening the positive electricity of the air becomes feeble, and during the night changes to negative, then the spiders descend to the earth. With regard to the habits of this little aëronaut in other respects, Mr. Murray says, he is greedy of moisture, though otherwise abstemious; its food is perhaps peculiar, and only found in the superior regions of the sky; like the rest of its tribe, it is doubtless carnivorous, and may subserve some highly important purpose in the economy of Providence, such, for instance, as the destruction of that truly formidable, though almost microscopically minute insect, the *Furia infernalis*, whose wound is stated to be mortal. Its existence has been indeed questioned, but by no means disproved; that, and some others, injurious to man, or to the inferior creation, may be its destined prey, and thus our little aëronaut, unheeded by the common eye, may subserve an important good.—*Mag. of Nat. Hist.*

Vegetable Origin of Silk.—The parenchyma of the white mulberry is composed of a tissue of beautiful white fibres of silk, much resembling China silk, which would lead us to the inference that silk is a vegetable, not an animal product, that is to say, that the basis of the material, in its proximate form, is derived from the vegetable kingdom, though the spinning of its substance into a lengthened thread is entirely due to the mechanical

functions of the silkworm. The silk tissue of the mulberry becomes very obvious by breaking some decayed twigs of two or three years' growth.—*Gard. Mag.*

Prognostics of the Weather.—'Red clouds in the west, at sunset, especially when they have a tint of purple, portend fine weather. The reason of which is, that the air, when dry, refracts more red or heat-making rays; and as dry air is not perfectly transparent, they are again reflected in the horizon. A copper or yellow sunset generally foretells rain; but as an indication of wet weather approaching, nothing is more certain than the halo around the moon, which is produced by the precipitated water; and the larger the circle the nearer the clouds, and consequently the more ready to fall. The old proverb is often correct:

A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning:

A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight.

A rainbow can only occur when the clouds, containing or depositing the rain, are opposite to the sun; and in the evening the rainbow is in the east, and in the morning in the west; and as our heavy rains in this climate are usually brought by the westerly wind, a rainbow in the west indicates that the bad weather is on the road, by the wind, to us; whereas the rainbow in the east, proves that the rain in these clouds is passing from us. When the swallows fly high, fine weather is to be expected or continued; but when they fly low and close to the ground, rain is almost surely approaching. This is explained as follows: Swallows pursue the flies and gnats, and flies and gnats usually delight in warm strata of air; and as warm air is lighter, and usually moister, than cold air, when the warm strata of our air are high, there is less chance of moisture being thrown down from them by the mixture with cold air; but when the warm and moist air is close to the surface, it is almost certain that, as the cold air flows down into it, a deposition of water will take place.—*Edin. New Phil. Journ.*

Natural stocking with Fish of Ponds on Hills.—The large water-beetle, which is in the habit of feeding upon the spawn of fish, occasionally in the evening climbs up the stems of rushes, &c., out of the water, sufficiently high to enable it to take wing; in these circumstances it has been caught, and, putting it into water, has been found to give out the spawn with which it had gorged itself previous to taking flight, both in a digested and undigested state,—so that, on trial, it has been found that it produced fish of various kinds.—*Edin. New Phil. Journ.*

The Nuthatch.—The Nuthatch (*Sitta Europæa*) is a little ash-coloured bird rarely to be seen: it is thick in form, and heavily built, with large feet, scansorial, but not of that construction peculiar to perfect climbing birds, the toes being placed three forwards and one backwards: the beak is uncommonly large and strong for so small an animal, perfectly straight and somewhat wedge-shaped, exhibiting, when viewed laterally, much of the abrupt truncation so well adapted for breaking hard substances, to be observed in that of the woodpecker. He penetrates with facility the shells of nuts and extracts the kernel; he is most remarkable, however, for his habit of tapping, which is loud enough to be heard at a furlong distance. One of these little birds being wounded and caught, was placed in a cage by his captor, but showed a fierce temper, impatient of confinement, and soon fell a victim to his irritability. During a night and day, which his confinement lasted, his tapping labour was incessant, and after occupying his prison for that short space only, he left the wood-work pierced and worn like worm-eaten timber. His impatience at his situation was excessive, his efforts to escape were unremitted, and displayed much intelligence and cunning; he was fierce, and fearlessly familiar, and voracious of the food placed before him. At the close of the second day, he sunk under the combined effects of his vexation, assiduity,

and voracity. His hammering, says a correspondent of the 'Magazine of Natural History,' whence we have derived these particulars, "was peculiarly laborious, for he did not peck as other birds do, but grasping his hold with his immense feet, he turned upon them as upon a pivot, and struck with the whole weight of his body, thus assuming the appearance, with his entire form, of the head of a hammer, or, as I have sometimes seen birds on mechanical clocks, made to strike the hour by swinging on a wheel."—*Magazine of Natural History*.

Medicinal Qualities of the Violet.—The medicinal qualities of the violet order lie in the roots, which contain, in all the varieties, in a greater or less degree, emetic properties. One of the *ipeacuanhas* is the root of a Brazilian violet.—*Magazine of Natural History*.

Production of Cotton.—Cotton is furnished by the fibrous threads in which the seeds of the *gossypium* of the order of *malvaceæ*, are enveloped—These threads, when examined by the microscope, will be seen to be finely toothed, which explains the cause of their adhering together with greater facility than those of *bombax* and several *apocynæ*, which are destitute of teeth, and which cannot be spun into thread without an admixture of cotton.—*Magazine of Natural History*.

Carrier Pigeon.—Mr. Audubon, the American correspondent of the *Magazine of Natural History*, says he has shot the passenger pigeon of America (*columba migratoria*), during his hunting excursions through the forests; and, on dissection, found its stomach full of fresh rice, which, to have resisted the digestive process, must have been swallowed not many hours preceding its death, but could not have been obtained within 800 miles of the place where it was killed.—*Magazine of Natural History*.

Singing birds of the Old and New World.—It is a very unfounded notion, that in the New World the brilliant hues of the birds take the place of the power of song. On the contrary, it would appear from Wilson's American Ornithology, that the American song birds are infinitely more numerous than those of Europe, and many of them superior to our most celebrated songsters.—*Magazine of Natural History*.

Source of Salt in Sea Water.—It has been supposed by some naturalists, that the salt in the sea has been gradually augmented by saline particles brought into it by rivers, but this cause is totally inadequate to explain the immense quantity of salt existing in the whole mass of the ocean. If the average depth of the sea be ten miles, and it contains two and a half per cent. of salt, were the water entirely evaporated, the thickness of the saline residue would exceed 1000 feet.—*Bakewell's Introduction to Geology*.

Non-existence of Human Fossils.—The remarkable fact, that no vestiges of human remains have been discovered with those of the more ancient inhabitants of the globe, is at present fully confirmed; nor have any fossil bones of monkeys been hitherto found. The vast diluvial beds of gravel and clay, and the upper strata in Asia, however, have not yet been scientifically explored, and both sacred and profane writers agree in regarding the temperate regions of that continent as the cradle of the human race.—*Magazine of Natural History*.

Igneous Origin of Granite.—The indications of the present existence of subterranean fire beneath the granite of the Alps and of Auvergne in France, and, according to Humboldt, in the Andes, would render it probable that these rocks are of igneous origin; and the near connection there appears to exist between granite and other rocks allied to volcanic rocks, tends to confirm this opinion. The granite of the Alps rises in nearly vertical beds, which have been elevated, together with the secondary strata, after the formation of

the latter ; whereas in some parts of England, the granite and the slate associated with it, though rising in elevated beds like those of the Alps, are covered by horizontal secondary strata, which must have *been deposited after the elevation* of the primary beds. Hence it is to be inferred, that the granite of England is more ancient than that of the Alps.—*Bakewell's Geology*.

Fossil Remains of ancient Creations.—A great change appears to have taken place in the condition of our planet after the deposition of the coal strata ; for the upper secondary strata contain principally the remains of marine animals, and it is in these strata that the bones of vertebrated animals are first distinctly observed. Among these we find the bones of the mighty monsters of an ancient creation, whose extraordinary forms are still more astonishing than their immense magnitude. Some of these animals of the saurian or lizard tribe attained the length of forty feet or more, and appear, from the structure of the teeth and the organs of motion, to have united to the voracity of the crocodile, the power of darting through the water on their prey with inconceivable rapidity. Others had necks so long, that when extended out of the water they must have resembled immense hydras.—*Bakewell's Geology*.

The Ichneumon Fly—*Provision by Nature for the destruction of the Caterpillar.*—There are several species of Ichneumon which make thinnings among the caterpillars of the cabbage butterfly. The process of one species is this : while the caterpillar is feeding, the ichneumon fly hovers over it, and, with its piercer, perforates the fatty part of the caterpillar's back in many places, and in each deposits an egg, by means of the two parts of the sheath uniting together, and thus forming a tube down which the egg is conveyed into the perforation made by the piercer of the fly. The caterpillar, unconscious of what will ensue, keeps feeding on, until it changes into a chrysalis ; while in that torpid state, the eggs of the ichneumon are hatched, and the interior of the body of the caterpillar serves as food for the caterpillars of the ichneumon fly. When these have fed their accustomed time, and are about to change into the pupa state, they, by an instinct given them, attack the vital part of the caterpillar (a most wonderful economy in nature, that this process should be delayed until they have no more occasion for food). They then spin themselves minute cases within the body of the caterpillar ; and instead of a butterfly coming forth (which, if a female, would have probably laid six hundred eggs, thus producing as many caterpillars, whose food would be the cabbage), a race of these little ichneumon flies issues forth, ready to perform the task assigned them, of keeping within due limits those fell destroyers of our vegetables.—*Gill's Technological Repository*.

Modern Falconry.—A race of Falconers have for many years existed in the village of Falconsward, near Bois-le-Duc, in Holland, whence the whole of Europe has been supplied : for want of encouragement, however, the race has become almost extinct, and the only one now living is John Pells, in the service of John Dawson Downes, Esq., of Old Gunton Hill, Suffolk.—*Sir John Sebright's Observations on Hawking*.

Hawking is still practised in Italy, but without pomp, and chiefly we believe in the capture of small birds, of which, as is well known, the consumption in that country is great. Sir John observes, that the slight falcon takes up his abode every year, from October and November until the spring, upon Westminster Abbey, and other churches in the metropolis ; and that this is well known to the London pigeon-fanciers, from the great havoc they make in their flights.

When tutored, it seems they will touch no such ignoble game ; as we learn from an experiment, which, according to the Brighton Gazette, was very recently made by the Duke of St. Albans, on the downs of Brighton, where his

Grace wishing to try his hawks with pigeons instead of partridges, the birds refused to act, and all the incentives and decoys resorted to, to induce them to make a prey of the pigeons, were vain.

Superior Intelligence of the Dog and Elephant.—The dog is the only animal that dreams; and he and the elephant the only animals that understand looks: the elephant is the only animal that, besides man, feels *ennui*; the dog, the only quadruped that has been brought to speak. Leibnitz bears witness to a hound in Saxony, that could speak distinctly thirty words.—*Medical Gazette*.

Capacity of Negroes.—Professor Blumenbach possesses a little library of works written by negroes, from which it appears, he says, that there is not a single department of taste or science in which some negro has not distinguished himself.—*Med. Gaz.*

Brute animal Hay-makers.—Marmots, in the strictest sense, make hay; they bite off the grass, turn it, and dry it in the sun. It is reported that they use an old she marmot as a cart. She lies on her back, the hay is heaped on her belly, and two others drag her home.—*London Medical Gazette*.

Diffusion of Seeds in the Violet.—The seeds of this natural order of plants are contained in a capsule of a single loculament, consisting, however, of three valves. To the inner part of each of these valves the seeds are attached, and remain so for some time after the valves, in the process of ripening, have separated and stood open. The influence of the sun's heat, however, causes the sides of each valve to shrink and collapse, and in this state the edges press firmly upon the seed, which from being before apparently irregular in its arrangement, comes into a straight line. The seeds, are not only extremely smooth, polished, and shining, but regularly egg-shaped; so that, when pressed upon by the collapsing edge of the valve, it slides gradually down the sloping part of the seed, and throws it with a jerk to a considerable distance. There is another part of the contrivance of nature, for the same purpose, in the Violaceæ, worthy of remark. Before the seed is ripe, the capsule hangs in a drooping position, with the peristyle calyx spread over it like an umbrella, to guard it from the rain and dews, which would retard the process of ripening; but no sooner is the ripening completed, than the capsule becomes upright, with the calyx for a support. This upright position appears to be intended by nature to give more effect to the valvular mechanism for scattering the seeds, as it thus gains a higher elevation (in some cases more than an inch) from which to project them; and this will give it, according to the laws of projectiles, a very considerable increase of horizontal extent.—*Rennie*.

Influence of Trees on Climate.—The cutting down of forests, particularly on high grounds, has been remarked to diminish the quantity of rain, by diminishing, it is supposed, the attraction for clouds. The fact, however it may be explained, has been ascertained on a large scale in America. In Kentucky, for example, many brooks are pointed out which now fail in summer, a thing which was unknown twenty or thirty years ago. In New Jersey, where the woods have been more extensively cleared, some streams have been altogether dried up. On the contrary, many streams in the United States have rather increased since the clearing of the woods; because, though the quantity of rain may be possibly diminished, the compact bed of forest leaves formerly retained the water on the surface, and exposed it to rapid evaporation; whereas the tillage which has been introduced, allows the water to penetrate to some depth, and to afford a more permanent supply for springs and streams.—*Rennie*.

Effects of Climate on Human and Vegetable Life.—Where the spruce

and Scotch pines, and where bushes will not succeed, the nature of man seems equally defective. He sinks in the struggle with necessity and the climate.—*Von Buch's Lapland.*

This rule, however, is by no means without its exception. Mr. Harwood, arguing from the effects of the atmosphere in the vicinity of the sea, which, as he says, containing a portion of the muriates over which it has passed, is favourable to animal, but pernicious to vegetable, life, draws the conclusion, too general, certainly, that the air best adapted to vegetation is unpropitious to animal life, and *vice versa*. In fact, it may well be doubted if nature has fixed any general rule; since daily experience proves that different species of animals, even different races of the same species, are variously affected by the same air.

Method of finding the Course of the Air when the Wind is still.—Place a basin of water in a free exposure, throw a red hot cinder into it, and observe how the smoke which it produce inclines. Sailors throw a piece of live coal into the sea for the same purpose; and also wet a finger, hold it up in the air, and then by feeling which part becomes (by evaporation) cool, they judge of the direction of the current of air. An instrument on the last principle has been invented by Dr. B. M. M. Forster.—*Mec. Mag.*

Excessive fall of Rain.—At Joyeuse, in the department of the Ardèche, during October, 1827, rain, thirty-six inches in depth, fell within eleven days; and on the 9th of that month, twenty-nine and a quarter inches fell within the space of two hours. The barometer remained nearly stationary, at two or three lines below the mean altitude, notwithstanding the continuation of the most violent thunder and lightning during the whole time.—*Annales de Chimie.*

Swarms of Butterflies.—An immense swarm of butterflies, of the species called the Painted Lady, the Belle Dame of the French, the *Papilio cardui* of Linnæus, forming a column of from ten to fifteen feet broad, was observed in the district of Grandson, Canton de Vaud. They traversed the country with great rapidity, from north to south, all flying onwards low, equally and closely together, and not turning from their course on the approach of other objects.

The fact is the more singular, as the caterpillars of the *Vanessa cardui* are not gregarious, but are solitary from the moment they are hatched. Professor Bonelli of Turin, however, observed a similar flight of the same species of butterflies in the end of the March preceding their appearance at Grandson. Their flight was also directed from south to north, and their numbers were immense. At night the flowers were literally covered with them. Towards the 29th of March their numbers diminished, but even in June a few still continued. They have been traced from Coni, Racconni, Susa, &c. A similar flight of butterflies is recorded, at the end of the last century, by M. Loche, in the Memoirs of the Academy of Turin. During the whole season, those butterflies, as well as their larvæ, were very abundant, and more beautiful than usual.—*Mém. de la Société de Phys. et de Hist. Nat. de Genève.*

Discovery of Lignite in Russia.—A mass of fossil wood has been discovered by M. Lichfeldt, on one of the gulfs of the Danube, named Yalpoug, about fifty verst from the fortress of Ismael. This fossil wood may become of great importance in that part of Russia, now entirely deprived of forests. The lignite is found in the form of fossile masses, of a greyish colour, but passing in the lower portions into a deep black. In the upper parts are found quantities of the débris of wood, covered with bark, white, thick, and friable; the pieces pressed one upon another, and intermixed with the husks

of grain. The wood, according to M. Lichfeldt, is that of the lime tree. It lies nearly horizontal between coarse sand and calcareous clay; the first in form of a wall, and the latter serving as a roof. Here many shells are found. The sand is separated from the stratum of lignite by about six inches of a resinous clay, in the lower part of which a great number of shells of different sorts are found. The clay which covers the lignite is very slaty, and where they come in contact, an infinite number of small shells occur, chiefly *Donax*, *Cardium*, and *Turbo*. Over this lies an argillaceous sand even to the roots of the green sward. It is everywhere accompanied by plastic clay. —*Gornoi Journal*.

Beavers on the Severn.—About a mile to the north of Worcester, a little brook enters the Severn, called Babourne, or Beaverbourne, to the present day, from the beavers (*Castor Fiber*) that formerly inhabited the brook; a little island in the Severn, near the spot, is still known as the Beaver island; and, higher up the stream of the Severn, is a flat green island, called *Bever-eye*, which also gives its name to an adjoining hamlet. How late the beavers remained here is unknown; but the Severn was not navigable near Worcester in early times, from the weirs and rapids that obstructed its course. Giraldus states that beavers were very scarce in Wales in the twelfth century.—*Mag. of Nat. Hist.*

Museum at Norwich.—This establishment owes its origin to a few scientific and public-spirited individuals residing in Norwich and its vicinity, who, in 1824, united themselves for the purpose of promoting the study of natural history. At this time, a body of laws and regulations were drawn up, a president, vice-president, and a committee of twelve gentlemen appointed, for the transaction of business, and apartments taken in the Haymarket, under the rooms of the Literary Institution, for the reception of their future collection. The late president of the Linnean Society, Sir J. E. Smith, was elected president, which office he filled till his death; on which occurrence, Dawson Turner, Esq., of Great Yarmouth, author of "*Synopsis of British Fuci*," &c., &c. was appointed. The present object of this society is confined to collecting specimens in natural history, together with coins, antiques, and miscellaneous articles which are objects of curiosity and admiration, as well to the general as the scientific observer; hoping, by this means, to excite a spirit of inquiry, and promote the pursuit of this interesting and engaging study. Should this attempt be successful, in inducing many to support the establishment by their purses and patronage, they will be enabled to pursue their plans of publishing their proceedings, establishing lectures, and adopting such means as would render the establishment more effectual in disseminating that spirit and that knowledge which it is their wish to promote.

Their museum now contains several skeletons and parts of skeletons, animals, and birds, including the hippopotamus, elephant, buffalo, crocodile, and lion; a few animals preserved; about 300 specimens of ornithology, chiefly British; a valuable cabinet of South American insects, consisting of about 4000 specimens; a cabinet of British insects, consisting of about 2000; a few specimens of conchology, and about 350 specimens of mineralogy and geology, besides 300 specimens of fossil organic remains. In botany it possesses but few specimens, chiefly from Switzerland.

To these may be added, a small collection of coins, Roman and other antiquities, various instruments of war and numerous other articles from different countries, and an Egyptian mummy and sarcophagus.

The whole are arranged, in two rooms, in glass cases and cabinets; and the curator is always ready to show those which are not openly displayed, and to give information relative to all. Attendance of the curator is from 10 to 6; and although admission is, by law, restricted to persons introduced

by subscribers, yet the freest admission is, at all times, attainable.—*Mag. of Nat. Hist.*

Habitations of the Caddice, Water Moth.—The caddices, in the larva state, live in the water, and, in order to protect themselves from being devoured by other aquatic animals, they select pieces of wood, leaves, stones, &c. which they cement together by a gluten with which they are provided, and thus form tubular habitations, the interior of which they line with a fine silk, spun by themselves. Some of these habitations are composed of minute stones, so arranged as to exceed the skill of any workman; the joints not only fit exceedingly close, but the internal part is completely smooth and circular, while all the angular parts of the stones are placed on the outside, and the cement used is so strong, that boiling water will not separate them. It frequently happens, that after they have formed their habitations, they find them too heavy to carry with them; in that case, they select a piece of wood, or any other light substance that will float, and which they attach, by means of their gluten, to the extreme end of their case, which renders it more buoyant in the water, and thus enables them to move from place to place with facility. When their habitations are too light, they then attach small stones, shells, &c. to them, in the above manner, which renders them heavier, and prevents the current of water from carrying them away.—*Gill's Technological Repository.*

Superiority of Chinese Silk Worms.—By certain experiments made by the Professor Giovanni Lavini, on 150 grains of the seed of silk worms of China, he found, that 10,000 eggs weighed 150 grains; second, that as well when just come to life, as in the first and second stages, the worms refused the leaves of the tartaric and of the papiferous mulberry, and other trees substituted for the mulberry, and died from starvation; third, that notwithstanding that by these experiments, tried at the beginning of the three first stages, so great a quantity was lost, he obtained 28 pounds of cocoons, white and compact, whose weight would correspond to about $4\frac{1}{2}$ rubbi*, to every ounce of seed; fourth, that about 210 cocoons formed a pound in Piedmontese weight of 11 ounces to the pound, while of the cocoons of the common silk there was not required more than 96, 100, and 104; fifth, that thus from 10,000 eggs, worms, it may be said, since it appears they all came to life, only 5880 cocoons were obtained, in consequence of the mortality of the worms occasioned by the want of nourishment; sixth, that from 100 cocoons there proceeded 94 butterflies, 43 males and 51 females. From another quantity of 150 grains of seed, at Sommariva del Bosco, the produce was only 20 pounds of cocoons, hard and white, and valued at 27 new livres † the rubbo.

From other 150 grains of seed, in Turin, the quantity obtained was 10 pounds of cocoons, and these spotted, incompact, but white; it is thought, in the absence of the master, the worms had been fed with damp leaves.

It results from these experiments, that notwithstanding all disadvantages, the Chinese worms are a desirable object of cultivation; that although their cocoons do not reach half the weight of common silk worms, yet that their quantity and value are far superior; the care they require is the same; and the consumption of leaves nearly equal.—*Bibl. Ital.*

Transplantation of Hair.—The Signor Dottore Domenico Nardo addressed a letter to the Academy of Padua, in 1826, on the subject of the growth of hair after death, and even after its separation from the body. The latter property had been previously observed by Krafft. The Signor Nardo recounts the results of experiments made on his own person, in the trans-

* The rubbo is a weight of twenty-five pounds Piedmontese.

† About twenty-four to the pound sterling.

plantation of hair, and relates, that by transporting quickly a hair, with its root, from a pore of his head, into a pore of his chest, easily to be accomplished by widening the pore somewhat with the point of a needle, introducing the root with nicety, and exciting within the pore itself, by friction, a slight degree of inflammation, the hair takes root, continues to vegetate and grows; in due season changes colour, becomes white and falls.—*Padua, Giornale di Letteratura Italiana.*

[As the transplantation of trees appear an, art likely to bestow ornament and beauty on barren landscapes, so may the transplantation of hair, under clever disciples of the Signor Dottore Dominica Nardo, bestow a natural covering upon a bald crown, or invest the beardless cheek with *moustaches*, which even a hussar might envy.]

Bears.—The bears in the forests of Moklavia and Wallachia, disturbed, it is inferred, by the tumult of war, have made many incursions into the eastern provinces of Austria. They have penetrated by the Czikes Stuhl from Moldavia into Transylvania, and have done considerable damage. A great number of other beasts of prey, and especially wolves, accompanied them in their excursions.—*Daily Papers.*

New Vegetable Wax.—The naturalists of Antwerp have been puzzled by a new species of vegetable wax, which has lately arrived in the Netherlands from Batavia, to which place it was sent from Japan. Further than this, the source whence it was derived, was unknown; but it was affirmed that it was a substance deposited by bees on certain trees in Japan. The wax, in the state in which it arrived at Antwerp, was formed into cakes of different thickness, each bearing on its convex face the impression of the vase into which it had been fused. The colour was that of common white wax; but it was less hard, less adhesive, and less kneadable, than that substance; the odour was that of rank cerate. It most resembled the wax produced by the cow-tree. (*Urtica galactodendrum.*) The result of experiments made on this substance, showed that its properties were not identical with those of any wax before known, and that it was capable of being used for making candles.—*Bull. Univ.*

Elephant Skeleton.—Mr. Cross, the proprietor of the Exeter-change establishment, has caused the bones of the enormous elephant, whom it was found necessary to destroy some time ago, in consequence of his exhibiting symptoms of madness, to be anatomically united; and the skeleton, in an erect position, now occupies the den in which the animal resided during his life. The articulations are perfect, not a bone is absent. The head, which appears to have been pierced by many bullets, is 13 feet from the ground, the top of the back is 12 feet. The bones weighed 876 lbs.; the skin 17 cwt.; it is eight inches higher than the skeleton in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris.—*Daily Papers.*

§ 3. MEDICAL SCIENCE.

Remedy against Poison through the Blood.—A remedy against the effects of poison, in cases in which the virus acts through the blood, as in bites of venomous animals, &c. has been recently submitted to the 'Académie des Sciences,' by Dr. Vernière. The mode proposed proceeds on the simple principle that the filling of the veins will arrest the progress of absorption: and instead of confining the attempt at cure, as hitherto, to the mere removal of the poison from the surface, seeks it in the veins itself and expels it from the system. This is effected by confining the absorption to the member affected, or slackening its progress, by means of ligatures, until an injection to repletion is made into the rest of the system; then drawing the blood, by incision, from the poisoned part. The following experiments made by Dr. Vernière, on a dog, will better explain this process.

After placing three grains of alcoholic extract of vomick nut in a wound made in the paw of a young dog, he placed a ligature above the shoulder joint of the poisoned member. He then injected slowly through the jugular vein, as much warm water as the animal could bear, without greatly suffering; he then opened, below the ligature, the vein of the poisoned member; and after having drawn some ounces of blood, injected them into the jugular vein of another dog. This dog died immediately, in violent convulsions. In the mean time, the wound of the first dog having been carefully cleansed, a little blood was made to flow from it, and the animal was set at liberty. He gave no signs of having been affected by poison: eight days after, he was in perfect health, when he was sacrificed for other experiments. It is explained, that besides the effect of arresting the absorption of poison produced by the filling the veins, another cause in this treatment had opposed the poisoning, which was this, that the current of the blood to the vein opened, flowing from the affected artery only, the poison was compelled to follow the course of the blood in the vein, and it was thus thrown out of the system.

The author of this invention, aware of the objection in practice to the evil of injecting water through the veins, imagined the local repletion of the poisoned part, and details experiments made by him to ascertain the effect of such partial treatment, which succeeded most satisfactorily.—*Memoire read to the Academy, as reported in Le Globe.*

Lithotomy.—Vincenzo di Kern, surgeon to the Emperor of Austria, in his work *Die Steinbeschwerden der Harnblase, &c.* (of the diseases of the bladder and operations for the stone), Vienna, 1823, published with a view to enforce the advantages of the cystotomy mode of operating, asserts, that he had operated 334 times in lithotomy, and with such success, that 31 individuals only sunk under the operation.—*Biblioteca Italiana.*

This exceeds considerably the average success in England, as stated by Sir James Scarlett, on occasion of the late action for libel, *Cooper v. Wakley*. The failures in England, he was instructed to say, were two in fifteen. It should be observed, however, that the interests of Sir James's client required that the failures should be rated as highly as possible.

An official statement of the operations at the Royal Amphitheatre at Naples, in the course of the year 1824, reports the number of failures as five in thirty-two. Operations on patients between the age of two and ten years, fourteen, one death; between ten and twenty years, eleven operations, one death; between twenty and thirty years, three operations, one death; between thirty and forty years, one operation, one death; between forty and fifty years, three operations, one death.—*Giornale Med. Nap.*

Breeding Leeches.—The Herr Mehrer of Maulbronn, by turning his attention to the care of leeches, has succeeded in introducing the breed of those animals into Wurtemberg, and in producing them in such quantities as to dispense with all importation from abroad. He received the agricultural prize of 20 ducats and a silver medal, as a reward for his efforts, at the last distribution of the prizes for industry given by the King of Wurtemberg.—*Allgemeine Literatur Zeitung.*

Properties of the Seeds of Jalap.—From the observations and experience of the Professor Lavini, of Turin, it appears that the jalap plant, the Peruvian wonder (*mirabilis jalapa*), besides ranking as an ornamental flower, and yielding a purgative root, furnishes seeds from which, when dried and powdered, an amilaceous drug is obtained of the third of their original weight.—*Calendario Georgico di Turin.*

Evil consequences of Rocking Children.—It is doubtful whether the practice of rocking infants, when often repeated, be not the origin of many of the diseases of children. When the human offspring first begins to make use

of its faculties, and to give proof of its being sensible to existence, even should this be done by infantine cries, is it right to stop those cries and to prevent its paying that tribute to nature? The rocking of the cradle brings on sleep only through the stupor it produces on the senses. Such a motion cannot but offend the delicate fibres of the brain of an infant, injure his digestion, sour the milk from which it derives its nourishment, and turn it into curds. —*Bibl. Ital.*

The Plague.—The following remarks on the plague are the fruits of the observations of an Italian Physician, who, during five years' residence at Alexandria, had frequent opportunities of noticing the character of that pest, who was himself attacked with it in 1815, recovering after two months of violent suffering, which left scars ineffaceable, and a year of convalescence; during which time, having no fear of relapse, he visited the other sick without any apprehension from contagion.

1. The plague is indigenous in Egypt; but its manifestations are dependant on many causes, which, it appears, can combine only between the months of March and the end of July.

2. Contact is not of itself sufficient to communicate the plague: a certain predisposition is required, without which the pestilential virus does not operate.

3. For the plague to propagate from one place to another, it is necessary that the virus be favoured by a certain atmospherical constitution, and by the combination of many circumstances, without which the virus cannot be developed.

4. Negroes, and new comers, are more liable to contagion than the natives and persons accustomed to the climate.

5. In certain years the plague attacks, in preference, children, wounded men, the timid, those who are disposed to weakness, and in general all individuals who have experienced any recent change. In this case, those persons who observe rigorous quarantine are scarcely more secure than those who walk the streets.

6. In other years the plague seizes in preference full grown persons, men robust, and of strong constitution; but in this case those persons only who expose themselves are the victims. In these years, persons engaged in the oil trade are less susceptible than those of other professions; and the inhabitants of the consul's houses (oquelles) in quarantine run no risk at all.

7. In the years in which the plague appears in an asthenic character, all aid of medicine is useless: all succour should be confined to assisting nature in its crisis.

8. In the years when the character of the plague is sthenic, the most violent depressives, administered in copious doses, but with prudence, in the first stage, which is generally very short, may produce the most salutary effects.

9. The plague is capable of attacking several times the same subject, but very seldom twice in one year.

10. All the cacoehymies may exist at the same time as the plague; but will not act at the same time.—*Bull. Univ.*

School of Surgery in Alexandria in Egypt.—After many vain efforts, the perseverance of Mahmoud Ali has at last succeeded in forming a school for surgery in Alexandria. As the professors, for the most part, understand little or no Arabic, the expedient is resorted to of composing their lectures in the Italian or French language, and getting them translated. The great difficulty to be overcome, arose from the opposition of the Ulemas, who regard the study of anatomy as a profanation of the dead. These, however, after much negotiation, consented at least to give the affair their connivance, and at this moment the study of anatomy is pursued with the same freedom in Egypt as in Europe. The pasha has fitted up, for the use of the professors, the military hospital of Abu-Dscebel (the Oldman of the Mountain,) and in the year just now past, a course of medical lectures has been

already given in it. In conjunction with the study of medicine, a course of instruction in the French tongue has been instituted; and, on the whole, great expectations are entertained with regard to the civilization of Egypt from this establishment. The number of students in the medical school last year was twenty-five in the first class; thirty-eight in the second; and eighty-three in the third class, according to the degree of progress which they had already made. In the French tongue, thirty-three in the first class; twenty-three in the second; and forty-five in the third.—*Das Ausland*.

§ 4. AGRICULTURE AND RURAL ECONOMY.²

Co-operative system of Agriculture in Siberia.—Great and not unsuccessful efforts have been recently made to introduce a system of agriculture among the Cossacks to whom the defence of the Siberian frontier of the Russian empire is confided. These Cossacks, consisting of ten regiments, are organised on the model of the Hulans of the army, and possess a vast extent of country, the produce of which is devoted to their maintenance in a state of military service. In their case, the ancient custom among the Cossacks, that each individual should provide his own necessities and accoutrements, has yielded to the desire of uniformity in military habiliments and array. The lands therefore are cultivated for the common benefit; the profits are divided into two parts: the first is applied proportionally to the maintenance of each individual Cossack: the second forms a fund for the general wants of the army. The General commanding in chief the division has spared no pains to make this system popular with the tribes over which he presides: he has procured for them all the land capable of cultivation and not hitherto submitted to the share, and has used all possible means to improve the system of agriculture. His labours have not been in vain; and the reports of the sowing and harvest of the country sent to the Society of Rural Economy at Moscow, prove the great advance that has been made. The Cossacks become every day more attached to a species of industry, the advantages of which are become obvious to them; and they feel pride at seeing new establishments every year arising in their country. They possess already a cloth manufactory of fifty looms, in which machines of the newest invention are to be seen, and which is capable of supplying the stuff required for the complete clothing of ten regiments.—*Bull. Univ.*

Potatoes.—On examining a thin slice of potatoe under the microscope, its structure will be beautifully seen. It will be found composed of different layers, of which the external one is often highly coloured, and contains a certain portion of a deleterious substance, which is found in most plants of the natural family to which the potatoe belongs. But the great mass of the tuber is composed of a substance occupying the place, and possessing the structure, of the pith of a young branch. Under the microscope it is seen to be almost entirely composed of cells of irregular form and size, which are sometimes filled, and sometimes contain conglomerations and clusters of beautiful little oval grains. These little grains remain unchanged in cold water, but when it is heated to about the degree that wax melts, they dissolve in it, and the whole becomes a jelly, and occupies a larger space than it did in the form of grains. When a potatoe is boiled then, each of the almost innumerable cells of which it is composed becomes a little vessel full of jelly, and if there be not a great quantity of starch in the cells, it may be gelatinized without bursting them. But if the number of grains or their size be very great, the cellular structure of the potato is ruptured on all sides by the expansion of the little masses of jelly, and the appearance of mealiness is produced. Hence we see that mealy potatoes are the most valuable, and waxiness is an indication of deficiency of starch or nutrient matter.—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*.

Qualities of Starch.—Starch is a most nutritious substance, and being tasteless, admits of being characterized by any flavour that is most palatable. The starch which is found in some tropical plants is indeed esteemed so valuable, that it is washed out of them and brought into Europe as a delicacy; thus, Indian arrow-root is starch procured from the root of a plant which is cultivated in the West Indies. Sago is obtained from the pith, or rather the central part of the stem, of several species of palm-tree; tapioca, from the root of a plant common in South America; and many others might be mentioned. Sago, however, is partially gelatinized by the degree of heat in which it is dried, and there seem to be other differences in the qualities of the starch produced from different plants and in different climates, though they all agree in chemical composition, and in being tasteless and highly nutritive.—*Quar. Jour. of Agri.*

Cultivation of Cotton and Tobacco in the Country of the Don.—The cultivation of cotton has been successfully introduced into the country of the Don by M. Krestschatitsky, a member of the Society of Rural Economy of Moscow at Paulousk, a village situated on an eminence twelve versts from the sea of Azof, between Taganrog and Marinopol. The same agriculturist has been active in introducing the culture of tobacco in the same district, and in this attempt also equal success has attended him.—*Bull. Univ.*

Difference between Tubers and Seeds.—Whatever may be the resemblance in the functions of tubers of roots and seeds, there is, among others, this important difference, that a tuber, as for instance a potato, produces an individual resembling its parent in all its features in kind and quality. The tuber keeps up the particular variety which produced it, and may be regarded as a continuance of the individual; while the seed has a constant tendency to destroy all varieties, and to bring back the plant to the natural form and characters of the species. Thus, by planting a potato, we can predict with certainty the kind which we shall dig from our field; but by sowing the seeds, we could not foretell what particular variety they might happen to produce.—*Quar. Jour. of Agri.*

Payment in kind of Farming Servants.—The attention of the rural economists of Germany has been much drawn of late to the system pursued and recommended by M. Albert, bailiff, in the Duchy of Anhalt Coethen, of paying his farm labourers by a share of produce. The system of M. Albert, which is but a return to an ancient usage, is as follows. He enters into an agreement with his labourer, by which the latter engages for all the draught work, &c. to be done by horses, cattle, carts, &c. which are entrusted to him, and for which he is responsible. The men whom the contracting labourer calls to his assistance, to be at his own cost. For this he receives, 1st—the sixth part of the produce of grain and oleaginous plants; 2nd, provender for four cows; 3rd, four pigs of six months; 4th, eight picked ewes; and lastly, a piece of land adapted for the plantation of a certain quantity of potatoes, and another for cabbages and turnips. In the same manner M. Albert entrusts the whole manual labour of the farm to another countryman, who receives in return one eighth of the corn threshed, and a piece of land for the cultivation of potatoes and flax. To provide against the consequences to the labourer of bad harvest, a minimum is fixed, below which his remuneration cannot fall. This system has been applied by M. Albert, in several domains over which he has the superintendence. According to his statements, it has been attended with the most satisfactory results. Under the system before followed in the estates of Dornbourg, *e. g.*, the annual average expenses were 1171 imperial crowns 10gr., while the produce was 1071-10, making a loss of 99-18 every year. After the adoption of the new system, the income rose

the first year to 1350. In other farms, M. Albert represents his experiment to have been attended with like success.

The motive which first led to the adoption of this system was the embarrassment to which agricultural operations were subjected by the state of the currency. As a remedy for a want of currency, the idea was conceived of dispensing with a currency altogether. In this view M. Albert was encouraged, by observing that on an equal quantity of corn land the expenses of the peasant to those of the great landholders, are in the proportion of one to four. This difference he calculated arose from the circumstances, first, of the peasant's putting his own hand to the work; second, from his requiring more labour from his men; third, from his maintaining them at a less expense; fourth, from his keeping fewer beasts of labour; and lastly, from the greater care he takes of his farming utensils, and from his doing the required repairs himself. Hence the determination to put the labourers on the domain of Dornbourg, on a footing analogous to that of small farmers. The system of M. Albert has been combated by his countrymen, both on principles of theory and practice: with regard to the latter, his facts, and the consequences deduced from them, have been both attacked, and the difference in the produce of the farm at Dornbourg has been attributed to the bad agricultural management to which it was previously subjected. In the mean time, the Society of Agriculture of Mühlstadt appointed a commission to make enquiries on the subject. Their report, which corroborates the improved state of the farm, and is in some respects favourable to the system, is in others adverse, and throws a doubt on its general practicability. As a resource, however, against some embarrassments to which agriculture has been exposed, it deserves consideration.—*Bull. Univ.*

Vital parts of a Tree.—The innermost layers of the bark, and the outermost layers of the wood, are the most vital parts of the stem of a tree, and those on the healthy condition of which the health of the whole plant most immediately depends. Hence many trees continue to exist for centuries when the central part is completely decayed, or even not present, so that the trunk is a hollow cylinder, sometimes of most spacious dimensions.—*Quar. Jour. of Agri.*

Exhausting and Ameliorating Crops.—The causes which give to particular crops the character of being exhausting or ameliorating to the soil, depend either on their being allowed to mature their seed, on their particular mode of culture which admits of the tillage of the ground during their growth, and on their yielding manure. Wheat, barley, oats, and rye, are consequently exhausting. Turnips, carrots, parsnips, beet, cabbage, and rape, if cultivated for their leaves only, are ameliorating. In the case of the turnip, the mode of cultivation, and the quantity and quality of manure it produces, combine with the other circumstance of its not being allowed to mature its seeds, to render it one of the most ameliorating of all crops; whereas if allowed to run to seed, it becomes one of the most exhausting. Potatoes and beans, although allowed to mature their seeds, are considered among the ameliorating crops, because they admit of being cultivated at wide intervals, and permit the ground to be tilled completely during their growth; they also yield manure. Clovers, if used for herbage, or cut early for food, are ameliorating. If cultivated for their seeds, exhausting.—*Quar. Jour. of Agri.*

The Swedish Turnip.—The Swedish turnip is more nutritious and hardy than any of the common kinds of turnip, and is more liked by all animals. It remains sound and full of juice in spring, and even after it has put forth its flowering stems. It does not suffer, in the like degree, from those wounds upon its surface, to which all turnips are subject, from birds and other wild animals. This root is therefore a valuable and secure resource in

the latter part of spring, when the common turnips may have decayed and when the grass is not yet in sufficient abundance for the feeding stock. It is given to milch cows, and does not taint milk in the same degree as the common turnip. It is excellently well adapted, in its raw state, to the feeding of hogs. In the same state it is relished by horses, and furnishes a wholesome and succulent food, to be used along with the drier substances which the working cattle consume in winter.—*Quar. Jour. of Agri.*

Fertilizing Effect of Chlorine on Seeds for Sowing.—The employment of chlorine, or oxymuriatic acid in preparing seeds for sowing, is recommended by Mr. Rémond, as capable of increasing the produce three and fourfold what it would be in ordinary cultivation. The process is as follows. The grain to be first steeped for twelve hours in water from a river or fountain, never from a well; then to be added to the water sixteen or seventeen drops of oxymuriatic acid for every quart; the whole to be shaken together, in order that it may be well mixed. After six hours additional soaking under exposure to the sun, and beneath a glass bell, or for want of such an instrument, a frame of oiled paper, the seeds to be put into a cloth; then to be divided for the purpose of sowing, and mixed with a sufficient quantity of cinders, sand, or dry mould; after this to be sown, and the water in which they were soaked thrown over the ground which covers them. It is also recommended, when practicable, to water at intervals the plants with the acidulated water of oxymuriatic acid, in the proportions of that used in the steeping the seeds, in order to keep up the activity of their vegetation, and to favour the development of the plant.—*Bull. Univ.*

Difference in the Laws of Animal and Vegetable Life.—In the animal kingdom, the circumstances which accelerate the growth of the body favour the reproductive system; the period of puberty is uniformly earlier in domesticated than in wild animals, and in those which are fed plentifully, than in such as are scantily supplied with food. The reverse of this arrangement seems to prevail in the vegetable kingdom—the scantier the supply of nourishment, the earlier will a plant propagate its kind. Instances of the operation of this law are to be observed in the fact, that seeds which are new and fresh produce plants with more luxuriant foliage, and less inclined to run into flower and fruit; where luxuriance of leaf and great size are the objects aimed at in cultivation, the seeds used should be young; the contrary when it is desired to have good fruits, rather than straw, stem and leaves.—*Quar. Jour. of Agri.*

Rule of the Quality of Saltpetre.—The goodness of saltpetre is measured by the angle at which light is refracted in passing through it. As the angle is less, the quality is better. This angle varies very considerably. An angle of 5° is called par, and the variations from it are made up by increasing or diminishing, not the price, but the quantity: for every degree by which its angle of refraction exceeds 5, 1 per cent. in weight is allowed, and *converso*. The inferior sort contains common salt: it is tested at Apothecaries' Hall, and the several refractions denoting the quality are marked upon the bags.—*Quar. Jour. of Agri.*

The paper from which this extract is made recommends the use of saltpetre as manure, and gives several instances in which it has been so applied with great and repeated success, especially in the cultivation of grass.

Abundance of Potatoes in Ireland.—In the spring of 1821, potatoes in Ireland were purchased at the rate of 1s. 4d. for twenty-one pounds; the same quantity might have been purchased this year for one halfpenny. A similar overflow of the staple of popular subsistence is without a parallel.—*Quar. Jour. of Agri.*

Patent Receipt for Manure.—Mr. Bernard Petre has obtained from the

Austrian government, a patent for five years, for a method of collecting manure in a way "to prevent the volatilization of gas, and to improve it to such a degree as to render it of six times the efficacy of other ordinary dung-heaps." The following is Petre's Patent Recipe. On an even and dry spot in the farmyard, lay a first bed fifteen to twenty inches deep, consisting of litter, straw, or leaves but little charged with excrement: with this may be mixed marl, bones and all sorts of substances susceptible of putrid fermentation; fold horned cattle or sheep on the bed so formed, for several successive nights, then spread over it to the height of one-fourth of an inch of peat charged with sulphur, or ash lye, or the one-eighth of an inch of mere cinders; then cover the whole with good mould or marl. On this bed form a second of the same depth as the first, of the dung of different animals; then lay on wood ashes, to the thickness of one-eighth of an inch; or a quarter of an inch of peat, charged with sulphur, or of soap lye; or half an inch of cinders of potash, or merely common salt. As the heap gets dry, let it from time to time be watered. Lastly, cover it again with a three inch bed of slime or mud or marly soil, and finish with a bed of wood cinders, &c. as before. The simple cinders are the best for the purpose. When the mass is in high fermentation, and smokes, let it receive another covering of soil, of the depth of three or four inches. The heap should be bored occasionally, to be assured that the fermentation proceeds duly, to replace the soil when it has sunk, to moderate with water the fermentation where it is too violent, and to give access to the air when it is slow. When the fermentation has ceased, the heap should be thoroughly watered in order to prevent the ulterior effects of the decomposition, and the volatilization of the gas. Finally, break up the heap, mix the elements well together, divide them into smaller quadrangular vertical-sided heaps to be left to the action of the air. As these dry, rake them or break them up, and scatter them in the form of dust at seed time.—[This may be a good manure, but it did not deserve a patent, for it is no new discovery; the method has long been in practice amongst the peasants of Baden, under a more simple form.]—*Bull. Univ.*

Consequences of a Warm Spring.—If in one respect a warm spring is desirable, in consequence of the grass crop affording the cattle early nourishment, yet, in others, considerable disadvantages are connected with it: the worm creeps in on vegetables, and into orchards, consuming the blossoms, young cabbages, and even the leaves of the trees.—*Quar. Jour. of Agri.*

Cure of Dropsy during Gestation in the Uterus of the Cow.—This disease has appeared in the parish and neighbourhood of Beith, N. B., and proved very destructive. It consists of a superabundant quantity of water collected in the calf bed. It makes its appearance about the seventh or eighth month of gestation, and accumulates until the rim of the cow's belly is ruptured, producing inflammation, which very soon destroys the animal. The following method of cure has been practised with full success, on seventeen cows in two years, by Mr. Andrew Wilson, resident of Beith. He makes a small incision with a sharp knife through the skin, about four inches above the flank on the right side: he then thrusts an instrument (the trocar) through the rim and calf-bed into the water, when he withdraws the stilette, and the water flows to the quantity of from thirty to forty gallons. He does not remove the whole of the water; and, in the course of seven or eight days, the cow picks calf, and she does as well for milking as any other cow which picks calf naturally. Cows in calf, of all ages, are liable to this disease, and the operation should be performed in the seventh or eighth month of gestation.—*Quar. Jour. of Agri.*

Improvement of Land.—The annual rental of an estate in Yorkshire was, some time ago, only 1600*l.*; it has since been raised to 7600*l.* Allowing

1000*l.* for the interest of the money spent in improvements (about 20,000*l.*), and half the remainder for the change in the times, there will still remain a surplus income of 2500*l.* per annum to be ascribed solely to the improvement in cultivation and management.—*Quar. Jour. of Agri.*

Transplantation of Cochineal to Java.—The success with which the cultivation of the nopal, and the breeding of the insect which produces cochineal, has been practised at Cadiz, and thence at Malta, is well known. A French apothecary is said to have made the experiment in Corsica, but on a very confined scale; and the King of the Netherlands, on information that the isle of Java was well adapted for the cultivation of this important article of merchandise, determined on attempting the transplantation into that colony. As the exportation of the trees and of the insect is prohibited by the laws of Spain, some management was required to acquire the means of forming this new establishment. The following were those resorted to. His majesty sent to Cadiz, and there maintained, for nearly two years, one of his subjects, a very intelligent person, who introduced himself, and by degrees got initiated into the *garden of acclimation* of the Economic Society, where the breeding of this important insect is carried on. He so well fulfilled his commission, for which the instructions, it is said, were drawn up by his royal master himself, that he succeeded in procuring about one thousand nopals, all young and vigorous, besides a considerable quantity of insects; and moreover carried on his plans so ably as to persuade the principal gardener of the garden of acclimation to enter, for six years, into the service of the King of the Netherlands, and to go to Batavia. Between eight and ten thousand Spanish dollars are said to have been the lure held out to him to desert his post. In the service of the society he gained three shillings a day, paid in Spanish fashion*. A vessel of war was sent to bring away the precious cargo, which being furtively and safely shipped, the gardener and the insects were on their voyage to Batavia before the least suspicion of what was going on was entertained by the society.—*Bull. Univ.*

Prolific Vegetation.—In the spring of 1823, in the farm of Mr. Shirreff of Mungoswells, East Lothian, a vigorous wheat-plaft, near the centre of a field, was marked out, which produced sixty-three ears, that yielded 2473 grains. These were dibbled in the autumn of the same year; the produce of the second and third seasons sown broadcast in the ordinary way, and the fourth harvest produced nearly forty quarters of sound grain. In the spring of this year, Mr. Shirreff planted a fine purple-top Swedish turnip, that yielded (exclusive of the seeds picked by birds, and those lost in threshing and cleaning the produce) 100,296 grains, a number capable of furnishing plants for upwards of five imperial acres: One-tenth of an acre was sown with the produce, in the end of July, for a seed crop, part of which it is in contemplation to sow for the same purpose in July 1829. If the produce of the turnip in question had been carefully cultivated to the utmost extent, the third year's produce of seed would have more than supplied the demand of Great Britain for a season.—*Quar. Jour. of Agri.*

White Hoofs in Horses.—Even in a wet soil and climate, white hoofs are more brittle and more liable to accident and lameness than black ones; and, in the stony and more arid soils and climates, white hoofs do not stand nearly so well, and are much more liable to break and to contract than those of a dark colour; and, in point of fact, horses having white legs and feet do not bring so much money as those of precisely the same description which have them not.—*Quar. Jour. of Agri.*

Introduction of Turnips into Great Britain.—Until the beginning of the eighteenth century, this valuable root was cultivated among us only in

* Say half, at least, in arrears.

gardens or other small spots for culinary purposes; but Lord Townshend, attending King George I. in one of his excursions to Germany, in the quality of secretary of state, observed the turnips cultivated in open and extensive fields, as fodder for cattle, and spreading fertility over lands naturally barren; and, on his return to England, he brought over with him some of the seed, and strongly recommended the practice which he had witnessed to the adoption of his own tenants, who occupied a soil similar to that of Hanover. The experiment succeeded; the cultivation of field-turnips gradually spread over the whole county of Norfolk; and, in the course of time, it has made it sway into every other district of England.—*Quarterly Review*.

Enriching Properties of Water.—Water, even in the purest state in which it can be found, is an enricher. Spring-water uniformly produces the earliest bite, and calcareous springs the best grass. Water in which flax has been steeped, and which the farmer is often puzzled to get rid of, without polluting the streams in his neighbourhood, forms a superior substance for irrigating; but, in short, the more abundantly water is impregnated, either from running through a track of rich soil, or from receiving the refuse of towns and manufactories, or even from being exposed to mixture with putrid substances (and so becoming putrid itself,) in ponds or in reservoirs, so much the more are its effects beneficial; and it has been frequently remarked, that no watering is so enriching as that which is given in summer floods.—*Trans. of the Highland Society*.

Use of Lime on Land.—Besides extirpating heath and coarse herbage, and bringing up white clover, lime has the immediate effect of sweetening pasture-grass. Cattle are fond of grazing where it has been used, and it likewise predisposes the ground to receive the full benefit of the animal dung which is dropped upon them.—*Trans. of Highland Society*.

Shelter afforded to Land by Snow.—A coat of snow affords shelter; and the most superficial observer knows that land, after being covered with snow, produces a better crop the following year, than if it had been subjected to naked frosts. It will perhaps be argued, that snow may contain enriching matter as well as rain-water, and that its beneficial effects are attributable to that cause; but even when the ground is only partially covered, as in the case of stones turned up in trenching, and left on the surface during winter, the effect is the same, and can only be traced to the shelter which these stones supply.—*Trans. of Highland Society*.

Use of the Roller on Grass Lands.—In no branch of husbandry is the roller more an implement of utility than in the cultivation of grass. It renders the soil compact and solid; it encourages the growth of the plants, by bringing the earth close to every part of the root; it assists in filling up and levelling any inequalities in the surface of the field, thereby preventing surface water from remaining stagnant, and eradicating the grass from particular spots; and it tends to hinder the drought from penetrating, which is an effect of the utmost importance. In fact, a grass-field cannot be too often rolled; and it is not going too far to assert, that the application of the roller in autumn to prepare the roots for resisting the winter frosts, and in spring to firm them after these frosts, every year while the field remains in grass, will amply repay the expense.—*Trans. of Highland Society*.

Manure.—The importance of saving the urine of cattle, for the purpose of manure, has justly been a favourite theme amongst the greatest agriculturists, but in no way can it be turned to such advantage, as by fitting earth to form a top-dressing for grass. Even when applied alone, and without any admixture, it improves grass to a high degree, and with little trouble, and at little expense, every farmer has the means of keeping up the fertility of his grass-lands, without robbing his other crops.

The refuse of soap, or soaper's ashes, and even soap-suds, or soapy water, may be used to good account, as top dressing, as may lime-rubbish of any kind, and soot, although it be some time after the application of the latter before cattle will relish the grass; but, in short, every kind of earth and manure, applied to the surface of grass-land, is productive of beneficial effects.—*Trans. of Highland Society.*

Best Temperature for Churning.—The cream should be kept at a moderate temperature in the process of churning. From experiments reported in the Transactions of the Highland Society, it appears that the degree of thermometrical temperature at which butter can be made, ranges from 45 to 75 Fahrenheit. Experiments agree in showing that the most proper temperature lies between 50 and 65; the greatest quantity of butter from a given quantity of cream is obtained at 60; and the best quality at 55 in the churn, just before butter comes: the heat rises four degrees during the operation of churning. At higher heats the butter comes quicker; but the quantity is diminished, and the quality is very inferior. The temperature at which butter from cream can be obtained in the greatest quantity, and of the best quality, is $53\frac{1}{2}$ of cream, and $57\frac{1}{2}$ in the churn before butter comes. When the heat is below 50, it should be brought up to the temperature required, by the assistance of hot water.—*Transactions of Highland Society.*

Goats of Thibet.—The project of introducing the breed of goats of Cashmere into Germany has not been very favourably entertained. One writer has pretended to show that the European goat, by a single cross, might be brought to yield the precious article for which so much money is sent into Asia. Another argues against the Asiatic animal, on the ground that a single sheep of a good breed will bring four times the profits of a goat of Thibet. And a third, M. Schmidt, rejects their introduction into Germany, because France has anticipated that country in the manufacture of the merchandise in which their down is used. M. Schmidt makes the following observations on the fleece of these animals. Judging by their fleece, there are, he says, two sorts of goats, one which may be called the race of Angora, with hair long and pendant; the other, the goat of Thibet, with hair short and stiff. The former has no down: the latter, on the contrary, is covered during winter with a down which is more abundant, and finer in those kept in the mountains. These two races, originally from Asia, have produced, by their mixture, aided by the influence of climate, many varieties. On examining, with attention, the European goat, it will be found also that the long haired ones have no down; or, if they have any, it is in very small quantity along the vertebral column: while of those which have short hair, there are to be found some which have a down spread over the entire carcase. This down grows almost to the length of hair in the spring, then comes off, and appears on the surface, to which it gives a grey tint. By the mixture of these breeds a bastard race is formed, which have more or less down; but it is observed that the offspring partake more of the nature of the dam than of the sire. The two principal importations of the goats of Asia into Germany are those of Mr. Wallner of Geneva, who procured them directly from Thibet; and of M. Lowenherz, who received them from M. Terneaux, so that the former are goats of Thibet, the latter Kirguises. The Emperor of Austria, the kings of Bavaria and Wirtemberg, all the Archdukes, and some private individuals, have procured goats of the former importation. They have been introduced into Saxony by M. de Buest on his domain of Tossell.—*Bull. Univ.*

§ 5. HORTICULTURE.

Tea.—The cultivation of tea is not general throughout the Chinese empire; the northern parts being too cold, and the southern parts too warm. The plant is the growth of a particular region, situated between the thirtieth and thirty-third degrees of north latitude, called the tea-country, *Tok-yen, Ho-ping, An-hoy*, &c. There are some plantations near Canton, but they are few, and those that do exist are of no great extent. The trees are planted four or five feet asunder; they have a very stunted appearance; and they are not allowed to grow higher than is convenient for men, women, and children to pick the leaves. The gatherings take place from one to four times in each year, according to the age of the plant. It is only the difference in the times of gathering, and manner of curing, which causes the distinction in appearance, qualities and value; those which are gathered earliest in the spring, make the strongest and most valuable tea, such as pekoe, souchong, &c.; the inferior, such as congou, bohea, are of the latest gatherings—green or hyson, can be made of any of the gatherings, by a different mode of drying. The first gathering of the leaves begins about the middle of April, and continues to the end of May; the second lasts from Midsummer to the end of July; the third takes place during the months of August and September. When the leaves are gathered, they are put into wide shallow baskets, placed on shelves in the air, or wind, or mild sunshine, from morning till noon; then, on a flat cast-iron pan, over a charcoal stove, ten or twelve ounces of the leaves are thrown at a time, stirred quickly with a short-hand broom twice or thrice, and then brushed off again into the baskets, in which they are equally and carefully rubbed between men's hands to roll them; after which, they are again put into the pan in larger quantities, over a slower fire, to be dried a second time. When fired enough, the tea is laid on tables, to be drawn, or picked over, putting aside all the unsightly and imperfectly dried leaves, in order that the sample may be more even and marketable. To make single or hyson, the first two gatherings are chosen, and, as soon as picked from the trees, are put into the pan; next rolled, and spread thin, to separate the leaves, which adhere to each other; again well dried, spread, sifted, picked, and fired two or three times more (especially if it is damp weather), before it is in a marketable state.

The Chinese drink their tea without either milk or sugar; they partake of it plentifully at their meals, and very frequently in the course of the day. One mode of using it, amongst the higher ranks, is formed by grating into the cup balls made of the most valuable leaves, cemented together by some kind of tasteless gum.—*Gardener's Magazine*.

Method of Pruning—Canker in Trees.—In pruning, cut off from every shoot two-thirds of its length; the wood forms buds for the following year: as the tree gets crowded, or out of shape, take off a whole bough or branch with a saw. To cure cankering, take the trees up carefully, examine and prune both root and branch, and plant them again in similar fresh soil.

The precaution of flagging, paving, or gravelling, lest the roots get into bad soil and canker, is useless, since trees will never go into bad soil, if they have plenty of good to go into, any more than cattle will go into bad pasture, if they have plenty of a better quality.

The cause of the canker in trees is very similar to the cause of the scurvy in man; it is either a defect of the blood or blood-vessels; in trees, it is generally the defect of the latter, as it is never the ascending sap which causes it, but always the descending sap which is obstructed in its passage to the root. A wet autumn causes a superabundance of sap in the leaves, which being forced to return in an undigested state, the pores are too contracted to admit it in a regular way, and it forces new channels in the bark; the first frosty night converts such streams into ice, and they become what Mr. Forsyth

calls "small dots as if made with the point of a pin." Midsummer pruning is a good preventive.

If a tree throws out one or two very luxuriant shoots, while the others are quite weakly; it may be concluded, that it has thrown out one or two extraordinary luxuriant roots the preceding season; the rambler may be sometimes found by digging under the tree; if not, the tree should be dug up, and it will be surely found.—*Gardener's Magazine*.

Improvement in Gooseberries.—The heaviest gooseberries known fifty years ago, seldom exceeded 10 dwts.; in the neighbourhood of Manchester, the poor people by continued experience and perseverance, in raising new sorts, with all the disadvantages attending their situation in life, have brought the fruit to from 10 to upwards of 30 dwts.—*Gardener's Magazine*.

Culture of Potatoes.—Thick planting in potatoes, any more than in trees, is not the way to procure the greatest quantum of fruit on a certain surface. The following is the mode of culture recommended by Mr. C. Hale Jessop, nurseryman, of Cheltenham. Double-dig the ground, and, without manuring, plant the potatoes whole, two feet apart each way. When the plants rise, hoe and draw the earth up to them, moulding entirely round each plant, by which mode all have room to swell and bring their tubers to perfection. The soil is not much exhausted by this practice, and the potatoes are easily got at so as to mould them up, even in their last stage of growth. Next pick off the blossoms, a practice which has been proved to add to the produce one ton per acre.

Potatoes may be planted wherever plantations of trees for timber are made, as the spaces between the trees can be profitably used without detriment to them; and from the way the potatoes are moulded round, whatever rain falls in a dry summer is quickly conveyed to the roots of the newly-planted trees, as it runs down the hill of earth containing the potatoes.—*Gardener's Magazine*.

Horticultural Societies in Paris.—A society, under the title of La Société d'Agronomie Pratique, has lately been formed in Paris, in opposition to the Société d'Horticulture. It proposes to embrace all the sciences which have relation to agriculture and horticulture; it will publish a journal entirely consecrated to subjects which contribute to the progress of culture; its members will also give public and gratuitous courses of lectures on botany and vegetable physiology applied to horticulture, and on all the branches of the natural sciences which bear relation to agriculture.—*Gardener's Magazine*.

Comparative Education of Gardeners in France and England.—With regard to books on agriculture and horticulture, those published in Paris are much more scientific than those published in London. There are not, perhaps, half a dozen practical gardeners in Great Britain, who, strictly speaking, can be called scientific men: but there are several times that number in France, who have gone through a complete course of instruction, theoretical and practical, under the late M. Thouin, at the Jardin des Plantes; who understand and apply the Jussieuean system of botany, and reason on the operations of pruning and culture, in accordance with the current principles of vegetable physiology and chemistry. But all the other gardeners are in the lowest state of ignorance; whereas, in Great Britain, 10,000 gardeners may easily be found who understand botany, who are general readers, and who are in fact exceedingly well informed men on every subject. In France there seems no gradation from the highly cultivated and intellectual professors, authors, and members of societies, of the metropolis, to the most deplorably ignorant, and, in comparison with England, miserably fed, mass of country population.—*Gardener's Magazine*.

Road-side Plantations of Fruit Trees.—The road between Strasburg and Munich (the latter city being in altitude the second in Europe), forms an ascending winding avenue of fruit trees, 250 miles in length. The greater number of these trees are ungrafted cherries, which succeed in the poorest soil, and in the most elevated and cold situations, better than any other fruit tree; their timber is valued by the cabinet-maker, and from their fruit is distilled kirschwasser, a spirit of esteemed flavour, and in great demand. The kind of fruit tree next in number in this avenue is the apple, grafted; its fruit is used for making cider; and it is also cut into slices and dried, for putting into soups in winter. The remaining sorts are the walnut, pear, and the plum. In the neighbourhood of the towns, these avenues have been planted a good many years; but in many places where the situation is elevated and the soil poor, it is only within the last three or four years, that the practice of planting cherry trees has been adopted.—*Gardener's Magazine*.

Ornamental Churchyards.—Nothing could be easier than to render every country churchyard in Britain an arboretum and herbaceous ground, with all the trees and plants named, provided the clergyman would give up his right to the grass, which with all weeds must be destroyed, and the grave-digger would be content to acquire a very little knowledge of gardening. By laying a burying-ground out in beds of two graves in width, or about sixteen feet, as at Nancy, planting the trees along the walks, and the rows of herbaceous plants across the beds, and parallel to and between the graves, the thing is done.—*Gardener's Magazine*.

Attar of Roses.—Ghazeepoor is celebrated throughout India, for the beauty and extent of its rose gardens; the rose fields occupy many hundred acres; the roses are cultivated for distillation, and for making attar. The price of a sieve, or two lbs. weight (a large quart,) of the best rose-water, is eight annas, or a shilling. The attar is obtained after the rose-water is made, by setting it out during the night, until sunrise, in large open vessels exposed to the air, and then skimming off the essential oil which floats on the top. To produce one rupee's weight of attar, 200,000 well-grown roses are required. The juice, even on the spot, is extravagantly dear, a rupee's weight being sold at the bazaar (where it is often adulterated with sandal-wood oil) for 80 s. r., and at the English warehouse for 100 s. r., or 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ sterling. Mr. Melville, who made some for himself, said he calculated that the rent of the land, and price of utensils, really cost him 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ l. for the above quantity.—*Bishop Heber's Narrative*.

§ 6. DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Preservation of Apples.—Apples to be preserved should be laid on shelves; the fruit should be gathered before it is fully ripe: neither apples nor turnips will keep, nor have a good flavour if allowed to grow to their full size. The best place for keeping apples is like the best place for keeping ale, &c., viz., a good cellar.—*Gard. Mag.*

Tender Meat.—The surest and most convenient way of rendering meat or poultry speedily tender, is to wrap it in a cloth to preserve it from dirt, and expose it the preceding evening to a gentle and constant heat, such as the hearth of a fire-place.—*Jour. des Conn. Usuelles*.

To keep Eggs.—It had been long since averred that eggs would keep perfectly well for ten months in lime water. A still more effectual way of preserving them has been tried: it is that of depositing them in a weak solution of hydrochlorate of chalk (thirty grains of salt to a pound of water), the liquid always above the eggs, and to stand in a cool situation. So treated they have been kept for a whole year, preserving all their fresh-

ness. It has been suggested, that the sulphate of iron would have the same effect.—*Repertorium für die Pharmacie.*

New Method of Stopping Wine-Bottles.—Tie a piece of bladder or parchment over the mouth of the bottle instead of using cork: the wine, says an amateur of great experience, will acquire in a few weeks all the qualities of age, which it would require years to give it on the old system.—*Jour. de Paris.*

Eggs throughout the Year.—Few poultry yards can vie with that of Captain Dunn, of New York, who has taken extraordinary pains with his breeds. With a view to their improvement he has even visited China, and collected races from all countries. The following are given as the results of his experience. With regard to fowls he is convinced that the cross breeds issuing from the English race, and the great sort of *Malacca*, are the best to breed from. As the winter at New York is rigorous, he finds it necessary, in order to have eggs all the year round, to heat the poultry roosts:—this he effects by means of steam. The kind of artificial incubation thus produced he has found very advantageous in the case of ducks and geese, but less so with fowls than the natural process. In the chambers appropriated to the ducks and geese, basins of water must be placed, into which the ends of the steam tubes are introduced;—this water so warmed is very conducive to the thriving of ducklings and goslings. In order to make the hens lay throughout the winter, it is recommended to mix with their food pounded oyster or other shells, and slate also pounded. The lime contained in the oyster-shell contributes to the formation of the shell, and the slate heightens the flavour of the meat of the egg.—*Bull. Univ.*

Loss of Weight by Cooking in Butchers' Meat.—

	lb.	oz.
4 lbs. of beef during boiling, lose	-	1 0
Ditto, ditto, ditto, roasting, lose	-	1 5
Ditto, ditto, ditto, baking, lose	-	1 3
Ditto, of mutton during boiling, lose	-	0 14
Ditto, ditto, ditto, roasting, lose	-	1 6
Ditto, ditto, ditto, baking lose	-	1 4

—*Jour. des Conn. Usuelles.*

The degree in which the meat is cooked—for boiling and roasting in France, and the same processes in England, as we all know, differ most widely—would most materially affect these results. The quality of the meat also, and length of time occupied in arriving at the same degree, would have their share in the operation.

Peas and Beans roasted for Food.—In Spain, Sicily, and the southern parts of Italy, these seeds, and even those of lint, are roasted, constantly kept in the shops, and found in the markets in this state, and much esteemed by way of dessert among those of little fortune, particularly women and children. To prepare them, a large panful of sand is put upon the fire, into which, when the sand is heated, the peas or beans are thrown, and mixed well with it. After they have been equally roasted, without burning, in this way, the sand is separated from them by a sieve, and in a dry place they may be kept in this state for any length of time.—*Bull. Univ.*

§ 7. MECHANICAL AND USEFUL ARTS.

Speed of American Steam-boats.—The greatest speed to which the English steam-boats have attained, furnished with the best engines of Bolton and Watt, does not exceed nine miles an hour. We are not able to say how rapidly American steam-boats have been propelled through the water, but we are quite sure that they have much exceeded this rate. The distance

from Cincinnati to Louisville is one hundred and fifty miles. The steam-boat *America* left the former place a few minutes after six p. m. and reached the latter a few minutes before four the next morning, and stopped twice to take in wood. Without excluding the time thus lost, this boat must have run at a rate exceeding fifteen miles an hour. The river was at this time neither high nor low, but in what the pilots call *good boatable condition*, running most probably between four and five miles an hour. This was the first trip this boat ever made, her engine was new, and a part only of its power was applied. We speak of this boat in preference to others, simply from personal knowledge, and by no means as being the swiftest on the Western waters. We have no doubt she might have been driven through still water twelve miles an hour with perfect ease. An intelligent and observant gentleman informed us, that from point to point, by measurement fifty-four miles, the *Car of Commerce* had run in three hours. He had himself observed the time of starting and of stopping. The captain of the boat could with difficulty be persuaded that he had made such speed, the boat being reputed, though good, not first rate. The distance from New Orleans to Natchez is three hundred and twenty miles by water. Boats have repeatedly ascended against the rapid current from city to city in forty-two hours, nearly eight miles an hour. The precise distance from Louisville to New Orleans we do not know. It is generally computed at fifteen hundred miles. The shortest passage down, which we recollect to have seen noticed, was four days and a half, including stops, of which there are generally two in twenty-four hours, occupying an hour each at least. This will give an average of fifteen miles and nearly one sixth of a mile to an hour. The passage up, we believe, has been made in eight days and thirteen hours. This will give an average of very nearly eight miles an hour; and uniting the speed up and down, we shall find that these boats must have been propelled through the water over eleven miles, on an average. The distance from New York to Providence by water is one hundred and ninety-six miles; from Providence to Boston by land, forty miles. New York papers were lately received in Boston *via* Providence, in twenty-two hours. The time occupied by the land carriage, delay at the boat, &c. could not have been less than six hours, leaving sixteen hours for the steam-boat passage, which will thus average twelve miles and a quarter per hour. In all these cases we have our doubts as to the actual distance these boats would have run, through still water, unaided or unimpeded by wind. It is well known in the last instance, that the time of tide on leaving New York, and a favouring or opposing wind, will vary the passage a number of hours. The passages on the Mississippi would seem to afford a fairer criterion for judgment, and so they do. But they are by no means a perfect test, as all will allow, who are acquainted with the Mississippi. It may seem paradoxical, but it is true, that the shortest passages from New Orleans to Natchez and Louisville, are made when the current is strongest, that is, when the river is highest. The reason is, that then there are eddies setting up the river, for miles occasionally, and also that there is many a 'cut-off,' which at this time admits the largest boats, but which, when the river is low, is impassable. All this tends to render us doubtful what is the actual distance our steam boats accomplish *through the water* in a given time. We think the passages between New York and Albany solve this problem much more satisfactorily than those in any other part of our country. Till the last season, the boats on the western waters excelled them. We presume they are now on a par. From New York to Albany by land, it is, we think, one hundred and fifty-three miles, varying but little from the distance by the river; call the latter one hundred and fifty miles. This passage was made repeatedly, in the summer of 1827, within twelve hours, both up and down;

and once, we believe, in eleven hours and a half, including the delay incident to landing passengers. This will give a speed of thirteen miles per hour, without allowing anything for loss of time. We have seen no reason to believe that any steam-boat has fairly gone through the water at a rate beyond this. The average hourly run, in the shortest passages between New York and Liverpool, will vary from eight to nine miles, as the distance is computed from three thousand to thirty-five hundred miles. The most experienced captains have informed us, that they have never been able 'to get out of the best ship' more than twelve or twelve and a half knots an hour.—*North American Review*.

New Method of seasoning Timber.—The seasoning of timber has hitherto been effected by evaporating the sap, or fluid matter, by the action of the warmth and air of the atmosphere, screening the timber, at the same time, from the direct action of the sun, which, by drying it too rapidly, occasions twisting and renting. The time occupied is from three to five years. Mr. Langton, of Jemyn-street, has discovered a method of seasoning timber, by removing part of the atmospheric pressure, and applying artificial heat. Mr. Tredgold, the eminent engineer, has given it as his opinion, that this new process will effect its object most completely in as many weeks as the common process requires years, at an expense not exceeding 10s. per load, with the advantage of setting free at least half the capital required by the common method; "of rendering it unnecessary to spoil a good ship, by the use of wood full of its natural sap; and the still greater advantage of rendering the living tree available either for defence, convenience, or common use, in a few weeks after being felled, and in a state in which it may be trusted with safety; while, by the usual method, five years is not more than is necessary, to be equally free of risk from shrinking and decay." A discovery so spoken of by such a man as Mr. Tredgold, is likely to lead to the most important consequences in every department of carpentry. One result will probably be the disappearance of the dry rot.—*Gardener's Magazine*.

Sanative Horse-Brush.—A pamphlet published at Paris by a M. Goetz, recommends a substitute of his invention for the twist of straw commonly used in dressing horses. The brush, which the inventor dignifies with the title of *brosse hygiénique*, is an imitation of the kaffah, or brush of the Arabs. It is composed of a tissue of horse-hair, enfolding a pad of the same material, backed by thin iron plates, and covered with varnished leather. It is, moreover, furnished with a strap across the width of the back as an ordinary brush. The web which covers the pad, which is equally flexible and strong, it is averred, penetrates the hair and to the hide of the animal better than any other instrument, and removes all foreign substances, however minute. The size is the same as that of the usual horse-brush; covers an equal portion of the surface at a time; clears out all the cavities in passing over them, and on this account accelerates the process of dressing.—*Bull Univ.*

Chinese Types.—The moveable Chinese types hitherto employed by Europeans have, we believe, been generally engraved. We hear that the Rev. Mr. Dyer, an English missionary to the Chinese, contemplates casting them in the following manner:—Have the characters wanted first cut on wood: then take a fac simile of the engraved block on clay. Upon the clay cast the type-metal: then saw the characters and dress them to their proper size. We see various objections to this mode, but hope he will overcome all the difficulties, so as to make Chinese types tolerably cheap.—*Canton Register*.

Comparison of Wax and Tallow Lights.—On a comparative experiment on the burning of candles of the same length and of the same weight, com-

posed of the following substances, viz. 1. the wax of Japan, lately brought to Antwerp; 2. white bees'-wax; 3. tallow; 4. a composition of two-thirds wax of Japan and one-third of tallow; 5. a composition of three-fourths of the same wax and one-fourth of bees'-wax, it was found on extinguishing the candles, when reduced to about a fourth of their length, that the remains of those made of wax of Japan, of tallow, and of the compositions of wax and tallow, were of the same length; that the bees'-wax candle was diminished two-ninths less than those before-mentioned; and that the candle, in the formation of which two waxes were united, was of intermediate length. In this experiment the flame of the tallow candle was far more brilliant than that of the others, which, among themselves, were equal in vividness of light, excepting always that into the composition of which there entered a portion of tallow, which was next, although at a wide interval, to the tallow candle.—*Bull. Univ.*

Steam Navigation between France and America.—"It is calculated to excite admiration for the genius of man and of his dominion over the elements," says the *Phare du Havre*, "to think that two vessels setting out together from the other side of the Atlantic for our shores, sometimes not meeting again until the completion of the voyage,—on other occasions meeting but only to separate,—yet arrive nearly at the same hour, certainly within a day or two, of each other, after a voyage of not more than twenty-five, twenty, and even eighteen days, in the port to which they were both bound." These reflections are occasioned by the arrival, on the same day, in the port of the Havre, of two steam packets from New York. Of these the *Charles McDuff*, a superb new steamer, had made the voyage for the first time. It is represented as a magnificent vessel of 450 tons burden, and surpassing in strength and elegance all that had till then been seen at the Havre. The plan and fitting up of the accommodations for the passengers are the objects of astonishment to its French visitors.

Improvement in Church Bells.—Herr Eberbach, of Stuttgard, king's mechanic, at the last distribution of prizes of industry offered by the king of Wirtemberg, received the mechanic's prize of forty ducats and a silver medal, for his invention of steel tongues to tower bells. The improvement effected consists in a more extended range given to the agreeable sound, and the longer duration of the bell.—*Allgemeine Literatur Zeitung*.

Tempering of Steel by Mercury.—M. Altmüt, in a recent memoir, details experiments by which he became convinced that the tempering of steel by mercury is the only method by which the metal can be preserved from oxidation.—*Jahrbücher der polyt. Inst. in Wien*.

The Admiralty Buildings at St. Petersburg.—The admiralty of St. Petersburg was founded by Peter the Great. The first vessel that ever came off the stocks there was a brig, of the design of that enterprising monarch, launched in 1706. In 1712 was launched the *Pultowa*, the first fifty gunship. Under the reign of the Empress Catherine the edifice founded by Peter was removed, and a stone one erected in its place: since that time the building has undergone various changes, and at length an entire new edifice, for which the naval service of Russia is indebted to the vigilance of the late Emperor Alexander, has been erected, on an enlarged scale, on the site of the former building.

The façade is composed of three divisions, or a centre and two wings. In the centre of the middle division is an archway, which serves for the principal entrance. On each side, on pedestals of granite, is a group of gigantic figures, representing Marine Nymphs, bearing a celestial sphere.

Above the arch is a sculptured bas-relief, and over the bas-relief stand the four statues of Achilles, Ajax, Pyrrhus, and Alexander the Great. Thence commences a tower, the lower part of which is formed by twenty-eight columns of the Ionic order, having the appearance of a gallery. Above the columns, on a cornice, are twenty-eight sculptured figures of Poudojsk stone. Upwards from this cornice the tower assumes the form of a circular column, ending in a cupola, ornamented with three clock dials. Above is a lantern, in which are placed the signals to indicate the elevation of the waters of the Neva*. Thence commences the spire covered with sheets of iron gilt. At the summit is a ship ten feet high, below which is a crown and an apple of three feet and a half in diameter.

New Bridge over the Ticino.—Among the grand works commenced under the auspices of Napoleon, for the convenience and ornament of the Cisalpine departments of his empire, one of the most important was the bridge projected over the Ticino at Boffalora, the point where that river cuts the line of communication between Milan and Turin. This noble work has been terminated at the joint expense of the Austrian and Sardinian governments, and was opened for public accommodation at the beginning of 1828.

The Ticino, which carries off the waters of the Lago Maggiore, or more properly speaking, of a basin, the receptacle of the waters of three thousand square miles of Alpine district, flows through a wide and deep valley nearly fifty miles in length, with the rapid fall of 566 feet, from the little town of Sesto, on the borders of the lake, to the Po. The swellings of the river sometimes rise 12 feet above the usual level, and cover the country to a width from 3000 to 4000 feet. Until the undertaking, of which we are speaking, was completed, the only bridge over the Ticino was that at Pavia, three miles above the junction with the Po, built, towards the end of the fourteenth century, by Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, the most enterprising prince of his day. The rest of the course of the river, although traversed by several very ancient roads, presented only inconvenient and dangerous ferries, often impracticable. For the service of the road from Turin to Milan, however, as the principal point of communication, a floating bridge was provided, consisting of from twenty to thirty, or even more boats, according to the width of the river in the part where it was moored.

The new stone bridge is situated on the borders of the territory of Boffalora, a little below the bridge of boats, twenty-two miles above that of Pavia, and conveniently enough at about the middle point of the course of the Ticino. It is a fine level construction of massive blocks of granite. The length from abutment to abutment is 997 feet 4 inches, divided into eleven arches each 78 feet 9 inches in span, separated by ten strong piers, 13 feet 1 inch thick. The arches are circular, with a rise of a sixth of the chord, and with a radius of 65 feet 9 inches. The width of the bridge is 32 feet 9 inches, with parapets 1 foot 7 inches in thickness; the serviceable width being 29 feet 6 inches, distributed as follows:—Two foot-pavements, each 2 feet 11 inches wide, and raised above the carriage way 5½ inches: two gutters 1 foot 3 inches wide: a carriage way 20 feet 11 inches, furnished with two double wheel lines of granite.

* This custom was commenced in the time of Catherine II., on occasion of the dreadful inundation of the 10th Sept. 1777. It was then ordered, that, in future, under similar circumstances, discharges of cannon from the admiralty should announce to the inhabitants the approach of danger; and that from the tower in the centre flags should be hoisted during the day, and lights hung during the night, a precaution by which many lives have since, especially on the 7th Nov. 1824, been saved.

At the entrances to the bridge are two rectangular platforms, 65 feet 7 inches long and 57 feet 6 inches wide, under which passes an archway 6 feet 6 inches wide, and 10 feet 10 inches high, for the convenience of those employed in the navigation of the stream. There are besides, at each side, two ample flights of steps 7 feet 2 inches in width, as a direct communication from the plane of the bridge to the banks of the river. It is proposed to erect on the platform, frontier houses for the purposes of the police and customs of the respective states.

The piers have buttresses 8 feet 1 inch high, measured from the upper step of the foundation to the springing of the arch: these foundations go to the depth of 10 feet 2 inches under the buttresses, and acquire by means of set-offs, a width of base of 22 feet 11 inches. The foundations of the abutments are constructed, in like manner, with set-offs, all of them on an ample mass of piling driven to a level, and to 12 feet into the bed of the river.

The piers are furnished on both sides with cutwaters, formed by two equal segments which rise 6 feet 6 inches above the springing including a capping moulded and weathered, of 1 foot 3 inches in height. Over these rise pilasters projecting from the front of the bridge 2 feet 7 inches, and having a breadth of 12 feet 5 inches. The crowning cornice returns round these pilasters, and the parapets rise to a line with them, and also project 2 feet 7 inches from the face of the arches.

Over the abutments there are at each corner of the bridge two grand pedestals, in width, measured transversely with respect to the bridge, 16 feet; and in length 12 feet 5 inches, being the same as the breadth of the pilasters in front of the bridge. On the inner side, the face of these pedestals ranges with the slight projection of the pilasters. The cornice is continued on a perfect level, at the height of 3 feet 3 inches above the underside of the arch at the key-stone. It has a projection of 1 foot 3 inches, and a height of 1 foot 11 inches, and consists of abacus, ovolo, and fillet. It stops at the abutments, after passing round the pedestals, and is succeeded by a plain band along the walls of the platform.

The parapet is quite plain: its height on the outside, above the cornice, is 4 feet, and within, above the footway is 3 feet 9 inches. Above the piers it is broken on the inner side by a protection of 5 inches, in width 12 feet 5 inches corresponding with the pilasters on the exterior. These pilasters, both on the inner and outer side, as well as the pedestals at the corner of the bridge, have as a finish a raised blocking course, in height 4 inches, with a pyramidal weathering, other 4 inches high.

The thickness of the arches at the key-stone is 3 feet 3 inches. Each arch consists of fifty-five arch stones, thus presenting a superficies of massive granite blocks of equal thickness, marked by that number of joint lines at equal distances.

The level of the edifice, with respect to the river, is such that the springing is only subject to be covered 2 feet in the greatest swells, even when these rise to the full increase of 12 feet above the ordinary level. The engineers, under whose direction this work was executed, were the Signor Gianelli on the part of the Austrian government, and the Signor Stefano Melchione on that of the King of Sardinia. The work had already risen under the former government to the height of 3 feet 3 inches above the springing. The designs were furnished by Melchione and the inspector of engineers, Carlo Parea; and have been executed, with some slight variations, as originally projected. The bridge is built, with respect to the internal construction, of pebble stones from the river; but the exterior, as before stated, presents a face of granite blocks so excellently worked, that the whole appears a solid mass: the joints of which are so close as not to admit the introduction of a single hair. The nature of the soil presented many difficul-

ties, the greatest of which arose from the copious springs in the bed of the river.

As an ornamental construction the bridge is highly commended, not less from the fineness of its execution than for the simplicity and grandeur of the general effect.

The expenses of the erection are stated as follows:—

	Italian livres *
Cost of the works executed between 1809 and 1813, comprising the foundations, the buttments, and the piers, to 3 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches above the springings of the arch	2,009,019
The materials brought to the spot previous to the suspension on the change of government, and afterwards used	200,000
Expense of completing the work, exclusive of those materials	800,000
Embankments	270,000
Total expense of the work	3,279,019

Improvement in Steam Navigation.—In the early part of the month, an interesting series of experiments was made in the river, near Woolwich, on an invention of Lieut. Andrew Skeene, R. N., (one of the companions of Captain Ross and Captain Parry, in their north-west voyages,) for the improvement of steam navigation, by getting rid of the effects of the back water; or, in other words, the loss of power which is occasioned by the wheel on its return, when it is at a certain speed, or when it is immersed below a certain depth, having to lift a large proportion of water. The plan tried in this instance was that of feathering the paddles, which were fixed to a new description of wheel, differing from the common paddle-wheels in allowing each paddle so to move on an axle placed in the centre, as to play freely between the arms and the periphery of the wheel, between which it (the paddle) is restrained by shoulders or projecting portions of it. The result of the trial was, to the extent it was made, very favourable, showing an increase of speed of two and a half minutes per mile. These paddles, it is stated, would have the advantage of working best when immersed one-third of the wheel in water, which would necessarily reduce the size of the paddle-boxes, and consequently the resistance of the vessel to the wind. They are likewise capable of being removed or applied as occasion requires, enabling the vessel to take advantage of fair winds when at sea on long voyages; and they may also be applied in the interior of a vessel for the purpose of war. They are applicable for the purpose of canal navigation, as they possess the advantage of agitating the water much less than the old paddles, not passing it off in the same degree to the shore on each side, but causing it to expand chiefly in the wake of the vessel.—*Daily Papers.*

§ 8. FINE ARTS.

Coloured Engravings.—The Biblioteca Italiana, in a recent number, speaks in high terms of the success of the engraver, Stanislaus Stucchi, in giving the effect of oil painting. In copying portraits of Saint Ambrose and Saint Charles (Borromeo), executed after old pictures by the painter Giovanni Poch, the illusion produced by the engraver is represented as so great as to deceive experienced eyes, and even, it is said, to have made the painter himself hesitate in pronouncing which was the print, and which his original picture.(!) The effect of imitation of the strokes, as of a bold and free painter, by the use of a brush by the engraver, is commended as especially happy.

* Twenty-four to the pound sterling.

Improvements in the Process of Lithography.—Lithography was invented by a singer of the theatre of Munich, named Senefelder, but on its first discovery, was too rude to admit the idea of the fine effects of which it has been proved capable. The art was first brought to France by General Lomet,* who had observed it in Germany, while on military service there, in 1806, and who had himself executed lithographic designs, at Passau and Brunnau. He exhibited his specimens to several scientific men and persons attached to the arts, among whom were M. Denon, M. Laudon, M. Gelet de Laumont, and M. Molard, the elder: but war occupied the minds of all men at that period; and the invention lay neglected until M. Engelmann of Munich founded his lithographic establishments in Paris in 1814. The following improvements have been recently published, by M. Chevallier, a chemist of note, and M. Langlumé, an experienced lithographer in the practice of the art, in the three important heads; first, the acidulation of the stone; second, the means of obliteration; and third, the retouch.

The new preparation for acidulation is composed of hydrochlorate of lime, obtained by means of the complete saturation of hydrochloric acid, by the powder of white marble. When the dissolution is complete, and it has been sufficiently filtered, gum arabic as white as possible, and well purged of all foreign matter, is dissolved in it. The proportions are as follows—a kilogramme and a half of hydrochloric acid, the quantity of powder of white marble, sufficient for the saturation, and 367 grammes (12 ounces) of gum arabic. To this composition, filtered and limpid, are added 92 grammes (3 ounces) of pure hydrochloric acid; the whole to be bottled and corked. In use, the surface of the stone is acidulated, by being passed over with a brush of badger hair dipped in the mixture. The advantages of the process of acidulation thus performed, are found to be, that the shades, be they feeble or strong, come out equally well; that the stones remain constantly moist by virtue of the liquescent salt which they imbibe; and, far more important than either of these, that the liquid will remove from the stone the spots or stains which it is often impossible to avoid making, while drawing, and which appear on the impressions. The spots disappear on the application of the saline acid liquor.

The second recipe, that for obliteration, consists in passing over the parts which it is sought to efface, with a sponge steeped in a liquid, composed of a demi kilogramme of caustic (*potasse à la chaux*), dissolved in three times its weight of water; the stone being afterwards washed with water, the design disappears without the slightest alteration having been suffered by the stone. By this process, the whole or any part of the design may be removed, without the least effect on the stone.

Third, in respect to the retouch, the most difficult of all the operations of lithography, of which no satisfactory means had been before applied, the following process is recommended. Two grammes (37 grains) of caustic (*potasse à la chaux*), to be dissolved in 125 grammes (4 ounces) of pure water. This alkaline liquor poured over the drawing, cleared of the gum which covers it, and remaining on the drawing for a space of from one to five minutes, is sufficient to qualify the drawing on stone, for receiving afresh the lithographic pen.—*Bull. Univ.*

Wilkie's Foreign Paintings.—The subjects of the principal works, the fruits of Mr. Wilkie's visit to Italy and Spain, we understand to be as follow:

Italian.—“The washing the Feet of the male Pilgrims to Rome, in the Anno Santo, by the Cardinals”—ten or twelve figures. “The same office performed for the female Pilgrims, on the same occasion, by the noble Ladies of Rome”—four or five figures. “The Pifferari, or Neapolitan

* In the same, or early in the following year, rude specimens of the art were introduced into this country.

Bagpipers, playing to the Image of the Virgin and Child at Christmas."
 "The Confession."

The Spanish pieces are of a loftier character. "The Maid of Saragossa : " the Spanish heroine is applying the match to a piece of ordnance, while the wheels of its carriage are held by General Palafox and a monk. " Consultation between Guerillas and Monks." "Guerilla taking leave of a Monk." "Wounded Guerilla."

An opportunity of seeing the Italian pieces, we believe, will be afforded the public at the approaching Exhibition at the British Gallery. The paintings on Spanish subjects are to be reserved for some future occasion.

French and English Members of the Bavarian Academy of Arts.—On the last birth and name day of the King of Bavaria, the 25th August, the Royal Academy of Fine Arts of Munich elected three honorary members from Germany, France, and England, viz. Doctor Sulpitius Boisseree, of Munich, in compliment to his history of German art, deduced from the sepulchral monuments; the Baron Gerard, president of the French Academy of Fine Arts at Paris, for his well known productions in history and portrait painting; and Mr. Robert Cockerell, architect, of London, as a homage to his reputation as an architect, and as discoverer of several ancient monuments; more especially of the Egina marbles, and the Reliefs of Phigalia.—*Allgemeine Literatur Zeitung*.

§ 9. ANTIQUITIES.

The City of Aphrodisias (Phrygia).—In the centre of Aphrodisias, now Guera, is to be seen the temple of Venus, of the Ionic order, the greater part still existing. On the left are the theatre and the stadium. There is also an Ionic portico of the greatest elegance. Cupids hold the garlands on the entablature of the portico. The interior frieze of the temple, some fragments of which are in good preservation, are enriched with sculptures representing the Loves hunting every species of animal, and attest that this is really the city of Aphrodite (Venus.) The Greek inscriptions scattered about heighten the interest inspired by the ruins.—*Laborde's Address to the Académie des Inscriptions*.

The Phrygian Hierapolis.—At the site of the ancient Hierapolis (in Phrygia), celebrated by the ancients for its mineral springs, is still to be found the mephitic Cavern noticed by Strabo, into which the birds fell in asphixia. The ruins of the temple of Apollo still exist, and there is also a vast number of magnificent tombs.—*Laborde's Address*.

Antiquities of Ancient Sardis.—The city of Sardis, now called Sart, stands on an elevation overlooking the plain of Hermus: the walls of the ancient city are to be seen on both sides of the Pactolus, an insignificant stream whose waters, even in the time of Strabo, no longer abounded in particles of gold. Two Ionic columns, supporting a grand entablature, are all the remains of the temple of Cybele. The capitals of the columns are extremely elegant; the volutes are adorned with small palms; the shafts rise from the ground to only half their height; but from the diameter it appears that the columns must have been fifty feet in height. On the slope of the opposite hill are to be seen a theatre and a stadium. This celebrated city is no longer inhabited. Some tents of poverty-stricken *Urachi* are alone to be seen on the banks of the Pactolus. And from the summit of the rock of Cræsus, no monuments are to be seen in the country below, except the tombs of the Kings of Lydia. These consist of immense mounds of earth, and are to the number of 60.—That of Alyartes, which Herodotus describes as one of the most imposing mo-

numents which he had seen, after the Pyramids, and which was erected by the courtesans of Sardis, is distinguishable from the rest.—*Laborde's Address.*

Roman Bridge.—On the journey between Nice and the Lake Sabanja (the ancient Sophon), is to be seen, a Roman monument of vast dimensions: this consists of a bridge of six arches with a triumphal arch at its entrance, and at the opposite end a kind of repetition of the arch on the side of the mountain, and opened at both sides for the passage of a Roman road.—*Laborde's Address.*

Unknown Roman City.—At the distance of ten leagues south-east of Cuthahia, one of the highest points of Asia Minor, is an ancient Roman city unvisited by modern travellers, and of which, even the ancient Itineraries make no mention. Its principal edifices consist of a large theatre, a stadium, several groups of columns in good preservation, but of no great height, an Ionic temple of the most elegant architecture with columns fluted, and of a single block of marble thirty feet in height: these support an entablature very much enriched and in exquisite taste. From an inscription in the pediment it appears that this temple was restored in the time of Adrian, and dedicated to Apollo. The site is watered by a small stream which passes over a Roman bridge, in excellent preservation, as is the vault, also Roman, to which it leads.—*Laborde's Address.*

Papyrus and Coins at Rome.—Among the recent arrivals of curiosities of antiquity at Rome, are a great roll of papyrus in Egyptian and Greek, of the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, in the possession of Silvester Guido; eight rolls of Papyrus, of which three are hieroglyphic, three Sacerdotal or Sacred, one Demotic, and one Greek, the property of Demetrius Papan-driopoli, with several gold coins, and among the rest, one of Pylæmenes, King of Paphlagonia.—*Beck's Repertorium.*

Discovery of Etruscan Vases.—The Florentine gallery has been lately enriched by the addition of 300 of the most beautiful and elegant Etruscan vases, discovered in a sepulchral vault, casually entered by an inhabitant of Florence, on his farm in the neighbourhood. The Grand Duke purchased the treasure.—*Beck's Rep.*

Opening of a Mummy.—On opening and unfolding a mummy in the collection of M. Passalacqua, at Paris, it was ascertained by a roll of papyrus found within, interpreted by Champollion, that the mummy was 3000 years old, and that the body was that of the daughter of a guardian of the small Temple of Isis, at Thebes. The pupil of the eye was artificial, and of glass.

Interpretation of Hieroglyphics.—The following are the two systems of interpretation of Egyptian hieroglyphics, adopted respectively by Professor Seyfarth, of Berlin, and M. Champollion the younger, of Paris. That they cannot both be right is obvious, and the more each is susceptible of plausible arguments in its favour, the greater, unfortunately, is the probability that both are wrong:—

Seyfarth's System.

1. The Egyptian inscriptions are generally ALPHABETICAL, the demotic ones more especially.

2. The basis of Egyptian writing is an hieroglyphic alphabet of 25 characters, as Plutarch and Eusebius assert, of which characters three are of the invention of the Priests of Isis, 22 of Phœnician origin.

Champollion's System.

1. The hieroglyphic inscriptions are generally SYMBOLICAL.

2. The basis of a Egyptian writing is a total of about 850 hieroglyphic signs, each of which, when not used symbolically, gives the sound of the name which it is intended to indicate.

3. Ordinarily several signs mark only one word.

4. Several signs often signify only one letter.

5. Sometimes the same signs mark two or more letters.

6. The language of the hieroglyphic inscriptions is the ancient Coptic.

3. Generally every sign expresses either a word or an idea.

4. Two or more signs always represent the same number of sounds.

5. The same sign can never express any other sound than that with which the sound of the name which it is to represent, commences.

6. The language of the hieroglyphic inscriptions is modern Coptic.

§ 10. GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION.

Public Libraries of Paris.—According to official documents, the public libraries at Paris, and the number of their contents, are as follows:—The Bibliothèque du Roi contains 500,000 printed books, 100,000 MSS., 120,000 medals, and 1,500,000 copper-plate engravings; the Bibliothèque de Monsieur, 170,000 books, 6000 MSS; the library of Sainte Gèneviève 110,000 books, 2000 MSS; the library du Magasin 93,000 books, 4000 MSS; the Bibliothèque de la Ville 42,000 books; the library of the Institute, 70,000 books; the Cabinet du Roi, 50,000 books. The library of the Cour de Cassation, 30,000 books; that of the School of Medicine, 30,000 books; that of the Chamber of Deputies, 30,000; that of the Collège Louis le Grand, 30,000; that of the Hôtel des Invalides 25,000; that of the Polytechnic School, 24,000; that of the Tribunal de Première Instance, 20,000. St. Sulpice has a library of 17,000 books; the Minister for Foreign Affairs, 15,000; the Hotel of the Minister of Marine, of 12,000; the Office of Archives of the kingdom, 10,000; the Chamber of Peers, 10,000; the Home Office, 10,000; the Map Depôt, 10,000; the Prefecture of Police, 8000; the Office of Ministre de Justice, 8000; the Central Artillery Depôt, 6000; the School of Music and Declaration, 5000; School of Bridges and Roads, 4000; the office of the War Minister, 4000; the Museum, 3000; The Royal Printing-office, 3000; the Observatory, 2000; the Office of the Minister of Marine, 1500; the Hospital of the Quinze Vingts, 1300; the Foreign Missions, 1200; the Cabinet of the Tuileries, number unknown; the Order of Avocats, number unknown.

Moscow Periodicals.—Since the beginning of the year, three new periodical publications have appeared in Moscow, each twice a month: the *Atenei*, by Parloff, devoted to scientific literature and biography; the *Ruskei*, Zritel, the Spectator, by Kalaidowich, for history, antiquities, and general literature; and the *Nordische Bulletin*, Northern Bulletin.—*Allg. Lit. Zeit.*

Works of Sismondi.—Sismondi has sent to the press his fourth contribution to his history of France, forming the 10th, 11th, and 12th volumes of the entire work. He is at present occupied on a new edition of his *Littérature du Midi de l'Europe*.—*Blüt. für Lit. Unterhaltung.*

Estimation of the Waverley Novels in Denmark.—Much as Walter Scott is read everywhere, in no country of the globe is the enthusiasm for him carried to so high a pitch, as in Denmark. A single number of the Copenhagen Journal contains the announcement of three different translations of one of his works; and a professor of theology has even gone so far as to recommend to his pupils the study of the Waverley Novels, as the surest

way of attaining that knowledge of mankind, so indispensable in Ministers of the Gospel.—*Blät. für Lit. Unter.*

Translation of the Sagas.—The last number of the 60th volume of the Collection of Northern Sagas, published at Copenhagen by the Arnamaynsh Society, contains a translation in Latin of the 'Luxdaeta Saga,' an historical, biographical work of 400 pages, of the thirteenth century, on the contests of the Irish and Scotch towards the close of the tenth century. The translator is the librarian Thorleifs Gudmundsun Repp.—*Blätter für Lit. Unter.*

Teutonic Dictionary.—A grand etymological Danish Dictionary by Rast is announced as highly important to all languages partaking of the Teutonic, and is said to be nearly completed.—It is not confined to the Gothic, but comprises the Slave and Tartar dialects, the Sanscrit, and the ancient Persian.—*Blätter für Lit. Unter.*

Geography of Edrist the Moor.—A complete manuscript of Edrist's geography has been lately found in the Royal Library at Paris. Until this discovery, a fragment only of the great geographical work of this Arab was known. The original is five times the size of this fragment. This celebrated work was written by Edrist in Almeria, where he was born in the 734th year of the Hegira, or 1345 of the Christian era. A translation is preparing in Paris by Jaubert. The original consists of 260 sheets of rude Moorish writing.—*Blätter für Lit. Unter.*

Oriental Manuscripts.—No collection in Europe in quantity and value of Oriental manuscripts, at all equals the Bibliothèque du Roi at Paris. Since 1739, when the last catalogue was printed, the number has been more than doubled. A new catalogue is preparing, with notes, by Silvestre de Sacy, and promises on that account to be the first authority on matters connected with Oriental Literature.

Arabic Manuscripts.—The Asiatic museum of St. Petersburg has purchased the valuable collection of manuscripts of M. Rousseau, the French Consul at Bagdad. The following scarce historical works are amongst its contents: Ahmed Makkari's work on Spain and the Moors; Seherif-nameh History of the Kurds, from 1596; Ibn-Khaldun's Historical Prolegomena, first part very scarce in Europe; Dschauheri's Dictionary of Arabic (Cairo 1253) complete; Tibewaihi's Arabic Grammar and Sealiby's Tikhel-loghut. Besides these, among the works in poetry are Abu-Temman's Divan, Dschawidani's Philosophical works, and others on medicine, natural history, and mathematics.—*Blätter für Lit. Unter.*

Chinese Literature.—The Russian Chief Missionary, J. Pitschowinski, who, since the year 1801, has presided over the Russian mission in Peking, is returned thence, after a fourteen years' sojourn, not only with the acquisition of a thorough and much desired knowledge of the Chinese and Mandschu literature, and the language and manners of the Chinese, but with the possession of a richer treasure in rare manuscripts than any member of the Russian mission since its establishment in 1714. Of the manuscripts in his possession, the most worthy of notice are Tsion-Ten, Chinese annals, 8 vols., hitherto only known in part; a Geography of China with maps, 2 vols.; History of Thibet and Tangos, 1 vol., exceedingly scarce; Description of Thibet, 1 vol.; Zungaria and the Lesser Bukharia, 150 years B.C. Description of Peking with plans; Hydraulic works on the Great Canal of China; Mogul Code of Laws, Chinese and Russian Dictionary, 6 vols.; History of Bogdikhans; History of Tchingius under the

four first Kings: Sin Schon, attributed to Confucius; System of the World; Description of Mogul 200 years before Christ, &c.—*Blätter für Lit. Unter.*

§ 11. NAVAL AND MILITARY ECONOMY.

Spanish Army.—The King is the supreme head of the Spanish army, conveying his orders through the Minister of War. The Infant Don Carlos, the brother of the King, has the title of Generalissimo, but this is merely honorary. The list contains ten Captains General, but there are in reality only six—the Infant Fr. de Paula, another brother of the King, the Infant Don Gabriel, his nephew, the Duke of Wellington, and Viscount Beresford, being *ad honores*. The senior of the others is General Castaños. Of seventy-seven Lieutenants-General, of whom the senior is of the creation of 1802, twenty only served in that rank in the war of independence. The troops of the household consist of six squadrons of Body Guards, of 100 to each squadron, and a company of Halbardiers. Of the Body Guards, four squadrons are Spanish and two Foreign. The foreign squadron, called the Saxons, in honour of the Queen, is composed chiefly of French and Italians, and of very few Germans. The privates have, all, the rank of Sub-lieutenant in the line. The officers rank one step above those of the same title in the line. The Royal Guards are on the same footing as those of France; they consist of two divisions of infantry, one of cavalry, and three companies of artillery, of which one of horse-artillery. The whole amount of the Guard is 15,000 infantry and 3000 cavalry. It may be observed of Spain as of France, that in proportion as the line diminishes, the Guards increase. In 1808, when the Spanish army reckoned 143,000 men, there were scarcely 8000 of the Guard.

The pay for officers is much below what it is in France: that of the common soldier is about the same as the French. In Spain, it is much in arrears, both for officers and privates, and a regiment is relatively well off, if, in the course of the year, it can touch seven or eight months pay. Hence the officers are in a condition of pitiable wretchedness, and the soldiers continually in a state of desertion and mutiny.

The infantry of the line consists of ten regiments of three battalions, seven of light infantry of two battalions; one regiment stationed at Ceuta, where the refuse of the army is sent *en discipline*; and one regiment of Swiss called Wimpfen, which is a mere skeleton—the whole amounting nominally to less than 40,000 men; but in fact, not having at present two-thirds of their strength. The militia consists of forty-two regiments of one battalion of eight companies. These, which form beyond contradiction, the élite of the Spanish army, are kept armed and equipped; but except the staff, receive no pay, unless when in actual service. The cavalry of the line consists of thirteen regiments of four squadrons of two companies of sixty men; but they are far from being complete; taken together they do not amount to above 250 men per regiment, all wretchedly mounted.

The artillery is divided into two branches, scientific and practical. The former consists of 422 officers; the latter has 94 officers. The troops consist of six battalions of foot artillery, four companies of horse artillery, and five companies of workmen, five battalions of train and three brigades and fifteen companies fixed in garrison. The regiments of artillery are very feeble, not having two-thirds of their effective strength.

The engineers consist of a corps of officers 138 in number, and a regiment of sappers of two battalions of eight companies, i. e. five of sappers, one of miners, and one of pontonniers.

There are, moreover, 53 companies of veterans and other troops. Besides this force in Continental Spain, there are in America twenty battalions, five squadrons, fourteen companies of foot artillery, three of horse artillery, and two of workmen, with a proportion of officers, and besides five directors, ten

colonels, and a due quantity of inferior officers of engineers. The army is recruited by voluntary enlistment, or drawing in case of insufficiency. The length of service is eight years for the first engagement, and four and two for the following: these give right to an increase of pay.

Previous to the war of independence, no one could arrive at the rank of officer, without having served as cadet; and every cadet was required to prove his nobility. Since the return of Ferdinand, such proofs are no longer required. The third part of the sub-lieutenancies are now given to the sergeants; the other two-thirds to youths from the military college of Segovia, who have passed a satisfactory examination. Above the rank of sub-lieutenant, promotion goes by seniority. The general officers are at the choice of the King. Such is the letter of the law, but it is far from being observed.—The rank and military recompense are the object of pillage. The general uniform of all the standing army and militia, is dark blue ground with distinctions of facings. The six first regiments of light infantry have dark green. The arms are in the most miserable state possible, and are composed of the refuse articles of the different nations of Europe, who have fought in the Peninsula, during the seven years war of independence.—*Bull. Univ.*

French Army.—The French effective army, for 1829, is estimated at 232,367, composed as follows:—Gendarmerie, 14,070; Royal Guard, of which 15,364 infantry, and 6444 cavalry, 21,808; infantry of the line, of which 120,500 French, and 7896 Swiss, 128,396; cavalry, of which 32,300 of the line, 38,800; artillery, 17,677; engineers, 4885; military equipage, 725; and lastly, the stationary companies, 6006. The total number of officers including general officers, corporals, and brigadiers, 68,518, leaving, for privates, 163,849. The expense of this army is estimated at 169,373,490*fr.* for the pay and maintenance; 1,230,350 expenses of recruiting and courts-martial; and for expenses of central administration, 22,028,000*fr.*, making a total of 192,631,840*fr.*—*Bull. Univ.*

Danish Navy.—The Royal Navy of Denmark now consists of three vessels of the line of 84, 66, and 58 guns; of six frigates, of which three of 46, and three of 36 guns; of four corvettes of 20 guns; two brigs, and two schooners; of 77 gun boats; and one steam-vessel; besides one line of battle ship and one corvette on the stocks.—*Journal des Débats.*

Spanish Marine.—The Spanish marine, which in 1808, reckoned 42 ships of the line, 30 frigates, and 160 vessels of lesser bulk, in all 232 sail, has now in being not more than six sail of the line, from 10 to 12 frigates, and 94 vessels of smaller size, with about a dozen frigates, corvettes, and others of inferior class, on the stocks. There is no longer more than one naval department, that of Cadiz: those of Ferrol and Carthagena, as well as that of the Havannah, were suppressed in 1825. The navy is under the command of a Director-General. The administration and the treasure, is entrusted to a junta of General Direction, composed of seven members, exclusive of the President, who is the Director-General. In each of the arsenals of Cadiz, Ferrol, and Carthagena, is a Council, charged with the care of all that is connected with the construction, the repairing, and the arming of vessels, and with the victualling department. The inscription on the naval lists, which are classed as in France, amount nominally to 28,000 men. The whole administration of the navy is subject, of course, to the Minister of State, the Intendant-General of Marine, a Member of the Supreme Council of War, residing at Madrid.—*Bull. Univ.*

Steam Artillery.—In a memoir on the comparison of the mechanical effects of gun-powder and steam, as applied to artillery, a German author, Herr Prechtel, concludes, from a series of analytical deductions, from facts and experiments, that steam-artillery will never offer practical advantages

over powder ordnance, and that it is an invention to be ranked among the number of discoveries more curious than useful or applicable.—*Jahrbücher des Polit. Inst. in Wien.*

Russian Navy.—The quantity of shipping furnished by the stocks of the admiralty at St. Petersburg exceeds that supplied by any other naval arsenal in the empire. It is stated as follows:—From 1712 to 1725, 40 vessels; from 1725 to 1745, 26; from 1745 to 1763, 40; from 1763 to 1797, 93; from 1797 to 1801, 10; from 1801 to 1825, 44. The number of vessels of 100 and of 50 guns, launched previously to 1801, was 72, without reckoning 6084 sail of all sizes. The largest ship produced on those stocks was the *Blagodate* of 150 guns, begun the 29th of February, 1799, and launched the 2d of August, 1800. The material used in the construction of all the vessels is oak of Caucasus.—*Bull Univ.*

Qualities of War-horses.—M. Ammont, Stud-inspector to the king of Prussia, in a pamphlet recently published on the qualities of war-horses, and the proper mode of breaking them, doubts whether the present mode of breaking horses is a good one, and objects to the inefficiency of the system of encouraging races for the end proposed by it. These races can only, he says, have any effect on the fleetness of horses, and consequently, on their quickness on the march, and not at all on their adaptation for useful purposes: to which, on the contrary, they are often disadvantageous. He would substitute chariot races, such as were practised in ancient times by the Greeks and Romans, in order to afford the means of judging at one and the same time of the vigour, the suppleness, and the docility of the animal.—*Bull. Univ.*

State of the Prussian Army.—In the year 1806 the Prussian army amounted to a total of 260,000 men, of whom 7365 were officers below the rank of general the proportion of officers to privates being one to thirty-six. Of the 7365 officers, 184 fell on the field of battle, or died of their wounds, in the campaigns of 1806 and 1807: 10 in 1812: 359 from 1813 to 1815: 2556 have died of natural deaths or left the service. In twenty years the army has lost 1023 officers, somewhat more than a sixth. In 1827 the Prussian army consisted of 122,000 as the peace establishment; but, including the landwehr, amounted to 350,000: of these 6045 were officers on full pay, 3724 officers of the landwehr serving without pay in time of peace: thus the proportion of officers to the line is one in twenty, including the landwehr one in thirty-four. The present constitution of the Prussian army, therefore, is, next to that of the Czar, the most economical in Europe: for to the latter, in an effective footing of 747,000 men, there are only 14,244 officers, or one for fifty-two men. Until 1806 the career of arms, as officers, was closed to all but the nobility; the rest of the nation had access only to one regiment of infantry, to the hussars, and in their particular corps. At that period there were not more than 411 plebeian officers in the whole army: of this small number 250 were in the artillery, 27 in the engineers. Thus it seems that the Prussian nobility have ever been little ambitious of the glory arising from deep studies. But since the law of 1808 opened the army to all ranks, the plebeians have flocked to it, and nearly five-twelfths, or 2407 commissions in the standing army, are occupied by men of that class: in the landwehr they are three-fourths, for in 3366 commissions they fill 2569. The infantry and cavalry of the guard have ever been more sought after by the nobility; in the latter, the plebeian class have scarcely one-twentieth; and in the former a little more than one-tenth, of the commissions. In the engineers they have nearly three-fourths—156 to 55: in the artillery they are not more than one-fourth. The lowest ranks are the reward of merit, proved on examination. From the rank of sub-lieutenant to that of general, the advancement of the officers is regulated

by seniority, and it requires more than ordinary desert to form an exception.—*Bull. Univ.*

§ 12. GEOGRAPHY, STATISTICS, AND PUBLIC ECONOMY.

Armenia—Erzeroum.—Bordered on the north, west, and south, by groups of precipitous mountains, and only open towards the east, where it descends by a succession of terraces to the plains of Aserbeidsham, the whole of Armenia is an immense massive mountain chain, at an elevation of 7000 feet above the level of the sea, and from its elevation, and no less from its climate, is a truly Alpine country. The heights which immediately belong to the province, although merely second rate hills, are, during the greater part of the year, some of them all the year round, covered with snow: even in the plain the snow remains on the ground from October until March; nevertheless, all travellers agree in representing Armenia as in an excellent state of cultivation and well peopled. Erzeroum, the capital of the Pashalik of that name, which comprises the greater part of ancient Armenia, is situated in a plain twenty miles in circumference, containing not less than sixty villages. On the north the city is commanded by a lofty mountain covered with perpetual snow. It is surrounded by a double wall of stone and deep fosses, and defended, moreover, on the south by a kind of citadel, furnished, according to Kinneir, with twenty pieces of ordnance. The chief strength of the town, however, consists in its abundant population, which, Morier—not without exaggeration—estimates at between 4 and 5000 Armenians, 100 Greek, and 50,000 Turkish families, or about 250,000 Turkish inhabitants. Gamba reckons the population all together at 100,000, of whom 2500 Schismatics, 1600 Catholic Armenians, and 400 Greeks. The habitations are most of them constructed of stone; the roofs flat and covered with soil, so that it is no unfrequent sight to see sheep and calves feeding on them. Even of the bazars, which are filled with all kinds of Eastern wares, a part only have arched rooms; they are for the most part arranged in terraces to which the ascent is by stone steps. Bridges are thrown over the streets which run between the terraces. The city is paved; it possesses sixteen public baths, and above one hundred mosques, which with their leaden domes, countless minarets, and gilded crescents, present in the distance a magnificent spectacle.

Erzeroum is one of the most considerable cities of the Turkish empire, and the emporium of its commerce with Persia and India. The Pashalik is one of the largest, and probably one of the most lucrative, in Turkey. The Pasha, who bears the title of Begler-Bey, levies on all merchandise in its passage through the province 9 per cent. of which a third part goes to his private coffers. Tournefort estimates the revenue levied by the Porte from this province, including the karatsch or poll-tax, which constitutes about half the entire amount, at 600 purses or 300,000 French dollars. The number of Janissaries who were under an especial Janissary Aga, amounted, in the city alone, to 12,000; in the whole pashalik they were more than 50,000. In the last war with Russia a single miserable village of fifty huts furnished, according to Morier, forty armed soldiers.—*Das Ausland.*

Kars.—Kars, six days journey distant from Erzeroum, and three from Erivan, is situated on a stream tributary to the Arpatschai, which forms the boundary between Persian (now Russian), and Turkish, Armenia. The city contains 30,000 inhabitants, Turks, Armenians, Kurds, and Georgians. Surrounded with a quadrilateral wall of the time of Murad III. (1581), and defended by a lofty rocky fort on the bank of the river, it intercepts the road which leads up from Georgia, the valley of the Kur, to the table-land of Armenia.—*Das Ausland.*

State of Crime in France.—The prosecutions in France for all kinds of offences amounted in 1827 altogether to 320,208, as follows:—

1. Before the police—Acquitted	17,689	
Cases in which the tribunal declared itself incompetent	1,783	
Sentenced to pay fine	97,844	
Sentenced to imprisonment	5,699	
	<hr/>	123,015
2. Cases of dismissal of accusation by the Chambres du Conseil—Persons already in arrest	7,540	
Not in arrest	9,348	
	<hr/>	16,888
3. Tried by the Police Correctionnelle—Acquitted	25,980	
Sentenced to fine simply	117,999	
to less than a year's imprisonment	20,976	
to a year and upwards	6,180	
Commanders of prohibited vessels	11	
	<hr/>	171,146
Of this number 16,021 were apprehended before judgment passed, and 394 had obtained their liberty provisionally.		
4. Accusations dismissed by the Chambres d'Accusation—		
Apprehended	903	
Not apprehended	482	
	<hr/>	1,385
5. Tried by the Court of Assizes		7,774
		<hr/>
		320,208

Nature of the Offences tried by the Courts of Assize in France in 1827.

	Tried.	Acquitted.	Sentenced.
Offences against the person	2,124	973	1,151
against property	5,650	1,741	3,909
Totals	7,774	2,714	5,060

French Council of State.—The French council of state, which has lately been put upon a new footing, is an institution to which in England there is nothing quite corresponding. The French system of administration, professing to adopt two wise principles—unity in execution—deliberation and number in forming a judgment or decision,—provides for the mayor municipal councillors, for the prefect a council-general, and for the ministry a council of state. The appeal from all administrative decisions is made to the king, who decides, having first heard the council of state. The council likewise concurs in the drawing up of laws and ordinances. From it are selected the commissioners who are sent into the chambers to defend the propositions of the crown. There are cases in which the council of state interpose as judges between the government and the subject.

The new Council has been composed as follows:—

Councillors of state in ordinary service	34
Councillors of state in extraordinary service	100
Councillors of state simply honorary	20
Masters of requests in ordinary service	29
Masters of requests in extraordinary service	66
Honorary master of requests	29
	<hr/>
Total	278

Times, Paris Letter.

Recent Origin of the Practice of Smuggling in Scotland.—Previous to the year 1793, smuggling, except by a few individuals, was not practised by the people. So rare and little practised was distillation of any kind, either legal or illegal, till towards the end of the last century, that a man on the estate of Garth got the appellation of “Donald Whisky,” because he was a distiller, dealer, and sometimes a smuggler, of that spirit. Had every distiller, dealer, and smuggler, within the last twenty years, been designated by his traffic, no clan could have mustered one-fourth of their number which would not have borne the same designation. The small quantity of grain produced at that period was quite insufficient for the consumption of the country, especially as the glens were more populous than now, and rum, brandy, Hollands, ale, and small beer, were in more general use than whisky, which was considered a vulgar drink. It is a curious fact, that until the legal distillation of whisky was prohibited in the Highlands, it was never drunk at gentlemen’s tables. “Mountain dew,” and such poetic names are of modern invention, since this liquor became fashionable; and when the gentry preferred the native spirit, others followed the example.—*Quar. Jour. of Agri.*

State of Van Diemen’s Land.—The communications from Van Diemen’s Land notice the great increase of crime there, and many remedies for this evil are suggested; but those we have seen are so crude at present, that an opinion of their efficacy cannot safely be ventured.—In every other respect, this dependency is in a favourable condition, and the advantages that nature has afforded to the inhabitants appear to be judiciously employed. The latest advices allude to their agricultural pursuits being carried on with great activity and judgment, and commercial transactions are now conducted with much more regularity than they were even two or three years since.—It is of great advantage to this colony, in its trading system, to be connected with houses of the first respectability in London.—It has been particularly fortunate in this respect, and is now feeling the benefit of it.

Sandwich Islands.—The intercourse between China and the Sandwich Islands appears to be daily increasing. By the latest advices, 3000 peculs of Sandal wood have just been brought into the Canton market by the Prussian ship Princess Louisa, and further supplies were expected.—The intercourse with this quarter is, at present, particularly valued, as the tumults, in the northern provinces of the Chinese empire, have produced commercial stagnation.—The scarcity of money was very great at the departure of the last advices, which was just before the period for the payment of the government duties; consequently it was severely felt, and it was thought it would produce serious results.

Indigo Crop.—The advices from the indigo districts to the end of July, a period when a fair estimate of the crop may be made, state that it will not exceed 80,000 maunds.—This is certainly a small crop, and it was apprehended that it would be a late one; which is an unfavourable circumstance, inasmuch as the weather becomes bad before the produce is gathered.

Iron Mines in Spain.—The working of the iron mines in Spain has been lately pushed with great activity. The working of the four great mines of Coih, Maribella, Ronda, and Jucar, in the mountains of the coast of Andalusia, has been resumed. The ore found, even on the surface of the soil, yields 82 per cent., and the quality of the iron is represented as equal to that of Sweden.—*Hertha.*

Consumption of Beef in France.—The consumption of beef in France, relatively to the population, is only one-sixth of what it is in England, notwithstanding that, during the year 1826, no fewer than thirty-six thousand five hundred oxen and cows were imported from foreign countries. The

number of horses and colts imported the same year was about 14,000, and that of sheep and lambs upwards 200,000.—*Bull. Univ.*

Commerce of Egypt.—The caravan commerce of Egypt has been greatly diminished by the impulse of late given to traffic by sea. The products of Egypt, exported in 1813, amounted to 6,976,400 piastres. Syria sends every year to Egypt, between 30 and 40 cargoes of tobacco of Latakia, oil, soap, and silk, taking in exchange, rice and coffee; and again bartering these articles in Upper Syria, for cotton and oil. The coasts of Caramania and Anatolia send a great quantity of timber and fuel. The islands of the Archipelago find a market at Alexandria for many thousand quintals of raisins, of which excellent brandy is made; packs in thousands of dry fruit, common Turkey tobacco, copper (a small quantity), nuts of several sorts, opium, mastic, corn, madder, oil, soap, tar, pitch, carpets, oriental stuffs, and other articles of luxury; and among others, gold, silver, and furs, from Odessa, Moscow, Toulou, &c. There are laden in Egypt for the Ottoman provinces, about one million pounds of Moka coffee, three million pounds of rice, numbers of slaves of both sexes; and for Constantinople and the isles of the Archipelago, a great quantity of corn and chicci (a kind of pulse). In 1823, more than 140 vessels laden with grain, were dispatched from the port of Alexandria for the imperial capital and the isles of the Archipelago. The commerce with Europe is the most important of all; and out of 819 merchant vessels, which sailed from Alexandria in 1823, 444 were destined for European ports.—*Bull. Univ.*

Commerce between Egypt and Timbuctoo.—As Mecca may be considered the central point as regards the commerce between India and Egypt, so is Darfour as between Egypt and Timbuctoo. The caravans of the last mentioned place and of the interior of Africa frequent the bazars of Darfour and those of Sennaar: and through the traffic carried on with these places, a number of articles of commerce of Timbuctoo were familiar at Cairo, even before the former of these two places was known to be the capital of an independent empire.—*Bull. Univ.*

Chinese Prejudices.—It should seem that the aristocracy of China are as inveterate against good roads, as some of their European compeers are against good laws.—The strangers residing at the Portuguese settlement of Macao, have been exerting themselves to improve the roads of that district; which measure, the upper class of natives, with true honest zeal for the protection of abuses and the destruction of innovation, have set their faces against.—They tell the parties seeking for the improvement, that they are not aware of any reason for this change. Bad roads have always served them and their fathers; and they conclude the document in which they support bad roads *v.* good ones, with the following piece of aristocratic eloquence—We will resist the attempt, villainous, crafty, cruel, wolfish barbarians from Christendom!

Profits of Smuggling.—The increase in the number of excise officers, and in the heaviness and frequency of the fines against smugglers in Scotland, only served to make the traffic flourish. One James Macniel was summoned to appear before the Excise Court at Weem thirty-two different times, for illegal distillation. He paid twenty-nine fines, in several instances to a high, and apparently to a ruinous amount, considering his means of paying them; and yet he has realised a little fortune, greatly improved his farm, and, with commendable industry, brought barren heaths into cultivation, and conducted the usual rotation of green crops and liming with as much regularity and system as in Mid-Lothian—so profitable was smuggling, when carried on by a man who understood his business, in what the smugglers call the “golden days,” when legal distillation was prohibited, and

when Excise Courts were so frequent and fines so severe that three thousand pounds have been assessed in the court-room at Weem in one day. And what may appear more remarkable, every shilling was paid without difficulty from the profits of the traffic which, after a seizure, was resumed with renewed vigour and activity.—*Quar. Jour. of Agri.*

Agricultural Produce of France.—From the inquiries of M. de Chateaufort into the harvests of France, it appears that the produce of grain throughout France, forty years ago, amounted, on an average, to 14,000,000,000 lbs. which gave to each inhabitant, estimating the population of that time at twenty-five millions, deducting five millions for children under ten years, 583 lbs. of corn a-year, or 1 lb. 9 oz. of bread a day, putting aside 2,333,000 lbs. for seed. That at present, notwithstanding the increase in population by some millions, the produce in grain is only nearly the same as formerly: the official returns stating it at 14,532,000,000 lbs., from which it may be inferred that the lands brought into cultivation since the revolution must have been planted with vines, or laid down as meadows, or tilled for pulse, and even more still for potatoes.—*Le Globe—Mémoire read to the Académie des Sciences.*

French Electors.—In thirty-two millions of inhabitants in France the number of those who have a voice in the election of the members of the Chamber of Deputies, is only 73,000. According to the calculations of M. Charles Dupin, the new generation (those born since the revolution?) reckons 625 electors in a thousand; the old generation only 375, giving 48,116 electors of the first, and 28,869 of the second class. Of the general population the new generation amounts to 28,700,000: the old to only 3,100,000.—*Bull. Univ.*

French Prisons.—The French have their John Howard in the person of a M. Appert, a philanthropist, who has devoted himself to the improvement of the prisons, schools, and charities of his native country, by investigating their management, pointing out their deficiencies, and denouncing the abuses practised in them. For the better fulfilment of his object, he has established a periodical work, now of three years standing, in which he details his proceedings and observations. Some of the numbers, such especially as that which contains the accounts of his visit to Toulon, the second depot of galley slaves in France, is represented as highly interesting. The efforts of M. Appert have not been wholly void of success: his exposures have obtained the attention of the government, and, in some cases, led to the reformation of the system and the correction of the evils complained of.—*Bull. Univ.*

Population of Prague.—In the year 1794 Prague contained 73,780 inhabitants: in the twenty years after that period, during which no account of the population was taken, it increased to 105,915, including 13,691 for Wyssehrad and the garrison. This increase is ascribed to the perfection at which the Austrian institutions have arrived (!), to vaccination, and the number of strangers who flock to Prague. Of the strangers, of the female sex, two thirds are stated to be servants. On a comparison of the composition of the population of Prague with that of Vienna, which amounted to 281,762 in 1825, it is shown that Prague has in proportion nearly double the number of ecclesiastics, half that of nobles, two-fifths more officers of the government, three-fifths more artisans, double the number of foreigners, and a third less married people. The marriages at Prague are the more fertile, giving four births to a marriage: while at Vienna the allowance is three. Separating the Jews from the Christians, it appears, that among the former the increase is 4½ births to a marriage: among the latter 3½. The births at Prague are 21 males to 20 females; but they are reduced to equa-

lity by mortality. The deaths are, in proportion to the population, 1 in 24½ a year: at Vienna they are 1 in 22½; at Prague the deaths among the Jews are 1 in 26: among the Christians 1 in 22½. In 4100 deaths there are at least fifty of the age of 90, fourteen of 95, nine of 100, and nearly five from 105 to 115. In point of longevity the women have the advantage of two-thirds over the men. It is remarked, that no noble, no rich man, no bachelor, no old maid, had passed the age of 95.—*Bull. Univ.*

Badjazid.—The most recent exploit of the Russian army in Asia, and one of the most important since the breaking out of the war, is the taking of Badjazid, the capital of the Pashalik of the same name. A city of 30,000 inhabitants,—the greater part Turks, esteemed the bravest in Armenia; the rest Armenians, who speak the Turnish language, and who enjoy an equality of laws with the Turks,—lying on the side of a mountain, the summit of which is strongly fortified, itself surrounded with walls and ramparts, Badjazid is, like Kars, one of the most considerable bulwarks of the frontiers of Armenia. South of Kars, which intercepts the road from Tefflis to Erzeroum, and protects the north-eastern side of the plateau of Armenia towards the valley of Kur in Georgia, Badjazid commands the road from Tauris to Erzeroum, and defends Armenia on the side of the valley of the Arras, and the borders of Aserbeidshan. In the northern part of the plain in which Badjazid lies, is to be seen the summit of Ararat, at the foot of which runs the difficult pass through which the Russian troops arrived from Erivan. Here is the district of land which divides the neighbouring stream of Arras and the eastern branch of the Euphrates, which has its source an hour's journey from Badjazid; but which at Diadin, a small walled town, with a fort six hours from Badjazid, is twenty paces wide.—*Das Ausland.*

• *Liberated Galley-slaves.*—The number of persons existing in France who had been liberated from sentences to the galleys, after having undergone their punishment, is estimated at 11,464.—*Bull. Univ.*

Population of Switzerland.—The population of Switzerland amounted in 1827 to 1,978,000 souls, distributed in the several cantons as follows:—Zurich, 218,000; Uri, 13,000; Glaris, 28,000; Soleure, 53,000; Appenzel, 52,500; Argau, 150,000; Vaud, 170,000; Geneva, 52,500; Berne, 350,000; Schwyz, 32,000; Zug, 14,500; Basle, 54,000; S. Gallen, 111,000; Thorgau 81,000; Valais, 70,000; Lucerne, 126,000; Unterwalde, 24,000; Freiburg 84,000; Schaffhausen, 30,000; Grisons, 88,000; Ticino, 102,000; Neuchâtel, 51,000.—*Schweizerisches Archiv.*

Spanish Revenue.—"Spend half-a-crown out of sixpence a day."—*Old Ballad.*—The following statement of the revenue and expenditure of Spain is the best answer that can be made against the annual attempt of raising the ways and means for that bankrupt state, in the respective money markets of Europe:

	<i>Reals.</i>		<i>Reals.</i>
Customs - - -	90,161,526	Diligence of Seville -	40,000
Tobacco - - -	60,193,346	Military substitutes -	1,849,309
Salt Works - - -	39,469,787	Medias Anas -	882,543
Stamps - - -	3,257,312	Public-houses -	700,284
Crusada - - -	18,928,438	Cotterips - - -	8,628,799
Escurado - - -	20,612,151	Fines - - -	1,333,929
Noveno - - -	23,330,192	Ecclesiastical Dues -	1,500,000
Terclas - - -	12,000,000		
Grenada - - -	870,000	Total - - -	293,767,316

The real is equal to five sous French, and consequently the Spanish revenue is 13,444,829 francs. Out of this sum there is an army of upwards

of 60,000 men to be maintained, the navy, diplomatists and civil public servants of all descriptions, and the royal family, whose expenses, public and private, are enormous, when compared with the national revenue. The private charities of Ferdinand are said to amount to 12,000,000 of francs. The expenditure of the Spanish monarchy upon the most moderate computation, amounts annually to 150 millions. Its revenue is 73 millions!

Russian Commerce.—In the year 1825, the exports of Russia in merchandise and silver, amounted in value to 236,351,242 roubles (paper). The importations of the same year were about 195,095,250, paper roubles, leaving a balance in favour of Russia of 41,255,992 paper roubles. In the year 1826, the value of goods exported was not more than about 181,782,254 paper roubles, while the imports amounted to 186,807,152 paper roubles, leaving a balance against Russia of 5,024,893. This great difference between the two years 1825 and 1826, is to be referred to several very natural causes. In the former of the two years, the exchange was so favourable for Russia, that more than eleven and a half millions of specie was imported, a circumstance to which no similar instance has occurred since 1822. The year 1826 was disastrous to Russia, as to every other European state, although, perhaps in a somewhat less degree, on account of the great shock which commerce then sustained.—*Blätter für Lit. Unter.*

Export Trade of Russia.—According to a work recently published in Russia, on the commerce of that country in the year 1826, the Chinese now prefer the cloths of the manufacture of Moscow to those of all other countries. The export of wax and linen cloth to Mexico is constantly on the increase.—A single commercial house at Archangel had eleven vessels at sea.—*Blätter für Lit. Unter.*

M. Balbi's Statistics.—As we noticed in our last number, when treating upon M. Dupin's work of comparative statistics of France and Great Britain, the French greatly surpass us in accuracy of detail in all inquiries of a statistical character, and the press of France is much more prolific in these publications than our own.—M. Balbi, emulating M. Dupin, Cæsar Moreau, and others of his indefatigable countrymen, is about to publish a tabular comparison of the French monarchy with other states. We have seen some extracts from this work, and shall avail ourselves of the first opportunity of noticing it fully, when it is completed. The parts we have seen relate to shipping and tonnage, education, and representation. M. Balbi puts the French shipping at 14,530, and the tonnage at 700,000: the English at 18,631, and the tonnage at 2,141,279.

In speaking of education, M. Balbi says, that, in 1805, there was in Prussia one scholar to seven inhabitants. In the Netherlands, one to nine in 1826. In the United States (at New York), one to eleven. In Austria, one to three. In Scotland, in 1821, one to fifteen. In England, one to eleven. In Ireland, one to thirteen. In France, one to seventeen.

The following are the details relative to the representative system in the different states enjoying that form of government. In the representation of France, 74,418 inhabitants elect a Deputy. In the United States (omitting paupers, and territories not incorporated with the Union) 60,129, (slaves are included). In the Netherlands, 55,845. In England, 55,455. In Norway 14,000. By this statement it appears, that in France the number of Deputies is the least, according to the population, and in Norway the largest.

In works of this kind, authors and critics ought to make common cause in furtherance of the essential object, accuracy; and the exertions of the one in compiling should in no degree diminish the vigilance of the other in perusing and remarking upon the details. If elaborate efforts were a passport, we understand that no book might go through the world more free from doubts

than the one in question ; but we must still urge M. Balbi to look with caution at his details, and not be satisfied with any other than the strongest evidence of facts. We have not all the documents immediately at hand that would enable us to speak decisively relative to British shipping ; but we can assure M. Balbi that, although our data are not sufficiently complete to trace out the error (if there be one), still we are not speaking without due caution, when we hint to him that we think he has under-rated the amount of British shipping and tonnage.—Again, in his notice upon education, we find that he gives to Austria one scholar to three inhabitants ; and in Scotland, where education has made most rapid strides, he gives only one scholar to fifteen inhabitants ! This requires examination.

Public Credit.—We have two reasons for noticing the conduct of the Bank Directors, upon the failure of Fry and Chapman's ; first, because we have recently felt it our duty to remark strongly upon their conduct ; and, secondly, because we think that the course pursued by that body on the occasion we have noticed, ought to be recorded as an example to be followed in similar instances. With a promptitude that does them infinite credit, and which is duly appreciated, on the announcement of the failure of Fry's House, the Directors received every bill that was brought to them to be discounted, that with the least attention to their own interest, they could possibly take. This policy restored confidence in a few days.

The Americans and the East India Company.—We are always glad when any event occurs to expose monopoly ; although the people of England are tolerably well alive to it now ; particularly that exercised over them by the East India Company ; which, amongst other acts of " exclusive dealing," compels us to pay an extra million per annum for our tea. Some facts lately known, put this monopoly in its true light. The company carries on its trade through the medium of an association at Canton, called the Hong, and from them the agents of the company make all their purchases and sales.—The Americans, buying through private brokers, were enabled to do their business upon better terms, which was also facilitated by their taking British manufactured goods direct from this country to Canton. The East India Company, perceiving that this system would expose the evil of the monopoly at home, took the alarm, and obtained an order from the Chinese Government forbidding the Americans from carrying on trade at Canton, excepting through the Hong, against which the Americans have bitterly complained.—The East India Company has, however, by reason of its influence with the Chinese Government, succeeded in checking the operations of the Americans, and thereby impeding the sale of the produce of British industry, by preventing the exportation of manufactured goods to China, excepting in conformity with the regulations of its monopoly. We have reason to believe that this exposure has caused great consternation in Leadenhall-street.

Voyage through the Interior of Africa.—At a General Meeting of the Geographical Society of Paris, held on the 5th of December, M. Caillié, the African traveller, after a Report made by a Committee appointed to take his Journal into consideration, received from the President the reward offered by the Society for the person who, by the way of Senegambia, should reach Timbuctoo, and give a description of that place. According to the Report of the Committee, the Journal of M. Caillié contains an uninterrupted itinerary from the Rio Nunez to Tangiers. The traveller had embarked at Jenné, on the Dhioliba, or Niger : he had gone thence by water in one month, in the dry season, when the waters were low. After an abode of some time in that place, and two months and a half spent in crossing the Desert, he arrived in the empire of Marocco, and lastly at Tangiers.

THE JOURNAL OF FACTS.

FEBRUARY, 1829.

§ 1. NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

Fellows of the Royal Society deceased in 1828.—The Fellows of the Royal Society deceased, in the course of the year, as commemorated by the President at the anniversary meeting, on the 1st of December, were Mr. Archdeacon Cox, biographer; Major Denham, explorer of Africa; the Rev. Alexander Nicoll, regius professor of Hebrew in the University of Oxford; Mr. Wm. Phillips, geologist and mineralogist; Mr. Mills, who had communicated on the *wyn dykes*, in 1790, and on the basalts of Scotland and Ireland; Dr. John Mervin Nooth, observer of electrical phenomena and chemist; Mr. Plauta, antiquarian philologist, secretary to the society from 1776 to 1804; Dr. Sir James Edward Smith, botanist, president of the Linnean society, and purchaser of the Herbarium of Linnæus; Dr. George Pearson, physician and chemist, analyzer of Dr. James's Powders; Professor Woodhouse, mathematician; M. Thunberg of Upsal, botanist (foreign). To these is to be added, Dr. Wollaston, who died subsequently to the anniversary meeting, at which a royal medal was awarded to him for a paper descriptive of the processes and manipulations by which platinum might be rendered available for purposes of practical chemistry.

Fusion of Platinum.—The process pointed out by Dr. Wollaston, for the fusion of platinum, is, instead of alloying, to purify the platinum from every admixture by solution, consolidating its precipitate by pressure, by heating, and by percussion, so as to effect a complete welding of the mass, thus made capable of being rolled into leaf, or drawn into wire of a tenacity intermediate between those of iron and gold. Before the discovery of Dr. Wollaston, the qualities of platinum were withheld from chemists, by its resisting fusion in the most intense heat of our wind furnaces. Alloyed, indeed, with arsenic, it becomes susceptible of receiving ornamental forms; but a continued heat expels the volatile metal, and leaves the other in a state wholly unfit for use. The material has now become not only of high importance to refined chemistry, but is actually employed in the largest manufactories for distilling an article of commerce so abundant and so cheap as sulphuric acid; and has mainly contributed to the producing a new species of glass, which promises to form an epoch in the history of optics.—*Philosophical Magazine.*

Thermometrical Observations.—The subjoined is a table of the variations of the thermometer at different stations in Great Britain, at the period of the sudden transition of temperature in the beginning of November. No. 1. Chiswick:—Horticultural Society's Gardens. No. 2. Earl Spencer's Seat, Althorp, Northamptonshire. 3. Gosport. 4. Penzance. 5. Canaan Cottage, Edinburgh.

	No. 1.		No. 2.		No. 3.		No. 4.		No. 5.	
	min.	max.	min.	max.	min.	max.	min.	max.	min.	max.
Nov. 10	26	40	25	41	32	45	40	45	35	44
11	21	36	21	37	29	42	44	50	26	38
12	29	37	17	41	40	47	44	53	30	43
13	38	56	30	50	49	56	47	55	36	50

New determinations of Longitude.—MM. Arago and de Rossel, in making their report to the French Academy, on the memoir of M. Daussy, JOURNAL OF FACTS. E

relative to the determination of the longitude of Malta, Milo, and Corfu, highly commend the minute attention with which the calculations had been made, and urge the necessity of a review and a reform in the table of longitudes. The longitudes of the three islands, as given by M. Daussey, in hours, minutes, and seconds, from the meridian of Paris, are as follows:—

Malta,	0h. 48' 42"
Milo,	1h. 28' 27"
Corfu,	1h. 10' 22"

—*Revue Encyclopédique.*

Great Solar Eclipse of 1833.—The solar eclipse which will take place on the 17th July, 1833, according to the calculations of Mr. Innes, made for the Edinburgh Observatory, and communicated to the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, will be a great eclipse to all parts of Great Britain, and nearly total on the north-west coast of Scotland. The central path of the penumbra will pass near to the south-east coast of Iceland; and the greater part of that island, although the sun is for some weeks above its horizon at that season, will be involved in total darkness. The central path will pass nearer to the equator at other places, according as they are situated farther to the westward.

Formation of the Himalaya Mountains.—The stupendous chain of the Himalaya mountains, “an accumulation of sublime peaks, the pinnacles of our globe,” says Mr. Calder, is so extensive, that a plane, resting on elevations 21,000 feet, may be stretched in one direction as far as the Hindoo Cosh, for upwards of 1000 miles, above which rise loftier summits, increasing in height to nearly 6600 feet more. Primitive rocks alone have been found to compose all that has yet been explored of the elevated portion of that chain; gneiss being, according to Captain Herbert, the predominating rock, along with granite, mica-schist, hornblende, chlorite-schist, and crystalline limestone. On these repose clay-slate and flinty-slate; and, towards the base, we find sandstone composing the southern steps of the chain, and forming the north-east barrier of the valley of the Jumna and Ganges, by which, and the diluvial plains of Upper Hindoostan, this great zone is separated from the mountain ranges of the peninsula.—*Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.*

Fossil Turtle.—Another of those interesting productions of nature, the fossil organic remains of a sea turtle, has been discovered, and is now in possession of Mr. Deck of Cambridge. It is imbedded in a mass of septaria, weighing upwards of 150 pounds, with two fine specimens of fossil wood, and exhibits, in a most perfect state, this singular animal of a former world, once undoubtedly an inhabitant of our shores. It was obtained in dredging for cement-stone, about five miles from Harwich, in three fathoms water, and, as a mass of stone, had been used for some time as a stepping-block, from which humble station it was accidentally rescued by its possessor for the admiration of the virtuoso.—*Edinburgh Journal of Science.*

Formation of Amber.—M. Berzelius, the Swedish naturalist, adopts the opinion that amber is of vegetable origin; that, like ordinary resins, it has flowed from vegetables in the state of a balm, and has afterwards acquired hardness gradually. “Amber,” he says, “contains five substances: i. An odoriferous oil, in small quantity; ii. A yellow resin intimately combined with this oil, dissolving freely in alcohol, ether, and alkalies; very fusible; and resembling ordinary vegetable resins; iii. A resin soluble with difficulty in cold alcohol, more freely in hot alcohol, from which it separates on cooling as a white powder soluble in ether and alkalies. These two resins and the volatile oil, if removed from amber by ether, and then obtained by evaporation of the latter on water, form a natural viscid balm, very odorous, of a clear yellow colour, and which gradually becomes hard, but retaining some odour. There is every reason for supposing this to be precisely the sub-

stance from which amber originates; but at the same time rather poorer in essential oil than at first, and that the insoluble substances in amber have been gradually formed by a spontaneous alteration of this balm, but at the same time have enveloped one part of it, and so preserved it from entire decomposition or change; iv. Succinic acid dissolved with the preceding bodies by ether, alcohol, and alkalies; v. A body insoluble in alcohol, ether, and alkalies, and analogous in some points to the substance found by M. John in gum-lac, and called by him the principle of lac. This is formed in large quantity when a solution of gum-lac in alkali is precipitated by chlorine.—*Annalen der Physik.*

Composition of the Mud of the Nile.—The composition of the deposit from the Nile waters, according to the analysis of M. John, is sand, water, and clay coloured with a little oxide of iron, with a few grains of quartz, and mica, 76 parts; carbonate of lime, 10 parts; carbonate of magnesia, 1 part; oxide of iron, 3 parts; sulphate of lime, 3 parts; extractive soluble in carbonate of potash, 5 parts, with a little extractive soluble in water. The latter substances explain the fertilizing property of this deposit. The specimen analysed was taken from off a wall disinterred at Thebes.

According to M. Regnault, a portion of a deposit from Nile water, taken out of a canal, five hundred toises from the river, and dried in the air, contained 11 parts of water, 6 of carbon, 4 of silica, 4 of carbonate of magnesia, 18 of carbonate of lime, 48 of alumina.—*Journal du Bas Rhin.*

Spontaneous Fire.—The inhabitants of Vieda, a village distant about ten leagues north-east of Madrid, were repeatedly thrown into consternation in the course of the last summer and autumn, by the eruption of spontaneous fires, which broke out from the earth, rising in flames five or six feet in height, and setting fire to whatever briars, stubble, and dry grass it found in its way. The inhabitants, alarmed, had several times extinguished the fire, and thought themselves happy that the phenomenon had not occurred while the harvest was standing. Between the middle of summer and the end of September, these fires had broken out at least thirty times. The cause of this phenomenon has not yet been ascertained; whether the fires are subterraneous or meteoric, is still matter of doubt. The nature of the soil, however, which is burnt and hollow, and the existence of cavernous mountains in the neighbourhood, countenance the former idea.—*Gazeta de Bayona.*

Subterraneous Temperature.—The results of experiments made at the Observatory of Paris, for ascertaining the increase of temperature on proceeding from the surface of the earth towards the interior, and which are the only ones from which a numerical expression of the law which this increase follows, may be deduced with certainty, carry to 51 feet, the depth which corresponds to the increase of 1° Fahr. of subterranean heat. Hence it follows, that the temperature of boiling water would only be 8212 feet, or about one-and-a half miles English, under Paris.—*Edinb. New Phil. Jour.*

Red Snow and Ice.—The Rev. W. Scoresby, F. R. S. L. & E., &c., in an article in the last number of the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, ascribes the rose-coloured, salmon-coloured, and red snow observed by Captain Parry, in his northern expeditions, to a species of marine animalcules. The reverend gentleman himself had had opportunities of observing in the northern seas similar effects, although varying a little in tint (those observed by him being orange and salmon-coloured,) which he had ascertained to proceed from an animalcule belonging to the class *Radiatares*, and nearly allied to the *Berie globuleux* of Lamarek. It is about the size of a pin's head, transparent, marked with twelve distinct patches or nebulae of dots, of a brownish colour. These dots, which appear to give the peculiar

colour to the sea, are disposed in pairs, four pairs, or sixteen pairs alternately, composing one of the nebula. According to Mr. Scoresby the same cause produces the effect of the olive-green sea, common on the coasts of Spitzbergen and Greenland, and which tinges the edges of the masses of ice and snow, against which it washes with an orange-yellow stain. The number of these animals in such olive-coloured sea is immense: a cubic foot is calculated to contain 110,582.

Luminous Sea-weed.—Captain Home, R. N., in a short paper addressed to the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, communicates the discovery that the cause of the brilliant light observed in the sea-weed thrown on the beach at Lancing, on the coast of Sussex, is the animalcule *Sertularia volubilis* of Ellis, described by him in his *Corallines and Zoophytes* (the *Clytia volubilis* of Lamouroux,) but not mentioned to be luminous. On the 8th of December, and three following days, a great quantity of weed had been thrown up by a hard-blowing south-west wind, so that the beach was covered with it to more than two feet deep in many places. After dark a small quantity was collected of the most brilliant, and this was always found to be that which had been left at the first of the ebb, and was only moist, rather than what had been just washed up. Picking out a single spark, and removing from it every extraneous matter, Captain Home ascertained, by the aid of a microscope, that the light was caused by the insects adhering to the sea-weed. The light would remain sometimes steady for about five seconds, often less, and when it ceased, was renewed by touching it with the finger. In a darkened room, by day, no light whatever was emitted; yet the same weed, kept till the evening, was as brilliant as any that had been found.

Height of Ben Lomond.—Recent barometrical observations, detailed in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, gave the height of Ben Lomond above the level of the sea, at 3175 feet. This is the mean of two results; one obtained from observations at the top and bottom of Ben Lomond, and which gave the height of the mountain above the mean rise of half tide at Dumbarton at 3174.2 ft.: the other from a comparison of observations made at the Calton Hill, with those on the top of Ben Lomond, which gave 3176 feet above the level of the sea at Leith. These results, it is remarked, although proceeding from observations made at the distance of 60 miles, differ only two feet from each other, and show the confidence that may be placed in barometrical admeasurements.

Discharge of Water from Loch Lomond.—Mr. Galbraith, in the article above referred to, gives the following results of his experiments to determine the quantity of water annually discharged by the River Leven from the basin of Loch Lomond. From certain admeasurements made by him, Mr. Galbraith found the discharge to be about 59,939 cubic feet per minute. And as 36 cubic feet of fresh water is, very nearly equal to a ton, this gives 1665 tons per minute; and, supposing the year to consist of 365 days, 5 hours, 49 minutes, the annual discharge, at that rate, will be 877,925,085 tons. But as the river was rather below its average height, one third may be added to this result; and we have about 1,200,000,000 or twelve hundred millions of tons per annum. As extreme accuracy in such computations, unless made daily throughout the year, is not to be expected, the conclusion can only be looked upon as a tolerably close approximation to the truth.

Sponge Fishery.—In the bottom of the sea which washes the shores of the Cyclades, the common sponge is found in abundance, and forms the principal source whence the inhabitants derive their maintenance, trafficking it with the Turks, among whom it is in great request for cleansing their baths. Sponge-diving is consequently the principal employment of the

population of the *Cyclades*, and it is said that no young man of the island is permitted to marry, till he can descend with facility to a depth of twenty fathoms. The sea is at all times extremely clear, and the experienced divers are capable of distinguishing from the surface the points to which the animal has attached itself below, when an unpractised eye could but dimly discern the bottom. Each boat is furnished with a large stone attached to a rope, which the diver seizes in his hands on plunging head-foremost from the stern, in order to increase the velocity of his descent through the water, thereby saving an expenditure of breath, as well as to expedite his ascent, being hauled up quickly by his companions when exhausted at the bottom. I have seen but one man who could remain below more than about two minutes, and the process of detaching the sponge was of course very tedious; three, and sometimes four divers descending successively to secure a peculiarly fine specimen.—*Emerson's Letters from the Ægean.*

Velocity of Sound.—The last number of the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal* contains a table of the experiments made by Captain Parry and Lieutenant Foster, during the northern expeditions, to ascertain the velocity of sound. "These experiments were made at Port Bowen, by means of a brass six-pounder, over a range of 12,892.89 ft. The results given, are the mean of four shots in one case, of five in another, and, in the rest of six shots, by each observer. The table gives the points of the wind, its quality, the heights of the barometer and thermometer. For these we refer to the table, contenting ourselves with the mean results, which varied from 12."7617 to 11."7387 and 11."5311 for the time in which the range of 12,892.89 ft. was traversed by the sound. At the period of the experiment which gave the first of these results, there was a calm; during the second the wind was light; during the third a strong wind was blowing. The velocity per second in feet, was, in the first instance, 1010.28; in the second, 1098.32; in the third, 1118.10. Omitting the last of the ten results (the last above given) on account of the strong wind, the mean of the other nine give a velocity of 1035.19 feet at the temperature of 17.72 Fahrenheit. The mean of a table of velocities formed from observations made at Fort Franklin by Lieut. Kendall, who accompanied Capt. Franklin in his second journey to the shores of the Polar Sea, gives a velocity of 1069.28 feet per second at the temperature of 9.14. Fahrenheit.

§ 2. NATURAL HISTORY.

The Crocodile and Trochilus.—The *Bulletin Universel* of 1828, sect. 2, No. 9, notices a memoir communicated to the *Museum d'Histoire Naturelle*, by M. Geoffroy Saint Hilaire, in justification of the well-known account of the crocodile given by Herodotus, who says, that the throat of this animal is ever lined with *Bdella*; that he is avoided by all birds, except the *Trochilus*, which, as often as the crocodile comes on shore, flies towards him, takes up its quarters within his jaws, and relieves him of the *Bdella* that torment him. M. Geoffroy Saint Hilaire confirms the general fact contained in this account, and relates that there is a little bird, the *Charadrius Ægyptus*, described by Hasselquist, who sometimes enters the mouth of the crocodile, attracted thither by insects, which serve for its nouriture. These insects are a sort of gnat, to which Herodotus elsewhere gives the name of *Conops*, and which frequent the banks of the Nile in myriads. When the crocodile comes to land to repose, he is assailed by their swarms, which get into his mouth in such numbers, that his palate, naturally of a bright yellow colour, appears covered with a blackish brown crust. Then it is that the little plover, who lives on these insects, comes to the aid of the crocodile and relieves him of his assailants; and this without running any risk, as the patient before shut-

ting his mouth takes care, by a preparatory movement, to warn the bird to be off.

The *Crocodilus acutus* of Saint Domingo is, like that of the Nile, exposed to the attacks of small insects called *Maringouins*, and the bird which in that case performs the kind office of the plover is the todier (*Todus viridis*, L.)

That Herodotus, says M. Geoffroy Saint Hilaire, erred in treating the insects alluded to as leeches, there is no doubt, since there are no real leeches in the Nile. The father of history had probably related the fact on the authority of the priests of Memphis.

The Mocking-Bird.—Mr. Rennie, in an article on American song-birds in the January number of the *Magazine of Natural History*, has an interesting account of the mocking-bird, which he says seems to be the prince of all song-birds, being altogether unrivalled in the extent and variety of his vocal powers; and, besides the fulness and melody of his original notes, he has the faculty of imitating the notes of all other birds, from the clear mellow tones of the wood-thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accents he faithfully follows his originals, while in force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. His own notes are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at most five or six, syllables, generally expressed with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardour, for half an hour or an hour at a time. While singing he expands his wings and his tail, glistening with white, keeping time to his own music, and the buoyant gaiety of his action is no less fascinating than his song. He often deceives the sportsman, and even birds themselves are sometimes imposed upon by this admirable mimic. In confinement he loses little of the power or energy of his song. He whistles for the dog; Caesar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He cries like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about, with feathers on end, to protect her injured brood. His imitations of the brown thrush are often interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and his exquisite warblings after the blue bird, are mingled with the screaming of swallows, or the cackling of hens. During moonlight, both in the wild and tame state, he sings the whole night long. The hunters, in their night excursions, know that the moon is rising the instant they begin to hear his delightful solo. His natural notes partake of a character similar to those of the brown thrush, but they are more sweet, more expressive, more varied, and uttered with greater rapidity.

Animal Barometer.—At Schwetzingen, in the post-house, says the travelling correspondent of the last-mentioned periodical, we witnessed, for the first time, what we have since seen frequently—an amusing application of zoological knowledge, for the purpose of prognosticating the weather. Two frogs, of the species *Rana arborea*, are kept in a crystal jar, about 18 inches high and 6 inches in diameter, with a depth of three or four inches of water at the bottom, and a small ladder reaching to the top of the jar. On the approach of dry weather, the frogs mount the ladder; but, when moisture is expected, they descend into the water. These animals are of a bright green, and in their wild state here climb the trees in search of insects, and make a peculiar singing noise before rain. In the jar they get no other food than now and then a fly; one of which we were assured, would serve a frog for a week, though it will eat from six to twelve in a day, if it can get them. In catching the flies put alive into the jar the frogs display great adroitness.

Propagation of Fleas—their muscular Strength.—Fleas breed and undergo their metamorphosis in a manner somewhat similar to the silk-worm. A number of eggs being collected from a dog, and put into a pill-box, in a few

days produced hairy caterpillars, which were fed with dead flies, and which the caterpillars ate in a very voracious manner. It was observed, occasionally, that they cast their skins; and in about ten days after their exclusion from the egg, they spun and wove themselves little cases after the manner of silk-worms, in which they remained enclosed in the chrysalis state about nine days, and then came forth perfect fleas, armed with sufficient powers to disturb the rest or even the peace of an Emperor!

The muscular power of the flea is almost beyond belief. Latreille mentions a circumstance of a flea of a moderate size dragging a silver cannon, mounted on wheels, that was twenty-four times its own weight; and which being charged with powder, was fired, without the flea being at all alarmed. Socrates appears to have measured the leap of a flea, and found it extended to two hundred and fifty times its own length; a most astonishing leap! It was as if a man of ordinary stature should be able at once to vault through the air to the distance of a quarter of a mile!—*Technolog. Repository.*

A Spider with ten Eyes.—The last number of the *Repository* just cited, notices as having been seen by the editor, under an opaque microscope, a black spider from Africa, with no less than ten eyes. Of these, four were placed in a square cluster in the front of its head; two on each side of the front, affixed in pairs, on raised appendages; and two large ones were placed behind the head.

The Rhesus Monkey and the Pig-tailed Monkey.—The *Revue Encyclopédique* collects the following notice of these animals from the recently-published *Histoire Naturelle des Mammifères* of M. Geoffroy Saint Hilaire and M. Frederick Cuvier. The Rhesus monkeys are originally from India; it is by them that a great part of the forests of the banks of the Ganges are inhabited. Encouraged by the invincible repugnance of the Indian to kill animals, they advance even into the towns in search of more agreeable food than what they find in the forests. The disposition of these animals is wholly intractable: while young they are capable of a certain degree of domestication, but they very early become mischievous, and age renders them ferocious: as they have great penetration, their mischief is very dangerous. The Pig-tailed monkeys show considerable gentleness and docility while young, but also become mischievous as they grow old. They are natives of Sumatra, where they are called *barron*, and where they are employed to mount the trees, especially palm-trees, to gather the fruit. The females are more tractable than the males. One in the Royal Ménagerie at Paris would mount the trees to which she was bound with great agility, and pull off the leaves, but without devouring them. She would very dexterously untie the cord which bound her, and run to visit the houses in the neighbourhood, but always without attempting any harm.

Resemblance of two genera of Monkeys.—M. Fried. Cuvier, before he had seen the *bonnet-chinois* of Buffon, had some doubt as to its relationship with the *toque* of M. Geoffroy de Saint Hilaire. He now regards these animals as two genera of *Macaques*, but more closely allied to each other than any other kinds. Besides long tails, both monkeys have narrow and long visages, bald forehead, and hair at the crown of the head hanging from a centre point; the difference between them exists almost exclusively in the colour of the fur.—*Revue Ency.*

Curious Fragment of a Beech Tree.—The *Magazine of Natural History* for January gives an account of a curious fragment of the trunk of a beech tree, preserved in the Cabinet of Natural History of Metz. The fragment is a portion separated longitudinally from a cross section of a tree, which may have been 18 inches or 2 feet in diameter, and from fifty to sixty years of age. At the age of fifty years, some person had cut in the bark, and

through the liber and alburnum, the form of a cross, about a foot long, and had, by some means or other, blackened or oxidised (or probably the weather might have effected this) the denuded surface which formed the cross. The tree had been felled about ten years afterwards, and happened to be split by the wood-cutter, exactly at the layer where the cross was formed; the fragment now displayed a black cross on the wood or interior side, and a corresponding cross on the bark side of the section, though the two are three inches apart from each other. On counting the layers of wood between the internal and external cross, it appears that the former had remained two or three years uncovered, because two or three layers are lost there; but eight between the inner cross and the bark are very distinct. In the effort of nature, to cover the cross, a portion of bark, which had formed the edges of the wound, had been completely enclosed and covered with wood, and still remains sound, but not lignified. This fragment is not described as being particularly important, in a physiological point of view, but as showing that the accretions to a timber tree are added from without, and that bark cannot be changed into wood, any more than the skin of an animal can be turned into flesh.

Extraordinary Fir Trees.—In the Museum of Natural History of Strasburg, is the section of the trunk of a silver fir tree (*Abies picea*,) called Le grand Sapin de Hochwald, a forest at Barr, in Alsatia. This tree was 150 feet high, with a trunk perfectly straight and free from branches to the height of 50 feet, after which it was forked with the one shoot 100 feet long, and the other somewhat shorter. The diameter of the trunk at the surface of the ground was 8 feet; at 50 feet from the ground, 5 feet; estimated age, 360 years. It was cut down on the 3d of June, 1816, the branches having begun to wither at the top, and the trunk to decay at the centre. There is another silver fir tree standing near where this one stood, nearly of the same height, and estimated to be of the same age. The forest of Hochwald (High-wood, in allusion probably to the height of the trees) consists almost entirely of silver firs, and before the revolution belonged to the town of Strasburg.—*Mag. of Nat. Hist.*

Dragon Flies innocuous.—Nothing can be more absurd, than the fear universally entertained in England of the larger sorts of dragon-flies (*Libellulidae*), which are branded with the erroneous name of horse-stingers, though the most superficial examination will demonstrate that these insects have not a shadow of a sting: but their jaws are large and strong; not stronger, however, than those of the *Staphylinus*, and not dangerous in the slightest degree, even to infants.—*Id.*

Effect of Climate on Cows.—M. Roulin, in a paper not long since submitted to the French Institute, on the changes undergone by various animals on being transported to South America, says, the cow undergoes a material change. It no longer furnishes the constant supply of milk which we obtain from it by artificial means in Europe, and, in order to obtain that fluid at all, it is necessary that the calf should be continually with its mother. The milk obtained for domestic use is only that which accumulates during the night when the calf is in a quiescent state; when the calf ceases to suck, the milk immediately dries up. The bulls and cows introduced from Europe into South America soon become wild; and, at the present time, it is only by repeated battues that they are kept in subjection.—*Edin. New Phil. Jour.*

Effect of the Climate of South America on Sheep.—The sheep introduced into America were not the merinos, but the two species called *tana basta* and *burda*. In temperate climates, they have multiplied abundantly, without showing any tendency to submit to the domination of man. In the burning climate of the plains, they do not propagate freely; and a curious phenom-

menon is there witnessed. The wool of the lambs grows at first, as in more temperate climates, but rather slowly. When in a fit state for shearing, there is nothing remarkable about its quality; and, when removed, it grows again as in temperate climates: but if the proper time for shearing is allowed to go by, the wool becomes thick, falls off in patches, and leaves underneath, not a new growth of wool or a barren place, as if from disease, but a short, shining, and close hair, exactly like the hair of the goat in the same climate; and, where this hair once appears, there is never any return of wool. The goat, notwithstanding its form, which appears adapted to mountainous situations, thrives much better in the low valleys of South America, than on the high points of the Cordilleras. It undergoes a lactiferous change similar to that of the cow.—*Edinb. New Phil. Jour.*

§ 3. MEDICAL SCIENCE.

Danger of artificial Inflation of the Lungs.—The practice of artificial inflation of the lungs, as a means of recovery from drowning, has been objected to before the Académie des Sciences, on the strength of experiments made by M. Leroy d'Etiolles, on various animals, especially on sheep, which are stated to prove, that the practice is attended with great danger, and that a strong inflation is capable of producing instant death, although some animals are better able to bear the process than others, a dog for instance, than a sheep, on account of the stronger texture of the lungs. The experimentalist infers, that the number of persons restored to life from drowning, is less than it would be, but for the use of inflation as a remedy for their recovery.

Qualities of Glauber and Epsom Salts.—Glauber salts have been considered a more tonic aperient than Epsom salts. This is accounted for by the presence of a little iron in the one, and the absence of it in the other. According to the experiments of Dr. Davy, physician to the forces, (*Edin. New Phil. Jour.*) out of six different specimens of glauber salts, five were found to contain a small quantity of iron, (probably the sulphate,) and one only to be free from iron. The iron was detected by aqua ammonia, added to the salt in solution; it occasioned a yellowish brown precipitate. Epsom salts may, no doubt, be made a tonic, by the addition of a very minute portion of iron, and particularly of the sulphate.

Ravages of Small-pox at Marseilles.—Effects of Vaccination.—The advantages of vaccination are strongly attested by the reports made to the Medical Academy of Marseilles, on the subject of the small-pox contagion, which ravaged Marseilles last spring, and in the beginning of the summer. The contagion attacked both those who had had the small-pox, and those who had been vaccinated; but in the latter cases the disorder presented itself in so mitigated a form, and was so seldom fatal, that the medical men distinguished it by a name expressive of the less degree of its virulence, calling it varioloïde. The calculations of the faculty fix the following proportions:—There died—of the whole number of vaccinated, one in 1500; of the number of vaccinated seized with the disorder one in 100; one in 500 of all those who had been inoculated with the small-pox before; of the number of the inoculated with the small-pox, again attacked, one in five; of the not vaccinated, taking the mass, one in eight; of the not vaccinated attacked by the contagion, one in four. According to a work by M. Robert, physician of the Lazaretto of Marseilles, entitled, *Observations sur l'épidémie de Marseille*, addressed to the Academy of Sciences, on the 22nd of December, several thousands of persons vaccinated had had the varioloïde; of these 45 had died, the greatest number adults and persons who had undergone vaccination regularly.

African Panacea for local pains.—The Malaguetta pepper, a species of the genus *unona*, so well known on the western coast of Africa, is a sovereign remedy, among the natives of that country, for rheumatism, weakness of limbs, headaches, or, in fact, any local pain. It is bruised in water, so as to form a paste, which is rubbed on the part affected; a bandage is added, and the patient is immediately covered with a quantity of clothing. In a short time a very agreeable tingling of the skin commences, which is succeeded by a general glow, and, subsequently, a violent perspiration. Europeans have spoken highly of it, as a remedy, from their own experience.—*Mag. Nat. His.*

Yellow Fever at Gibraltar.—The following are the conclusions as to the malady which has lately desolated Gibraltar, formed by an experienced observer, M. A. Moreau de Jonnes, after examination of its official reports, and addressed to the French Academy of Sciences. First, that when the disorder was at its height, there had perished one in thirty of those attacked, a proportion less, by ten times, than that presented during the great occurrence of the yellow fever at the Antilles: hence the inference, that the virulence of the contagion is much less than in tropical climates. Secondly, that notwithstanding the measures of precaution, to which no objection can be made, but that they were somewhat late; and notwithstanding the perfect state of social order common to European towns, the number of the sick increased six-fold in the space of little more than a fortnight; thus equalling, in rapidity of propagation, the most fatal instances of prevalence of yellow fever which M. Jonnes had ever observed under the torrid zone. Whence the conclusion, that although the yellow fever be less destructive at Gibraltar, than in the part of America within the tropics, its power of transmission is as great in the former as in the latter, and no less rapid.

Extraordinary Trance.—The following curious account is an extract from a paper read before the Cambridge Philosophical Society:—"Sarah Carter, aged 17, the daughter of a farmer at Stapleford, has been afflicted with enlargement of the viscera of the abdomen for two years, the consequence of typhus fever which attacked her whilst nursing her father, who died of that complaint. The swelling of the body does not give the fluctuating sensation produced by water, but its hardness is that of enlargement of the internal organs. During the whole of her illness she has complained very little, owing perhaps to her constitutional indolence of body and mind; as even in the earlier period of the disease she seldom spoke, except when questioned; and she is now without feeling or the power of utterance, lying in a state of perfect insensibility, in which she has remained since the first week in October. During the first fortnight of this insensible state, her head was constantly rolling from side to side upon her pillow, and this action continued night and day without a moment's intermission. In May last, she ate the last solid food, which was a piece of cheese, and for the four following months she took nothing but fruit, which she merely sucked, and water, which she swallowed in very minute quantities. Since the first week in October, it appears that nothing whatever has passed her throat, and her mouth is so firmly locked by the spasmodic contraction of the muscles, that all attempts to open it have failed. It seems that every voluntary muscle of her frame is in the same state of spasmodic action; for when with much force her arms are raised from her chest, on which they are crossed, they can only be elevated a few inches, and recoil instantly to their former position; and so inflexible is her whole person, that when removed from her bed, she is carried like a statue. Nothing has passed the bowels for thirteen weeks, nor has there been any secretion of urine for the same time, every power of the abdominal viscera seeming suspended. The heart, the circulating system, and the organs of breathing, seem unaffected; the pulse, indeed, varies in frequency and strength, and she experiences occasionally an increase of fever.

The pulse does not get weaker, and the colour of the cheeks changes so often, that her mother thinks she is conscious of what is passing in the room. She lies upon her back, a little inclined to the right side. The application of leeches to her temples some time since was followed by a copious discharge of blood, and a few days after her nose bled freely. She had taken no medicines whatever for some months; but on the 10th of November two drops of Croton oil were put upon her tongue by means of a feather, but with no effect. The following day four drops, from a different bottle, were applied in the same way, and in the course of a few hours it occasioned a heaving of the stomach, and an ounce of cheese, in a semi-masticated state, and retaining its odour, was thrown up. For several days the salivary glands secreted copiously, but the mother would not allow a repetition of the oil, the application of galvanism, or, in fact, any medical means whatever. The great peculiarity of this case is, that during so long a state of inanition, the girl has suffered no waste in appearance nor in weight, and that, though the nerves of sensation seem torpid, those subservient to muscular motion appear to have their vigour increased.

Swiss Medical Societies.—There exists at Zurich, a very active medical society, who publish an annual volume of transactions, of which that for 1828 has just appeared. It has invited the societies of the different Cantons of Switzerland to co-operate in the undertaking; the proposition was accepted with eagerness, and for the future the transactions will appear as does the present number, under the title of Transactions of the United Medical Societies of Switzerland.—*Revue Encyclopédique*.

Degree conferred on a Female.—The medical faculty of Marienburg has conferred the degree of M. D. on the widow Boivin, head-nurse and directress of the hospital of the Faubourg St. Denis, at Paris, the authoress of a clever work on midwifery, and other writings.

Prize question on the advantages of comparative Anatomy.—Among the subjects of prize essays proposed by the Dutch Society of Science, at Haarlem, (and which are all given in the last number of the Edinb. New Phil. Jour.) is the following:—What are in general the advantages and illustrations which, since Haller's time, physiology, or the physical history of man, has derived from zoology or comparative anatomy? What are, in particular, the organs of the human body that have been made better known since that period; and what are the functions on which zoology and comparative anatomy have thrown new light?

§ 4. AGRICULTURE AND RURAL ECONOMY.

Agriculture in Kamtschatka.—The Russian government, in its solicitude for the amelioration of the provinces of the empire, has determined on sending a gardener to Kamtschatka, in order to introduce the advantages of horticulture and agriculture into that country. This gardener is placed under the protection of the Minister of the Interior, and under the immediate orders of the governor of the province. His duty is to introduce the cultivation of grain, pulse, fruit, timber, and the plants generally which belong to domestic and rural economy. He is charged to ascertain those which are capable of becoming naturalized, the climate being less rigorous than is generally supposed. He is also commanded to collect the products of the vegetable kingdom of Kamtschatka, which are as yet little known, although very curious; and to instruct the inhabitants of the country in the art of agriculture and gardening.—*Revue Encyclopédique*.

Destruction of Wheat by Weevils.—A farmer having occasion lately to open a granary containing a great store of wheat, and which had been

looked up for some time, without having been properly attended to, the whole stock of grain, which consisted of upwards of sixteen hundred sacks, had been nearly destroyed by the weevils, the *Curculio granaria*. The appearance which presented itself was that of large patches of black dirt, spread over the whole surface of the wheat. On taking in his hand some of this apparent dirt, the farmer was surprised to find it was composed of myriads of the weevil so destructive to grain. The way in which these insects are produced is as follows:—The female perforates a grain of wheat or barley with the jaws placed at the end of its long proboscis, and deposits a single egg within it; and when the young grub is excluded from the egg, it thus finds provided a fit dwelling, and a store of proper food. The parent insect thus deposits its eggs in five or six grains every day, for several successive days. In about seven days' time the larva is excluded from the egg, and, after feeding its accustomed time, changes into the chrysalis state within the grain, and, in about a fortnight afterwards, comes forth a perfect weevil. The parent insect, after depositing its eggs in situations where there would be a supply of food for the sustenance of its offspring, does not die, but according to Leeuwenhoek, their existence is prolonged during the summer and throughout the winter; and they also feed very voraciously on the interior of the grain, both in the state of the larva and the perfect insect. According to Kirby, a single pair of these insects may, in one year, produce above six thousand descendants. It is recommended to the proprietor of a granary to establish a colony of ants near it; for, as these insects are continually engaged in searching for food, they would soon find their way into the interior of the granary, and feed upon the larva of the weevils.—*Technological Repository*.

The Wolf moth.—A small moth, called the wolf (*tinea granella*) is still more destructive to corn and meal than the weevil. It commits its depredations in the larva state only; the female, after laying its eggs, dies. The number of eggs laid by one of these moths is about seventy; and they are less than a grain of sand in size. The grubs or larva come forth in about sixteen days, and immediately commence their depredations, and form themselves little cases, either from the particles which they gnaw off the corn, or from small portions of the bran, within which they reside, and feed by protruding the head and part of the body from the case; and when they are about to change into the pupa state, they leave these small dwellings, and seek places of safety. They then change into the chrysalis, in which state they remain during the winter; and about April or May come forth the perfect insects. There are two ways of destroying them: one is, when the larva forsake their food and crawl up the walls, which they will sometimes almost cover; the other, when they appear in the moth state. At both these times they may be easily crushed to death against the walls in great numbers, by pressing and rubbing sacks upon them. But they may be exterminated still more effectually, if, after closing up all the doors and windows, the corn-chamber be filled with the fumes of brimstone, by leaving it burning on a pan of charcoal, without giving it any vent for twenty-four hours. Great caution, however, should be used by opening the doors and windows, in order to let all the fumes disperse before any person enters the place, for fear of suffocation. The fumes of sulphur are in no wise hurtful to the corn, nor give it any taste.—*Ib.*

Destruction of Slugs.—The discovery of the means of destroying slugs, by strewing common salt upon them, belongs to Dr. Rousseau, who having thrown a small quantity of that substance on a plank in his garden, covered with those insects, all that came in contact with the salt perished.

Guano, Peruvian Manure.—An interesting memoir has been recently addressed to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, by M. Mariano Riquero, direc-

for-general of mines, and superintendent of public education in Peru, on the remarkable substance called guano, used for manure in Peru, and other parts of South America. This substance is procured from several islands in the neighbourhood of the coast, and even from parts of the shore itself. Some persons consider it a mineral production, others regard it as an accumulation of excrements of sea-birds. The former opinion is founded on the abundance of the material extracted annually and from time immemorial; its weight and its red colour (oxide of iron), the length of time and number of birds required to produce such vast deposits: on the other hand, the ammoniacal odour which accompanies this substance, the presence of uric, phosphoric, and oxalic acids, that of potass, and the variety of tints it presents, which grow deeper in proportion as it is exposed to the action of the air, are sufficient reasons for attributing to it an animal origin.

The guano is of three sorts, the white, the red, and the brown. The red and brown were extracted for twenty-five years from the isle of Iquique, 400 yards from the port of the same name; but this source being exhausted, it is now chiefly procured from the mountain Pabellón de Pica. It still preserves the name of Guano de Iquique. The white guano is the most active; it is found in all the little islands near the coast, such as Lagarto, Las Animas, La Margarita, the Jesus Isles, those of Brava and Mansa, on the coasts of Cocotea, the Hornillos, and several others. Of the origin of the white guano, there seems to be no doubt.* It is deposited on the isles just mentioned, by the sea-birds which rest there during the night, and of which the number is so great, that when they take flight they form a dense cloud of several leagues' extent. From the isles of Ilay and Jesus, to which the birds give the preference, between 1000 and 1500 quintals* of guano are annually procured. The quantity deposited has diminished within the last few years; the birds, whether disturbed by the increasing neighbourhood of man, or from other causes, not having cared to frequent the isles in so great numbers as formerly. The white, red, and brown guanos show, on analysis, the same chemical composition, excepting the absence of sand from the first; as to outward characters, they differ in colour only. This substance is of great importance to Peru, as a manure, especially in volcanic, sandy soils, which by its means are rendered extremely fertile. At Arequipa, a field manured with guano will yield forty-five potatoes to one, being double the produce without such manure, and maize thirty-five to one; while wheat, for which horse manure is used, yields only eighteen to one. The manner of employing this manure by the natives in the mountainous countries, is by placing a handful round the bottom of the stem of each plant; it is necessary to water it the next day, or the plant will be dried up. In the valleys, it is the custom to remove the soil from the stem, taking care, however, to guard the roots; a morsel of guano is then put into the hole, and this is covered up. It is watered within a few hours.

The annual amount of traffic in this article, in the several ports, amounts to about 95,000 quintals annually.

The guano was much in use by the ancient Peruvians, on the territories situated near the coast from Tarapara, to beyond Arequipa. At the period in which the birds came to breed, approach to the islands was forbidden.

Use of Slates in hastening the Ripening of Fruits.—A vine branch had been trained above the window of a house, facing the south, according to the custom in certain parts of France. Beneath this branch was a small slate roof, about three feet wide, serving to shelter a door. It was remarked, that the grapes on this roof were ripe and black, whilst those on the rest of the branch were yet green. This effect, evidently due to the heat accumulated in the slates from the rays of the sun, has been advantageously applied in assisting the ripening of wall-fruit.—*M. Bauchard—Bull. Univ.*

* 220 lbs. to the quintal.

Indian Cress—a new Salad.—Three or four years since, some grains of Indian cress (*sisymbrium indicum*, Linn.) were sent from the Isle of France to the Jardin du Roi, and having multiplied exceedingly, were tried as salad for the table, and have been judged of very favourably, in consequence of their power of yielding salad during the winter.

Indian cress forms small patches on the ground about three inches in diameter: its leaves are very numerous, are irregularly pinnated, have nearly round folioles, and about three lines in width; the flowers are small, white, and disposed in axillary and terminal pannicles; they begin to fade about March.

The qualities which render this cress desirable for cultivation in our gardens, as a salad, are—1st. That it is eminently antiscorbutic and depurative; 2d. That its leaves are more tender and less acrid than those of other cresses, used as salads; 3d. That it does not suffer from the hardest winters; does not require watering to ensure or favour its growth; and will supply leaves during the winter, and especially in spring.

It is necessary that the seeds should be sown in ground in which none have been grown for some years preceding; its culture does not differ essentially from that of the corn salad.—*Ann. de l'Agriculture Franc.*

Swedish Turnips.—At Holfbeach Christmas market, Mr. R. B. Hoff exhibited specimens of Swedish turnips, the produce of seed imported from Gottenburgh, weighing from 7lb. to 10lb. each. They were also allowed to be very superior in quality to what have been recently grown in England, and to prove the necessity of more frequently reverting to the parent stock.—*County Chronicle.*

§ 5. HORTICULTURE.

Vegetation of Plants in Moss.—The *Calendario Georgico*, or *Agronomic Annual* of the Royal Society of Agriculture of Turin of 1827, contains an article on the vegetation of plants in moss, and a detail of experiments, confirming those of Charles Bonnet, in proof of the possibility of raising delicate plants in moss.

Cultivation of American Shrubs.—In the Grand Ducal Botanic Garden at Carlsruhe, where American trees and shrubs thrive remarkably well, they are not planted in peat earth as in England, but in rotten wood mixed with common garden soil.—*Mag. of Nat. Hist.*

Extraction of Sugar from Water-Melons.—It has been discovered in the state of South Carolina, that a very fine quality of sugar may be extracted from the water-melon, which grows in great perfection there. The landlord of a public-house has shown that all the sugar used in his house during the preceding twelve months, and which had passed as the finest cane, had been obtained from water-melons of his own raising.—*American Papers.*

Barrenness of Fruit Trees.—The Bath and West of England Society have offered a premium of 10l. “to the person who in the year 1831 shall give the most satisfactory account of the cause and cure of barrenness in fruit trees, including a practical examination of the opinions and experiments which have been published by Mr. Lyon on the subject of barking trees as a remedy for this defect.”—*Choltenham Jour.*

§ 6. DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Preservation of Clothes, &c. from Moths.—An account inserted in the *Magazine of Natural History*, of the Strasburg Museum, contains some hints from M. Vinet, the guardian of the museum, on the mode of preserving the articles under his care from moths and worms, which are very generally

applicable. Camphor, pepper, cedar wood, savine, &c. used by some housewives to keep moths from clothes, are perfectly useless if the clothes are not frequently taken out, brushed, and aired; and if clothes are taken out frequently, and brushed and aired, no camphor or other ingredient is necessary to keep them from the moth, or other insects. To convince himself and others of the uselessness of camphor and other nostrums alone, M. Vinet has hatched moths in an atmosphere impregnated with camphor, and the other substances mentioned.

Artificial Incubation by means of hot Mineral Waters.—A recent number of the *Journal des Connaissances Usuelles* gives a favourable account of experiments made by two gentlemen, MM. D'Arcet and Felgeris, in obtaining chickens by means of artificial incubation; the whole process of which is that of placing the eggs, suspended in a basket, in one of the stoves heated by the hot mineral water, and taking care to break them at a proper time: when the places are closed, the whole of the interior will readily acquire a sufficiently elevated and very constant temperature. It is recommended to turn the eggs every day. The experiments were made at Vichy and Chaudes Aigues, and succeeded equally with pigeons and chickens.

New sort of Coffee.—According to a report by M. Pajots Descharmes, on the authority of a person who had constantly made the experiment for twelve years, the seeds of the broom form an excellent substitute for coffee. Being moderately roasted, ground, and prepared in the manner of ordinary coffee, this person finds no difference between it and coffee. It is not the garden but the forest broom, the seeds of which are to be taken for this use. It appears that in that part of Holland bordering upon Germany, this substance has been used instead of coffee for many years.—*Recueil Industriel.*

Recipe for Cedrat Water.—Three kilograms of white sugar are to be dissolved in seven quarts of river water; then add $3\frac{1}{2}$ pints of spirit of cedrat, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of spirit of citron; make the whole boil for a minute, and filter it, while hot, through a straining-bag (chausse); receive the liquor into a vessel of earthenware, and change the vessel as soon as it no longer passes clear. When it becomes cold, put it into large bottles, and do not open them until a considerable time afterwards.—*Dict. Tech.*

To make Oil or Cream of Cedrat.—Seven quarts of river water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of spirit of cedrat, and add as much syrup of sugar as will soften the liqueur to the necessary degree, to give it a clammy consistence; then agitate or stir it well with a spatula, to make the combination perfect, and put it into bottles, which must remain for a considerable length of time unopened. If the liqueur should become a little turbid, it must be filtered through paper, or better through a filter made of fustian, suspended in a funnel of tinned sheet iron, closed by a moveable cover.—*Id.*

Chinese Food.—With nothing more than a few beans, the meal of rice and corn, and some spices and herbs, the Chinese prepare a variety of savoury dishes. Horse-flesh, rats, and mice, are standard articles of food, and sold publicly at the butcher's. Birds' nests are another article of food; but neither mud nor sticks enter into their composition. The nests are found in the rocks along the coasts of Tonquin, &c., and are built by birds resembling the swallow. They are constructed, as is supposed, of a small species of sea-fish, cemented by a glutinous matter exuding from the bird itself; and when fully formed, resemble the rind of a large candied citron. Bears' paws form another favourite dish. They are rolled in pepper and nutmeg, and dried in the sun. When about to be dressed, they are soaked in rice-water to make them soft, and then boiled in the gravy of a kid, and seasoned with various spices.—*London Weekly Review.*

Method of cleaning Silk, &c.—Substitute for Tapioca.—The following useful recipe is given in the last number of the *Register of Arts*, as a communication from a correspondent :—

Take raw potatoes, wash them, grate them to a pulp over water ; pass the liquid through a coarse sieve into another tub of clear water ; let the mixture stand until the fine white particles (or starch) are precipitated : then pour off the liquor for use.

Lay the article to be cleaned over a linen cloth upon a table, and with a sponge dipped in the potatoe liquor, wet and rub the article to be cleaned, repeating the affusion till the dirt be loosened ; wash the article in clean water repeatedly ; then dry and smoothen.

Two middle-sized potatoes are sufficient for a pint of water.

The white powder, or starch, separated from the liquor at the bottom of the tub, after being washed by repeated affusions of water, forms an excellent substitute for tapioca, as a nourishing food with soup or milk. The coarse pulp which does not pass the sieve is of great use in cleaning worsted or woollen curtains, tapestry, carpets, or other coarse goods. The liquor cleans the finer kinds of silk, cotton, and woollen goods, without injury to the texture or colours. It is also useful in cleaning oil paintings, or soiled furniture. Dirty painted wainscoting is also effectually cleaned by wetting a sponge in the liquid and rubbing it with a little fine sand over the wainscot.

Test for Adulteration in Musk.—When musk, in admixture with quicklime, smells of ammonia, it is impure or adulterated. To preserve it well, it should be made perfectly dry, but when it is to be used as a perfume, it should be moistened.—*Edinb. New Phil. Jour.*

§ 7. MECHANICAL AND USEFUL ARTS.

The Great Canal of the Netherlands.—The object of this canal, which is the largest in Europe, is to afford a passage for large vessels from Amsterdam to the sea. This city has 40 feet of water in the road in front of its port ; but the Pampas or Bar in the Zuyder Zee, 7 miles below, has only a depth of 10 feet ; and hence all ships of any considerable burden have to unload part of their cargoes with lighters, before they enter the port. To obviate this inconvenience, the resolution was taken to cut a canal from the town of Helder, the northernmost point of the province of Holland. The distance between these points is 41 English miles, but the length of the canal is 50½. The breadth of the surface of the water is 124½ English feet, the breadth at bottom 36 feet, the depth 20 feet 9 inches. Like the Dutch canals, generally, its level is that of the high tides of the sea, from which it receives its supply of water. The only locks it requires, of course, are two tide-locks at the extremities ; but there are, besides, two sluices with flood-gates in the intermediate space. It has only eighteen bridges (drawbridges) in its whole length. The locks and sluices are double, that is to say, there are two in the breadth of the canal ; and we learn from Mr. Balt, that their construction and workmanship are excellent. They are built of brick for economy, but bands of limestone are interposed at intervals, and these project about an inch beyond the brick, to protect it from abrasion by the sides of the vessels. There is a broad towing-path on each side, and the canal is wide enough to admit of one frigate passing another. From the river Ye at Amsterdam, it proceeds north to Purmerend, thence west to Alkmaar lake ; thence, north by Alkmaar, to a point within two miles of the coast, near Petten ; and it continues to run nearly parallel to the coast from this point to the Helder, where it joins the sea, at the fine harbour of Nieuwediep, formed within the last thirty years. At the latter place there is a powerful steam-engine, for supplying the canal with water during near tides, and

other purposes. The time spent in tracking vessels from the Helder to Amsterdam, is eighteen hours. The canal was begun in 1819 and finished in 1825. The cost was estimated at 10 or 12 millions of florins, or about one million sterling.—*Register of Arts.*

Use of Zinc for Sheathing Vessels.—A Swedish schooner, the *Experiment*, which lately put into Plymouth to be repaired, attracted the attention of the scientific, by the example she afforded of the use of zinc for sheathing. The following is the result of the observations made on her:—The zinc sheathing was laid in plates, about six years since, and when the ship was placed in the dock, the bottom was found very foul with barnacles, &c., the zinc brightly polished, in some parts, where the friction of the water prevailed the most; in other parts it had the appearance of old lead. On stripping part of the zinc, to make some necessary repairs, it was found on the surface, pitted or indented, like lead, on which gravel had been trodden, and much reduced, some places being in holes; the barnacles and weeds were principally found about the fastenings, that is, the nails which secure the zinc plates to the bottom; and the query now is, whether some metal, like zinc, may not be found for the purpose of fastenings, instead of those used on the *Experiment*, as it appears obvious, that if that were the case, the weeds and barnacles would not attach themselves to the zinc, from the use of which a great saving would ensue, when compared with copper.

Tunnel in Lancashire.—The canal tunnel, under Standedge, between Manchester and Huddersfield, extends under ground upwards of three miles, and is 220 yards below the surface.—*Register of Arts.*

Art of Dressing Morocco Leather.—The art of dressing morocco leather was brought from the Levant, where it was observed by Granger, an officer in the French navy, and described by him in the year 1735. A manufacture was established in France, towards the middle of the eighteenth century. The true morocco leather is made of goat-skins, tanned and dyed on their outsides. Sheepskins are treated in a similar manner. It seems that this leather is termed *Morocco* leather, from the art of dressing it being originally brought from that country.

The goat skins are not only more pliant, but their surfaces are smoother, and they are likewise more durable than those of sheep, but their employment is restricted, on account of their high price.—*Dictionnaire Technologique.*

Iron Trellis-work in Savoy.—The attention of the Academic Society of Savoy has been called to a new invention for iron trellis-work, by M. Parthod, one of the most ingenious mechanics of that country. The work was applauded by the Society, but the author was recommended to execute a specimen on a larger scale, in order that a more decided opinion might be pronounced on the merit of his invention.—*Revue Enc.*

Immense Block of Stone.—A stone has been lately dug out of the Craig-leith quarry, 146 feet long, which is 46 feet longer than the shaft of Pompey's pillar at Alexandria, and ten times heavier than the famous block of granite which forms the pedestal of Peter the Great's statue at St. Petersburg; it must even exceed in weight the enormous Boulder-stone of Borrowdale, in Cumberland, which has long borne the credit of being the largest detached stone in the world. An extended continuity of the stratum, of the same exact level, at the place where the operations of the workmen were going forward, and a perpendicular fissure within the bed made it easy to detach this unrivalled extent of stone from the adjacent masses. Being designed for no particular purpose, it must be broken up to supply the ordinary demand from the quarry, unless the citizens of Edinburgh snatch this

opportunity of adorning their city with a column, such as no capital in ancient or modern times has yet been able to boast of.—*Register of Arts.*

Bridges at Gloucester and Chester.—A stone bridge of a single arch has been erected across the Severn, at Oger, near Gloucester. It is built of sandstone, from the forest of Dean. The width is about 27 feet, including the parapets, with two foot-paths. The roadway is supported upon walls between the spandrels, similar to Waterloo bridge, and covered with slabs of stone.

	<i>Feet.</i>
Span	150
Radius of the Segment	246½
Rise	35

A stone bridge of a single arch, of much wider span, is in course of erection near Chester.—*Companion to the Almanac.*

New Church at Egina.—The first stone of a new church has been laid at Egina, on which is the following inscription:—‘In the name of the Hellenic nation, the President of Greece consecrated this temple to God, the deliverer of Greece.’

Exhibition of Bohemian Manufactures.—The first public exhibition of Bohemian manufactures was made last year at Prague. It was opened before the end of September, in the Redoutensaal or public ball-room of the city, and excited very general interest. Several branches of art are noted as exhibiting more than ordinary merit. Among the articles of porcelain is mentioned a vase from the factory of Lippers and Haaschen, in Schlaggenwald, white, and richly gilded, and representing, in Indian ink manner, the picture of the woman taken in adultery, existing in the Imperial gallery. The ironwares of Korzowitz, are also highly spoken of, and are averred to equal the productions of Berlin in the same kind. They consisted of statues, busts, bas-reliefs, vases, crucifixes, candelabras, &c. The mechanician, F. Speten, exhibited an universal equatorial, with circular movements, after the invention of the deceased engineer, Bretschneider. Among the works of mere curiosity, a part of a model on pasteboard, of the whole city of Prague, by an officer of the public library, Herr Langweil, drew much attention.—*Abend Zeitung.*

Steam Engines in Cornwall.—The last number of the *Edinburgh Journal of Science* gives the following statement of the steam-engines employed by the mines in Cornwall, and the number of millions of pounds lifted one foot high, by the combustion of one bushel of coal to each.

In 1823 there were 55 engines at work in Cornwall, performing on an average 26,9 millions.

1824	57	28
1825	62	28,97
1826	63	28,36
1827	62	31,9
1828	60	34,85

Method of Polishing Stones.—The Hindoos polish all kinds of stones by means of powdered corundum, mixed with melted lac. The mixture being allowed to cool, is shaped into oblong pieces, of three or four inches in length. The stone is polished by being sprinkled with water, and at the same time rubbed with these oblong masses; and the polish is increased by masses being used successively with finer grain.—*Edin. New Phil. Journal.*

The Norwich and Lowestoff Navigation is one of the most interesting public works in progress of execution, connected with the navigation of this country.

As the objects contemplated by the undertaking are important both in a

nautical and commercial point of view, and as the means by which they are to be effected are new and uncommon in England, as a work of civil engineering, we subjoin a brief account of the origin and progress of this interesting experiment.

The water communication between Norwich and the sea is, at present, confined the river Yare, which running from Norwich to Yarmouth, a distance of about 30 miles, discharges itself into the sea at that place. This river is navigated by wherries of from 20 to 40 tons burden, employed in carrying corn, flour, and goods, from Norwich to Yarmouth, and in bringing back coals and goods from Yarmouth to Norwich. It is of course necessary that all these goods should be trans-shipped at Yarmouth, those exported from Norwich being, on their arrival at Yarmouth, shipped on board sea-borne vessels; and those imported being, on their arrival at Yarmouth, taken up by the wherries.

About 300,000 quarters of corn and 50,000 sacks of flour are annually conveyed down the river to Yarmouth, and about 60,000 chaldrons of coals and 20,000 tons of goods are brought up the river from Yarmouth every year.

Upwards of a moiety of the whole imports and exports to and from Yarmouth belong to Norwich. The river is without a lock in its whole course and is generally of sufficient width and depth to admit of sea-borne vessels but it passes, just before its arrival at Yarmouth, over a long and shallow lake called Breydon, where the vessels now used often find it difficult to get over. The embouchure of the river into the sea is frequently blocked up by shifting sands, and this is almost invariably the case when the wind blows from the east.

This bar is continually occasioning the most serious delays to commerce, as vessels are not unfrequently detained at Yarmouth, a fortnight before they can get out of the river.

The act for improving this Navigation was passed in 1827. The plan proposed is to render the river Yare navigable for sea-borne vessels, from Norwich to a place about twenty miles down the river called Reedham Ferry, — to open a new cut at that place, across the marshes, about two miles and a half long, so as to join the river Yare with the river Waveney, near St. Olave's Bridge—and proceeding along that river and up a stream called Oulton Dyke, to a small lake called Oulton Broad, to deepen and widen the two latter,—and, proceeding through the adjoining lake, Lothing, to make a passage from it to the sea, which passage will be about 700 yards long and 40 wide.

These works, which are under the direction of Mr. Cubitt, have been rapidly proceeding during the present year. The double ship locks at Swing Bridge, at Mutford Bridge, and at the upper end of lake Lothing, were completed and opened in due form by the directors of the company, on the 5th of November last, and at an expense within the amount originally estimated by the engineer. This part of the works forms the stop or barrier, between the sea water of the proposed harbour of lake Lothing, and the rivers and inland waters of the country; and the lock is made double, or with two pair of gates pointing each way both landward and seaward, so that vessels may pass the lock at all times, or with the head of water on either side the gates.

The works now in progress are principally preparatory to making the extreme cut between the sea and lake Lothing, and for building the great mooring sluice and lock at the entrance, which is to serve the purpose of occasionally retaining the contents of the harbour (about 200 acres) at the level of high water, and by suddenly discharging the same at low water, to clear and keep open a passage to a depth of 10 to 12 feet below low water of the sea. The sluice is to be 50 feet in clear width, and 24 feet deep, for the course of the effluent water, which is sufficient for the passage of the

largest steam-vessels hitherto constructed; and this entrance sluice is to be so constructed as to form a lock for vessels into and out of the harbour during the time of ebb tide, or when the sluice is set for retaining a harbour, or reservoir of water. A large swing bridge is also to be erected across the sea end of the sluice, in a line with the present turnpike road from Yarmouth and Lowestoff to London. It is expected that this part of the works will be completed in 1829. It will be the first and only artificial harbour in the kingdom; and from this artificial harbour will extend a ship navigation inland in two branches, one of 30 and another of 20 miles in extent, without a single lock on either.—*Comparison to the Almanac.*

Eriometre, or Wool-measurer.—M. Skiadan, land-proprietor in the province of Noronege (Russia), has lately invented an instrument, the *erimetre*, for the measurement of bodies so small as to be scarcely visible. It measures the ten thousandth part of an inch. The inventor has already used it in several experiments, in which the aid of the microscope would have given merely approximative results; and by it he has ascertained that the thread of the spider's web is thicker than gold leaf. The *Revue Encyclopédique*, in expressing an opinion on the invention, says it appears to be free from the disadvantages to be objected against all instruments that have been hitherto used for the same purpose. The measurement it seems is effected with astonishing promptitude, and the nicest exactness, without fatiguing the sight. The measure is divided into one hundred thousandth parts of an English inch. By the assistance of the *erimetre*, the breeders of sheep who desire to improve their stock, may choose, by the fineness of their wool, the best rams to breed from; they may even ascertain the different degrees of fineness of the wool, in different parts of the body of the animal, or if a single hair be of the same diameter throughout its whole length.

§ 8. FINE ARTS.

Commemoration of Grétry.—The city of Liege having contended with success against the city of Paris before the French tribunals, for the possession of the heart of the famous musical composer Grétry, who was a native of the former town, celebrated their victory by a solemn public fête in the beginning of September. The festival commenced on the 7th, on the arrival of the commissioners of Liege, who had brought the heart from Paris, enclosed in a casket of gold, and lasted three days. Meyerbeer, who happened to be at Spa, went to Liege to be present at the rejoicings; and, being recognized, was treated with marked distinction by the Grétry Society and the municipal authorities. At the theatre, in the evening of the last day, on the conclusion of the concert, the director of the fête stood forward and announced to the public the unexpected presence of the living composer, and that the orchestra, in compliment to him, was about to execute the overture to *La Fausse Agnès*. The announcement was received with great applause; and, at the conclusion, the house resounded with acclamations complimentary to the author. On the 21st of September, after the return of Meyerbeer to Spa, a deputation of the Grétry Society of Liege waited on him, and presented him with a diploma as honorary member of their society. The fête excited the general interest of the inhabitants of the town, and attracted several thousand strangers.—*Abend Zeitung.*

New Landscapes by Turner.—Mr. Turner has finished six splendid landscapes at Rome. By our latest correspondence we learn that he was about to follow the usual custom of submitting his works to the inspection of his brother artists of all countries, assembled in the metropolis of the arts. That exhibition over, he would set out on his return to England. Doubts

were felt whether the dashing manner of the English Pæcista would meet with that degree of applause from the artists of Rome, which his works never fail to receive from his own countrymen at home.

Foreign Members of the Nuremberg Academy of Fine Arts.—In the last number of the *London Magazine*, we announced, from the *Algemeine Literatur Zeitung*, the election of our countryman, Mr. R. Cockerell, as honorary member of the Academy of Arts at Munich. By a subsequent number of the journal it appears that, on the same occasion, the birth-day of the King of Bavaria, the same gentleman, and also M. Boissère and the Baron Gerard, were elected members of the Academy of the Fine Arts at Nuremberg.

§ 9. ANTIQUITIES.

Ancient Constructions in America.—A remarkable work of the ancient Americans, existing near Newark is thus described by a German miner, Frederick Assall, who has lately published a work on the ancient inhabitants of North America and their monuments.

First is seen a circular erection, with a mound of earth thirty feet high inclosing a court of twenty acres. This court communicates by an open way to a second place of twenty acres, surrounded by a rampart of earth ten feet high. Very long parallel walls extend thence to an octagon inclosure of forty acres, having four entrances, through one of which is a communication to a fourth place, in the form of a circle. Two parallel walls stretch thence for thirty miles, but have not yet been examined. All opinions agree in regarding these works as military.

The monuments near Marietta are better preserved than those at Newark, and display much ingenuity. On a high plain is situated the great square commonly called *The City*, with an inclosure of 40 acres, and surrounded by walls ten feet high, and from thirty to thirty-six feet wide at the base. On every side are three openings, making all together 12 ascents; within are still to be seen several smaller works. By the side of this large square is another of smaller dimensions, also in a good state of preservation, and other buildings. Outside of the large square is to be found a considerable quantity of earthen vases, reeded on the outside, and glazed within. It appears that they were vessels purposely thrown away. Nothing further has been discovered.

Ancient Fort of Circleville.—Among the ancient monuments, the most regular in construction is the Fort near Circleville, 26 miles south-east of Columbus. Here stand, on elevated ground on the east bank of the Scioto, two forts, of which one has the form of a perfect circle, the other that of a square. Each is surrounded by two high walls, with a ditch between them; they are now separated by the road which leads from Columbus to Chillicothe. Between them there formerly stood a hill, which has been removed, the materials of which have served for the building of the new city of Circleville. The square forts measured fifty-five yards square, and in the middle of each side, as well as at the corners, were openings, protected by hillocks standing before them. These walls are some degrees out of the line of the meridian, but not more nor less than the variation of the needle, whence it has been inferred that the ancient Americans were acquainted with the magnet. They must certainly have possessed a knowledge of geometry, or they could never have given to these works the precision and exactness for which they excite so much wonder.

The objects found among these monuments are additional proofs that these cannot have been the work of Europeans. Among them a pipe bowl, with a beautiful female countenance, formed from a piece of Chinese talc,

was once discovered. In excavating a grave, mummies, it is notorious, have often been found and described.

Aspect of Persepolis.—At Persepolis there is no great temple as at Thebes, at Palmyra, or at Baalbeck, sufficiently predominant over all surrounding objects, to attract the chief attention, and furnish of itself sufficient matter for description and admiration. Here all is in broken and detached fragments, extremely numerous; and each worthy attention, but so scattered and disjointed as to give no perfect idea of the whole. Its principal feature is, that it presents an assemblage of tall, slender, and isolated pillars, and separate doorways and sanctuaries, spread over a large platform, elevated, like a fortification, from the level of the surrounding plain, the effect of which is increased by the mountains in the distance.

The great mass of the ruins is on a higher platform, above the first. At the sides of the steps ascending to this are sculptured processions, sacrifices, &c. of which Niebuhr has given tolerably faithful drawings. They are all admirably executed, and bear a striking resemblance to similar processions at Thebes and Edfou, in Egypt. Among other resemblances are those of trees, placed to divide men who are near ascending steps, beasts of sacrifice, offerings of meat, cars and horses, armed men, &c. All these sculptures are particularly fine, though parts of them are now buried, and other parts broken; and even the portions least injured are discoloured by a thin moss grown over the surface. Horizontal lines of open flowers, like the rose or lotus, are in some cases, seen dividing the compartments, which is also an Egyptian device.

This portion of the ruins seems to have been a grand open portico, consisting of many rows of columns, supporting only architraves; and below them are oblong blocks, as if for pedestals of sphynxes. The several columns erect are all fluted: some of them being of the same design as those already described; and others, the capitals of which appear to be gone, being much higher in proportion to their diameter.—*Buckingham's Travels in Persia.*

Sanctuaries of Persepolis.—On one of the platforms on which the ruins of Persepolis stand is seen an assemblage of different sanctuaries, which are quite Egyptian in their style. The first of these that we entered was a square of about thirty feet, having two doors on the north, one on the south, two on the west, and one on the east. These are perfectly Egyptian in every respect, as may be seen from the drawings of those that exist: they are composed of three pieces—two portals and an architrave, and above this the cornice. Their inner surfaces are sculptured with designs representing the sacrifices of beasts. The priests have umbrellas held over them as in India, and the guards are armed with spears. Between the doors are monoliths, like those used in Egypt, for keeping the sacred animals, and about the same size. Around these were inscriptions of the arrow-headed character. The gates were closed, not by doors, but by bars only, of which the sills still remain; but both the open and closed monoliths, the first being like mere window-frames, had each folding-doors of metal, as the holes for the pivots, both above and below, were too small to afford sufficient strength to stone. Some of these monoliths are quite perfect, and might be easily brought to the British Museum, by way of Beshire. Each of them were highly polished, and one, especially, appeared to us to give out as clear a reflection as the finest mirror of glass. It is on these monoliths that the Arabic, Coptic, and Persian inscriptions are deeply cut, and that with so much care as to have required days or weeks in the execution. The proportions of the doors are extremely massive; and their passages are so narrow, as not to admit of two persons passing each other

commodiously. They are all of black stone, slightly veined with quartz, and close-grained.

The largest sanctuary of all is exactly similar to the others in design. The inner portals of the great gate to the west are particularly fine. There are seen five or six rows of warriors, with spears, shields, arrows, quivers, and helmets or dresses of different forms. A priest sits in a chair above, and holds a lotus flower in one hand and a long staff in the other, while his foot is placed on a footstool. Before him are two altars of fire, with extinguishers fastened by chains; a man with a round helmet and a short sword addresses the priest; and behind him a female is seen bringing in some offering in a small basket. Above this are a curtain of network and two friezes of the winged globe in the centre, with three lions on each side guarding it; the two divisions are separated by lifes of open flowers. All the male figures were bearded; but they have been wantonly disfigured in this part, probably by bigoted Moslems, who consider every representation of living beings as a breach of the commandment.

The designs of the other gates of this sanctuary represent a priest stabbing a unicorn, and a chief sitting on a chair supported on a throne. Both the winged globe and the lotus are frequently seen, and the whole work is Egyptian in its style. Neither the doors nor the recesses of this sanctuary ever seem to have been closed, as there are no marks of hinges anywhere; nor does it appear to have been ever roofed, though there are fragments of fluted columns lying in the middle.—*Ibid.*

Discovery of ancient Bronze Statue of Minerva.—A fine statue in ancient bronze of Minerva Pallas has been recently found at Voghera, in the kingdom of Sardinia. The figure is in the attitude of a goddess bearing a something, now lost, an owl, or a victory, on the palm of the right hand. The left arm hangs down in repose; the figure rests with dignity on one leg, the other being slightly bent. The form is slight, and such as the Greeks give to Minerva. She has the garment without sleeves, descending to the feet, the *colopastic* of the ancients. The breast is covered with the *argis*, with the head of Medusa in the centre, entwined with serpents, skilfully executed. On the head is a helmet, surmounted with a hair crest of exquisite workmanship.—*Furet de Londres.*

Antiquity of Chimnies.—If the houses of the ancient Romans had been furnished with chimnies, Vitruvius would not have failed to have given a description of their construction. Yet not a word about them is to be found in his works. Nor does Julius Pollux, who made a collection of the Greek names of all the parts of habitations, give a word for them any more than Grapaldus, who in more modern times formed a vocabulary of all the Latin words used in architecture. That there were no chimnies in the 11th, 12th, and 13th century, seems proved by the curfew, couvre feu, of the English and Normans. In the lower ages the fire was made in a sort of stove, which the law required should be covered up on retiring to bed. The most ancient allusion extant as made to chimnies, is not earlier than the year 1347, a period at which an earthquake, which threw down a great many, happened at Venice. De Gatans, in his History of Padua, says, that Francesco da Carrara, governor of Padua, on going to Rome in 1368, and not finding a chimney in the hotel in which he lodged, was obliged to have some built by masons and carpenters whom he had sent after him. These were the first erected in that city, and the arms of the Signor of Padua were affixed to them, to commemorate the great event.—*Furet de Londres.*

Hindoo Architecture.—The ancient Hindoo temples at Anagoondy, now partly in ruins, are built of grey granite, or rather syenite. The massive and

gloomy style of architecture which characterises all Hindoo buildings, is also met with here; but in one instance, it has, to a certain degree, been departed from; for, in one of the principal buildings, there is an extensive colonnade, the columns of which are light, with small pedestals and capitals, and approaching somewhat in their proportions to the Grecian. Some of the pillars are tastefully carved with flowers. A few are in the form of Caryatides.—They support immense slabs of granite, which are carved on their under surface, so as to form an ornamental roof. The largest of these slabs, which are in the central part of the building, are at least thirty feet long.—*Edin. New Phil. Jour.*

Interpretation of Hieroglyphics.—M. Champollion, jun. on his road to Toulon to embark for Egypt, stopped two days at Aix, with M. Sallier, and examined ten or twelve Egyptian papyri, which had been purchased some years ago, with other antiquities, from an Egyptian sailor. They were principally prayers or rituals which had been deposited with mummies; but there was also the contract of the sale of a house in the reign of one of the Ptolemies; and finally three rolls, united together and written over with fine demotic characters, reserved, as is well known, for civil purposes.

The first of these rolls was of considerable size, and to M. Champollion's astonishment, contained a *History of the Campaigns of Sesostri Rhamses*, called also *Sethos* or *Sethosis*, and *Sesoosis*, giving accounts the most circumstantial of his conquests, the countries which he traversed, his forces, and details of his army. The manuscript is finished with a declaration of the historian, who, after stating his names and titles, says he wrote in the ninth year of the reign of Sesostri Rhamses, king of kings, a lion in combats, &c.

M. Champollion has promised, on his return from Egypt, to give a complete translation of the manuscript. The period of the history is close to the time of Moses; and apparently the great Sesostri was the son of the king who pursued the Israelites to the borders of the Red Sea; so that a most important period in ancient history will be elucidated.

On the same MS. commences another composition, called *Praises of the great King Amemnegon*. There are only a few leaves of it, and they form the beginning of the history contained in the second roll. This Amemnegon is supposed to have reigned before Sesostri, because the author wrote in the ninth year of the reign of the latter. M. Champollion had not time to enter into a particular examination of these rolls.

The third roll relates to astronomy or astrology, or more likely to both these subjects. It has not been far opened; but will probably prove of the utmost interest, if, as is expected, it contains any account of the system of the heavens as known to or acknowledged by the Egyptians and Chaldeans, the authors of astronomical science.

A small basaltic figure was purchased with the MSS., and it is supposed found with them. On the shoulders of the figure is written in hieroglyphic characters the name, with the addition of *clerk and friend of Sesostri*. It did not occur to ascertain, until M. Champollion was gone, whether the name on the figure was the same with any of those mentioned in the rolls as belonging to the historian, or to others.—*Bull. Univ.*

Tuscans in the Expedition to Egypt.—The Tuscan government, with the concurrence of the king of France, has added several individuals to the expedition to Egypt. These are the Signor Ippolito Rosellini, professor of Oriental languages in the University of Pisa; the Signor Gaetano Rosellini, the uncle of the former; and the Signor Giuseppe Raddi, a naturalist; and the two draughtsmen, Dr. Alexander Ruci, and the Signor Angelelli; the former of whom has already travelled in Egypt, with Belzoni and Salt.—*Antologia di Firenze.*

Roman Architectural Fragments.—Some workmen employed in making a drain to carry off the rain-water from the Baths of Paulus Emilius, found near the church of S. Maria, in the Campo Carleo, large masses of marble, with most beautiful ornaments, belonging to the portico which surrounded the Forum; a long piece of a fluted column, of Phrygian or purple marble, about three Roman feet in diameter; a bracket of colossal dimensions, likewise enriched with the finest ornaments; the torso of a statue of a captive king, resembling others which have been found in the Forum;—and a fragment of an inscription of the time of Septimius Severus.—*Literary Gazette.*

§ 10. GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION.

Education in different parts of Europe.—According to the last annual Report of the French Society for the diffusion of Education by mutual instruction, the number of schools in Paris under the direction of the Society is twenty-five, which are attended by 3730 pupils, of whom 2268 are males, and 1462 females: there were six adult schools; three for each sex. These were attended by 218 individuals for evening instruction. A committee, of which M. de Stael was President, was occupied in making arrangements for opening Sunday Schools for the benefit of those who could not attend on working days. At the other schools several courses of lessons in drawing in outline were given in the hours of relaxation of the manufacturers preparatory to the instruction in drawing, in geometry and mechanics, as applied to the useful arts, according to the plan of M. Dupin, which is becoming daily more extended in France and other parts of the Continent.

The correspondents of the society furnish it with information as to the state of the schools in foreign countries:—In Denmark the schools at the end of 1827 were 2003 in number; and 369 were to be opened in the course of 1828. In Sweden the schools were 1830, in which singing, and drawing in outline were also taught. In the Netherlands in a population of 6,267,286 souls, the elementary schools counted 633,359. The Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar had promulgated a law obliging all fathers of families to send such of their children as had attained six years of age to the elementary schools. A school of mutual instruction had been founded in Barcelona, and preparations were making for the establishment of others in Upper Catalonia. In the island of Malta were two schools, in one of which 179 boys were instructed; in the other 155 girls. In Greece the adoption of the system of mutual instruction had been decreed by the President. At Kalassa, in America, there exists a school under the direction of a French master. In the other parts of America, in Africa, and in the Indies, the method is every day extending itself. In Madagascar there are 32 schools, to which there were admitted 1525 males and 433 females. The income of the French Society for the diffusion of mutual instruction amounted in 1827 to 23,056.75 francs, the expenditure to 20,993.80, leaving a balance of 2062.95 francs. The increase in the number of subscribers in 1827 was 944. At Florence a society for the diffusion of education on the system of mutual instruction has been also formed; the schools were so full that the admission of new pupils was obliged to be suspended until the education of others had been finished. The system had been extended with success into the smaller towns of the Tuscan State.—*Antologia di Firenze.*

Deaf and Dumb Asylums.—The number of establishments for the education of the Deaf and Dumb in the different states of Europe and the United States of America are as follows:—There are fifteen in France, one in Spain, one in Portugal, four in Italy, three in Switzerland, twenty-four in Germany, four in the Netherlands, two in Denmark, one in Sweden, eight in England, one in Russia, and seven in the United States of America.—*Degerando.*

Progress of Education in England.—Although the fact of the great and general increase of the means of education could not be doubted, it was manifestly desirable to establish some data, by which a calculation of the average amount of this increase might be obtained. Mr. Brougham, who had been Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee in 1815, accordingly addressed a considerable number of letters in the spring of 1828, to the ministers of parishes of each county in England (excepting Middlesex), and received answers in the highest degrees satisfactory. The results were communicated to the House of Commons, late in the Session, (in Mr. Brougham's absence) by Mr. Spring Rice; and that gentleman stated, that the clergy were extremely prompt and zealous in transmitting the requisite information.

From a consideration of the important facts contained in these Returns, we are enabled to arrive at some conclusions, to a certain extent satisfactory, upon the great progress of education in England.

The 487 Returns to the Circular Letter of 1828, are in the proportion of 1-21st to the whole number of parishes of England.

Of the 487 Returns, 123 are from Parishes which did not possess any Schools in 1818, but which have new Schools established; this is in the proportion of 1-17th to the 2121 parishes without schools in 1818.

In 1818 there were 1411 Unendowed Day Schools in the 487 Parishes, which now return 3260; increase 1849; the number being considerably more than doubled.

In 1818 there were 50,034 children educated in the 487 Parishes, which now return 105,571; increase 55,537; the number of scholars not being increased in quite so great a proportion as the number of schools.

As, therefore, the present number of Unendowed Schools in the 487 Parishes, compared with the number in 1818, is as sixteen to seven, the average present number of schools in the whole kingdom, as compared with the 14,000 in 1818, would be 32,000.

And, as the present number of Children in the Unendowed Schools of the 487 parishes, compared with the number in 1818, is as 21 to 10, the average present number in the whole kingdom, as compared with the 478,000 in 1818, would be 1,003,800.

With these data before us, we have reason to believe that the principle of doubling the number of children now educated in unendowed schools, as compared with the returns of 1818, may be applied with tolerable correctness to the whole kingdom. The increase of schools upon the Bell and Lancaster systems is in a much larger proportion. In the endowed schools, and the unendowed schools, the scholars may fairly be estimated at more than a million.—*Companion to the Almanac.*

Schools in Germany.—In the states of the South of Germany there is a law respecting schools, which has existed for above a century, but which has been greatly improved within the last thirty years. By this law, parents are compelled to send their children to school, from the age of six to fourteen years, where they must be taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, but where they may acquire as much additional instruction in other branches as their parents choose to pay for. To many of the schools of Bavaria large gardens are attached, in which the boys are taught the principal operations of agriculture and gardening in their hours of play; and, in all the schools of the three states, the girls, in addition to the same instruction as the boys, are taught knitting, sewing, embroidery, &c. It is the duty of the police and priest (which may be considered equivalent to our parish vestries) of each commune or parish, to see that the law is duly executed, the children sent regularly, and instructed duly. If the parents are partially or wholly unable to pay for their children, the commune makes up the deficiency. Religion is taught by the priest of the village or hamlet; and, where there are two or three religions in one parish, each child is taught by the priest of its parents; all of which priests are, from

their office, members of the committee or vestry of the commune. The priest or priests of the parish have the regular inspection of the schoolmaster, and are required by the government to see that he does his duty, while each priest, at the same time, sees that the children of his flock attend regularly. After the child has been the appointed number of years at school, it receives from the schoolmaster, and the priest of the religion to which it belongs, a certificate, without which it cannot procure employment. To employ any person under twenty-one, without such a certificate, is illegal, and punished by a fixed fine, as is almost every other offence in this part of Germany; and the fines are never remitted, which makes punishment always certain. The schoolmaster is paid much in the same way as in Scotland; by a house, a garden, and sometimes a field, and by a small salary from the parish; and by fixed rates for the children.—*Mag. of Nat. Hist.*

Population and University of Freyburg.—The city of Freyburg, chief town of the Breisgau, in Baden, has nearly doubled its population since 1786: at that period it contained 7694 inhabitants; in 1823 the number of souls amounted to 14,534. The University founded in 1454 reckons in the four faculties twenty-two ordinary, and fourteen extraordinary professors and teachers. The number of students amounted in 1824 to somewhat more than 600.—*Göttingische Anzeiger.*

Malte Brun's Universal Geography.—The seventh posthumous volume of the *Précis de la Géographie Universelle* par M. Malte Brun was brought out in the course of last year. The person who has undertaken the task of continuing this great work has acquitted himself successfully, and has obtained the praise of M. Bory de St. Vincent, in an article inserted in a recent number of the *Revue Encyclopédique*. The volume contains the description of Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. The author is pronounced by M. Bory de St. Vincent to have, in many respects, risen to a level with the style of Malte Brun, and to have produced a work astonishing by the variety of interesting recitals, by the superiority with which the different questions of Natural History connected with geography, and even subjects of high, moral, and political importance, are treated. In the latter, the author exhibits an independence, and a philosophy which have nothing offensive in them, because they are confined to conveying instruction.

South American Civilization.—Another instance of the progress towards civilization of the late Spanish colonies is added to those daily occurring by the establishment of a reading society, and of a periodical publication at Saint Iago di Chili. The latter bears the title of *El Mercurio Chileno*, and appears once a month in a pamphlet of 48 pages, price 5 reaux, or about ten-pence-halfpenny each number. The first number contains an essay on Public Credit, Medicine, the art of Curing Moral Infirmities, Public and Collegiate Education, and six pages devoted to varieties.

Chronicle of Ansbert.—A lost manuscript of the Chronicle, written in the 12th and 13th century by the Dean of Prague, Vincenz, and the Abbot of Muhlhausen, Gerlach, has been lately recovered in the Cathedral library of Prague. The discovery is of the greater consequence, as the manuscript contains the hitherto unknown Chronicle of Ansbert, which gives the history, by a participator in the expedition, of the crusade of the Emperor Frederick I. in 1189, an event of which no contemporaneous account has hitherto appeared. This Chronicle is, therefore, one of the most important historical fragments of the middle age; great light is thrown by it on the German, Hungarian, Servian, and Bulgarian history, and even at that of Bohemia a glance is given in a preface. The Chronicle of Ansbert has been edited and published by Dobrowsky, under the following title:—*‘Historia de Expeditione Friderici Imperatoris, edita a quodam Austriensi Clerico, qui eidem interfuit, nomine Ansberto. Nunc primum a Gerlavi*

Chronico, cujus ea partem constituit, typis expressa, curante Jos. Dobrowsky.
—*Abend Zeitung.*

New German Edition of Pliny.—At the grand scientific meeting lately held in Berlin, a subscription was agreed to be made among the persons there assembled, for the collection of a sum to defray the expenses of collating the edition of the works of Pliny the Elder, now preparing in Germany, with the manuscript in the British Museum.

Origin of Geological Maps.—The naturalist Lister was the first who suggested in 1684 the idea of maps to denote by colours the superficial extent and boundaries of soils, clays, rocks, and mineral strata, but the appearance of the first geological map was in 1815. It was constructed by Mr. William Smith, after twenty-five years of unremitting application to the project.—*Mag. of Nat. Hist.*

Panegyrics of Bouterwek and Von Sartorius.—A festival in honour of the memory of the late Professor Bouterwek was held by the Royal Society of Sciences at Gottingen, on the 6th of September last. Professor Blumenbach addressed to the assembly the oration in panegyric of the deceased philologist, in which he gave a brief account of his life, and a review of his works. The oration will be published. On the same occasion the Hofrathe Herr Heeren, in an eulogistic discourse, paid a tribute to the memory of the late Professor von Sartorius, the colleague of Bouterwek, also a professor in the University of Gottingen, and who died shortly after his more renowned colleague.—*Allg. Lit. Leitung.*

The Tomb of Hafiz.—Like the tomb of Saadi, that of Hafiz was said to have been placed on the spot which he frequented when alive; and his grave, it is believed, stands at the foot of a cypress planted by his own hands. It is only six months since this sacred tree had fallen down, after having stood so many years; and though it was sawn off, the trunk is still preserved above ground, to be shewn to visitors. The tomb as to its present structure is a recent work, and is ascribed to the munificence of Kurreem Khan, not more than forty years since. The period at which Hafiz wrote is about four hundred and forty years ago. The original copy of his works, written by his own hands, was kept here, chained to the tomb, until about a century since, when Asheraff, the king of the Affghans, took Ispahan, and afterwards Shiraz, in the reign of Shah Sultan Hussein; and the book of Hafiz was then taken by him to Candahar, where it is now said to be.—*Buckingham's Travels in Persia.*

Women of Egypt.—M. Charles le Normant, one of the persons attached to the French Scientific Expedition to Egypt, speaks in the following terms of the women of that country, in one of a series of letters published in 'Le Globe':—

"Thus the women, of whom even a habit of toilsome labour failed to affect the development, preserve a delicacy of form, a just proportion in their limbs, a natural grace, heightened by a simple and striking style of dress. The poorest Arabian girl, clothed but in a blue chemise, and that in tatters, could give lessons in grace, nay almost in *coquetterie*, to the loveliest peasant of France. A pretty Arab woman is the beau ideal of a female opera dancer; a form inclined to the slender, but of just proportions; limbs finely turned and well set, feet very small, and of exquisite shape; hands so delicate, that the bracelets of the lower arm may be passed over them without opening; gazelle-like eyes, to which the black tingeing of the brows gives at once a softness and a brilliancy. Those of the poorest class wear nothing but a long blue chemise, and a veil of the same colour, a corner of which they hold in the mouth when they meet a man, especially if he be a Frank. The richer conceal their faces by a large mask of black silk, with nothing uncovered but the forehead and eyes. Ear-rings, profusion of necklaces of

shells, glass-paste, to which are attached amulets of silver, or of bright copper bracelets of the same variety and multiplicity, the chin tattooed blue, as well as the hands and a part of the arm; and the black painting of the eye-brows, complete the toilette of an Arab woman, which, in spite of its apparent bizarrerie, forms a whole both original and pleasing."

Printing at Egina.—A translation into modern Greek of the *Catechisme d'Economie Politique* of M. Say has been printed at Egina, and dedicated by the translator to the Count Capo d'Istrias.

German Publications in 1828.—The catalogue of the Leipsig Michaelmas fair announces 3235 new works; that of the Easter fair contained 3883; so that the year 1828 produced 7118 works. This exceeds greatly all preceding years, as appears by the following statement:—In 1814, there appeared 2529 works; in 1815, 2750; in 1816, 3197; in 1817, 3532; in 1818, 3781; in 1819, 3916; in 1820, 3958; in 1821, 3997; in 1822, 4283; in 1823, 4309; in 1824, 4511; in 1825, 4836; in 1826, 4704; in 1827, 5108; in 1828, 5654.

This last number differs from that before given as the produce of 1828, by the subtraction of the foreign books sent on commission to the German booksellers, and of maps, musical works, and publications announced as about to appear. The number of booksellers who furnished this supply, amount to 391. The greatest contributor was Cotta, of Stuttgart, who sent 68 new articles to the last fair. Theology is the most fertile field; in one half year the works of this class amounted to 367; in the same term, the number of other works was as follows:—Periodical, 185; history, 180; romances, 112, part translations from the French and English; almanacs, 76; and works on foreign languages, 99. The principal historical works announced are, third edition of the Roman History of Niebuhr, and the Historical and Philosophical Pieces of the same author; the fifth volume of the Geography of the Greeks and Romans, by Mannert; the fourth of the History of the German People, by Luden; the fifteenth of the Historical Works of Heeren; the sixth edition of the Universal History of Becker; and the eighth edition of the History of Germany, by Kohlrausch. A History of the Magyares (Hungarians,) by Mailath; a History of Prussia, by Voigt; and a History of the Jews, by Jost.—*Revue Encyc.*

French Translations of English Works.—Among the works recently translated from our language into French, is the *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* of Lord Byron, by the author of *Mélodies Poétiques*. The attempt, according to the *Revue Encyclopédique*, is a failure. M. A. J. B. Defauconet and M. Jean Cohen have found easier tasks: the former, in the translation of the *White Boys* of M. Baynim, the rest of whose works he promises to make known to French readers: the latter, in the translation of *Pelham*, which is spoken of as a successful publication.

Proceedings of the Royal Spanish Academy of History.—The academical year of the Royal Academy of History of Madrid terminated at the end of November, and with it terminated also the presidency of D. Martin Fernandez de Navarrete, who, in the usual discourse at the last session, which was held on the 28th of that month, enumerated the labours performed by the academy during the year: of these, the most worthy of notice, are: Provision for proceeding with the publication of the Chronicle of the King Ferdinand IV., which had been suspended for twenty years, and which is now ready for the press; also, preparing for the press, the twenty first books of the *Historia general de las Indias* of Gonzalo Fernandez Oviedo, with engravings of several designs to accompany the history, representing various utensils of the Indians, and animals, plants, fruits, and other objects of natural history peculiar to the country.

Public Education in Murcia.—Under the auspices of a Royal Economic Society, public schools for lessons in drawing, in arithmetic, practical geometry, and simple mathematics, have existed for nearly half a century in Murcia; and so early as the foundation of the society, the utility and necessity of a class for instructing young artisans in mechanics and chemistry applicable to the arts, was officially and formally acknowledged. The necessary funds have been hitherto wanting for the purpose, until a patriotic priest, D. José Lopez Padilla, parish priest of Santa Eulalia, came forward and took upon himself to defray the expenses of a professorship of mechanics as applicable to the useful arts. This beneficent proposal was accepted by the society, and a class was accordingly opened in the beginning of November.—*Gazeta de Bayona.*

Literary Fraud.—A recent number of the *Gazeta de Bayona* mentions that one of the most impudent literary frauds committed since the invention of printing, has been lately perpetrated at Madrid. An obscure and ignorant man, D. Firmin Caballero, proposed to publish by subscription, and in fact did so publish, a little work under the title of "Turkey, the Theatre of the present War, by Firmin Caballero." He advertised his book with every formality in the public papers, and by means of placards. The public bought the book with all avidity, until one, somewhat more learned than the rest, discovered that the new publication was no more than a literal reprint of a *Tour to Constantinople*, made by order of Charles III. in 1784, by D. Gabriel Aristizabals and several other officers still living, and published and got up in a very expensive manner at the king's printing-office.

Length of German Words.—The English language presents some few words which the short-winded race who adopt it as the medium for expressing their thoughts, are apt to consider somewhat long. Of these prothotatory is not perhaps the very shortest. Polysyllabic as it is, however, it forms but a member of the following word in German:

Viceoberappellationsgerichtsprothonotarius.

In English: Appeal-courts-chief-prothonotary's-deputy.

§ 11. NAVAL AND MILITARY ECONOMY.

Russian Agricultural and Military Colonies.—In our last number we gave from the *Bulletin Universel* an account of a colony of this nature in Siberia; we now extract from the *Revue Encyclopédique* the following particulars of the regulations common to all the military colonies established by the late Emperor Alexander, and those which are still in progress.

In every regimental district (*arrondissement*), two principal points are particularly attended to:—its regulations for the purposes of economy; and its constitution for the service of the frontier.

Every *arrondissement* is divided into households (*ménages*): every *ménage* consists of a farm and its dependencies, a house and its appurtenances, domestic animals and beasts of labour, agricultural instruments and household furniture, provisions, and corn for consumption and seed. The number of these establishments is in proportion to the number of men required for the frontier service.

The population of a regimental *arrondissement* is divided into that part which is fixed, and that which is moveable: the first never quit their homes; the other must be always ready to march. The fixed population consists of the heads of the *ménages*, cantonnists, invalids, primitive inhabitants above the age of forty-five years, and lastly, the families of all.

The management of the land, as well as all the domestic appurtenances, is entrusted to the heads of the *ménages*, who are also charged with the maintenance of the families left incomplete by the moveable corps when in campaign. The individuals belonging to these families so left are distributed

among the other ménages; they share the labour, and partake the produce and the profits. All that is acquired by the industry or the commerce of the chiefs of the ménages, and by the fixed members of the absent column, independently of the wants of the ménage, is their private property.

All the male children indiscriminately are admitted to the number of cannonists. They are divided into three classes, according to age: the lowest, the middle, and the highest.

Every arrondissement is divided either into battalions, companies, or squadrons, according to the service. The masters of the ménages, distributed in a military manner, prepare for service, in the absence of the moveable corps, the men enrolled and destined to fill up the vacancies in the army in the field.

Every arrondissement is to have its church, schools, and other public institutions; an establishment for the breed of horses, and for the service of communications by posts; and a bank for advancing capital; a receptacle for decayed persons, and an hospital is founded at the expense of the crown. The children under age are maintained and educated at the same charge; those grown up, and in service, are restored to their families on their return. The colonized peasants may make all legal acquisitions; inequality of possessions is permitted: in this respect the general rule and consequences of industry and labour are allowed to take their course.

French School for Cavalry at Saumur.—The military school for cavalry at Saumur is one of the most complete establishments of the kind in Europe. It is a sort of normal school for the instruction of teachers, who thence pass into the army, and propagate the knowledge of which they have made an especial study during two years.

The principal objects of instruction are equitation and the employment of cavalry; its relation to other kind of troops; the study of the horse in the different stages of its existence; and farriery. For this purpose a veterinary school; a stud of English and Arabian stallions; a riding school, for the service of which there are kept 200 valuable horses of all breeds; a school for trumpeters, and two squadrons of cavalry-men, educating for instructors (*élèves instructeurs*), are attached to the establishment. Captains chosen from the regiments were first sent for two years to Saumur; these have been replaced by lieutenants, intended to second them as instructors, and to succeed them in their ranks. The cadets of Saint-Cyr intended for the cavalry, on leaving that establishment, pass two years at Saumur before they are placed in regiments, in which they become in their turn lieutenant and captain instructors.

The squadrons of *cavaliers élèves* are composed, first, of soldiers put on the lists of promotion, and pointed out by the colonels of their regiments; second, volunteers chosen in preference from among the sons of soldiers, and young men whose age or fortune would be obstacles to their presenting themselves for competition at Saint-Cyr, yet who, on account of their superior education, would not be content to enter the ranks. These cavalry-men, subject to all the obligations of the military service, follow, besides, courses of instructions similar to that undergone by the officers. They are sent to regiments in quality of subalterns, when, after two years' sojourn in the school, they are found on examination capable of fulfilling not only the duties of subalterns, but also those of instructors. Every cavalry regiment receives two of them annually.

The instruction in the school comprises: 1st, The rules of exercise and evolutions of the cavalry, sword exercise on foot and horseback, the use of the various fire-arms; 2nd, the regulations of home service and of garrisons; 3d, a theoretical and practical course of equitation divided into four parts, that is to say, knowledge of the horse, the employment of the animal, his

preservation, and the breeding and choice for use; 4th, a course of military science and history, including topography, the administration of regimental offices and the theory of service in the field; 5th, drawing, applied principally to the study of the horse and to landscape; 6th, fencing, leaping, and swimming. The civil offices are performed by the soldiers, without distinction of civil and military.

The school is composed of a brigadier-general (*maréchal de camp*), commander; a colonel, second commander; a lieutenant-colonel, four superior officers, a chaplain, eight captain-instructors, three captain-majors, a captain quarter-master, a lieutenant of uniforms, five officers of the faculty, an equerry commandant, eight common equeries; a captain of the staff, professor of military science and history; two lieutenants of the staff, joint professors of military science and history; a professor of drawing, a professor of music, a veterinary professor, a riding and four sub-riding masters, fencing masters, &c. The body of troops is composed of 507 men and 306 horses, organised as follows:—

First squadron . . A division of heavy cavalry—a division of dragoons.

Second squadron . Two divisions of light cavalry, one armed with the lance, the other with the carbine.

Third squadron . . A division of farriers—a division of trumpeters.

Every year, the inspectors-general of cavalry point out for the choice of the minister at war an officer of every corps of cavalry, as well of the guard as of the line, to be sent in quality of officer of instruction to the school. They wear there the uniform of the regiment to which they belong; they take their horses with them, and make use of them in the exercises and manœuvres.

The commissions of officer-instructor are reserved exclusively to the officers who have gone through the courses of the school in quality of lieutenants of instruction. Those who, at their examinations on leaving, obtain the two highest attestations of merit, are proposed to the king to obtain immediately either promotion, or admission into the guard.

The youths from Saint-Cyr form a squadron. Those who obtain the two highest attestations of merit are named to the king to be admitted to the guard, or to receive promotion, at the expiration of their four years' standing. When the farriers have received the necessary instruction, they are placed in that capacity in the regiments of the guard or of the line.

The number of horses of the establishment being insufficient to consume the shoes there made, which amount annually to 40,000, depôts are made of these in the fortresses, to come into use in time of war. The establishment makes use of no new iron, but procures that material from the arsenal, old gun-barrels, &c.—*Revue Encyclopédique*.

French Military Punishments.—The *United Service Journal*, a new periodical, of which the first number appeared last month, gives the following account of the punishment of French deserters. Four battalions of infantry of the line, of the garrison of Paris, were marched into the Place Vendôme, and formed into a hollow square. In a few minutes afterwards, the prisoners were brought from the guard-house of the *Etat Major* de Place, escorted by a serjeant's guard. They were dressed in great coats, waistcoats, trowsers, and tall caps (something of the *Montero* cut) of grey serge. They were marched into the centre of the square, and halted in front of the column; thence they were marched round the square, having halted at the end of every ten or twelve paces, and finally placed again near the column. A *greffier*, in black, then came forward, attended by the field officers of the regiments assembled, took off his hat, and produced a large sheet, containing the names and descriptions of the prisoners—their crime, trial, and condemnation. He then called out one of the culprits, who, advancing, cap in hand,

to the centre of the square, remote from every other individual, and of course conspicuous, heard the particulars respecting himself read in a voice that was audible to all present. He was then ordered back to the guard, when his companion was summoned, and underwent a similar degradation, the drums and music at intervals regaling them with appropriate music corresponding with our 'Rogue's March.' The troops were then marched past them; after which the prisoners were led to prison, previously to their being sent to work on the roads, with cannon balls chained to their legs for five years. The whole proceeding was very solemn, although the fellows affected to treat the matter very lightly.

Russian Manufactory of Arms. Arsenal of Tula.—The 'Aussland,' in an extract translated from a Russian work—the Description of the Arm Manufactory of Tula, by Joseph Hamel—gives the following account of the progress of that manufacture in Russia:—Russia is indebted for her first manufacture and foundery of iron to a Dutchman, Andrew Vinus, in 1632. Until that period the Dutch had supplied the Russians with the greater part of the material required for their artillery. Andrew Vinus erected his factory, for which Michael Feodorowitsch, the father of Peter the Great, gave him a patent, on the river Tultscha, about twelve miles from Tula; procuring the iron from a mine shortly before discovered in the district of Diedilof, near the river Alena. Sixteen years afterwards, the first manufacture of arms was established at Moscow, under the direction of the arm-smith, Francis Akin; and lastly, in the year 1712, in pursuance of an order of Peter, was the arsenal of Tula founded. Notwithstanding the preference shown to foreigners by the government, two native Russians, the blacksmith Mark Wassiljewitsch Siderof, and a soldier, Jacob Batstschef, deserved well of their country for several improvements in hydraulics, and the invention of some remarkable machinery for the fabric of musket barrels. Latterly, however, a foreigner, the Englishman John Johns, since 1817, has brought the fabric of arms at Tula to a pitch of perfection hardly to be excelled by the most celebrated manufactories of England. From this great arm manufactory there issue, yearly, 700,000 stand of fire-arms, and 25,000 side-arms. More than 3000 workmen are employed in their fabric.

§ 12. GEOGRAPHY, STATISTICS, AND PUBLIC ECONOMY.

Rivers of South America.—The question, which of the South American rivers, the Orinoco, the Amazon, or the Plata, be the greatest, is yet undetermined. The Rio de la Plata has the widest mouth, its breadth amounting to twenty-three geographical miles. But this river, like the English rivers, is navigable but for a short distance. Its inconsiderable depth becomes, even at the city of Buenos Ayres, an hindrance to navigation. The Amazon is the longest of all the rivers. From its origin in the lake Lauridochia to its mouth, its course amounts to 720 geographical miles. On the contrary, its breadth in the province of Jaen de Bracamoros, by the cataract of Rentama, is scarcely so considerable as that of the Rhine at Mayence. The Orinoco at its mouth appears smaller than La Plata or the Amazons. Its length, too, amounts, according to astronomical calculation, to only 280 miles. But far in the interior of Guayana, at the distance of 140 miles from its mouth, at high water, the river is still 16,200 feet broad. At the periodical overflowing of its banks, its waters are elevated to the height of from twenty-eight to thirty-six feet above the common level of the river.—Humboldt—"Athenæum."

State of Sicily.—The extent of Sicily may be stated at 11,505 Italian miles square, equal to 931,915 square of Sicily. This territory, which is supposed in ancient times to have contained a population of 10,000,000 souls, is now occupied by 1,600,000 inhabitants. According to a census made in 1747, there were 47,069 individuals devoted to the church. The changes in

the times have diminished the number of this class, but they are still more abundant than even in Italy. The number of nobles and lawyers is also vastly disproportionate to the general mass of the population : but the data necessary to form any accurate conclusion on these points are wanting. It is calculated that the one half of the soil is employed in the cultivation of grain : the rest is occupied by rice plantations, gardens, vineyards, lands not capable of cultivation, and lands occupied by houses, cities, and rivers. The total rent of the land was estimated by the government in 1810 at 3,800,000 ounces.* Since that time the value has gradually diminished, and according to a recent work, 'Saggio sulle cause ed i rimedii delle angustie attuali dell' Economia Agraria in Sicilia di Niccolò Palmieri,' affairs in that island are in such a state that the land can no longer be let on lease : or, if such a thing as a contract for letting takes place, it is at the third part, and often less, of the rent previously paid : the estates are without stock—the landlords are under the daily necessity of resorting to legal measures for the recovery of the arrears due to them ; and the sales by auctions of stock, and even of utensils, are continual.

The price of labour of the cultivator, and an allowance of profit for capital employed, being deducted, there remains no rent for the landlords. The general, local, or communal taxes amount to 2,600,000 ounces. This state of things is considered attributable in a great measure to the high rate to which articles of every kind rose during the occupation by the English, and the subsequent reaction. It is calculated, that, during the possession of the British, 12,000,000*l.* sterling, in naval and military expenditure, in subsidies and capital employed in commercial undertakings, were annually brought to the island.

Revenue of Great Britain.—The following is an abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain in the year ending the 5th of January, 1829, compared with that of the preceding year :—

	Years ended January 5.		Increase.	Decrease.
	1828.	1829.		
Customs . .	£16,391,838	£16,125,118		£266,720
Excise . . .	16,969,564	18,700,373	£1,730,809	—
Stamps . . .	6,375,140	6,666,363	291,223	—
Post-office .	1,385,000	1,400,000	15,000	—
Taxes . . .	4,768,273	4,849,302	81,029	—
Miscellaneous	754,860	564,166	—	190,694
	<hr/> 46,644,675	<hr/> 48,305,322	<hr/> 2,118,061	<hr/> 457,414
	Deduct Decrease . . .		457,414	
			<hr/> 1,660,647	<hr/> —

Revenue of the U. S. of America.—Aggregate of receipts during the year 24,940,863 dollars, 67 cents. Year's expenditure 25,637,511 d. 63 c. Balance remaining in treasury at commencement of 1828, 5,861,972 d. 83 cents. In 1829, 5,125,638 d. 14 cents. The receipts of 1828 had amounted to 2,000,000 d. more than was anticipated. 9,000,000 d. had been applied to the extinction of the capital of the debt, and 3,000,000 d. in payment of interest. The whole debt due 1st January, 1829, 58,362,155 d. 78 cents.—*President's Address to Congress.*

Tea Trade of Russia.—The Russian periodical, the Northern Bulletin of April, 1828, gives the following particulars of the trade of Russia, in tea, an article the consumption of which has become great in that country, where its use is regarded as a salutary innovation, and as tending to supersede the habit of drinking spirituous liquors. It forms the principal branch

* 10s. 9d. to the ounce.

of traffic at the fair of Nijni-Novgorod. The chests are enveloped in skins in a manner that the tea itself cannot be affected by the odour of any objects which are near it. It is on this account represented to be superior to the tea brought by sea to England, which it is said cannot be protected from the marine exhalations. The arrival of the article, more or less early in the season at the fair, depends on the thawing of the rivers of Siberia. It is transported on sledges from Kiakhta on the frontiers of China to Tomsk, in Siberia, where it sometimes has to wait six weeks or two months, the period of its embarkation, in docked boats. It descends the Ob and ascends the Irtysh: then, again disembarked, it has to make a cross journey of 12 wersts to Perme, where it resumes its navigation, and is conveyed by water to Nijni-Novgorod. The expeditions set out from Kiakhta at the beginning of February. The convoy of 1827 arrived at Nijni-Novgorod on the 25th of July, on board eight *raschives*, decked boats with a keel and a rudder, each carrying from 5 to 6000 pounds (90 to 110 tons), the freight of which are valued at about 240,000*l*. The expense of transports amounts to about 10 per cent.

Russian Coin of Platina.—A recent number of the *Revue Encyclopédique*, in noticing a work on the productions in gold and platina of the Oural Mountains, gives the particulars of the experiment made by the Emperor Nicholas, to bring this metal into use as currency. His Majesty has caused money to be struck of platina, and offered for circulation without any compulsion on his subjects to receive it. The coin will have the value of three silver roubles, about 9*s*. 6*d*. It resembles in form and size the piece representing a paper-rouble, that is, to say, it is about the size of an English shilling. Individual possessors of the metal are permitted to bring the material to the Royal Mint, to be there coined. The experiment has been made on a trifling scale only, on account of the small quantity of metal which has yet been worked. Great expectations are entertained from the results of the discovery, and this new use of it, to Russian prosperity.

Produce of the Oural Mines.—The produce of the mines of the Oural Mountains in 1827 was as follows. The mines of the crown yielded 89 * pounds 29 pounds 53½ zolotniks of gold, and 2 pounds 7 pounds 25½ zolotniks of platina. The mines belonging to individuals yielded 192 pounds 10 lbs. 49 zol. of gold, and 23 pounds 23 lbs. 40½ zol. of plat. Total of gold, 282 pounds 0 lbs. 6½ zol. Total of platina 25 pounds 30 lbs. 65½ zol.—*Revue Encyclopédique*.

Increase of Population in Italy.—The city of Rimini contains 14,200 inhabitants, the population having increased 4000 in ten years. This augmentation proceeded principally from the poorer classes. The number of foundlings at the end of 1826 amounted to 424.—*Antologia di Firenze*.

Germanic Federation.—Commercial treaties between the principal states that compose the Germanic Federation have been recently concluded at Cassel. These treaties divide Germany into four principal districts for commercial relations; 1st, Austria, 2nd, Prussia, Hesse Darmstadt, Anhalt Dessau, Anhalt Bernberg, Anhalt Goethen, and a part of Schwartzburg, Sonderhausen; 3rd, Bavaria, Wirtemberg, Hohenzollern; 4th, Saxony, Hesse Cassel, Saxe Weimar, Brunswick, Hesse Homburg, Oldenburg, Saxe Coburg, &c. &c., Bremen and Frankfort.

Duration of Generations.—Some curious observations have been made by M. Villot on the duration of generations in the last century, the results of which he submitted in a memoir to the French Academy, and which he obtained by taking from the registers, in cases to the number of 482, the

Forty pounds to the pound.

date of the birth of a male child, and following up the series of its parents to the commencement of the century. In Paris, during the eighteenth century, to the time of marriage, the mean age of a man had been 29 years 68 hundredths, and that of a woman 24 years 72 hundredths; and thus the difference of age between the two engaging parties has been, as a mean term, 4 years 96 hundredths. With respect to the generation of a family, M. Villot procured 505 observations for the male sex, and 486 for the female. These latter shew that, in Paris, during the eighteenth century, up to the period of birth of a son, the mean age of a mother was 28 years 17 hundredths; while, from 505 observations relative to the male sex, there results that, in Paris, during the same century, the mean age of a father, at the period of the birth of a son, was 33 years 31 hundredths. This interval representing the duration of a male generation, it follows that there have been about three generations at Paris in the eighteenth century. M. Villot remarked, that this duration coincides with that which was adopted by the Greeks in their chronological calculations.

Duration of Life at Geneva.—The following table of the average duration of life of the inhabitants of Geneva for the last 260 years, is given in the *Nouvelles Annales des Voyages et des Sciences géographiques*.

Average duration of life,			
From 1560 to 1600, 18 years 5 months			
1601 to 1700,	23	-	5 -
1701 to 1760,	32	-	8 -
1761 to 1800,	33	-	7 -
1801 to 1811,	38	-	6 -
1815 to 1826,	38	-	10 -

Canals of Pennsylvania.—Within the state of Pennsylvania there are about three hundred miles of canal actually completed, about one hundred and twenty miles of improved river navigation, and eighteen miles of railway; while the legislature has authorized the construction, in all, of one thousand two hundred miles of canal, the improvement of two hundred and twenty miles of river, and the formation of nearly six hundred miles of railway. Of the canals thus authorized, seven hundred and fifty miles more are actually in progress, and reasonable expectations may be entertained that they will be finished in less than three years.—*Quarterly Journal of Science*.

Effects of Prohibition.—During the reign of Napoleon vessels were despatched from London, freighted with sugar, coffee, tobacco, cotton-twist, for Salonica (Macedonia,) whence these articles of merchandize were carried by beasts of burden, by the way of Servia and Hungary to Germany and France: so that an article consumed at Calais would come from England, only twenty miles distant, by a route which, in point of expense, would be equivalent to a voyage twice round the globe.—*Say, Economie Politique Pratique*.

Commerce with the Havannah.—From a report made to the minister of finances at Madrid, by D. Claudio Pimillos, chief of the exchequer of the Havannah, it appears that the imports of that place, during the six first months of the last year, amounted to 8,406,863 dollars, and that the amount of the exports during the same term was 5,612,328 dollars, making a total circulation to the value of 14,019,191 dollars. This result, compared with that of the year before, shews an increase of 1,794,533 dollars. By another statement from the same officer, respecting the port of Matanzas, it appears that the imports there amounted during the year 1827 to 1,387,500 dollars, and the exports to 1,717,347 dollars, thus making a general circulation to the value of 3,104,847 doll.—*Gazeta de Bayona*.

Trade with the Baltic.—The following vessels passed the Sound in 1828 :—

British	-	4,381	French	-	129
Prussians	-	2,257	Lubeckers	-	117
Swedes	-	1,289	Bremeners	-	60
Dutch	-	1,111	Oldenburghers	-	43
Norwegians	-	1,085	Hamburghers	-	23
Danes	-	907	Portuguese	-	8
Mecklenburghers	-	648	Sardinians	-	2
Hanoverians	-	570			
Russians	-	417	Total	-	13,263
Americans	-	216			

Consumption of Cotton.—In 1819 the consumption of cotton in Great Britain was 428,500 bags ; in 1822, 550,800 ; in 1825, 615,940 ; in 1827, 662,900 ; and 1828, 732,700. By this statement, it appears that the consumption has nearly doubled within the last ten years.

Manufacture of Soap.—The quantity of soap manufactured in London in the year 1828, was 18 millions of lbs. ; in Liverpool, 23 millions ; and in Glasgow, 3 millions.

Supply of Cattle to London.—The following is the quantity of beasts and sheep brought to Smithfield market in the years 1826, 1827, and 1828 :—

	Beasts.	Sheep.
1826	159,822	1,486,559
1827	150,686	1,524,466
1828	158,969	1,372,720

Importation of Grain.—The following is the return of wheat, barley, and oats imported into London, in the year 1828 :—

	Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.
January	230	—	—
February	—	—	594
March	75	5	935
April	2,700	3	4,794
May	14,625	120	920
June	17,201	1,110	9,738
July	18,009	2,608	2,296
August	11,989	952	6,501
September	40,078	3,571	16,274
October	103,608	2,885	17,440
November	121,886	8,218	25,851
December	120,981	10,467	21,059
Total	451,382	29,939	106,402

In 1821, the foreign wheat imported was 4,610 quarters ; in 1825, 138,031 qrs. ; in 1826, 244,431 qrs. ; and in 1827, 97,375 qrs. The largest importations have been these :—In 1801, 1,263,771 qrs. ; in 1802, 1,421,242 qrs. ; in 1811, 1,432,615 qrs. ; in 1818, 1,029,038 qrs. ; in 1819, 1,582,787 qrs. In no other year, with the exception of 1797, 1806, and 1815, has the importation exceeded 500,000 qrs.

Paris Iron Foundries.—In the year 1822 there were only about four iron-foundries in Paris ; one at Chaillot, conducted by an eminent English engineer, Mr. Edwards, and three others in different parts of the city. There are now no less than twenty, which employ great numbers of workmen. The number of foundries at Rouen has been doubled since that period ; and at Nantes, Bordeaux, St. Quentin, Lille, Arras, and elsewhere, many considerable establishments have been formed.—*Paris Paper.*

Parisian Theatres.—The receipts of the chief Theatres in Paris for the two last months of the year 1828 amounted to 1,001,371 francs, or about 40,000*l.* sterling. The following is the proportion collected at each theatre:—

Porte St. Martin	124,426	Feydeau	83,786
The Circus	120,955	Gaité	70,433
Variétés	114,334	Théâtre Français	64,413
Théâtre of Madame	110,425	Vaudeville	54,782
Nouveautés	92,424	Ambigu	53,593
Opera	86,311	Odéon	25,489

f. 1,001,371

Female Religious Communities in France.—According to a work of M. de Lanjuinais, Peer of France (*Des Communautés religieuses en France*) there were in the year 1823, in Paris alone, 168 religious communities of women: the number throughout the kingdom amounted to 1700, with a revenue of more than 12 million francs. There did not exist so many before the Revolution.

French Church.—The clergy in France in the beginning of the year 1824 amounted to 58,832, distributed as follows:—Archbishops and Bishops, 74; Vicars General, 287; Titular Canons, 725; actual Canons, 1255; parish priests, 2828; officiating priests, 22,225; vicars, 5376; supernumerary priests, 1850; heads of seminaries, 876; teachers in seminaries, 4044; nuns, 14,271.—*Almanach du Clergé.*

Religion in France.—In the year 1823 estimates were made in France which stated the amount of pious gifts and contributions to spiritual communities made since 1802 at 30 millions of francs. The greater part had been given towards the establishment of religious communities. The *Almanach du Clergé* for the year 1824 states the sum at less than 15 millions, and remarks, that of this entire sum only 2,900,749 francs had been contributed between 1802 and 1815; while from 1815 to 1823, 12,000,000 had been given.

Bills of Mortality for London.—The following is a general bill of all the christenings and burials within the city of London and Bills of Mortality, from December 13, 1827, to December 12, 1828:—

Christened in the 97 parishes within the walls, 988; buried, 1125.

Christened in the 17 parishes without the walls, 4922; buried, 3853.

Christened in the 29 out-parishes in Middlesex and Surrey, 16,300; buried, 12,832.

Christened in the 10 parishes in the City and Liberties of Westminster, 4335; buried, 3899.

Christened.			Buried.		
Males	-	13,360	Males	-	11,112
Females	-	13,185	Females	-	10,597
In all	-	26,545	In all	-	21,709
Whereof have died,					
Under two years of age	-	6389	Between Fifty and sixty	-	1845
Between two and five	-	2326	Sixty and seventy	-	1891
Five and ten	-	878	Seventy and eighty	-	1540
Ten and twenty	-	861	Eighty and ninety	-	615
Twenty and thirty	-	1488	Ninety and one hundred	-	100
Thirty and forty	-	1790	One hundred and seven	-	1
Forty and fifty	-	1985			

Decrease in the burials reported this year, 583.

Silk Trade.—In the present moment at Spitalfields the distress is extreme, and probably would have arisen, under any circumstances, to a certain extent. The silk trade, being a fancy one, is always subject to great fluctuations; but in the present, as in all former instances of distress in Spitalfields, the ridiculous regulations of the workmen have grievously inflamed it.

Increase of Manufactures—We have frequently had occasion to notice the general activity that has prevailed in the leading branches of manufactures, and how steadily they have gone on improving since commercial restrictions have been reduced, notwithstanding the assertions of interested individuals, that the trade of England was destroyed at the introduction of that system.

We have previously shewn the increased consumption of indigo at different periods during the operation of this system, but although this is a most important ingredient in the preparation of manufactures, there are many others used, the augmented consumption of which it is desirable to shew at this moment, and also to bring down that of indigo, with the other articles we shall enumerate, to the end of the year 1828, comparing the consumption in that year with the quantity used at home in each of the three years immediately preceding it.

	1825. lbs.	1826. lbs.	1827. lbs.	1828 lbs.
Indigo, E. I . . .	2,066,938	1,766,470	2,143,773	2,910,053
Spanish . . .	25,172	134,577	255,589	151,944
Lac Dye	362,527	395,609	418,270	397,867
Madder	60,017	47,722	49,132	67,096
Root . . .	Nearly the same in each year, about 34,000 cwt.			
Cochineal	114,566	86,776	162,032	115,276
Argol	The consumption of this article is uncertain during above period, but the imports will be some guide to us in this respect, independent of which, from the most unquestionable authority, we can state that argol has been in great demand throughout the last year.			

	1825. Casks & cases 1890	1826. Casks & cases 781	1827. Casks & cases. 2124	1828. Casks & cases. 3380
Turmeric, Ho Cons.	179,456	107,222	184,554	185,694
Logwood	8700	6800	4200	7335
Fustic	4000	3200	1400	6070

We could give a variety of other instances, in proof of the steady improvement in manufactures, as deduced from the increased demand for ingredients used in them, but we think the above are sufficient to establish the truth of the assertion. The state of the stock on hand of the respective articles noticed, and a variety of collateral circumstances, may partially tend to alter the appearance of the consumption of a particular ingredient in any single year, but looking at this table as a general statement of the demand for commodities used in the preparation of the cotton, woollen, and silken manufactures, it is a most satisfactory proof of the steady progress they are making under the new commercial system, imperfect as it is and must be in its practice, until an alteration in the laws relating to the trade in coin takes place.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL,

From December 21, 1823, to January 20, 1829.

51° 32' 30" N. 8' 30" W.

Dec. and Jan.	Luna- tions.	Ther- mome- ter.	Baro- meter.	Winds.		Atmospheric Variations				Prevailing Modification of Cloud.
		Mean Alt	0 hour	A.M.	P.M.	9 h. A.M.	0 hour.	8 h. P.M.	During Night.	
21	6 ^h . AM O	53	29.85	W.	S.W.	Fair, Cl	Fair, Cl	Fair, Cl	Fair	Cirrostratus.
22		51	.86	W.	W.	—	—	—	—	—
23		49	.82	S.W.	S.W.	Moist	—	Rain	Moist	—
24		48	.40	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25		39.5	.08	—	S.	—	—	Clear	Frost	{ Cumulus. Cu- mulo stratus.
26		34.5	.23	—	S.W.	Clear	Serene	—	Fair	Cumulus.
27		37	.48	S.E.	S.E.	Serene	—	Fair, Cl.	—	{ Cirrostratus. Cirro-cumulus.
28		40.5	.63	S.W.	S.W.	Fog	Fog	Fog	—	Cirrostratus.
29	11 ^h . AM C	38	30.17	N.W.	—	—	—	—	Fog	—
30		39.5	.27	S.	—	—	Fair, Cl	Fair, Cl	Fair	{ — Cumu- lo stratus
31		43.5	29.95	S.W.	—	Fair, Cl.	Rain	Rain	Fair	Cirrostratus.
1		34.5	.70	N.W.	N.W.	—	Fair, Cl.	Clear.	Sl. Fr.	— Cumulus
2		41.75	.67	N.	—	—	Clear	—	—	Cirrostratus.
3		37.5	.72	—	N.E.	Moist	—	Fair, Cl	Fair	Cirrus. Cirrostr.
4		39.5	.32	W.	N.W. H.	Rain	Fair, Cl	Stormy	—	Cirrostratus.
5	2 ^h PM. ●	33.25	.36	N.E.	N.E.	Fair	—	L. Snow	Fr.	— Cumulus
6		31.5	.73	N.	N.	Clear	Clear	Fair, Cl	Fair	—
7		35	.78	N.E.	N.E.	Fair, Cl.	Fair, Cl.	—	Fr.	—
8		31.5	.72	—	—	—	—	—	Fair	—
9		35	.60	N.	N.	—	—	—	—	—
10		34	.40	E.	E.	—	—	—	—	—
11		30	.62	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
12	7 ^h . AM D	34.5	.72	N.E.	N.E. H.	—	—	Stormy	—	— Cirro-cum.
13		31.5	.82	—	N.E.	—	—	Fair, Cl	—	—
14		34.25	.82	—	—	—	—	Moist	—	—
15		33.75	.68	—	—	—	Moist	—	—	—
16		22.5	.41	E.	E.	—	—	—	Fr.	—
17		27	.45	—	—	Fog	Fog	—	—	Cirrus, Cirrostr.
18		24.75	.71	E.	N.E.	Clear	Fog	Fog	—	Cirrostratus.
19		23.5	.91	—	N.	—	—	Clear	—	— Cirrus. Cum.
20	2 ^h . AM. O	23.5	.89	—	—	Fog	—	Fog	L. Snow	Cirrostr. Cum.

THE JOURNAL OF FACTS.

MARCH, 1829.

§ 1. NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

Gradual Absorption of the Waters of the Globe.—IN an introductory essay to a work on the agamic and cryptogamic plants, collected by Messrs. Durville and Lesson in a scientific voyage round the globe, M. Bory de Saint-Vincent, among other interesting speculations, has published the following ideas on physical geography. Setting out with the proposition so strongly countenanced by tradition, as well as observation, that the globe was originally covered with water, the author regards the causes which have occasioned the disappearance of a considerable portion of that element as still operating, and tending gradually to entirely dry up even the waters of the sea. The reasoning is in this manner:—The vast deserts of sand, mixed up with the salt and the remains of marine animals, of which the surface of the globe is partly composed, were formerly inland seas, which have insensibly become dry. The Caspian, the Dead Sea, the Lake Baikal, &c. will become dry in their turn also. Then the beds of these vast bodies of salt water will be sandy deserts. The inland seas, whether they have only one outlet, as the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, the Baltic, &c., or whether they have several, as the Gulph of Mexico, the Seas of Okotsk, of Japan, and China, &c. will, at some future time, cease to communicate with the great basins of the oceans; they will become inland seas, true Caspians, and in due time will likewise become dry. On all sides the waters of rivers are seen to carry forward in their course the soil of the continents. Alluvial lands, deltas, banks of sand, form themselves near the coasts, and in the directions of the currents; madrepore animals lay the foundations of new lands, and while the straits become closed, while the depths of the sea fill up, the level of the sea, which it would seem natural should become higher, is sensibly lower. There is, therefore, an actual diminution in the quantity of liquid matter.

Motions of the Barometer.—An article on the atmosphere, in the last number of the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*, gives the following as an index to the motions of the barometer:—1. In summer, a rise indicates the approach of fair weather. In winter, it generally indicates frost; but at all seasons, in this region, the same effect is liable to be produced by an east or north-east wind. 2. In summer, a fall generally precedes rain, or a south or south-west wind, or a hurricane or thunder. In winter, it usually precedes rain or thaw. 3. An unsettled state of the mercury usually obtains in unsettled weather. 4. The good or bad weather, which the barometer announces, will generally be of long or short duration, according as it is a longer or shorter time in coming, after the observed rise or fall of the barometer. 5. If the barometer rise from nine in the morning till three or four in the afternoon, fine weather may be more confidently expected; and if it fall from that hour of the afternoon until nine or ten at night, rain is indicated with greater certainty than when the reverse takes place; because these movements are in opposition to its natural horary oscillations.

Comparative Temperature of Springs, and of the Atmosphere.—In situations where the cold is not sufficient to hinder the circulation of water,

the temperature of perennial springs is almost identical with that of the atmosphere. Thus, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, the temperature of the perennial springs agrees with the mean temperature of the atmosphere. The same is the case in the whole of Atlantic Europe, and also, to a great extent, in Southern Europe. But Humboldt has discovered that this arrangement does not hold in the warmer countries, where the temperature of the springs is almost always some degrees below that of the superincumbent atmosphere. This phenomenon commences in the south of Europe; for Von Buch found a spring at St. Cesareo, near to Palestrina, at Rome, on the 20th of August, at $9\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ R.; the temperature of the atmosphere 22° R.; and the mean temperature $12\cdot6^{\circ}$ R.—*Edin. New Phil. Jour.*

Natural Provision for Vegetation in high Latitudes.—We owe to Wahlenberg, says Von Buch, in an interesting memoir on the temperature of springs, read to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin, (published in Poggenдорff's excellent Journal,) the discovery of a beautiful arrangement in the economy of nature, viz. that the mean temperature of the soil and subjacent rock rises higher and higher above that of the air, the further we advance towards the north. By this means, polar situations support a number of vegetables, which otherwise would perish; nay, even life itself is thereby brought into places which would be dead and arid, and from which every living thing would flee. Who can conceive agriculture and cultivation, in a soil where temperature is 1° or 2° R., below the freezing point? But the temperature is actually not higher in places in which there are towns, and where corn is raised with activity and profit. It is the temperature of a great part of Siberia and of many inhabited valleys in Sweden.—*Ibid.*

Corrected Classification of the Colours of the Rainbow.—A correspondent of the *Philosophical Magazine* gives the subjoined classification of the colours of the rainbow as more scientific than the common enumeration. The writer observes, that he has often seen the rainbow, when very bright, repeated three or four times, every repetition being gradually fainter; each set of colours being half the width of the preceding (like the repeated notes of the musical octave on a divided string or line); and succeeding according to the following classification:—

Red.	
Orange, divided into	{ Reddish, called Scarlet.
Yellow.	{ Yellowish, called Orange.
Green, divided into	{ Yellowish, called Pomona.
Blue.	{ Bluish.
Purple, divided into	{ Bluish, called indigo.
Red.	{ Reddish, called violet.
Orange, &c.	

Fossil Bones of antediluvian Bears.—At the sitting of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, on the 19th of January, an announcement was made by M. Cordier, of a recent discovery of bones of antediluvian mammiferous animals, in a cavern in the upper part of the mountain of Fessonne, towards the western extremity of the department of the Gard. The bones, accompanied by the reddish concretion which had enveloped them, were submitted to the inspection of M. de Cuvier, who at once recognised in them parts of the skeleton of a species of bear now extinct.—*Le Globe.*

Degrees of Resistance by Friction in various Substances.—The following are conclusions from experiments by Mr. George Rennie, F.R.S., detailed

n a paper communicated to the Royal Society. The friction of ice rubbing upon ice diminishes with an increase of weight, but without observing any regular law of increase. When dry leather was made to move along a plate of cast-iron, the resistance is but little influenced by the extent of surface. With fibrous substances, such as cloth, the friction diminishes by an increase of pressure, but is greatly increased by the surfaces remaining for a certain time in contact: it is greater, *cæteris paribus*, with fine than with coarse cloths: the resistance is also much increased by an increase of surface. With regard to the friction of different woods against each other, great diversity and irregularity prevail in the results obtained: in general, the soft woods give more resistance than the hard woods: thus, yellow deal affords the greatest, and red teak the least friction. The friction of different metals also varies principally according to their respective hardness; the soft metals producing greater friction, under similar circumstances, than those which are hard. Within the limits of abrasion, however, the amount of friction is nearly the same in all metals, and may in general be estimated at one-sixth of the pressure. The power which unguents have in diminishing friction, varies according to the kind and the fluidity of the particular unguent employed, and to the pressure applied.—*Phil. Mag.*

Elasticity of the Atmosphere.—At the height of three miles the air is twice as thin as at the level of the sea: that is, one foot, if carried up from the lower level, would spring out so as to occupy two feet, and, at the height of fifteen miles, one foot would spring out into thirty.—*Quar. Jour. of Agric.*

Uncertainty of Measure deduced from the simple Pendulum.—In an article in the Philosophical Magazine for February, on the discordance in the results of the Methods for determining the Length of the simple Pendulum, by Francis Bayley, Esq. F.R.S., the writer details the experiments made by him on the convertible pendulum, with a view to satisfy himself of the accuracy of the generally received determination of the length of the simple pendulum, vibrating seconds in our latitude; and states the conclusion he had to come to, that, at present, this instrument is far from furnishing a method of deducing a *standard measure*.

Discovery of Arsenic in Sulphur.—By means of caustic ammoniac 0.00061 parts of arsenic have been discovered in sulphur. To make the experiment, a certain quantity of milk of sulphur—of flowers of sulphur—or of common sulphur, should be subjected to the action of alkali; the liquid should be filtered, and treated with an excess of hydrochloric acid. If a yellow precipitate is produced, it is a sign that the sulphur contains arsenic. If no precipitate be perceptible, the liquid should be allowed to evaporate till a few drops only remain; a little ammoniac is then to be added, afterwards hydro-chloric acid, and lastly hydro-sulphuric acid: the arsenic, be it in ever so minute a quantity, will make a yellow precipitate.—*Geiger's Mag. für Pharm.*

Existence of Gold in the country watered by the Moselle.—In 1827 a piece of gold weighing 3½ ounces mixed with grains of quartz was found near Enkirch, a village between Trarbach and Zell sous Andel, to the right of the Moselle. In 1776, grains of gold were found in the Goldbach near Andel, not far from Bernmarle; and in 1804 and 1809 particles were also found after an inundation.—*Poggendorff's Annalen der Chemie und Physik.*

Gold Sand of the Rhine.—The gold sand of the Rhine produced in the territory of Baden in 1825, 1734½ crowns or 8671 florins 3 kreutzers, while in 1824, 3378 crowns, or 16,890 florins, had been produced. The difference is attributed to the great increase of water of 1825.—*Hertha, Gaz. Geogr.*

Deceased Members of the Göttingen Scientific Society.—The Members of the Society of Sciences of Göttingen, who died between the annual general

meetings of the society in 1827 and 1828 (held in November) were Bouterwek and Sartorius (home)—(foreign) Peter Thunberg, professor of botany at Upsala, Joseph Planta, chief librarian of the British Museum, and Albert Thaer, Prussian counsellor of state at Möglin. Of the correspondents of the same society there had died—Vasilaua Michailowitz Sewergin, professor of mineralogy of St. Petersburg, John Bruce, historiographer of the British East India Company (in the former year), and Egidius C. Joseph di Vivere, in Rome.—*Göttingische gelehrte Anzeigen*.

§ 2. NATURAL HISTORY.

Geographical Extension of Plants.—The *Trisetum subspicatum* and the *Draba confusa* are remarkable phenomena of geographical expansion. The former is found in all altitudes of the northern hemisphere and of the old continent which reach the point of perpetual snow: it forms a girdle to the arctic pole, and thence descends through North America to Mount Washington, in that part of the Alleghany chain which forms the western boundary of the state of Massachusetts, under a latitude corresponding nearly with that of the Pyrenees—the point in Europe where this plant stops in its progress southward. The *Draba confusa* is still more wonderful: it passes from the northern to the southern hemisphere; 'since, according to M. Jay, in a recent review in the Bulletin Universel, of a new *Flora Helvetica* by M. Gaudin, the specimens brought by Commerson from the Terra del Fuego, described by Lamarck under the name of *Draba Magellanica*, precisely resemble the *Draba confusa* collected at Zermatten, and which M. de Candolle describes as to be found in the Caucasus, on the Atlas Mountains, in Kamtschatka, Sweden, Lapland, and Labrador.

Correspondence in the Vegetation of Switzerland with that of various parts of the Globe.—One of the most remarkable characteristics of Switzerland is the correspondence which its vegetation presents with that of countries widely differing from it both by geographical position and elevation above the level of the sea. The high temperature of the deep valleys situate at the foot of the seven loftiest mountains* of the chain of the Alps, and which are contained within the territory or form the boundaries of the republic, favours the growth of many plants which are generally regarded as belonging to the basin of the Mediterranean. Other plants connect Switzerland and the plains of the north east of Europe: such are, to mention the most rare, the *Allium strictum* of Schrader, the *Oxytropis Uralensis*, and the *Astragalus alopecuroides et vesicarius*, and which form in the former country, or on its frontier, what may be termed Russian colonies at more than 400 leagues from the confines of that empire. The *Mulaxis monophyllos* likewise exists in two points of Switzerland, the valley of Hasli, and the mountains of the cantons of Glaris, although the whole of Germany to the shores of the Baltic must be traversed before it be found again.

These species grow in Switzerland at elevations more or less considerable, in the region of the beech and fir-tree. Higher up are found the bare Alps, the Alpine Region properly so called, which, in its vegetation, corresponds with all the other mountain-ridges and summits of Europe, even those which, by the profound sections which separate them from the Alps, could not have received from the latter the vegetation which covers them. Thus, of the whole of the phanerogamic plants peculiar to the Alpine and sub-Alpine regions in the Pyrenees, in the high mountains of Corsica, and in

*Mont-Blanc, Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, the Finsteraarhorn, the Giant Mountain, the Mount Fée, and the Jungfrau.

the Monte Amaro in the Abruzzi, a third only is wanting to the Swiss Alps. A line of intimate connection exists also between Switzerland and the shores of the Arctic sea, on either side of the polar circle. More than three-quarters of the plants of Lapland are comprised in the Swiss Flora, and additions are made daily to the number by the discovery of rare species which had not been before observed in Switzerland. Plants have also recently been brought from the north-west coast of America, both south and north of Behring's Straits, which had scarcely been seen before, except in Lapland and the chain of the Alps. Spitsbergen, Iceland, and Greenland, were before known to present instances of this correspondence; and the botanical researches in the late expeditions show, from Melville Island, seventy-five phanerogamic plants, of which the fourth part at least exists in Switzerland, and more than an eighth in the basin of Zermatten alone. Many other plants exist simultaneously in Switzerland, in numerous situations in the northern hemisphere, and in certain countries of the southern hemisphere also.—*Bulletin Universel.*

Cultivation of Cinnamon.—The cinnamon department of the island of Ceylon consists of from 25,000 to 26,000 people, who form a separate cast of their own, and who are altogether employed in the cultivation of the cinnamon tree (*Laurus Cinnamomum*), and in preparing the bark of that tree for the market. The exportation of this article from Ceylon frequently amounts to 6000 bales of 80 lbs. each bale. Although the cinnamon grows wild in the south and south-west part of the island, the Dutch and English governments have thought it advantageous to have it cultivated in four or five very large gardens; one of the largest of which, called the Marandan, is close to Colombo. From the bark of the cinnamon tree, the cinnamon, which is used for culinary purposes, is prepared. It is from the same bark that the cinnamon water and the cinnamon oil are prepared; and also a very fine oil, like the oil of cloves, is prepared from the leaves, and the finest description of camphor from the roots.—*Gard. Mag.*

Botany of the Cape of Good Hope.—M. Ecklon, a zealous Danish botanist, who holds the situation of Assistant Apothecary at the Cape of Good Hope, has published a topographical catalogue of his collection of plants, consisting of 2800 species, in which there are not less than 375 of the two families *Coronares* and *Iridées*. Of these, he calls attention to 127 as new species. M. Ecklon distinguishes six regions of vegetation: the first extending from the level of the sea to an elevation of 500 feet; second, the region of the *Leucadendron argenteum*, to a height of 1000 feet; third, to the height of 2000 feet; fourth, the Alpine or Mountain Region, properly so called, to 3000 feet; fifth, to the height of 3500 feet, region of the plain of the Table Mountain, where, in rigorous winters, ice and snow are to be seen; sixth, the upper region, to the height of 6000 feet. In his catalogue, M. Ecklon marks the plants of the two families above-mentioned with the numerical sign of the region in which he discovered them, and gives the number of species collected by him of each family.—*Bull. Univ.*

Use of the Leaves of the Talipot.—All the books of importance in Pali and Cingalese, relative to the religion of Buddhoo, in Ceylon, are written on lamina of the leaves of the Talipot, or *Corypha umbraculifera*. The Pali and Cingalese character is engraved upon them with either a brass or an iron style. There are some of these books in Sir Alexander Johnson's collection, which are supposed to be between five hundred and six hundred years old, and which are still very perfect.

This leaf is used in the maritime provinces of Ceylon as a mark of distinction, each person being allowed to have a certain number of them folded up as fans, carried with him by his servants; and also, in

the Kandian country, in the shape of a round, flat umbrella, on a long stick. It is, moreover, used in making tents. Sir Alexander Johnston gave a very fine specimen of a tent made of these leaves, large enough to hold a party of ten persons at table, to the late Sir Joseph Banks, in 1813.—These leaves are also used by the common people, to shelter themselves from the rain, one leaf affording sufficient shelter for seven or eight persons.—*Gard. Mag.*

Balm of Mecca.—Szafra and Beder are the only places in the Hedjaz where balsam of Mekka, or Balesan, can be procured in a pure state. The tree from which it is collected grows in the neighbouring mountains, but principally upon Djebel Sobh, and is called by the Arabs, *Beshem*. It is represented to be from ten to fifteen feet high, with a smooth trunk, and thin bark. In the middle of summer, small incisions are made in the bark; and the juice, which immediately issues, is taken off with the thumb-nail, and put into a vessel. The gum appears to be of two kinds; one of a white, and the other of a yellowish-white colour: the first is the most esteemed. The Bedouins bring it to market in a small sheep-skin; it has a strong, turpentine smell, and its taste is bitter. The people of Szafra usually adulterate it with sesamum oil, and tar. When they try its purity, they dip their finger into it, and then set fire to it; if it burn without hurting or leaving a mark on the finger, they judge it to be of good quality; but if it burn the finger as soon as it is set on fire, they consider it to be adulterated. The Bedouins usually demand two or three dollars per pound for it, when quite pure; and the Szafra Arabs resell it to the hadjis of the great caravan, at between eight and twelve dollars per pound in an adulterated state. It is bought up principally by Persians.—The balesan for sale at Djidda and Mekka, from whence it comes to Cairo, always undergoes several adulterations; and if a hadji does not casually meet with some Bedouins, from whom he may purchase it at first hand, no hopes can be entertained of getting it in a pure state. The richer classes of the hadjis put a drop of balesan into the first cup of coffee they drink in the morning, from a notion that it acts as a tonic.—*Burckhardt's Travels.*

Study of Botany at the Havannah.—In the isle of Cuba, the study of botany is cultivated and promoted with great zeal by D. Ramon de la Sagra, who besides a work on the fundamental principles of the science, as an introduction to a course of lectures on agricultural botany at the garden of the Havannah, and of a manual of botany for medical and manufacturing purposes, has established a periodical work, *Annals of Science, Agriculture, Commerce and Arts*, in which he publishes the particulars of his correspondence with the directors of botanical gardens in other parts of the world, and the results of his own experiments in the Havannah garden.—*Bull. Univ.*

The Purpura of the Ancients.—Dr. Heusinger, of the University of Würzburg, in an article in a recent work, investigates the question, as to the species of animal in which the purpura of the ancients is to be classed. No doubt is entertained that the animal is the *Murex* of Linnæus; and it is clear, from what Aristotle says on the subject, that it was much used for dyeing; but to what species of the murex it is to be assigned, is a question not satisfactorily settled. Reasoning from what is to be found in the works of Aristotle and Pliny, Dr. Heusinger maintains, that the purpura which the Romans chiefly employed was the *Murex brandurris*. It is known that the *Conchylum* of the ancients is the *Buccinum* (the *Buccinum Galea*, according to Berini); but as Pliny treats the *Conchylum* as smaller than the *Purpura*, Dr. Heusinger supposes the *Conchylum* to be rather the *Buccinum lapillum undatum*.—*Got. gel. Anzeigen.*

The Shell of the Nautilus.—A note of MM. Quoy and Gaimard, read at

a meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, has revived in France the discussion as to the formation of the shell of the Nautilus. The researches of the great conchologist, Poli, were considered to have set the question at rest, and to have established, that the shell inhabited by the Nautilus is born with it, and is a secretion of the animal itself. The note of MM. Quoy and Gaimard reports facts at variance with the observations of Poli. It relates, that when at Amboyna, having before them a Nautilus, with a living animal pulp within it, they were cautioned by M. Hulstkamp, one of the government secretaries, against supposing that the animal they saw was the original proprietor of the shell. He assured them, that the shell had been occupied by its present possessor, after the death of the natural proprietor, while it floated on the surface of the waters. M. Hulstkamp added, that he had often seen the real animal crawling on the sand near the shore: this he described by a drawing, which, although not very exact, was sent to the academy. Messrs. Quoy and Gaimard considered it to be of the genus *Atlante* of Lesueur.

A contributor to the *Bulletin Universel* combats this conclusion, and opposes to the opinion of M. Hulstkamp, the observations made by Poli, some additional facts, the fruit of the researches of M. delle Chiaje, and the judgment of M. Ferusac, in favour of the conclusions of these two naturalists. Poli, on examining with a microscope some eggs of the mollusc inhabitant of the Nautilus shell, when in a state advanced towards maturity, distinctly perceived the form of a little shell inclosed in it. The eggs are found in bunches near the stern of the shell: these masses contain upwards of nineteen thousand eggs. Poli had never found any adherence between the pulp and the shell, but he had presumed that at the time of its growth there was a temporary adhesion. M. delle Chiaje, however, had observed in a living individual in his possession, a membrane, extremely slight, by which the animal was connected with the shell. The contributor to the *Bulletin* abides by the ancient opinion, that the shell of the Nautilus belongs to the animal which inhabits it, and which adheres to it, by the suckers of its feelers; he suggests, moreover, that it is through these suckers that the calcareous matter, destined for the progressive growth of the shell, transudes. The last opinion, observes M. de Ferusac, in a note, requires to be well substantiated before it can be adopted.

The Piercers of the Flea.—The piercers of the flea which preys on human beings, appear to be provided with four rows of bead-like threads, two on each side, twisted around each other. The piercers of fleas, however, differ in different animals; in one taken from a dog, they are described as serrated along the edges. Mr. Thomas Carpenter, in correspondence with the *Technological Repository*, expresses his opinion, that the flea found in dogs may differ from those which feed on the human subject. He gives an account of a flea, taken from a mole, entirely different in shape from either of those above mentioned.

The Pectinated Mite.—The pectinated mite is to be found in the dust of poppy seeds; and although not larger than the common mite, will prey on that insect, as well as other minute ones which it finds among the poppy seeds. It is furnished with teeth, which are wanting in ordinary mites. Subjected to microscopic examination, under the power of a single lens, the twentieth of an inch focus, in a Varley's microscope, it appears to have two stout parts, which proceed from its head, one on each side, like arms, and each part is furnished, at its exterior extremity, with a sharp fang, and two toothed appendages like combs, from whence it derives its name. With this apparatus it seizes its prey, and conveys it to its mouth, and also employs it to great advantage whilst devouring it. Each of its eight very slender

legs are terminated with feet, furnished with four exquisitely shaped claws, with numerous joints, by which they are connected with the legs.—*Tech. Rep.*

Sagacity of Elephants.—The battering-train going to the siege of Seringapatam had to cross the sandy bed of a river, that resembled other rivers of the peninsula, which have, during the dry season, but a small stream of water running through them, though their beds are mostly of considerable breadth, very heavy for draught, and abounding in quicksands. It happened that an artillery-man, who was seated on the limber of one of the guns, by some accident fell off, in such a situation that, in a second or two, the hind wheel must have gone over him. The elephant, which was stationed behind the gun, perceiving the predicament in which the man was, instantly, without any warning from its keeper, lifted up the wheel with its trunk, and kept it suspended till the carriage had passed clear of him.—*Military Adventures, &c.*

The Death Watch.—The singular noise, vulgarly called the Death Watch, proceeds from two different insects: one a coleopterous insect, of a dark colour, and about a quarter of an inch in length, the *anobium tessellatum*. Notwithstanding its smallness of size, however, this creature is often the cause of serious alarm among the lower classes, from the noise that it makes; and which they consider as portentous of death to some one of the family in whose house it is heard. It is chiefly in the advanced period of spring that these insects commence their noise; and which is no more than the call or signal by which they are mutually attracted to each other, and may be considered as analogous to the call of birds. This noise does not arise from their voice, but from the insect beating on hard substances, with the shield or forepart of its head.—This insect, which is the real death-watch of the vulgar, emphatically so called, must not, however, be confounded with another minuter insect, not much unlike a louse, that makes a ticking noise like a watch; but instead of beating at intervals, it continues its noise for a considerable length of time without intermission. This latter insect belongs to a very different tribe; and is the *termes pulsatorium* of Linnæus. It is usually found in old wood, decayed furniture, muscums, and neglected books; and both the male and the female have the power of making this ticking noise, in order to attract each other. These insects feed on dead flies, and other insects; and often, from their numbers and voracity, very much deface cabinets of natural history. They also live on various other substances, and may often be observed hunting for nutritious particles with great care and attention amongst the dust in which they are found, turning it over with their heads, and searching about somewhat in the manner of swine. Many of them live through the winter, but during that time, in order to avoid the inconveniences of frost, they bury themselves deep in the dust.—*Tech. Rep.*

§ 3. MEDICAL SCIENCE.

Controversy on the Nature of the Yellow Fever.—The question as to the contagious or non-contagious properties of the yellow fever has become the theme of a warm dispute among the physicians of the French capital. At the head of an article in the October number of the *Bulletin Universel*, in which the doctrine of non-contagion is powerfully upheld by M. de Fermon, are affixed the titles of no less than twenty-four works on one or the other side of the question. The leaders of these two parties are Drs. Chervin and Pariset; the former advocating the doctrine of non-contagion, the latter that of contagion. The researches on the subject made by Dr. Chervin had obtained for him from the Medical Academy, Paris, a prize of 10,000 francs. As the facts from which the conclusions of the contagionites are drawn are dis-

puted, and as the question is one depending, for the greater part, on facts, it is impossible for parties not joining in the dispute to form a decided opinion. The article of M. De Fermon contains positions which seem to deserve, both for their clearness and the advantage to be derived from attention to them, to be made more generally public. The following is his definition of the distinction between infection and contagion:—A contagious disorder is such as is communicated from one individual to another, not only by means of direct or indirect contact, but by respiration of the air corrupted by the miasmas or emanations arising from diseased persons. An infectious malady is one produced by an atmosphere poisoned by gases and exhalations arising from vegetable or animal substances in a state of putrefaction, without the presence of the sick being a necessary requisite to its propagation. M. De Fermon concedes that the two causes of propagation may exist together, but contends that such is not the case in the yellow fever.

The following deductions and reasonings from the nature of infectious disorders, and the conduct generally pursued with regard to them, are not less important than sound:—When a disorder is infectious, the place which is the centre of it should be evacuated, and a cordon (in such a case it would be really sanitary) should be established at a certain distance from the spot infected, to prevent people going there, and the people should not, as is now the usage, be shut up within the unwholesome district—an usage, says M. de Fermon, to be compared with the conduct of a chief magistrate of a town, who, if one or two of the inhabitants should fall into a sewer or privy, should surround the place with guards, to prevent their getting out, in the apprehension that they should infect the whole population. The writer goes on to assert, that facts are not wanting to show that there have been cases in which the yellow fever has proceeded from the exhalations of necessaries.

Non-existence of Hereditary Disorders.—A recent work, *L'Art de conserver la santé et de prévenir les Maladies Héritaires*, by Dr. P. I. Mongellaz, of Paris, as reported in the 'Bulletin Universel,' contains some important views on the subject of hereditary disorders; such as consumption, scrofula, gout, gravel, madness, &c. The author shows, that the opinion that these and various affections are hereditary rests on very slight foundations, and he maintains, in short, that there are, strictly speaking, no hereditary maladies, but only hereditary dispositions to contract maladies; and that, by proper precautions, individuals born of parents subject to any of the maladies mentioned, may be secured from being themselves affected by them. The importance of this view of a subject on which there exist so many pernicious prejudices, and on which the fatality is sometimes so great as to cause the neglect of remedies that might be efficacious, is obvious.

Smoking Belladonna Leaves in Consumption.—A French professor, M. Cruveillier, recommends smoking the leaves of the belladonna, for its soothing effect in cases of consumption, and as a practice which he has found to be attended with beneficial results. The leaves are first infused in a strong solution of opium, and dried imperfectly in the same manner as tobacco. The patients begin with two pipes a day, and increase by degrees to five or six in the same time. The reviewer of this practice in the 'Bulletin Universel' suggests, that as it is probable that the efficacy of this remedy consists in the combination of narcotic principles, and not in the mode of its administration, it might be better were it used in the form of aqueous vapours, as a more convenient manner of application, especially in the cases of females and children, and as free from the objection of having, simultaneously with the calming principle of fumigation, an empyreumatic oil, which might counteract its beneficial effects.

Analysis of Rhubarb.—According to the analysis of Professor Peretti, who has lately subjected rhubarb to examination, that substance contains tannin, gallic acid, malate of lime, gum, sugar, fixed oil, volatile oil, resin, a solid yellow colouring matter, oxalate of lime, and fibrous matter. The ashes gave carbonate of potash, sulphate of potash, chloride of potassium, oxide of iron, carbonate and sulphate of lime, and silica. The resin is the active part of the rhubarb; according to Dr. Tagliabo, in doses of ten or twelve grains, it operates strongly, and without griping. A remarkable circumstance in the analysis of M. Peretti is the discovery of sugar, which had not been previously announced. Its presence was discovered by a process which he supposes to be applicable to a great number of cases. He boils the alcoholic tincture of rhubarb until it becomes colourless; he filters and evaporates. The sugar remains mixed with a little malic acid and gum.—*Jour. de Phar.*

§ 4. AGRICULTURE AND RURAL ECONOMY.

Preservation of Grain in Reservoirs of Clay.—A German, M. Fischer, in the *Archiv für die gesamte Naturlehre*, tom. iv., No. 1, communicates the following plan pursued by him in preserving grain. He erected with unburnt bricks a square building, 28 feet on each side, and 35 feet high; the walls 3 feet thick, and the bricks well conjoined by means of clay. The floor also was formed of worked clay, and raised a foot above the level of the surrounding ground. This tub, as it were, being covered with a simple roofing, and thatched, and the brick-work completely dry, 1100 sacks of dry wheat were poured into it: the wheat was covered with straw, and over this straw was placed a layer of dry clay, a foot thick, thoroughly trodden and beaten down. Several years afterwards, on the opening of this magazine, the wheat was found dry, and perfectly good; and, what is more, is said to have possessed, for the purposes of making bread and pastry, qualities far superior to those of wheat preserved in magazines admitting air.

Quick Fence on Exposed Lands.—To obtain good quick fences on the high and open parts of a country which is usually considered difficult, a correspondent in the *Gardener's Magazine* recommends the plantation of a belt of ~~oaks~~ of the fir tribe, larch in preference to all others, about 22 yards in depth, defended on each side by posts and rails. The quick should be then run in the middle of the plantation, a space two yards wide on each side clear of trees being left to give proper room for light, air, clearing, &c. At the end of eight or nine years, when the posts and rails begin to fail, the thorn fence will be effective, and the timber trees on each side of it in such a state as not to be injured by sheep. Indeed, no cattle will eat any of the pine and fir tribe, more especially the larch, and that tree is found to succeed the best of any in these high, dry, and exposed situations. The correspondent who recommends this plan has had experimental proof of its success.

Action of Manure on Vegetables—Prize Question.—The Royal Society of Arras for the encouragement of Sciences, Letters, and Arts, have proposed the following subject for a prize of a golden medal, value 200 francs: 1. To explain, according to physical and chemical laws, the action of manure on plants, and *vice versâ*, the action of plants on manure, in the process of vegetation. 2. To ascertain from facts and observations, if the compositions or mixtures of divers sorts of manure, subjected to fermentation, produce on the soil, by the developement of new principles, an effect more decided than each of their component parts applied separately, and such as will afford remuneration for the expense they occasion.

Earth under Litter-Manure.—On the principle of the advantage in regard to manure derived to the soil from the feeding and folding of sheep,

several farmers of the department of the Ardennes, in France, have adopted the plan of placing in their stables, or stalls for cattle, clods of earth, over which they strew the litter, with a view to catch the slightest particles emanating from the sweat and excrements of their animals. They remove the manure so formed once a week, and either make it into a dung heap, or scatter it on their land immediately, according as it is required. The fullest success is said to have attended the experiment.—*Annales de la Soc. Linn. de Paris.*

Remedy for the Injury to Land by Sea-water.—To remedy the injury done to land by inundations of sea-water, it is the usage of the farmers of Brabant to plough the ground with two shares, one following the other, to the depth of fourteen or fifteen inches, and after this, to dig eight or ten inches deeper still, with the spade, then casting on the surface of the ground the earth so dug up. In this manner, the part of the soil impregnated with the salt water is covered up, and yields its place to a new surface, which has not suffered from the inundation. The operation is not expensive; six men, placed at equal distances, are sufficient to perform the required digging as fast as the ploughs advance. The ploughing being deep, the humidity which penetrates the soil, by degrees dissolves the salt, and renders it less obnoxious; till, at the end of a few years, if again turned up, it will have the effect of manure. The process has been adopted with success in Schleswigstein, by M. Vogt, who, in 1825, communicated the results of his experiment to a German periodical.

Beer and Spirits made from Indian Corn.—Among the usages to which Indian corn is applicable, and which Mr. Cobbett, in his treatise, has omitted to mention, are the making of beer and spirits. It is known that large quantities of the latter article are made from it in Adams County, Ohio, Cincinnati, Nelson County, Kentucky, Cayuga County, New York, and doubtless in many other parts of the United States. Indian corn and rye are generally mixed about half and half. The produce from the Indian corn by itself is represented to be about two gallons from each bushel of the corn; a description of the mode of malting or the process of distillation is wanting.—*Gard. Mag.*

Remedy against the Black Fly in Turnips.—A farmer, who ~~was~~ extensively, had his turnips subject, for many years, to the attack of the black fly, in common with most of his neighbours. He was advised by some one who had tried with success what he recommended, to rub the turnip-seed among flour of sulphur, and to let it lie amongst it for some short time, and then sow both seed and sulphur together. By persevering in this practice for fifteen years, he evaded the attacks of the fly all that time, which was as long as he continued to farm.—*Quar. Jour. of Agric.*

State of Manure for Turnips.—If, from whatever cause, fresh dung is used for turnip, the crop will almost invariably be a light one; and this not so much from disease, as from an inability in the turnip plant itself to make use of the dung until it is in a proper state for its nourishment. This proper state only exists after an intimate union of the dung with the soil; and thus well rotted dung has, in most cases, yielded the most satisfactory results. But let the state of the dung be as favourable as we can make it, or even wish it (for we cannot always get it made so well as we wish it), when applied to the land, its admixture with the soil will depend almost entirely on the nature of the season which is to follow; and the season does not operate so much on the functions of the plant itself, as in paralysing the powers of the dung to give out nourishment to the plant. Did the plant possess all its functions in full vigour when the dung is applied, it would be able to extract nourishment from the freshest dung, in the most untoward season; but when it has to germinate, and come into being from the seed, its efforts

towards perfection must be puny indeed, if not cherished by seasoned food.
—*Quar. Jour. of Agric.*

British Agricultural practices in Bavaria.—The Bavarians are less prejudiced than almost any other people against new practices, merely because they are new; they adopt useful inventions readily in agriculture, not less than in the other arts of life. Baron Eichthal, on his estate in the neighbourhood of Munich, has introduced various improved practices from England, and let a considerable farm to an East Lothian farmer. It is not doubted that the use of swing-ploughs, turnips on raised drills, and the whole of the East Lothian and Berwickshire husbandry, will be much more easily introduced in Bavaria than they could be in the south of England. The reason is plain: the country labourers of Bavaria are better educated than the country labourers of England.—*Gard. Mag.*

Culture and Utility of the Turnsol.—The oil of the turnsol (*heliotropium*) is in great use at Erfurth, where two spoonful suffice for purposes for which three of olive oil would be required. M. Hermbstödt, in a report made to the Prussian Society for the Encouragement of Arts, states, from experiments made by him on a large scale in the cultivation of this plant, that from a Magdebourg acre of ground he has obtained about 30 bushels, (Berlin measure) weighing 1200 lbs., which yielded 200 lbs. of a fat oil, possessing certainly good qualities, but not capable of being preserved a month without turning rancid, and consequently not calculated to supply the place of olive oil for culinary purposes. These results agree, according to the 'Bulletin Universel,' with those of experiments made by M. Guajac on different sorts of oils at the request of the Paris Society of Encouragement. To be cultivated with success, the turnsol, like all other oleaginous plants, requires good ground, not too sandy, liberal supply of manure, and a distance of eighteen inches square between the stems.

Economy in Horses' Food.—The custom of feeding horses with coarse bread is common in France, and was introduced, unless we are misinformed, during the revolutionary wars, as more wholesome, more economical, and more portable than oats. The Furet de Londres furnishes the following proportions of ingredients for making such bread, as adopted by a Silesian experimental farmer:—Five gallons of oat flour, ditto of rye flour, yeast, and one gallon and a half of potatoes, reduced to a pap. With the bread made from this quantity of materials he fed seven horses a-day, at the rate of twelve pounds of bread, cut into pieces, to each horse, and mixed up with a little straw, chaffed and moistened.

Veal-fattening in the territory of Hamburg.—There are few towns where meat is eaten in a fatter state than in Hamburg, Altona, and Bremen. The fattening of calves is, consequently, an important pursuit with the peasants of the districts situate at such a distance from those towns, that the transport of milk thither is not easy. There are farmers who devote themselves exclusively to the fattening of veal, and who, for that purpose, buy up the calves of those who reside in more populous neighbourhoods, and who derive their profit from the sale of their milk. The calves are kept in pens, so that they are obliged to remain quiet. Their straw is not removed until the fattening is complete. It is the custom to feed them three times a day, gradually increasing the quantity from a third of a quarteron to eighteen quarterons of Hanover, at each meal, as the animal grows. The food is left before the calves only a quarter of an hour, be the vessels emptied or not; if not, the quantity of the next meal is diminished. Those fatteners who regard their character for fine meat give nothing but milk to their calves: others mix with the milk, eggs, crumb of bread, and flour; but the meat thus procured is less esteemed than that fattened on milk, and fetches a

lower price. The fattening lasts from twelve to fifteen weeks, and at the end of that time the calves will weigh from 150 to 200 lbs. A farm of forty acres with eleven cows, maintains twelve or fourteen individuals, and produces an income of two hundred dollars by the sole fattening of calves. On farms which keep forty cows, sixteen or twenty calves at a time are fattened.—*Bull. Univ.*

Everlasting Potato.—This root is ever ready to afford a supply of early potatoes, from one end of the year to the other: they are left undisturbed, except when a dish is wanted; they are not deeply embedded, but soon discovered on stirring the surface mould. The flower seems somewhat different from that of the common potato. They should be planted about the latter end of May; if planted sooner, they come in too early. Before frost sets in, the bed is covered with litter as a protection from its influence. They are taken up at Christmas, as fine new potatoes, and are either suffered to remain undisturbed, or perhaps, what is still better, the potatoes are completely forked up as they are wanted, and the smallest being separated are set apart for seed, under a heap, or hock, to be replanted toward the close of the succeeding May. The smallest sprigs of this potato will grow.—*Gard. Mag.*

Salve for Wounds in Woolly Animals.—A number of the Bibliothèque Physico-économique recommends an ounce of hog's lard and four drams of powdered charcoal, well mixed as a pomatum, to be used for the wounds of wool-bearing animals, as producing a quick healing: it is also said to be efficacious in sores of a gangrenous nature.

Superiority of Merino Sheep.—In a pamphlet on the Improvement of Wool, by Mr. Joshua Kirkby Trimmer, the author maintains the superiority of the pure Merino breed over our native short-wooled sheep; and attributes to prejudice and mismanagement the loss of credit which this celebrated breed has sustained in England. He does not admit that the Merino is an unkindly feeder, or that its flesh deserves the epithet of *carrion*, once bestowed upon it. He states, that three Merinos of eight stone (Smithfield weight) may be kept for two Southdowns of twelve stone, and that the produce in mutton will be at least equal in weight and quality; while, in favour of the Merino wool, the weight will be one-third more, and the value, at existing prices, in the proportion of more than six to one.—*Quar. Jour. of Agri.*

Use of Sheep Dogs in Spain.—In no country are the sheep worried by dogs as in our own. In Spain, the very large dogs of the flock are used entirely for their defence against the wolves; and, in cases of attack, the sheep fly to, and gather round them, as friends and protectors. If the shepherds wish to remove the flock, they call to them the tame wethers, accustomed to feed from their hands, of which they keep a few in every flock, and these, however distant, if within hearing, obey the call, and the rest follow. With us, dogs are used, too often, for worse purposes.—*Trimmer on Wool.*

Deaths of celebrated Agriculturists.—Among the losses which the science of Agriculture has recently sustained, the death of Mr. Rennie of Phantassie, and of Mr. Curwen of Workington Hall, M. P., are more especially deplored. Mr. Rennie, the brother of the late celebrated engineer of that name, followed agriculture as a profession; and, by the talents, integrity, and zeal which he brought to the pursuit, reaped his due reward in character and fortune. His hospitable mansion was resorted to by strangers from every part of Europe, anxious to view and record his rural operations, and receive those valuable lessons of practice so frankly and cordially given. Mr. Curwen, in a sphere of exertion more extended and varied, found leisure to devote himself, with all the ardour of his character, to the improvement

of his own estates. The manner in which the result of his useful enterprise was communicated to the world, will not be forgotten by those who have witnessed that munificent hospitality which presided over the agricultural meetings of Workington. His ardent exertions to improve the agriculture of his native country, terminated only with his long and useful life.—*Quar. Jour. of Agr.*

§ 5. HORTICULTURE.

Cultivation of Wall Pear Trees.—A contributor to the 'Gardener's Magazine' attributes the frequent failures of the crops of pear-trees, planted against walls, to the over-luxuriant state of the trees, from the generation of a superabundance of sap caused by the rich and deep border usually prepared by gardeners. This idea was suggested by the observations of a brown Beurrée tree against the east front of a farmer's cottage, and which, although planted on a limestone rock, never failed to yield yearly plenty of large and well flavoured fruit. This observation gave rise to the following successful experiment:—In 1813 an old pear-wall, 240 feet long, was replanted: the border for these trees was 12 feet wide, and only 26 inches deep, 8 inches of which were filled with stones, such as could be most readily procured in the neighbourhood, and the remaining 18 with the mould which composed the old border. By this scanty supply of earth for the roots of these plants, a fruitful and healthy growth, equally remote from debility and luxuriance, was obtained; and by this simple process fruit was procured all over the tree, as regularly as if it had been mechanically placed, both plentifully up the main stem, and on the lowest horizontal branches.—*Gard. Mag.*

Transplantation of a large Cedar of Lebanon.—In the year 1826 the proprietor of the Baths of Tivoli at Paris, M. Andéou transplanted a cedar of Lebanon, of about twenty-five years of age. At the time of this operation the tree was 28 feet 8 inches high, and 21½ inches in circumference at its base; it was of the finest growth. A kind of sledge was made for the purpose of the removal from the place where the tree formerly stood to its new site, a distance of 150 yards; the quantity of earth surrounding the roots, and which was removed with the tree, was six feet in diameter, and 18 or 20 inches thick. The weight was estimated at 6000 lbs. The sledge was drawn by forty men, and by favour of the precautions taken to avoid violent shocks or other accidents, the removal was effected without the slightest injury. In July last the cedar in question was alive and flourishing.—*Bull. Univ.*

The Odour of Roses increased by the vicinity of Onions.—Mr. John Murray, in a contribution to the 'Gardener's Magazine,' encourages, on chemical principles, the opinion, that the plantation of onions near rose-trees may increase the odour of the flowers of the latter. On analysing the onion, he had discovered that it contained much ammonia, which has the power of increasing, and of even restoring the perfume. Mr. Murray hints, that the odour of flowers might be heightened by the cautious administration of a solution of carbonate of ammonia, in the form of an occasional gentle watering. He pretends, also, to have discovered that a little powdered carbonate of ammonia sprinkled over rose-leaves preserved in perfume jars, increases the aroma.

Dead Leaves a protection to the Roots of Vegetables.—Heaps of fallen leaves are recommended to be placed around the roots of garden vegetables, to protect them from too great humidity, more hurtful to them than the cold, since they are more liable to decay with the damp than to freeze. Some leaves possess, in a greater degree than others, the power of throwing off

the wet; the leaves of the oak are endowed with this quality in an extraordinary degree; tender leaves, on the contrary, such as those of the lime-tree, admit the wet more easily. A report made to the Horticultural Society of Berlin recommends also the leaves of the beech-tree and field-moss as a preservative to the roots of vegetables.—*Bull. Univ.*

Method of procuring Early Bearing in Mulberry-trees.—In the garden of Mr. Keene, maltster, of Lambeth, is a mulberry-tree in full bearing, planted under the following circumstances:—About sixteen years ago, Mr. Keene received from the gardener at Lambeth Palace, a large branch, which had been blown down, and lay on the ground all the winter, from a tree that, tradition says, was the first of the kind imported into England by Cardinal Pole (who died in 1558); from which branch he cut off about a foot of the thick end, and planted it. The first year's shoots were luxuriant. In four years it was in partial bearing; in seven, in full bearing, and continuing ever since. In the same garden is a tree raised from another branch, which Mr. Keene had rescued from the fire, to which it had been condemned by a neighbour, by exchanging some of his own fire-wood for the mutilated mulberry stump. This Mr. Keene planted in his paved court, where it still grows, though exhibiting sad marks of the bad treatment it had met with.—*Gard Mag.*

Distinction between the Balm of Gilead and Silver Firs.—Although the silver fir attains a height and bulk, four or five times that at which the balm of Gilead fir generally becomes stunted; yet the two species of firs being considerably alike in leaf, it is not uncommon to confound them. An easy mark of distinction is this: the leading bud of the silver fir is covered with a coat of hard dry resin, which does not soil the fingers; the leading bud of the balm of Gilead fir is covered with a brilliantly clear liquid resin, which dries with difficulty, and adheres to the fingers when touched. There is also a difference in the smell, which it is easier to recognise than to describe.—*Ibid.*

Gravel Walks.—The following cheap improvement has been recommended in the construction of walks in gardens, lawns, &c., uniting the advantages of great hardness, durability, and freedom from worms and insects. When a new walk is made, or an old one reformed, take the necessary quantity of road scraping, previously dried in the air, and reduced as fine as possible; mix with the heap enough of coal-tar from a gas-work, so that the whole shall be sufficiently saturated, and then add a quantity of gravel;—with this lay a thick stratum as a foundation, and then cover it with a thin coating of gravel. In a short time the walk will be as hard as a rock, not affected by wet, or disfigured by worms.—*Register of Arts.*

New variety of Cypress.—The Transactions of the Royal Society of Agriculture of Lyons, 1823-4, contains a notice by A. Fremenville, of a new variety of the bald cypress, which has existed for eighteen years at Lau-musse, where it produced, for the first time, in 1823, katkins and cones. The disposition of the leaves which hang from the branches in stories, gives the tree an elegant appearance. These leaves fall all at once at the first return of cold.—*Bull. Univ.*

Art of cultivating Fruit Trees, a branch of School Education.—Instruction in the culture of fruit-trees forms part of the education of the ordinary seminaries in the states of Mecklenbourg Schwerin. No schoolmaster is admitted to exercise that function without a certificate of his capacity to teach the management of fruit-trees. The same masters are obliged to take care of fruit-gardens; and those who, previously to the promulgation of the law on the subject, were ignorant of the art, receive the due instruction at the expense of the school-fund.—*Bull. Univ.*

§ 6. DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Receipt for removing Spots from Cloth.—The soldiers in garrison at Maubeuge, have, for some time past, for the purpose of removing stains from their clothes, made use of a water composed from the following receipt:—Pour a quart of warm water into a glazed earthen pan, and add a small quantity of white soap, and an ounce of powder of kali of Alicant; when this is thoroughly dissolved, add two spoonsful of ox-gall, and a little essence of lavender; let the whole be well stirred, and strained through a linen cloth, and kept in a bottle. In making use of it, a small quantity is to be placed with care on the spot, which is to be rubbed with a small brush, then washed with warm water, so as to remove all vestiges of the liquor applied, which might injure the cloth if allowed to remain.—*Journal des Connaissances Usuelles.*

Use of Pyroligneous Acid in preserving Animal Substances.—Professor Lampadius gives the following instructions for the use of pyroligneous acid in preserving meat:—The meat to be first salted in the usual manner; when taken from the brine, to be wiped with a cloth thoroughly clean, and exposed to the air. In this state a coat of pyroligneous acid, distilled to the strength of common vinegar, to be passed over it: the substance to be then hung in an airy situation, in the shade, and at a moderate temperature. "This process," says the '*Bulletin Universel*,' "founded on the nature of the pyroligneous acid, which is one of the component parts of wood-smoke, has been tried in France by several persons; but although less expensive than the usual means adopted for smoking meats, it has been found to communicate a styptic and disagreeable flavour, difficult to get rid of."

To preserve Vegetables.—To preserve cabbages and other green vegetables, boil them over a fierce wood fire, so as to preserve their colour when completely cooked; grind them into a complete pulp, by some such means as are used to crush apples for cider, &c.; then let them be subjected to the action of the press (being first put into hair bags, or treated as grapes are in wine countries), till all the fluid matter is separated from them; the remainder of their substance being wonderfully condensed, and as hard as the marc from the wine-press. Then let it be rammed hard into carefully glazed air-tight jars (or tin cases, if preferred), and boiled as in the case of bottled gooseberries. If jars are used, they may be sufficiently secured by having two pieces of bladder tied successively over them; when the air within them is absorbed by heating the inclosed substance, their surface becomes concave by the pressure of the atmosphere; and, as long as it remains in this state, the matter within is safe. If it should be thought requisite to preserve the flavour of the vegetables entire, an extract should be made from the expressed liquid, and added to the marc. But spinach, cabbage, and many other vegetables, have abundance of flavour in them in their dry state, without this addition. The preparation of the vegetable matter for use is accomplished by adding a sufficient quantity of milk, water, gravy, lime-juice, &c., to the marc, and warming it up.—*Quarterly Journal.*

Receipts for Curaçao.—An article on the Art of the Liquorist, in the last Number of the '*Technological Repository*,' furnishes the following recipe for making this liqueur:—Put into a large bottle, nearly filled with alcohol, at thirty-four degrees of Baumé (or thirty-six) the peels of six fine Portugal oranges, which are smooth skinned, and let them infuse for fifteen days. At the end of this time, put into a large stone or glass vessel, 11 ounces of brandy at eighteen degrees, 4½ ounces of white sugar, and 4½ ounces of river-water. When the sugar is dissolved, add a

sufficient quantity of the above infusion of orange peels, to give it a predominant flavour; and aromatise with three grammes of fine cinnamon, and as much mace, both well bruised. Lastly, throw into the liqueur thirty-one grammes (one ounce) of Brazil wood, in powder. Leave the whole in infusion ten days, being stirred three or four times a day. At the end of this time taste the liqueur; and if be too strong and sweet, add more water to it; if too weak, add alcohol, at thirty-six degrees; and if it be not sweet enough, put syrup to it. Give it colour with caramel when you would tinge it.—*Tech. Rep.*

§ 7. MECHANICAL ARTS.

Inventions for the Improvement of Rail Roads.—The Chevalier Jos. de Baader, of Munich, announces, through the *Bulletin Universel*, an improved method of constructing rail roads. He affirms that the inconveniences and present incomplete construction of rail roads have been the subject of his consideration for twenty years, and that he has at length succeeded in discovering remedies for all the imperfections and obstructions to which they are liable. The advantages proposed by the inventor are in substance as follows:—The grooves so constructed, fixed, and joined, that the wheels may run with the greatest facility and without any lateral friction;—the more solid imbedding of the foundation, and protection to the grooves from gravel and other matters liable to be thrown on them by the horses—improved construction of the carriages, and the adoption of a particular mechanism for turning them in every direction and at any time, and giving them the usual length of other carriages, so that the rail road may be allowed to follow the windings of any country; the adaptation of these carriages to ordinary roads as well as to rail ways; a contrivance by which they may quit the road at any point to allow other carriages to pass, or for any purpose. Mr. Baader also announces the discovery of a new principle by which the carriages may be propelled by stationary steam-engines, erected at certain distances. These inventions are stated to have been put to the proof on a considerable scale, before the Royal Academy of Sciences, and the Committees of Directors of the Polytechnic and Agricultural Societies, of Munich, and to have obtained the approbation of those bodies. The Chevalier Baader urges the formation of a rail road, and the adoption of his plans in its construction between Havre and Paris. He offers to furnish designs and models, with instructions for executing them, on equitable terms.

New Rail Road in France.—Measures are taking to form a rail road between Andrézieux and Roanne, at which town the Loire becomes navigable. The object of this rail road is to complete the system of roads and canals established in that part of France, and to perfect the communication between the north and south of the kingdom, from Marseilles and Lyons to Paris and Havre.—*Bull. Univ.*

Smoke-consuming Furnaces.—The late celebrated James Watt, in the specification for his patent for furnaces to consume their own smoke, gives the following explanation of the principle on which his invention had proceeded:—The improved method of constructing furnaces or fire-places consists in causing the smoke or flame of the fresh fuel, in its way to the flues or chimney, to pass, together with a current of fresh air, through, over, or among fuel which has already ceased to smoke, or which is converted into coke, charcoal, or cinders, and which is intensely hot; by which means the smoke and grosser parts of the flame, by coming into close contact with, or by being brought near unto, the said intensely hot fuel, and by being mixed with the current of fresh or unburnt air, are consumed or converted into heat, or into pure flame free from smoke. This is effected, first, by stopping up every avenue or passage to the chimney or flues, except such

as are left in the interstices of the fuel, by placing the fresh fuel above or nearer to the external air than that which is already converted into coke or charcoal; and by constructing the fire-places in such manner that the flame, and the air which animates the fire, must pass downwards, or laterally, or horizontally, through the burning fuel; and pass from the lower part or internal end or side of the fire-place, to the flues or chimney.—*Reg. of Arts.*

Use of Porcelain for Block-sheaves in Shipping.—The *Bulletin Universel* for 1828, No. 19, *Section Technologique*, highly commends the articles in porcelain, made from a clay found in quarries near Cherbourg. The existence of this material had been known for many years, although it had not been applied to any useful purpose until a Mr. Langlois undertook to turn it to profit by establishing a porcelain manufactory at Valognes in 1801. One of the qualities of this clay is the property of resisting, in an extraordinary degree, the action of fire, which renders it well calculated for culinary purposes and for the manufacture of crucibles. It has also been employed with success by Mr. Langlois for block-sheaves, bed-rollers, kegs for acids, cock-stoppers, and plates for inscriptions and numbering of houses. The use of block-sheaves made of this porcelain for the marine is recommended on the authority of several instances in which it has been tried, and especially that of the schooner *La Jeune Lucie*, which was rigged with blocks having sheaves of this description, in 1815. They performed their office well during ten years of active service.

Improved Black Dye for Silk Goods.—The *Register of Arts*, Part xix., contains a table of experiments made by the contributor of the report, and Mr. Hemming, the chemist, on specimens of a new and improved dye in the manufacture of black silk. On the authority of the results of these experiments, it is affirmed, that a permanent blue black is produced, not only capable of withstanding the action of tea, wine, and all vegetable acids, but of mineral acids also, and of caustic alkalies when sufficiently diluted to prevent the destruction of the fibres of the silk. The process is also represented to have the effect of considerably increasing the weight, attenuating the thread, and augmenting its bulk: while the texture of the silk is said to be rendered proof against the corrosive action of acids which act destructively on every species of goods dyed in the ordinary way. The improvement is stated to have been introduced into this country by a young foreigner engaged in executing some work on trial for a dye-house in Spitalfields.

Kneading of Bread by Machinery.—A company has been established in Paris, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, to supply the metropolis with pure bread. Among other improvements adopted by this Society is that of kneading the dough by means of steam machinery. This substitution for the working of the bread by manual labour, besides the greater cleanliness of the process, has the further advantage of allowing yeast to be dispensed with,—the additional power of the machine being sufficient to give the bread its proper degree of lightness without any foreign aids. The capital of the company is divided into 4000 shares of 1000 francs each.—*Bull. Univ.*

Economy in the use of Gas.—The 'Philosophical Magazine' of February gives the following results of experiments made by the Rev. W. Taylor of York on the combustion of coal-gas:—

Exp. 1.—A piece of wire-gauze being laid upon the glass chimney of a common Argand gas-burner, the flame is immediately enlarged to twice its former dimensions, and its light fully doubled.

(A similar experiment being tried with a common Argand oil-lamp, or reading lamp with a flat wick, the flame is often enlarged, but so discoloured as to yield less light.)

Exp. 2.—Place the finger, or a bit of cork, so as to close the lower opening of the interior passage of a common Argand *gas*-burner:—the flame experiences a sudden enlargement, with an increase of light nearly equal to that in *Exp. 1*.

(The inner air-passage of an Argand *oil*-lamp being closed, the flame is greatly deteriorated and darkened.)

Exp. 3.—The air-tube of an Argand *gas*-burner being stopped as in *Exp. 2*, and the flame consequently enlarged, no further change happens when wire-gauze is laid on the top of the glass chimney.

Exp. 4.—Over the glass chimney of a *single-jet* gas-burner, wire gauze being laid, produced no enlargement of the flame, and no increase of the light.

In an experiment at the rooms of the Mechanics' Institute, York, it was found that *one hundred* feet of gas were consumed in three hours and twenty-five minutes, by six Argand gas-burners in the ordinary state; while the same gas-burners, *provided with wire gauze caps* to their chimneys, yielded an equal light for an equal time, but consumed only about *fifty* feet of gas.

Whalebone Furniture.—The use of whalebone as a substitute for cane has been introduced with success by M. Bernardière, in the manufacture of articles of furniture, and is practised under his direction in the houses of correction of Saint Lazare and Saint Denis. For these purposes the whalebone is found to have advantages over the cane in being more supple, more elastic, and consequently less fragile. It can be worked in any form, in all variety of colours, and can be employed in the execution of any designs requiring combination of colours.—*Bull. Univ.*

Manufacture of Whiskey.—It is a remarkable fact, says Major-General Stewart, in an article on the prevention of smuggling in the Highlands, inserted in the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, that a spirit of the best quality and flavour has been distilled by men with their apparatus at the side of a burn, and perhaps changing weekly from fear of discovery: malting on the open heath far up the hills, and hurrying on the whole process to avoid detection; yet, with all these disadvantages, they received the highest price in the market for the spirit thus manufactured. The quantity might perhaps be less than what could be produced by a more regular process of distillation; but then the liquor was so much superior in flavour and quality, as to compensate for the deficient quantity. Several of these men have been employed, by way of experiment, in a licensed distillery on the estate of Garth, with directions to proceed in their own way, only to be regulated by the laws under the controul of an officer;—yet, with the advantage of the best utensils, the purest water, and the best fuel, they produced a spirit quite inferior in quality and flavour to what they made under the shelter of a rock, or in a den, and it sustained neither the same price nor character in the market.—*Quart. Jour. of Agr.*

New Sight for Fire-arms.—M. Burel has adapted to fire-arms, but principally to military pistols, a mirror of 12 millimètres (0.47244 inches), fixed near the mouth of the barrel. The eye of the firer sees its own reflection, and acquires thereby great precision. The experiments of M. Burel are said to promise advantageous results; and officers, and sportsmen, to whom he has submitted his invention, are represented as highly approving of it.—*Bull. Univ.*

Grape-shot for Sporting.—M. Jenour's patent shot, in which the use of grape-shot is applied to sporting purposes, is described as follows in the *Register of Arts*. The small shot are inclosed in a net-work of fine brass

wire, and the interstices between the shot filled with bone dust; it is then put into a cylindrical paper case or cartridge, so as to occupy about half its length, and the remaining space is filled with gunpowder; by these means the sportsman is saved the trouble and inconvenience of charging from a powder flask, and he can triumph over a greater number of killed and wounded. The shot thus collected into a cluster, M. Jenour contends, take more effect than if allowed to disperse immediately on the discharge of the gun.

Dissertations on Subjects connected with Arts and Manufactures.—The Society of Arts have appropriated seven evenings during the present Session, to occasional meetings, for dissertations on subjects connected with the arts and manufactures of the country, illustrated by ancient and modern specimens. The dissertations commenced on Tuesday, the 27th of January. Ancient and modern pottery and porcelain occupied the first two evenings; and the subjects proposed for illustration of the others, are the arts of stereotype founding and printing, and of casting in plaster of Paris; and the manufactures of glass and paper. The subsequent evenings fixed for the purpose of these dissertations, are March 10th and 24th, April 14th and 28th. —*Tech. Rep.*

§ 8. FINE ARTS.

Picture Prices.—The splendid cabinet of paintings of M. Danoot, of Brussels, has been recently sold by auction in that city. The sale was numerously attended by amateurs and connoisseurs, among whom were several Englishmen. Many of the paintings brought high prices. A small marine subject, only 14 in. by 12, by Claude Lorrain, was sold for £3,500 florins (1170*l.*) The celebrated picture, by Temers, of Bow Shooting, but generally known among connoisseurs as the Diamond, fetched 10,200 florins (884*l.*) A cabinet picture, by Paul Veronese, 4500 florins (390*l.*); Murillo's Beggar Boy, 3500 florins (300*l.*); a beautiful portrait of Rembrandt, painted by himself, 9500 florins (820*l.*) The Rape of the Sabines, and its companions, 14,000 florins (1210*l.*) The Flight into Egypt, by the same painter, 8,200 florins (710*l.*) A large landscape, by Temers, 4000 florins (345*l.*); and a small picture by William Van de Velde, 1000 florins (84*l.*) The total amount of the sale was 136,609 florins (11,850*l.*)

§ 9. ANTIQUITIES.

Researches in the Levant.—At a recent meeting of the French Institute, there were laid before the assembly the portfolios of M. Riffault, a great Levantine traveller, containing drawings of objects in the various branches of the sciences. M. Riffault quitted France in 1807, and passed the subsequent twenty years of his life in travelling in Spain, on the shores of the Mediterranean, and in Turkey, Egypt, and Nubia. His collections embrace all the branches of natural history, antiquities, and arts. Thirteen years were spent in exploring and excavating the soil of Egypt. The number of his drawings amounts to six thousand consisting of five hundred (coloured) of plants, with all the details of their blossoming and fructification; several hundred drawings of fishes, shells, and insects, with the skeletons of the first, and a thousand representations of quadrupeds, reptiles, birds, and insects, belonging to the Nile and Egypt, with the form of their skeleton. The rest of the drawings are of antiquities, executed with the most minute care. To M. Riffault, also, is owing the discovery of sixty-six statues, several of which now enrich the museums of Turin, Rome, Florence, England, Bavaria, &c. He also excavated and exposed six temples and monuments in ancient Thebes; two hundred and fifty inscriptions, Greek, Latin, and hieroglyphic have been copied by himself. The geography and topography of the country also are enriched with maps,

plans, views, taken by himself. A number of drawings are devoted to the illustration of the usages, ceremonies, games, and divers callings of the inhabitants. The ornaments worn by women are described in sixty drawings. Two hundred and thirty instruments used in those countries in the operations of surgery are also represented. Agriculture likewise, and the implements employed in its exercise, meteorology, music, the construction of boats used in the navigation of the Nile, arts, and manufactures, have all occupied the attention of M. Riffault.—*Le Globe*.

Egyptian Mummies of Cats.—M. Le Normant, in his letter from Egypt, dated the 8th Nov. 1828, gives the account of the discovery of a quantity of mummies of cats in the vicinity of Beni-Hassan. Some of these relics were found in a large hole, funnel-shaped, in a sandy plain between the Nile and the mountain. The bones of the cats were taken from the earth by raking it with the hands, and other mummies were found in a temple, having an entrance ornamented with the legend of Alexander. The mummies were in this case taken up in the same manner as in the preceding. They were wrapped up in dozens, in linen, well embalmed, and placed on clean matting. They were much reduced in size. There were mummies of dogs also in as great quantity as those of the cats.

Ancient Cubits of Egypt (abstracted from a Letter of M. Jomard to M. Abel Remusat).—There exists in each of the respective museums at Paris (the Louvre), and at Turin, an ancient Egyptian cubit measure, each found at Memphis, by M. Drovetti. The material of both is a hard heavy brown wood, called wood of Meroë. The total length of the cubit at Paris is 523 millimètres, (1 foot 8.59051 inches,) that of the Turin measure somewhat exceeds 523 millimètres and a half, (1 foot 8.610195 inches.) Both are divided into twenty eight parts or nails. These are numbered from right to left, with the hieroglyphic signs 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and so on to 16, so that the number sixteen is in the fifteenth compartment, counting from the right. The divisions are marked in a very perfect manner by a white composition, very skilfully incised on the wood; the same is the case with all the signs. This work is very remarkable, and shows the ability with which the wood was worked and cut; for the dimensions of each mark of division is about half a millimètre (0.019685 inches), and the instrument contains lines much finer than these divisions. Both measures have divisions into palms; but these, as well as the divisions into nails, and their subdivisions, are unequal; they are marked obliquely, not perpendicularly. The subdivisions of the nails correspond with the number engraved; thus the first compartment has two divisions; the second has three, the third four, and so on to sixteen. The figures therefore denote fractional numbers, or the denominators of the corresponding fractions. In the Louvre cubit, the oval sign which accompanies the figures, is placed to their right; in that at Turin it is placed above them, which comes to the same thing. After the fifteenth nail, the Paris measure has no further divisions, while in that at Turin, the sign which marks the cubit, occupies the thirteen remaining compartments, with the figures III, II, and IIII, repeated several times. In the former, however, there are marked throughout the whole width of the rule, and by small peculiar marks, spaces equal to a nail, to four nails or a palm, to two nails or a condyle, and even to three nails. The cubit at Paris M. Jomard considers as one of the most interesting, if not the most precious, of all relics of the kind existing, although it has a small slit at one end, and wants about twenty characters on the lateral face, the effect of the tearing off a splinter of the wood.

M. Jomard concludes that these measures were the real effective measures in use, and not mere dedicatory, commemorative, or votive monuments; that the measure made use of at Memphis was one of 523½ millimètres or thereabouts; but that this had succeeded to a former measure, shorter and more

nearly corresponding with the natural cubit of 24 nails or 6 palms, which agrees with the most ancient definition of the measure of Egypt—that furnished by Herodotus. It is remarked by M. Jomard, that the base of the second pyramid measures an exact number, 400, of cubits of 28 nails. It is further observed by him, that no measure engraved on metal has been yet found in Egypt. The five or six measures known are either in wood or stone. Did they not, he asks, intend to avoid the effects of expansion and contraction?

New Discoveries at Herculaneum.—The workmen at Herculaneum have been engaged in uncovering a magnificent dwelling-house, the garden of which, surrounded with colonnades, is the largest that has yet been discovered. Among other mythological subjects, painted on the walls, are the following:—Perseus, aided by Minerva, killing Medusa; Mercury throwing Argus into a sleep in order to carry off Io, a subject exceedingly rare in the monuments of art; Jason, the Dragons, and the three Hesperides. Greater curiosities still are some bas-reliefs of silver, representing Apollo and Diana, fixed on elliptical tablets of bronze. These paintings, however, and all other ancient specimens of the art yet discovered, are represented to be surpassed by those found on the walls of a house recently excavated at Pompeii, in the quarter in which the work of exploring is now carried on, and which is said to be the finest part of the city yet laid open. The following compositions are noticed, among others, as in first-rate style:—Medea meditating the murder of her children; the family of Niobe assailed by Apollo and Diana; divers representations of Deities; Bacchantes of great beauty; Achilles drawing his sword on Agamemnon; and a variety of other subjects.—*French Journal.*

Ancient Lighthouses.—The lighthouse of Pharos, Alexandria, mentioned by Ben-edris, who stated its height at 300 cubits, existed in the thirteenth century, in the time of Abulfeda. Pliny reports that the construction of it cost eight hundred talents, under the direction of Sostrates, architect of Gnidus. It is situated longitude $27^{\circ} 35' 50''$ and latitude $31^{\circ} 13' 15''$. According to Lesches, who lived in the thirtieth Olympiad, the tower of the promontory of Sigæus served as a lighthouse. The Colossus of Rhodes, the work of Phares, served for a lighthouse during the fifty-five years assigned by Pliny to its duration; it held an enormous lighted flambeau. The remains of the Colossus, purchased of the Saracens by a Jew in 651, amounted, in weight, to nine hundred camel loads, estimated at 720,000lbs. The Tower of Hercules, at Corunna, is a lighthouse of very ancient origin, repaired by Trajan or Caesar. A fire of coal is made in it every night, but this light is very insufficient. The lighthouse of Boulogne-sur-Mer, erected by Caligula, and repaired by Charlemagne, fell down on the 29th July, 1644, by the effect of the mines which the English had worked under it. The Tower of Curdounan, at the mouth of the Garonne, dates its origin in the year 830. It was repaired under Henry IV. and Louis XIV.

Copy of the Buddhist Code.—Sir Alexander Johnston gave the Royal Asiatic Society, some time ago, a complete copy of the Pali book, called the *Pansuyapanas Julakay*, written on 1172 laminae of the finest description of the Talipot palm leaf. This book contains the whole moral and religious code of the Buddhist, and is so scarce, that it was for some time believed that there was no complete copy extant. Sir Alexander Johnston, when president of his Majesty's council in Ceylon, being, from the various benefits he had conferred on the priests of Buddhoo and their followers, much in their confidence, was allowed by them to have this complete copy taken of all the different parts of it, which were dispersed amongst the most celebrated temples in Ceylon. Sir Alexander also gave the Asiatic Society a very fine specimen of a Burmese book on the Buddhoo religion, written upon laminae of this leaf, which are beautifully lacquered and gilt over,

which was sent to him by the King of Ava, along with some other books, as the finest specimens he could give him of the manner in which the books were written and bound in his library at Ava.—*Gardener's Magazine*.

§ 10. GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION.

Classification of European Languages.—The following is a classification of the European languages, divided into *families*, according to Maltebrun, Balbi, and De Maney, which we extract from the *Atlas Historique et Chronologique des Littératures Anciennes et Modernes*, just published at Paris by the last mentioned author.

The families are six : the Iberian, the Celtic, the Germanic, the Pelasgian, or Græco-Latin, the Slavonian, and the Uralian. Each of these embraces those languages, which are evidently derived from one common source :—

The Iberian languages were those formerly spoken by the people of Spain at the time of the Roman conquest ; and the only remaining one is the Basque, which is a written language, and spoken in the provinces of Biscay, Navarre, and Bearn, and is considered one of the oldest in the world.

Of the Celtic, which was formerly spoken in the Gauls, in the islands of Britain, and in parts of Spain and of Italy, the now surviving branches are the Gaelic, the Erse, the Mansk, the Cumri or Welsh, the Cornish, and the *Brezyard*, which is spoken in Britanny.

The Germanic family is very numerous, and it divides into four great branches : 1. The *Teutonic*, which is subdivided into old German, or the language of the *Minnesingern* ; and modern German, with its various dialects. 2. The *Cimbrie*, which comprises the Old Saxon and Longobard idioms, which were spoken in the north of Germany ; and the modern Saxon (distinguished from the German or Teutonic Saxon, which is the purest dialect of the German language), which is spoken in Holstein, Mecklenburg, Hanover, Bremen, Westphalia, &c. ; and, lastly, the *Neerlandish*, or modern Batavian, which is divided into Flemish and Dutch or Hollander. 3. The Scandinavian languages, which were once spoken by the Goths, and Vandals, the Burgundians, and the Normans, are now the Icelandic, Norwegian, Swedish, Norse, Danish, and the modern Gothic, which is still spoken in Scania and other parts of Sweden. 4. The last branch of the great German family is the Anglo-Britannic, and it includes the old Anglo-Saxon, the present English, the Lowland Scotch, and the Northumbrian, mixed with Danish words.

The Pelasgian, or *Traco-pelasgian* family, reckons four ancient languages : the old Illyrian, which is now lost, unless the modern Albanian be considered as a relic of it ; the Etruscan, which was once spoken over a great part of Italy, and became extinct under the Cæsars ; the Hellenic or Greek, with its dialects, of which the modern Greek or Romaic is one ; and, lastly, the *Italic*, including the idioms of the Latins, Sabines, and Samnites, out of which was formed the Latin, by an admixture of Æolic and Doric. The Latin became early distinguished into written or literary, which was spoken by the educated ; and rustic or plebeian, which last, in after centuries, gave rise to the *Romance*, or language of the Troubadours, formed, after the fall of the Empire, in the southern provinces of Europe, where it is still partially spoken.

The five modern Græco-Latin languages, which are also classed in the Pelasgian family, are the Italian, the French, the Castilian, the Portuguese, and the Walachian. The last mentioned is the language of the reputed descendants of the Roman colonies settled in Dacia and in Thrace, who became mixed afterwards with the Slavonians and other people, and it still bears a great affinity to Latin. It is spoken in Walachia, Moldavia, part of Hungary and Transylvania, and by the Walachians scattered over the Ottoman provinces south of the Danube.

The family of the Slavonian tongues includes the numerous languages spoken from the shores of the Adriatic to those of the Frozen Sea, and as far as the eastern extremity of Asia. Such are, first, the Russian, which is divided into ancient and modern; second, the Servian, which is considered to be the purest dialect of the Slavonian; third, the Croatian, or modern Illyrian; fourth, the *Rusniak*, which is spoken in the Polish provinces of Volhynia and Podolia, and part of Gallizia; fifth, the *Windisch*, spoken in the Austrian provinces of Carniola, Carinthia, and Styria; sixth, the Bohemian; seventh, the Polish; eighth, the *Slowack*, which is used by the Slavonians of Hungary; ninth, the Swabian, spoken in Lusatia, and which has borrowed considerably from the German; tenth, the Lithuanian, which is spoken in the provinces of the former duchy of Lithuania, now annexed to Russia; and, lastly, eleventh, the *Lettua*, or language of the ancient Lettons, which is still spoken in Courland and Semigalia. All these languages have grammars; and some of them, such as the Russian, the Bohemian, the Polish, are rich in literary productions.

The sixth and last family, is that of the Uralian or Finnish languages, and may be considered as half Asiatic. The idioms, now extinct, of the Huns, the Bulgarians, and other Scythian tribes, belonged to it. Among the existing languages, it reckons the Finnish or language of Finland, and its dialects the Laplandish and the Esthonian; the Wolgic or *Tcheremis*, which is spoken at Kasan, and along the banks of the Wolga; the Permian, which is spoken in the Russian government of that name; and, lastly, the Hungarian or Magyar, which has lately attracted considerable attention among the learned.

State of Civilization in Walachia.—The Walachians are not altogether devoid of mental cultivation; they are moreover of quick intellect, have a propensity for satire, and a lively imagination; but effeminacy and sensuality arrest in its early stages all progress towards amelioration. Bucharest and Bouzera possessed seminaries; but these have been given up, under the present disastrous state of the country. A printing-office, established by Karatalab and Co., ceased to work after the first year. The household of the Archbishop has a printing establishment attached to it; but from this, spiritual works only are issued. In the last war between the Russians and Turks, a desire arose to procure better education for the youth of the country; and since then, many young men, and even children, have been sent to Vienna, Padua, Pisa, and Pavia. This, however, has had little influence on the civilization in general; for it is no uncommon thing to see a Walachian youth, returned from foreign countries with some little knowledge, forgetting immediately whatever he had learnt. All persons of the two upper classes of Walachians are taught, in tender age, to speak modern Greek; and some are to be found conversant with ancient Greek. A college, indeed, has been founded in Bucharest, and is referred to by most writers as a proof of progress towards civilization under the Greek governors; but the professors themselves prove the inutility of the institution; for although several Phanariot Greeks may exert themselves in the cause, and use their endeavours to advance and promote knowledge, the Walachians themselves are void of all feelings of the kind. A few of the priesthood, and other teachers who have the good of the people at heart, have here and there established small schools, in which they teach children reading and church singing; but that is the extent of their efforts, in the absence of all support and encouragement from the government. The men would be in general well made, but they have nearly all crooked legs, the consequence of their habit of sitting with their legs doubled. The women are mostly of noble presence, and have features as regular, and eyes as brilliant, as the Greeks; while in society they are much more amiable. The higher and middle classes dress

in the European style, and have their finery sent from Paris and Vienna. The girls are taught to speak French and modern Greek, to play a little on the piano or guitar, and to dance the mazourka, a Polish national dance. All Walachians, without exception, profess the Greek religion, without, however, being very strict observers of the usages of the church.—*Hesperus*.

Discovery of the Golden Bull of King Andrew II.—The librarian, Herr von Tejer, while examining divers archives to aid him in preparing his *Diplomatorium Universale Regni Hungariæ*, about to be published, discovered in the Primatial Archives of Gran an authentic original of the celebrated Bulla Aurea of King Andrew II., the Jerusalemite, of the date of 1222, and took a copy of it for his *Diplomatorium*. The existence of an original Aurea Bulla was not before known. It was notorious that, under Andrew II., seven authenticated originals of this Bull were deposited in various archives of the kingdom; but, with the lapse of time, all record of them had been lost, and the world was content with the copy found in the Episcopal Archives of Agria, (Transilvania Zagrabiense) which was the oldest. The celebrated Kollar entertained hopes of finding an authentic original in the state archives of Vienna, but he was disappointed. Martin Georg von Kovachich offered a reward of two hundred ducats for the finding of an original of the Bulla Aurea, with its golden seal, and of one hundred ducats for an original without such seal, but none was ever found. That now discovered has three seals, the fourth (the golden one) is still wanting. There are, however, clear indications that it once existed.—*Allgemeine Literatur Zeitung*.

Timbuctoo—African Travellers—Letter of Mr. Barrow.—In consequence of an expression in a letter from the French Consul at Tangiers, announcing the arrival of M. Caillé, that "he was the only European who had terminated happily an undertaking in which so many courageous travellers had perished," Mr. Barrow, Under Secretary to the British Admiralty, anxious that justice should be done to the memory of Major Laing, addressed a letter, of the date of the 28th October, 1828, to M. Jomard, President of the Central Bureau of the Geographical Society at Paris, reminding him that Major Laing was the first European who had set foot in the African city: a fact proved by a letter, in the handwriting of the Major, addressed to Mr. Warrington, English Consul at Tripoli, and dated the 21st of September, 1826; in which, besides relating that he had arrived in that city on the 18th of the preceding August, and intended to quit it on the following day, the 22d of September, gives several details respecting Timbuctoo. Mr. Barrow continues by reporting the substance of the account given by Major Laing's servant, that his master quitted Timbuctoo on the 22d of September, with a small caravan, and with only one Arab domestic; that on the third evening he was joined by some Arabs, forming part of the caravan, and afterwards basely murdered, his baggage was plundered, and his journal and papers carried off; but there are hopes, Mr. Barrow says, that these may be recovered. M. Jomard, in reply, explained that the phrase, "happy termination," in the letter of the consul, related merely to the fortunate return of M. Caillé to his country, and not to his discovery of Timbuctoo, and expresses every readiness to do justice to the devotion and success of Major Laing.

In reference to this subject, and the undertaking in which the Geographical Society of Paris are engaged, of publishing the details furnished by M. Caillé, the *Gazette de Bayonne* calls to mind the work of D. Martin Fernandez de Navarrete, which establishes that the Spaniards were the first to explore the shores of Africa as far as the Golden River; secondly, the description of Africa, written by Juan Leon, African, published by Ramusius, in his collection of Travels, vol. i. p. 78, which makes particular mention of buildings erected in the same city of Timbuctoo, near a branch of the river Niger, in

the year of the Hegira 610 (1213 of the Christian æra), by a skilful architect of Grenada, who also built a palace for the king of that part of Spain; and in which it is said, that in Timbuctoo there were many shops of artisans and merchants, and great quantity of woollen and linen goods of Europe, brought thither by the merchants of Barbary; thirdly, the description of Africa by the Spaniard, Luis del Marmol, full of particulars relating to the interior of that country, now unknown.

Manuscript Bible.—M. de Speyer Passavant, of Basle, has just brought to Paris a manuscript Bible, one of the most precious monuments of paleography in existence. One of the miniatures with which it is illustrated represents Alcuin offering the manuscript to Charlemagne, yet only king, and not emperor, as he only bears the royal bâton. It is more especially valuable by its seals, its tyronian characters, and for being the only manuscript which contains the complete text of the epigrams of Alcuin. The Academy of Inscriptions admitted M. de Speyer to one of its sittings, to congratulate him on the possession of so great a treasure.—*Forest de Londres.*

German Annual at Rome.—A German annual, under the title of 'Pocket Book for Italy and Greece,' 1829, edited by Wilhelm Waiblinger, appeared in Rome, for the first time, at the end of the last year. The Stuttgart periodical, the 'Morgenblatt,' remarks a want of system in the plates, which it seems in general are not so good as might have been expected in a production issuing from Rome. At the same time, it extols the frontispiece as a plate of great beauty. This is the portrait of a girl of Gensano, engraved by Grahl, from a picture painted by him of the size of life, and which attracted universal attention at the exhibition of the works of German artists in Rome, in 1827, made under the auspices of the King of Bavaria. The letter-press is wholly furnished by the Editor, before known as the author of 'Phæton,' a poem, and of several Greek tales. Among other articles mentioned as included in the pocket book, is the tale of an English family, who ascend St. Peter's, in order to drink their tea on the cupola, and who get into all sorts of scrapes. The reviewer praises this as an excellent article, and full of humour, although the English, he says, are somewhat too severely caricatured.

§ 11. NAVAL AND MILITARY ESTIMATES.

Army of the Haitian Republic.—The military force of Haiti consists of regular army, or national guards paid; and militia, or unpaid national guards. The President is the commander-in-chief of the whole national force, which is by law essentially and implicitly obedient, without deliberative powers. The commander-in-chief has under him sixteen aides-de-camp of various ranks. The staff of the regular army is composed of eleven generals of division, and eighteen generals of brigade.

The President has a guard consisting of two regiments of infantry, of which one is of grenadiers, the other of light troops; and three of cavalry, of which one is of carbiniers, one of grenadiers, and one of light cavalry. These regiments are of the same strength and composition as those of the line.

The line is composed of thirty-three regiments of infantry, each of two battalions; the battalion of six companies, viz. one of grenadiers of eighty men, one of sharpshooters of fifty men, and four of fusileers of forty-four men. Each regiment has an adjutant-major, a doctor, a drum-major, and fifteen musicians.

Of cavalry, there are only two regiments of dragoons, of two squadrons each: the squadron consisting of two companies of seventy-two men strong, including officers.

The artillery is formed of five regiments, of two battalions each; each battalion of nine companies of fifty men each, including three officers; and of five companies of labourers, each fifty men.

The corps of engineers consists of a colonel-inspector, two chiefs of battalions, eight captains, sixteen lieutenants, and a certain number of cadets of the rank of serjeant-major; besides twenty-six companies of pioneers of fifty men, including officers.

The total of the army of the line on the peace establishment is 26,600; exclusive of the staff and President's guard, it amounts to 24,896.

The militia, or national guard, properly so called, consists only of infantry and cavalry: it is composed in every commune of companies of infantry, varying in number; and of at least one company of cavalry; the companies of fifty-five men, officers included. There are, moreover, companies *d'élite*, formed of officers of every rank, retired from the service, but not invalidated. These march, on all occasions, at the head of the national guard. The superior officers are appointed by the President of the Republic; the rest, as well as the subalterns, are chosen by the respective companies. Every male inhabitant of Haiti, between the age of fifteen and sixty years, is obliged to enrol himself in the national guard of the commune to which he belongs.

Besides the regular army and national guard, there are six legions of horse gendarmes, each legion taking the name of the department to which it is attached. Besides the duties of high police and execution of the sentences of the tribunals, the gendarmerie is also charged with the conveyance of the government and public despatches. Four of these legions are of twelve companies of fifty men, including officers; the others have only eight companies. To be a gendarme, it is required to have served three years in the regular army, and to be of irreproachable character.—*Almanach National de Haiti*.

Navy of the Republic of Haiti.—The navy of Haiti consists merely in a few gun-boats as coast-guards. The officers, as given in the National Almanac of 1828, consisted of one Rear Admiral, nine Captains of coast-guards of the first class with the rank of Colonels; nine of the second class with the rank of Commanders of battalions; thirteen Lieutenants with the rank of Captain; seventeen Ensigns of vessels with the rank of Lieutenants, and nineteen Midshipmen with the rank of Sub-Lieutenants.

The principal ports open to foreign commerce have a chief harbour-master and deputy; the secondary ports a chief harbour-master only. The principal ports are Port-au-Prince, Les Cayes, Jaumel, Jeremy, Cape Haitien, Les Gonaïves, and St. Domingo; the secondary ports are Port Plate and Samana. The administration of the marine is in charge of a superintendent of the fleet and six victualling officers.

Expensive Staff of the French Army.—The expensive footing on which the staff of the French army is established, is the subject of great complaint with the economists of the Chamber of Deputies. On a comparison of the expenses of the army of the year 1812 with those of 1826, it appears that at the former period, the cost of the army, including the staff, did not amount to more than 110,523,596 francs, while at the latter, the maintenance of 226,058 men exceeded 114,435,059 francs, yet the pay of individuals had not been augmented between the two periods. The great disproportion is therefore attributed to too numerous a staff, and other extravagances.—*Bull. Univ.*

Swiss Troops in France.—A great source of dissatisfaction and jealousy to the French people are the employ of Swiss troops, and the difference existing between their pay and treatment, and those of the native army. The Swiss in the pay of the French government are two regiments of guards, and four of the line. Each Swiss regiment of guards at Paris costs 288,000 francs; the expenses of a French regiment are only 188,000 francs. A Swiss Colonel of the guard receives 15,000 francs, and a French Colonel 6250. It is to be observed however, that a Swiss regiment is 2231 men strong, while the French regiments do not muster more than 1700.

The Swiss officers of the guard are entitled to rank one step above their actual grade, and to a pension on retiring, one degree above their rank. Those of the line have a retiring pension one-third greater than that to which French officers are entitled. In case of discharge, the officers, subalterns, and soldiers (Swiss) receive a gratification of three months' pay, and are entitled to half-pay. The Swiss in the pay of France are eligible to all honours civil or military, and yet they are exempt from duty in garrisons or on board ship.—*Ibid.*

The Cossacks of the Ural.—In 15,000 men, which compose the mass of the Ural Cossacks, are 5500 capable of service, inscribed as such on the war-rolls, and who have the right to fish in the Ural, for which they are bound to lend their services in war, and to present themselves when required. Eighteen years is the age at which the Ural Cossack is so enrolled. Generally speaking, the number in actual service is 3000 men. Whenever required, however, the province is under the obligation of furnishing ten regiments of 500 men each, in which case also about 500 enrolled Cossacks remain behind to observe the frontier lines. As soon as a regiment or a certain number are required, the number to be furnished is divided among the whole mass capable of service, and the quotient shows the number of men liable to serve, on whom it devolves to furnish a mounted Cossack.

§ 12. GEOGRAPHY, STATISTICS, AND PUBLIC ECONOMY.

Climate of Walachia.—The soil of Walachia may be said, speaking generally, to be fertile. In the vicinity of the mountains the climate is healthy and bracing; but near the Danube, on account of the exhalations from the marshes formed by the frequent inundations, it is damp. The cause of the fevers so constantly prevailing in those parts, however, must be sought less in the climate than in the immoderate use of unripe fruit.—*Hesperus.*

Difference in male and female Civilization in Russia.—A remarkable difference in respect to civilization of manners and enlightenment between the two sexes is observable in the Russian province of Uralsk. The men attain a passable state of cultivation, through the opportunities afforded them by the wars of seeing foreign countries, manners, and usages. This effect is still more certainly produced by the wise regulation which orders the distribution of the regiments through the different parts of the kingdom, and constantly retains a hundred men from each in the capital of the empire, changing them every year. In the mean time, the women cling pertinaciously to all their ancient customs.—*Evermann's Reise.*

Land Trade between Russia and China.—The commerce carried on on the frontiers of China and Russia is a traffic of pure barter, and is conducted with the greatest mistrust on both sides. The Chinese merchant first pays his visits to the Russian warehouses at Kiachta, selects the goods which he has need of, and then repairs to the house of the owner, where, over a cup of tea, the price is settled between the parties. This negotiation concluded, both buyer and seller return to the magazine, put a seal on the wares contracted for, and adjourn to the Maimotselun, where the Russian, in his turn, chooses the articles he is in want of. Both parties are extremely particular in ascertaining both the weight and the quality of the merchandize.—*Ansichten über den Landhandel durch Asien nach Russland, 1828.*

Comparative Statistics.—In a new table recently published by the indefatigable M. Balbi, entitled the *French Monarchy compared with the other principal States of the Globe*, are given the following curious comparative calculations:—

Proportion of Revenue to Population. Proportion of the Army to the Population.

	Every inhabitant.		One soldier to
Great Britain	£2 12 0	Russia	57
France	1 4 1	Prussia	80
Netherlands	1 0 9	Austria	118
Prussia	0 13 7	France	138
United States of America	0 9 7	Netherlands	142
Austria	0 8 1½	Great Britain	229
Russia	0 4 9½	United States	1977

inhabitants.

Proportion of Debt to Population.

Proportion of the Fleet to the Population.

	Every inhabitant.		Vessels of the line and frigates 1
Great Britain	£34 15 2½	Great Britain	to 82,979
Netherlands	25 12 0	Sweden and Norway .	151,610
France	5 16 0	Netherlands	170,556
Austria	1 16 0	France	290,909
United States	1 7 2½	United States	316,000
Prussia	1 3 2½	Russia	686,250
Russia	0 16 9½	Austria	2,909,091

inhabitants.

Proportion of Representation to Population.

Norway has	75 deputies, or 1 to every	14,000 inhabitants.
Great Britain	658 — or 1 —	35,455
The Netherlands	110 — or 1 —	55,815
The United States	187 — or 1 —	60,129
France	430 — or 1 —	74,188

Population of Naples.—In the year 1824 the population of Naples, as to the provinces on this side the Faro, was 5,386,040 souls. The soil of the kingdom was divided amongst 1,338,997 land-proprietors. The rest of the population was distributed as follows:—secular clergy, 27,612; monks, 8455; nuns, 8155; cultivators of land, 1,475,314; herdsman and shepherds, 65,246; artisans, 182,707; persons in trade, 10,957.

In the year 1734, at the conquest by Charles III., the population amounted to 3,044,562; in 1765, it was 3,953,098; in 1773, 4,219,430; in 1791, 4,925,381; in 1805, 4,988,679; in 1814, 4,956,693; and in 1819, 5,034,191. In the year 1824 the capital contained 349,190 inhabitants. Of these the male population was 165,015; the female, 184,175. The males under fourteen years, 55,283; females under twelve, 51,957. Living in celibacy, men 45,853, women 56,172; married, 115,034: widowers, 6352; widows, 18,529. Distributed, according to their calling, as follows: secular clergy, 1751; monks, 610; nuns, 827; pensionaries—military, 6300, clergy, 7600, officers of state, &c. 2000, by especial grace of the King, 2000; persons in office, civil list, 8960; military, on civil list, 490; officers of public tribunals, 1627; poor in different degrees of destitution, 7867; artisans, tradesmen, &c. 114,519.—*Dus Ausland.*

Population of Denmark.—The population of the Danish dominions at the close of the year 1827 was as follows:—

In the old Danish Provinces	1,521,278 souls.
Holstein	374,745
Lauenburg	35,680
Iceland	49,826
The Faro Isles and Greenland	11,240
The West Indies	46,690

2,039,459

Add to these, the subjects of Denmark in Guinea and the East Indies, and the whole population is about 2,100,000. Copenhagen contains 104,674 inhabitants. The clergy in Denmark consists of 1600 individuals, including those of Iceland, the Faro Isles, and the Colonies, above 1900.—*Das Ausland.*

Deaths of eminent Persons in France in 1828.—In the year 1828 there died, in France, thirteen Peers of France, among whom, one Field-Marshal, five Lieutenant-Generals, and one Archbishop; twenty-eight Lieutenant-Generals (five, as above, of the Chamber of Peers), twenty-five Brigadier-Generals, two Archbishops, and a Constitutional Bishop; five Rear-Admirals, fifteen Deputies, twelve ancient Deputies, or Members of the Legislative Assembly; eighteen Presidents or Vice-Presidents of Tribunals, four Procureurs-Général, nineteen Judges, six Members of the Court of Requests, four Prefects or ancient Prefects, six Members of the Institute, three Advocates, ten painters, two sculptors, one engraver, three architects, eight doctors, fifteen authors (of whom seven dramatic), two composers of music, six actors, two actresses, and two principal dancers.

Bettering the Condition of the Labouring Poor.—As a plan for reducing the poor-rate, and restoring the independence of the labourer, by placing him in a condition to maintain himself and family without parochial assistance, and, consequently, in comparative comfort, Captain J. Pole, R.N., recommends the letting every labourer, who wishes it, have a piece of land for the employment of his leisure hours, to raise such vegetables as himself and family require. This plan is stated to have been attended with the best effects in various places. Captain Pole has entered into calculations, that a labourer who costs the parish 11*l.* 1*s.* per annum, may be kept off it by paying for him, or giving him an opportunity of paying himself, a rent of 3*l.* for land. The principal difficulty in commencing such a system, is the unwillingness of old tenants to have their fields dismembered for the purpose. In new inclosures, or where landlords are disposed to throw some of their fields into allotments for the poor, the project is an easy and doubtless a beneficial one for both the poor and the parish; and as the system is not intended to be compulsory, either on parishes or individuals, in accepting or rejecting it, the measure may be more palatable, as involving no change of laws or ancient usages.—*Gard. Mag.*

Wines of France.—The following are the duties to which the wines of France, white or red, are subject, in various foreign countries:—In Sweden, 400 francs the pipe; in Norway, 200 francs; in Prussia, 520 francs; in Russia, 750 francs; in England, 1200 francs; in the United States, 189 francs 90 cents. Previous to 1789, the annual exportation of wines from Bourdeaux amounted to about 100,000 pipes. The trade has greatly diminished since that period. The following is the amount of the annual exportations since 1819, as stated in a petition of the wine growers, to the Chamber of Deputies, in the last Session:—

1820.....61,110 pipes	1821.....63,224 pipes
1822.....39,955	1823.....51,529
1824.....39,625	1825.....46,374
1826.....48,464	1827.....54,492

The documents laid before the Chambers by the Ministry, state the average value of the three years, 1787-8-9, at 32,000,000 francs wine, and 17,000,000 francs brandy: the mean value of the exportation for 1825, 26-27, at 48,000,000 francs in wine, and 20,000,000 francs in brandy. In 1789 the land occupied in the production of wine was computed at 1,200,000 hectares (2,880,000 acres), producing something above 20 million hectolitres (440,000,000 gallons). The land at present in culture with vines is esti-

mated at 1,729,000 hectares (3,499,200 acres), yielding 40 million hectolitres (880,000,000 gallons), and giving a value of 600,000,000 francs (24,000,000*l.*) The general duties yield a total produce of 100 millions (4,000,000*l.*); the local or municipal duties, 20,000,000 francs (800,000*l.*); amounting, together, to a charge on the entire produce of more than 20 per cent. According to M. Dupin, the expense of levying the indirect duties amount to the exorbitant sum of 20,800,000 francs on a revenue of 138 millions; while, in England, the expense of collection of similar duties does not exceed seven millions in 138.—*Bull. Univ.*

Supplies of Wheat.—Dantzic is the quarter whence the principal supplies of Wheat have been derived. The shipment made till the close of the year, to Great Britain, consisted of

	<i>Wheat.</i> Lasts.	<i>Rye.</i> Lasts.	<i>Oats.</i> Lasts.	<i>Barley.</i> Lasts.	<i>Peas.</i> Lasts.
London	15011	596	205	155	133
Liverpool	141	8	28
Bristol	95
Ports on the East Coast .	4253	609	2	300	76
Jersey and Guernsey . .	2095	50	59	58	...
Loading for sundry places at the close of the year }	2671
	<hr/> 24266	<hr/> 1255	<hr/> 270	<hr/> 521	<hr/> 237
To France	5045
Holland	4279	1527	...	17	2
Newfoundland	58	6
Hamburgh, Bremen, &c.	240	713	...	12	...
	<hr/> 33888	<hr/> 3495	<hr/> 270	<hr/> 550	<hr/> 246

The stocks in granary in Dantzic had not been ascertained by last advices, but they are estimated as follows, viz.

<i>Wheat.</i> Lasts.	<i>Rye.</i> Lasts.	<i>Oats.</i> Lasts.	<i>Barley.</i> Lasts.	<i>Peas.</i> Lasts.
7000	1000	600	600	100

Quar. Jour. of Agric.

Prospect of Advance in the Price of Corn.—The opinion in favour of a further advance in spring in the price of all sorts of corn, is in some degree founded on the fact of the comparatively small arrivals, coastwise, of British corn compared with those of former years. In taking an abstract of the arrivals of wheat coastwise into London for the last eight weeks of each of the seven years ending 1827, and comparing the average with the arrivals for the corresponding period of last year, it is found that the average weekly arrival for the seven years, ending with 1827, in the months of November and December, was 7920 quarters, while, for the same period in 1828; it was only 4235 quarters, making a weekly deficiency of 3685 quarters; and the weekly arrival is gradually so diminishing that it has latterly not reached much above 900 quarters. This is a very remarkable fact, and seems of itself to indicate that the deficiency of last crop was very great; and such as great economy, and the liberal use of substitutes, and all the arrivals from other countries, will hardly counterbalance.—*Quar. Jour. of Agric.*

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL,

From January 21, 1828, to February 20, 1829.

51° 32' 30" N. 8' 30" W.

Jan. and Feb.	Lunations.	Thermometer.	Barometer.	Winds.		Atmospheric Variations.				Prevailing Modification of Cloud.
		Mean Alt ³	0 hour	A.M.	P.M.	9 h. A.M.	0 hour.	8 h. P.M.	During Night.	
21	c	21	29.70	N.E.	N.E.	Snow	Snow	Fair	Fair	Cirrostratus.
22		23.5	.47	E.	E.	Fair	Clear	Clear	—	—
23		21.5	.30	—	N.E.	—	Snow	Snow	Snow	—
24		22	.27	N.W.	N.W.	—	—	Fair	Fair	—
25		21.5	.31	S.W.	S.W.	Fog	Fog	Fog	—	Cirrus. Cirrostr.
26		37	28.68	—	—	Moist	Fair	Moist	Moist	—
27	h. 6 59 AM.	38	.69	—	—	Fair, Cl.	—	Fair, Cl.	Fair	Cirrostr. Cirroc.
28		36.5	29.04	N.W.	N.W.	—	—	—	—	— Cumulos.
29		35.5	.25	N.E.	N.E.	—	—	—	—	Cymoid Cirrostr.
30	"	31	.21	—	N.	—	—	—	—	Cirrostr. Cum.
31		34.5	.90	—	N.E.	—	—	—	—	—
1		33.75	30 30	S.E.	E.	—	—	—	Frost	— Cumulus
2		21.5	.45	S.W.	S.W.	Fog	Clear	Clear	Fr.	Cirrus. Cirrostr.
3	h. 9 19 AM.	24.5	.45	N.E.	—	—	Serene	—	Fair	—
4		35.5	.41	S.W.	W.	Fog	Rain	Rain	Moist	—
5		40.5	.11	N.E.	N.E.	Fair, Cl	Fair, Cl.	Fair, Cl	M.	—
6		42.5	.18	S.W.	N.W.	Moist	Moist	—	Fair	—
7		43	.10	N.W.	N.W.	—	—	Rain	Fair	—
8		37	.20	N.E.	N.	Fair, Cl	Fair, Cl	Fair, Cl	—	Cirrostr. Cum.
9	h. 6 54 PM	38.5	.28	N.W.	N.	—	—	—	—	—
10	D	37.75	.30	N.	N.	—	—	—	—	—
11		43	.30	N.W.	N.W.	Wet	—	—	—	— Cumulos
12		43.5	.26	W.	W.	Fog	Moist	Moist	Moist	Cirrostratus.
13		44.5	.14	N.W.	N.W.	Moist	Fair, Cl	Fair, Cl.	Fair	—
14		43.5	.14	S.W.	W.	Fair, Cl	—	—	—	Cymoid Cirrostr.
15		41.5	.07	—	—	—	—	—	—	Cirrostratus.
16		44	29.91	—	—	—	—	Rain.	Moist	— Cumulus.
17	h. 3 6 PM.	41.5	.63	—	S.W.	—	—	Fair	Fair	Cirrostratus.
18		36	.66	S.E.	E.	—	—	—	—	—
19		38	.43	E.	S.	—	—	Clear	—	Cirrus. Cumulus
20		45.	.27	W.	S.W.	—	—	—	Rain	Nimbus. —

THE JOURNAL OF FACTS.

APRIL, 1829.

§ 1.—NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

Supposed existence of active Molecules in Mineral Substances.—In a communication to the Magazine of 'Natural History,' Mr. Bakewell throws doubts on the supposed existence of active molecules in inorganic matter, as propounded by the eminent naturalist, Mr. Brown. With regard to these active molecules, though, in some instances, Mr. Bakewell was at first persuaded that he had seen the motions of the molecules similar to those of the smallest species of Infusoria, a more careful examination proved that he was mistaken, and that the motions were derived from causes that had not been properly appreciated. These motions Mr. Bakewell describes as arising generally from animalcules in the water used in the experiment, from external vibratory motion, very difficult to be guarded against, and the effects of which in London it is scarcely possible to avoid, and from currents of air, which the observer's breath is sufficient to produce. As to London dust, the whole of which Mr. Brown asserts is composed of active molecules, Mr. Bakewell says he is fully convinced that the activity of its particles in a drop of water, as well as when dancing in the sunbeam, is derived from external agitation. Mr. Bakewell, however, acknowledges the obligation which the philosophical world are under to Mr. Brown, for having directed the attention of naturalists to this subject; and further says, that 'about ten years ago, Mr. Bywater, an ingenious optician, now residing in Liverpool, was reported to have discovered moving animalcules in coal-ashes, pounded marble, and other mineral substances. Little interest was then excited by the supposed discovery; it required an eminent naturalist like Mr. Brown, whose merits are well known, and highly appreciated in his own country and on the continent, to direct public attention to statements so much at variance with our preconceived notions of matter. If, contrary to expectation, after all due caution in the observations, it should be finally established that mineral substances are composed of active molecules, what new views of nature will the discovery unfold! Beds of siliceous sand, like those on our Hampstead Heath, are only awaiting a further process of trituration, to be awakened into life by the torrent that shall bear them into the ocean; and the geologist, while he contemplates the organic remains of a former world embedded in solid rocks, must regard the rocks themselves as the parents of future living beings.' Mr. Brown's discovery is, that the ultimate particle he can obtain from all bodies, organic or inorganic, has inherent motion, like unto vital action. His ideas on the subject, with an account of the microscopical observations which led to them, are set forth in an unpublished pamphlet, a review of which may be found in the above-mentioned Magazine. Mr. Bakewell reports that, on repeated observations on several mineral and inorganic substances, he had not discovered any proper motion of the molecules, if the water had been recently boiled; he attributes the apparent motion in unboiled water to animalcules previously existing in the water.

Anti-convulsion System of Geology.—In a notice of a work entitled 'Lettres sur les Révolutions du Globe,' in the section of Natural Sciences of the 'Bulletin Universel,' the Baron de Ferussac repeats an opinion maintained by him on former occasions in the same Bulletin, that the present

state of the earth's surface in the geological point of view, is the last, or rather the most recent, of a series of successive and gradual modifications; that, in fact, there have not been any revolutions, properly so called, on the globe; but an uninterrupted succession of phenomena diminishing in importance with the course of time, as the energy of the causes on which they depended have become less; and the greater part of which still continue and are in a state of progression; but with less force, and on a more limited scale than heretofore. In a word, that the general laws of harmony have not been disturbed on our globe more than in any other part of the Universe; and that the explanation of geological phenomena, instead of being discoverable in a desolating theory of imaginary convulsion, is to be found in the natural consequences of the primitive state of the globe, and the necessary effects of the general laws to which matter is subjected. True it is, convulsions, violent ruptures of beds, their re-formation; the change of place of substances, the consequences of a certain anterior order of things, cannot be mistaken. But these effects are far from being the consequences of disturbances of the established order,—of deluges in fact. The Baron asserts that the whole history of the globe is contained in a few lines formerly published by him, in which he maintained that it was time for geologists to abandon the system of convulsions of nature and of cataclysms; to acknowledge the influence of natural causes, and of the order and permanence by which the universal planetary system is governed. The primitive volcanic fire and its consequences; the formation of waters by the condensation of gases; the sinking of their level in consequence of the infiltration effected in proportion to the refrigeration and to the thickening of the crust of the earth, and the diminution of the temperature on the surface of the globe—the effect of the same refrigeration, are the primary causes from which the explanation of the geological phenomena proceed, by a natural and easy concatenation.

Supposed Human Fossils.—A communication has been recently made to the Royal Academy of Sciences of Paris, by M. Cordier, on the part of M. Tournai, of Narbonne, of the result of an examination of the fossil contents of a cavern recently discovered near the small town of Bire, in the eastern part of the department of the Landes. M. Tournai reports that human bones are found buried among those of animals now extinct, in beds of black soil. The communication is referred to a committee of three Academicians. The fact that the fossils discovered are human is very doubtful, although M. Tournai is spoken of as a man versed in geological science.—*Le Globe*.

British Fossil Shells.—The last Number of the *Magazine of Natural History* contains a geological arrangement, in the form of a table, of the Fossil Shells found in this country. This table forms a catalogue of thirteen hundred fossil testacea, classed as *Simple Univalves*, *Simple Bivalves*, *Complicated Bivalves*, and *Multilocular Univalves*. It appears that the following series of Fossil Shells are known to English naturalists:—

Simple univalves	58	genera, which comprise	401	species.
Simple bivalves	62	-	-	583
Complicated bivalves	3	-	-	51
Multilocular univalves	12	-	-	230
	135			1265

The same article observes, that in treating on the order of arrangement of shells in the several formations, Mr. Parkinson was struck with the fact, that the shells of the most ancient formations exceed, in complexity of structure, those in the subsequent strata, and in our present seas. It is in this

early creation, also, he observed that those shells are found which possess 'that complicated structure, very rarely found in the shells of this day, which enabled their inhabitants to rise and sink with them in the water.' Of this latter class are the numerous race of many-chambered univalves, the Nautilites, the Ammonites, and Orthoceratites; and of the class of complicated bivalves are the Spirifers, and the genera *Pentamerus* and *Productus*.

The table fully corroborates the accuracy of Mr. Parkinson's observations in this respect. The framer of the table concludes his summary by laying down as a general rule, that the ancient formations are characterised by complicated shells, the middle series by bivalves, and the upper by simple univalves.

Mahomedan Astronomical Globes.—In a paper by Dr. Bernhard Dorn, describing the astronomical globe in the Museum of the Asiatic Society, read at a recent meeting of that society, and reported in the *Literary Gazette*, it was suggested as the opinion of Dr. Dorn, that the Mahomedan Arabs carried the knowledge of the science of astronomy into Persia, whence the Greeks obtained their knowledge of it. Dr. Dorn then observes, that there are only three Mahomedan astronomical globes known to be extant, all manufactured about the same period; the first was made in Egypt, 622 of the Hegira, and is at present in the museum of the late Cardinal Borgia, at Velletri; the second was manufactured at Maragha (the court of Halagun Khan), in A. H. 686, and belongs to the Astronomical Museum at Dresden, where it is deposited; the third was made at Moosul, in A. H. 674, and formed the subject of Dr. Dorn's essay.

Vibrations of the Pendulum.—At the meeting of the Royal Society on the 11th of March, a paper was read, detailing observations made by Captain Sabine, at the request of the Royal Society, on the vibrations of the pendulum in Mr. Browne's house, in London, in which Captain Kater's experiments were made, and in the Observatory at Greenwich. The first series of observations was made in Mr. Browne's house, from the 17th to the 20th of March inclusive, and gave as the mean result 859738.38 vibrations in a mean solar day. A corresponding series, made at Greenwich in May, gave as the mean 859738.93 vibrations; thus indicating an acceleration of 0.55 vibrations per diem. The difference of latitude and of height between the two stations would have led from theory, to the expectation of a total retardation of 0.38 vibrations in the same time. From a second set of observations at Greenwich, the diurnal acceleration appeared to be 0.52 vibrations. Taking the mean of this and the former result, it appears that the total amount of the discordance between theory and experiment is 0.91 vibrations per diem. The stations are conveniently situated for verifying the existence of this anomaly; and its magnitude is such as to preclude all uncertainty as to its existence.

Weather in 1828.—The mean temperature of last season is within a very small fraction of a degree of the temperature in the extremely hot and dry season of 1826; but the mean temperature for 1826, for the vegetating season, was about 2° higher than in 1828, during the same period; the high temperature that prevailed during the winter months of the last season will account for the approximation of the annual temperature for both years. The fall of rain in 1826 was only fourteen inches, the half of which fell during the vegetating season.

The fall of rain last year was near the ordinary average, and measured 28.26 inches, fourteen and a half of which fell from the 20th March to the 20th October, which accounts for the general luxuriance of the crops in this country.

The mercury, in the barometer, was highest on the 29th of October, being on that day 30° Fahr., it was lowest on the 21st March, being at 28° 10. Fahr. The warmest day was on June 28; mean heat of that day 67° 5', extreme heat 77°. The coldest day was on the 12th February; mean temperature of that day 32°, greatest cold 28°. The wind blew from the north-east, east, and south-east, 153 days; and from the north-west, west, and south-west, 213 days. The only loud gales of wind occurred on the 16th and 17th January from the east, on the 14th February from the east, on the 9th March from the west, on the 24th and 25th September from the west, on the 20th and 27th November from the west, and on the 7th December from the west.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

Comparative Temperature of Brussels and London:—

Brussels.	London.	Brussels.	London.	Brussels.	London.	Brussels.	London.
Jan. 1. 34°	34.5°	Jan. 7. 28°	35°	Jan. 13. 25°	34.5°	Jan. 19. 25°	23.5°
2. 39	41.75	8. 29	31.5	14. 29	34.25	20. 21	23.5
3. 38	37.5	9. 32	35.	15. 30	33.75	21. 24	21.
4. 35	39.5	10. 30	34.	16. 11	22.5	22. 9	23.5
5. 35	33.25	11. 22	30.	17. 20	27.	23. 8	21.5
6. 29	31.5	12. 24	34.5	18. 23	24.75		

The temperature of London is given from our own meteorological tables.

Natural Production of Sulphuric Acid from Hydro-sulphuric Gas.—M. Egidi, druggist, of Ascoli, had observed in a spacious cavern, formed by nature in the district of Arquasanta, a violent disengagement of sulphuric hydrogen. This gas, in contact with atmospheric air, became gradually decomposed, and produced water and sulphur: the latter deposited on the sides of the cavern soon formed with its salifiable bases sulphites, and in the sequel, sulphates, principally sulphates of lime crystallised, and lastly sulphuric acid, running down the sides of the cavern, and carrying with it the lime and other oxides which it found in its passage. This is not the only example known of constant fermentation of sulphuric acid, the effect of the decomposition of hydro-sulphuric gas.—*Bull. Univ.*

Components of Sweet and Bitter.—Dr. W. Herschel has discovered, that the mixing of nitrate of silver with hypo-sulphate of soda, both remarkably bitter substances, produces the sweetest substance known; a proof how much we are in the dark as to the manner in which things affect our organ of taste. So, bitter and sweet, as well as sour, appear not to be an essential quality in the matter itself, but to depend on the proportion of the mixtures which compose it.

Advantages enjoyed by Men of Science in France.—The naturalists and other scientific men of Paris have great advantages over those of London. The French government devotes a large sum annually to the support of scientific and literary institutions in the metropolis. Public lectures on every subject may be attended gratis; the most complete museums and libraries are of the easiest access. The social meetings at the houses of distinguished individuals, or of public bodies, such, for example, as those of the Baron Cuvier, the Baron Ferussac, the Institute, the Athenæum, &c., are frequent; and the intercourse at such meetings is of real use to literary men, because difference of worldly circumstances enters into them for little or nothing. It is not to be wondered, therefore, that with superior native vivacity and acuteness, and all these opportunities, the French philosophers should be the first in the world.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

German Scientific Societies.—A society exists in Wurttemberg for the promotion of travels, having natural history for their object. Hitherto it has sent out only botanists, whose collections in Sardinia, Istria, Smyrna, Carinthia, &c., have given entire satisfaction to the shareholders. It is now

proposed to send out mineralogists, and M. Kurr has already departed for Scandinavia. The shares are fifteen florins; and, on the expiration of the voyage, the shareholder receives, according to his wishes, either specimens in botany or mineralogy.—*Foreign Review*.

§ 2. NATURAL HISTORY.

Man in France.—The conductor of the 'Magazine of Natural History' takes the following view of man in the north of France, on the point of 'Natural History.' 'The Frenchman of the northern provinces is, by nature, a superior animal to either the Englishman or the German; but by education, including the influence of government, religion, and the backward state of the useful arts, he is, at present, inferior to them. The cause of the natural superiority we consider to be principally the climate, and chiefly the superior purity and freedom from moisture of the air. This element is inhaled by us for what may be called its nutriment, during every moment of our existence, and its quality must, therefore, have an effect upon our constitution and character, so much greater than all the other elements of nutrition put together, that it is hardly possible for us to form an adequate idea of the full extent of its influence. The next powerful natural agent is temperature, and, we think, it may be very safely affirmed that of any two people, alike in respect to education and civilisation, those will be highest in the scale of excellence, who have been born, and who live, in the purest air and mildest climate. If agriculture and the useful arts, including government and religion, were as far advanced in France as in England, we think the Frenchman would be the superior character to the Englishman; and were the arts in France equal to the arts in England, and the state of education equal to what it is in Wurtemberg, we cannot avoid coming to the conclusion that the Frenchman in the latitudes of Paris and Rouen would be the first being in the west of Europe.'

Changes in races of domestic Animals, on becoming wild.—According to the conclusions drawn by a French author, M. Roulin, from examination of the changes suffered by animals on their return from a domestic to a savage state, of which abundant sources of observations are afforded in South America, the numerous varieties in the colour of the tribe in horses, asses, and pigs, acquire, in a state of wildness, an uniformity almost constant. This fixed colour is, in the horse, a bright bay inclining to chestnut; in the ass, a dark grey; in the pig, black. Hence it is concluded that the shades of colour, which depart from these natural hues, are clearly the effects of domesticity. Again, the gait and carriage of these animals acquire a character analogous to their independence. The ears of the pig are more pricked—its head becomes broader; the agility of the horse fully develops itself; the courage of the ass reappears, especially in males; while the irritability of the goat increases with the ease and quickness of its movements. M. Roulin, however, has observed that, in a savage state, traces of former domesticity of the breed are still perceptible. As examples, he mentions that wild horses proceeding from individuals which had been accustomed to *amble*, transmit that pace to their posterity; dogs, descending from a race employed in hunting the boar, have preserved in their wild state the means of attack and defence requisite in that sport. In Europe, the secretion of the milk in cows is rendered permanent by the act of milking; in cows which have become naturalised in America, that function ceases, and the udder dries up when the calf has done sucking.

The Eyes of the Mole.—M. Julia de Fontenelle, in noticing the publication of a work, 'De la Vision chez la Taupe,' by M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, read as a memoir at a sitting of the Académie Royale des Sciences, gives the

following summary of the opinions on this subject:—‘Does the mole see? Aristotle, and other Greek philosophers, thought it blind. Galen, on the contrary, maintains that it sees,—affirming that it possesses all the known requisites for vision. In our days the question has been again discussed. Naturalists have actually found the eye;—it is very small—of the bulk, at the most, of a grain of millet; in colour, ebony; hard to the touch—yielding, although with difficulty, to pressure between the fingers. Besides the eye-lid, which covers it, it is protected by long hairs which, crossing one another in all directions, form a thick and closely-woven band. Such an eye should surely be destined to see with! But the anatomists do not find the optic nerve, which in other animals serves to transmit the visual sensation to the brain. Hence reaction in favour of the old opinion of the Greeks; in spite of its eye the mole does not see.—Yet experiments, made at the suggestion of M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, incontrovertibly prove that the mole does see, since it turns to avoid obstacles placed purposely in its way. As a substitute for the optic nerve, M. Serres has suggested the existence of an upper branch of the fifth pair analogous to the ophthalmic branch of Willis. M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, however, opposes this doctrine of a function performed by a nerve not especially destined for that purpose. The mole, he says, sees by the aid of a particular nerve; but this nerve being prevented by the great extension of the olfactory apparatus from following the course which it takes in other animals to the four-paired tubercles (the optic lobes of M. Serres) takes another direction, and fuses, by the shortest practicable route, with the nerve of the fifth pair. Examples of similar anomaly have been observed in monstrous productions. M. Julia de Fontenelle concludes that the mole, as other animals, has two ocular nerves—principal and accessory; or optic and ophthalmic: both these two nerves are inclosed in a common sheath, in the same membrane. Besides the nerve which occupies the back of the eye, and which, from its position, may be considered the optic nerve, there is another, which occupies, in its very origin, a point of the circumference of the eyeball: this appears to proceed from a mucous and glandular tissue; perhaps from an actual lachrymal gland.

Compound Eyes of Insects.—Mr. Carpenter, in the March number of the ‘Technological Repository,’ states the result of microscopic observations made by him, to ascertain the truth of the existence of numerous eyes in some insects. Among the subjects experimented on by Mr. Carpenter, and which amounted to upwards of 200, the most familiar were, the boat-fly, dragon-fly, ant, gnat, bee, wasp, ichneumon, bombardier, inquisitor, cockchafer, peachfly, earwig, grasshopper, locust, cricket, and cock-roach. Mr. Carpenter represents himself as fully convinced that the whole of these insects did really possess numerous and distinct eyes, varying in number, according to the species of insect; in some upwards of forty, in others a thousand, and upwards of thirty thousand in some species! The eyes of the libellula, Mr. Carpenter says, are, on account of their size, peculiarly well adapted for examination under the microscope. They are a couple of protuberances immovably fixed in the head, and divided into a number of hexagonal cells, each of which contains a complete eye. The external parts of these eyes are so perfectly smooth, and so well polished, that, when viewed as opaque objects, they will, like so many mirrors, reflect the images of all surrounding objects: each of these protuberances, in its natural state, is a body cut into a number of faces, like an artificial multiplying glass, but with this superiority in the workmanship, that as in that glass every face is plane, here every one is convex; they are also much more numerous, and are contained in a much smaller space. Each of the eyes is an hexagon, varying in its size according to its situation in the head; and each of them is a distinct convex lens, and has a similar effect in forming the image of an object placed before it. Other creatures are obliged to turn their eyes

towards the object, but insects have eyes directed thereto, on whatever side it may appear.

The Editor of the 'Repository,' confirms the statements and conclusions of Mr. Carpenter, after inspecting the preparations of that observer, and from experiments made by himself, on the compound eyes of the French cray-fish, the lobster, and the common domestic or house fly.

Crocodile Riding.—An article in the 'Magazine of Natural History' confirms the account given by Mr. Waterton, in his 'Wanderings in South America,' and which some people have been disposed to doubt, of his catching a crocodile and jumping on its back, in order to conquer it. The 'Magazine' gives a sketch, after a plate in a rare book of field-sports, representing a man riding on a crocodile, and compelling it to go to land by means of a pole thrust between its jaws, and held at each end by the rider. This plate, in the original, is supposed to be an illustration of a passage in Pliny, in which this manner of taking the crocodile is described. Dr. Pococke, in his 'Observations on Egypt,' mentions a method of taking the crocodile still more like that adopted by Waterton. He says, 'they make some animal cry at a distance from the river, and when the crocodile comes out, they thrust a spear into his body, to which a rope is tied: they then let him go into the water to spend himself, and afterwards drawing him out, run a pole into his mouth, and, *jumping on his back*, tie his jaws together.'

Curiosities in the Eagle and Crocodile kind.—The 'Bulletin Universel, Section des Sciences Naturelles, No. X.' gives the principal details of a communication made by M. Dussumier, merchant and shipowner of Bordeaux, respecting a collection of objects of natural history lately brought by him from the coast of Malabar. Among them are an eagle, with the feathers of the back capable of reflecting metals, the food of which, as of the fishing-eagles, is fish; and the mainate, which was thought to be an inhabitant of Java only. Among the reptiles is a crocodile, in which M. Dussumier observes, that the two first teeth of the lower jaw enter holes corresponding with them, go through the cheek, and when the mouth is shut, appear above.

Danger from Rattle-snakes.—According to Mr. Flint, the author of a work on the geography and history of the Western States, U. S., the danger of the rattle-snake is more imaginary than real: at any rate, it has been the subject of much exaggeration. He says he has seen great numbers of persons who have been bitten by rattle-snakes, or copper-heads, or morassins, but had never known a fatal case.

Arrival and Emigration of Swallows, &c.—In an article contributed to the 'Magazine of Natural History,' accompanied by a table shewing the earliest and latest appearances of the British hirundines, from the year 1800 to the present time, Mr. Bree observes, that the general flight of the swallow, marten, and sand-marten, does not usually appear till about the end of April or beginning of May, and retires about the beginning of October. Of the swifts, the general flight may be stated as arriving about the middle of May, and departing early in August. According to the table formed, the order in which these birds make their appearance should be thus arranged:—sand-marten, house-swallow, house-marten, swift. The earliest appearance recorded in the table (of individuals or parties of the species, not of the main body) is that of the sand-marten, March 31, in 1818, when about a score of them were seen sporting over the marshes between Gulval and Marazion, near Penzance. The earliest appearance noted of the swallow is the 3rd of April, in 1803; the latest period at which he has been seen is Nov. 20, in 1806: the earliest date of the appearance of the marten is also April 3, likewise in 1803; the latest day on which any of the same species have been visible in autumn, Nov. 14, 1813. The earliest appearance recorded of the

swift in the 29th April, in 1820; the latest period of his visibility, Sept. 15, in 1817, when two or three were seen sporting about near the sea-side, in the vicinity of Penzance.

The Shipworm.—Of the marine tribe of Moluscules, the *Teredo navalis*, the shipworm, is the only one which has excited notice by its destructive powers. This shell-enclosed worm, which Linnæus has styled the 'calamitas navium,' is said to have been introduced into our seas from the East within little more than a century. They are now common in all the seas of Europe; and being gifted with the power of perforating wood, they have done, and continue to do, extensive mischief to ships, piers, and all submarine wooden buildings. The soundest and hardest oak cannot resist them; but, in the course of four or five years, they will so drill it, as to render its removal necessary, as has happened in the dockyard of Plymouth. In the years 1731 and 1732, the United Provinces were under a dreadful alarm, for it was discovered that these worms had made such depredations on the piles which support the banks of Zealand, as to threaten them with total destruction, and to claim from man what he had wrested from the ocean. Fortunately they, a few years after, totally abandoned that island, from causes unknown, but suspected to be from their not being able to live in that latitude when the winter was rather severer than usual. The method now adopted to preserve the timbers necessarily used about the docks at Plymouth is, to cover that part which is continually under water with short broad-headed nails, which, in salt water, soon cover every part with a strong coating of rust, impenetrable to these animals.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

American Cane-Brake.—The *Arundo Gigantea* or *Mieigia Macrosperma* is a reed, almost equalling in size the bamboo, much used in America for angling rods. It grows on the lower districts of the Mississippi, Arkansas, and Red River, from fifteen to thirty feet in height. The leaves are of a beautiful green, long, narrow, and dagger-shaped; not unlike those of Egyptian millet. It grows in equidistant joints, perfectly straight, almost a compact mass, and, in winter especially, is a most rich-looking vegetation. The smallest sparrow would find it difficult to fly among it, and with its ten thousand stems, rising almost contiguous to each other, and the impervious roof of verdure which it forms as its top, it has the aspect of being a solid layer of vegetation. A man could not make three miles a day through a thick cane-brake. It is the chosen resort of bears and panthers, which break it down, and make their way into it, as a retreat from man. When the cane has been cut, and is so dried as that it will burn, it is an amusement of high holiday to the negroes, to set fire to a cane-brake thus prepared—the rarefied air in the hollow compartments of the cane bursts them with a report not much inferior to a discharge of musketry; and the burning of a cane-brake makes the noise of a conflicting army, in which thousands of muskets are continually discharging. This beautiful vegetable is generally asserted to have a life of five years, at the end of which period, if it has grown undisturbed, it produces an abundant crop of seed, with heads very like those of broom-corn. The seeds are farinaceous, and said to be not much inferior to wheat, for which the Indians, and occasionally the first settlers, have substituted it. No prospect so impressively shows the exuberant prodigality of nature, as a thick cane-brake. Nothing affords such a rich and perennial range for cattle, sheep, and horses. The butter that is made from the cane pastures of this region, is of the finest kind. The seed easily vegetates in any rich soil. It rises from the ground like the richest asparagus, with a large succulent stem, and it grows six feet high, before the body hardens from this succulency and tenderness. No other vegetable could furnish a fodder so rich or abundant.—*Flint's Geography, &c. of the Western States.*

New Silesian Flora.—A new Flora of Silesia, a desideratum in botany, since the progress of the science has put the works of Matuschka and Kroker out of date, has been published by Messrs. Wimmer and Grabowski under the title of *Flora Silesiæ*. The authors, says the *Bulletin Universel*, appear to have invested their work with all the qualities required in a good Flora.

Effect of Poisons, &c. on Plants.—M. Zeller, in a work entitled '*Recherches sur l'influence de différentes substances organiques et inorganiques sur la vie des plantes*,' gives the results of experiments made by him on the effect produced by poisons and other substances, on plants, from which he concludes that not only poisons, but other substances, such as gentian, volatile oils, valerian, camphor, rhubarb, ipecacuanha, emetic tartar, &c. exercise a deleterious influence on plants. Venomous plants, or such as produce volatile oils, wither and die, if made to absorb the poisonous substances of their own production. The narcotic substances, bitter and volatile oils, spirit, spread their influence through the principal vessels of the plants, whence it extends gradually to the circumference of the leaves; nitrate of baryta, on the contrary, emetic tartar and several other salts, affect, first, the edges of the leaves, and thence descend to the other parts of the plant. The action of laurel water, of opium, of the vomit nut, deprives sensitive plants of the power of contracting their leaves; while camphor makes them contract them immediately, not again to open them. Poisons do not produce the same effect on monocotyledonous and dicotyledonous plants; many of the latter suffer much more than the former; the cone-bearing plants are but little sensible to poisons. Such plants as are not destroyed by the action of poison, lose the leaves and branches which have suffered the most by the operation, and afterwards shew renewed vigour. Rain and dew appear to have a salutary effect on them. All salts appear very pernicious, if used in large quantities; on the contrary, they are great aids to vegetation when employed sparingly.—*Bull. Univ.*

§ 3.—MEDICAL SCIENCE.

Experiments on the nature of Putrid and Typhus Fever.—A German work on the analogy of nervous and putrid fevers, details some curious experiments performed by a Dr. de Pommer to produce putrid fever in dogs by artificial means. He began by introducing into the stomach animal and vegetable substances in a state of putridity; but this process produced no effect, although continued for more than a month. The same, however, was not the case on injection of similar substances into the veins. The animal, in that case, fell sick and sunk under the experiment; and on opening the body, changes were perceived similar to those observed in the bodies of human subjects after typhus or malignant fevers. Among others, the following experiments were made. A drachm and a half of putrid blood was injected into the external jugular vein of a large dog, four years old. The vein was then bound up. No change was perceived in the animal during the operation, but immediately afterwards he refused to eat cooked meat, and to drink fresh water. He soon lay down from weakness: he got up when called, but, after a few steps, lay down again. Six hours after the operation, he vomited some bread and meat already digested, which he had eaten in the morning. His movements were slow, the look melancholy, the head hung down, the heart beat 111 pulsations in a minute. The following day, the dog ate and drank without sickness, and the third day a small tumour appeared at the wound in the neck, which seemed to contain a watery liquid, and which afterwards disappeared. All evacuations ceased until the fifth day: the appetite and spirits then returned, and ten days after the injection the animal had recovered completely. The wound

had become cicatrised at the end of three weeks. A similar experiment was then repeated on the same dog, but he shewed no symptoms of affection until the second and third days: he did not vomit, but grew languid and thin. He recovered again on the seventh day.

Ten days after the latter cure, an injection was made into the right crural vein of the same dog. This injection consisted of half an ounce of putrid blood which had been kept twenty-six days. No change was perceivable during the operation, the dog ate and drank as usual; but counting from the third day, his appetite began to diminish; he still moved about, but he had lost his strength and his spirit; he grew thin; evacuations became rare; the pulsations of the heart feeble, respiration remained as yet unchanged. The sixth day after the injection the dog ceased to eat, he remained lying on the ground, and no longer got up when called; the pupils of the eyes were dilated—he died the same day in a state of complete exhaustion. On examining the body, the symptoms were found to correspond with those observable in the human frame on death by typhus or putrid fever. They are detailed in the Bulletin. The inferences drawn from the results of these experiments are, that the symptoms in typhus and putrid fevers are caused by a poisoning of the blood, which speedily produces a fatal effect on the nervous system, not merely because the blood is decomposed and become unfit for the nourishment of the nervous system, but because the outward agent which has decomposed the blood also acts as an irritating and exhausting poison on that system. The blood may be vitiated in its composition, and yet a typhus fever may not be the consequence: such is the case in the scurvy and the chlorosis. The alteration of the blood bears, no doubt, a great share in the production of the symptoms which characterize nervous and putrid fevers; but in them the poison itself must extend to the nervous system.

It is considered to follow from this, that typhus fevers are general disorders, and not simple nervous inflammations, or acute ulcerations of the stomach and intestines, or a morbid state of the channels of respiration. These local affections are merely the coarser and more frequent remains of the morbid action, and do not constitute the essence and immediate cause of that action.

Influence of Temperature on the Mortality of newly-born Infants.—MM. Villermé and Milne Edwards have addressed to the Academy of Sciences of Paris the result of their inquiries into the influence of temperature on the mortality of newly-born infants. Mr. Edwards, sen., had asserted that in animals of warm blood the heat-producing faculty is at its lowest point at the period of birth; and that, in general, in the first stage of life it is so feeble, that the temperature of the animal cannot be kept up when it is exposed to powerful causes of cold. M. Villermé and Milne Edwards had subjected this proposition to the test of statistical inquiries. They compared the mortality of infants in the north with that in the south of France, and found that it was greatest in the provinces in which the climate is the coldest. Taking the whole of France, and making the comparison between the seasons, they had discovered that it was always in the coldest season of the year that the deaths of children under one year old were most frequent, while from one year old to an advanced age the contrary was the case. The attention of the legislature, and of the ministers of religion, is called to this circumstance, and suggestions are made of the danger incurred from the custom of taking children at too early a period after their birth to the church for baptism, or to the Mayor's office to be registered. In France, the latter is required to be done within three days after birth. In cases of death the public officer is required to attend at the house; and why, it is asked, should not the same practice be observed in the case of birth?

Prison Food in Denmark—State of Health of the Prisons.—Dr. Otto prefaces the account of the maladies which have come under his notice in the prison at Copenhagen, called the House of Correction, with the following detail of the diet of the prisoners:—Sunday, brown peas and fresh meat, or soup and peas, or peas and salted horse-flesh; Monday, water-gruel; Tuesday, soup à la Romford, consisting of horse-flesh, dried bread, peas, salt, &c.; Wednesday, peas and salted horse-flesh; Thursday, gruel; Friday, soup à la Romford; Saturday, cabbage and salt horse-flesh. Every prisoner has, besides, 1½ lb. of bread, 1½ pot of beer; and every Monday, three Danish ounces of butter. On this food they are compelled to work from five o'clock in the morning until eight at night. The ailments most frequent among them are nervous disorders, the consequence of weakness, and of the want of air and exercise, and hence chronic and acute affections: inflammatory and gastric cases are rare; in autumn and winter, rheumatism and colds prevail. Scrofulous cases are frequent. The author of the work before us had the cure of nineteen of this description. Under no other circumstances had he ever seen scrofulous tumours so large as those of the prisoners of Copenhagen, the effect, he concludes, of the bad nourishment, and of the want of air and exercise. Out of 821 prisoners under the care of Dr. Otto, twenty-six had died: of these, eleven were men, ten women, and two children. The deaths were, therefore, 3 per cent., or one in thirty-three, a proportion less than that observable in many other establishments of a like kind.

Military Hospitals of Copenhagen.—Out of 2216 patients in the military hospitals of Copenhagen, from the year 1816 to 1823, 1909 were cured, forty-eight died; thirty-one had been affected with the small-pox, of whom four had died. The expense of the 2216 patients amounted to 405 rix-dollars for medicine, and 814 rix-dollars for extraordinary expenses.

Vaccination in Portugal.—Vaccination was introduced into Portugal in the year 1799. An institution for its further propagation was established in 1812, as a branch of the Academy of Sciences of Lisbon; and the government and private individuals have shewn a laudable zeal in encouraging the adoption of the practice. In the report made to the Academy in the year 1819, the name of a lady is mentioned, D. Maria Isabel Wanzeller, of Oporto, who, in the course of her life, had herself vaccinated 13,408 persons. The use of vaccination had gone on gradually increasing from its first introduction to the year 1817, since which time, however, it has greatly declined. The numbers vaccinated in 1817, amounted to 19,999, in 1820 to only 5630. This falling off is considered to have an intimate connexion with political events.—*Bull. Univ.*

Treatment of Persons suffocated by noxious vapours, and in a state of excessive intoxication.—The 'Companion to the British Almanac for 1829' gives the following rules for proceeding in these cases, from a paper drawn up by Mr. Aaron, a surgeon of Birmingham. In the former case, if the body is yet warm, it should be freely exposed to a draught of fresh air; and cold water should be dashed over the head and chest. In other respects, it should be treated exactly as a drowned person. If the body is cold, warmth must be applied at first. In the second case,—1. These persons should have all tight parts of their dress loosened, the head should be covered with a cloth wet with cold water, and vomiting should be excited as quickly as possible, either by an emetic, or if the person cannot swallow, by tickling the throat with a feather, or the finger.—2. Clysters of salt and water should be given, and the person kept in the upright posture; and the head, on no account, be allowed to hang down. If recovery does not take place soon, mustard poultices should be applied to the feet; and if the extremities become cold, warmth and friction should be perseveringly used.

New Surgical Instrument.—The 'Medical Journal' speaks of a new instrument made of silver, invented by Dr. Granville, for the treatment of a certain class of dangerous tumours (particularly when affecting female patients,) by means of which their radical cure has been divested of all the horrors attendant on surgical operations. That physician has succeeded in removing such tumours without the use of the knife, ligature, or caustic, and in the short period of three days, with less pain than by the ordinary methods, and without the least chance of hæmorrhage. Another advantage of his contrivance is, that upon the falling off of the tumour, the surface left by it is found to be already advanced towards a healing state.

§ 4.—AGRICULTURE AND RURAL ECONOMY.

Mode of raising the Surface of the Soil in Tuscany.—The 'Technological Repository,' from the notes of a traveller conversant with subjects of agriculture, gives the following account of the mode adopted for raising and fertilizing the surface of the soil in the Val di Chiana, in Tuscany. This valley is forty miles long, and from seven to twelve broad, laid out into cultivated fields, divided into regular inclosures and squares, with ditches round every ten or twelve acres, and maples and elms, supporting vines, on the banks of the ditches. It is watered by the river Chiana, anciently named Clonis, which runs into the Arno; another part of the waters of the same valley of the Chiana goes into the Tiber. The ground is lower than the waters in the rivers, yet the valley is said not to be unhealthy. The countrymen, however, never go out in the morning without eating bread, and drinking some wine. The fields that are too low are raised and fertilized by the following process, called *colmata*:—The field is surrounded by an embankment to confine the water. The dike of the rivulet is broken down, so as to admit the muddy water of the high floods. The Chiana itself is too powerful a body of water to be used for this purpose; it is only the streams that flow into the Chiana that are used. This water is allowed to settle and deposit its mud on the field. The water is then let off into the river at the lower end of the field, by a discharging course, called *scolo*, and in French, *canal d'écoulement*. The water-course which conducts the water from a river, either to a field for irrigation, or to a mill, is called *gora*. In this manner a field will be raised five and a half, and sometimes seven and a half feet, in ten years. If the dike is broken down to the bottom, the field will be raised the same height in seven years; but then, in this case, gravel is also carried in along with the mud. In a field of twenty-five acres, which had been six years under the process of *colmata*, in which the dike was broken down to within three feet of the bottom, the process was seen to be so advanced, that only one year was requisite for its completion. The floods, in this instance, had been much charged with soil. The water which comes off cultivated land completes the process sooner than that which comes off hill and woodlands. Almost the whole of the Val di Chiana has been raised by the process of *colmata*. A proprietor, whose field is not adjacent to a stream, may conduct the stream through the intervening lands of another proprietor, on paying for the damage he occasions. The process of *colmata* is expensive, because the ground is unproductive during the seven or eight years that the process lasts; but this is soon repaid, with great profit, by the fertility of the newly deposited soil. After the completion of the process of *colmata*, the expense of which is always repaid with profit, the ground is cultivated for five years on the proprietor's own account; and the produce during these five years repays the expense of the process of *colmata* with interest. The first two years it is sown with Indian corn (*gran turco*), and sometimes hemp, the soil being too strong for wheat. The next three it is sown with wheat, without any manure. The produce of wheat, in this highly fertile state of the

soil, is twenty from one; whilst, in the usual state of the ground, the return of wheat is from twelve to fourteen from one. After this, the field is let out in the ordinary way to the farmers, the *contadini*. An operation similar to the colmata has been practised near Gainsborough.

Fishes, and mode of Preserving them.—Captain Jones, in his 'Travels in Norway,' says, at Lake Ilmen near Valdaj, they have a fish so like a herring, that it is called the fresh-water herring, and also another fish said to resemble a smelt. They have a mode of preparing them for a distant market, by putting them into ovens of a moderate temperature, and gradually but thoroughly drying them. In the 'Magazine of Natural History' it is asked, why may we not naturalize this fish, and adopt the same mode of curing other fresh-water fishes?

Extraction of Potash from Potatoe Tops.—The 'Register of Arts for March' details the process, adopted in France, for extracting potash from potatoe tops, the upper part of which contain so considerable a portion, as to render the extracting it a very profitable operation. The potatoe tops are to be cut off, at four or five inches from the ground, with a very sharp knife, the moment that the flower begins to fall, that being the period of their greatest vigour. Fresh sprouts spring, which not only answer all the purposes of conducting the roots to maturity, but tend to the increase of their size, as the sprouts require less nourishment than the old tops. From the results obtained in France, it is estimated that the quantity of land under annual cultivation with potatoes, in the United Kingdom, which exceeds 500,000 acres, might be made to yield nearly as many tons of potash; an amount nearly fifty times that of our annual importation from America!

State of Vegetation in April.—The Romans called this month April, from *aperire*, to open, because not only the spring-blossoms now expand to the returning sun, but the buds unfold to the fresh rains. The leaf-buds of trees are protected from the cold prevalent in the preceding months, both by being compactly folded and enveloped in a tough skin or membrane, and, in most cases, by a thick glutinous gum—difficult to freeze, and too adhesive to be washed off by rains. The only efficient solvent of the leaf-bud gum is the reascending sap, which dilutes it and renders it yielding, like the acid applied to its envelope by the puss-moth (*Cerura vinula*) when it escapes from its pupa. Every bud, it is worthy of remark, is supposed, by high botanical authority, to constitute an individual plant, and a tree is consequently a compound, or rather aggregate of these. The gardener's art of striking from cuttings, and still more the practice of budding, tends strongly to confirm this doctrine.—As the sap is now rising rapidly in the stems of trees and perennial plants, it is a good season to make experiments upon its motion, and to verify or disprove the recent views of M. Dutrochet, who asserts that the motion of the sap is partly, if not altogether, the consequence of electric currents.—*Comp. to the Alm.* 1829.

French Agricultural Society.—France is rapidly reaping the benefits which naturally follow from the establishment of a popular form of government in the formation of associations of individuals, having for their object the improvement and advantage of their country. Amongst institutions of this nature, those set on foot for the encouragement of agriculture, are by no means the least important or the least conspicuous. As an instance of the spirit and good taste with which these associations proceed, we may refer to the prizes proposed by the Agricultural Society of the Haute Garonne, formed in 1827. These are four in number, to be awarded, successively, one each year. The first will be bestowed on the landowner of the department who shall be deemed to have been most successful in the cultivation of wheat; barley,

or oats, and to have attained the greatest perfection in the means of cultivation. The prize will consist of a wheat-sheaf, in silver, of the value of 350 francs. No person to be admitted a competitor whose experiments do not embrace at least 50 hectares (123½ acres) of arable land. The succeeding year the society will present a silver thyrsis, of the value of 350 francs, to the landowner the most successful cultivator of the vine. For this prize the growers of other plants, whether kitchen or oleaginous, or in use for dye, or for weaving, are to be admitted candidates. The quantity of vineyards required for the experiments to be at least 20 hectares (49½ acres); of ground cultivated with other plants, 10 hectares (24½ acres). The third year the society will award three shepherds' crooks to the landowners of the department who shall have distinguished themselves by improvements effected in wool. The first to be of silver-gilt, of the value of 200 francs; the second of silver, of 100 francs value; the third also in silver, worth 50 francs. The first and second prizes to be bestowed on the owners who shall produce the first and second best specimens of superfine wool; the third to him who shall offer the greatest improvement in wool, effected by successive crossings of ordinary ewes by rams of pure race. The candidates for these prizes are to produce their specimens from flocks of at least 100 head. The fourth prize will be given to the landowner of the department who shall be pronounced to have produced on his estate the best growth of wood from seeds, or have formed the finest plantations of timber-trees, or trees fit for the nourishment of silkworms. Besides these prizes, the society will recompense the bailiffs or head servants, and shepherds, who shall have most distinguished themselves in their respective offices.—*Bull. Univ.*

The German Agriculturist, Thaer.—Of all the persons of science whom Germany reckons among her benefactors, as contributing to the amelioration of her agriculture and rural economy, no one holds a higher rank than Albert Thaer, late Professor of Agriculture in the University of Berlin. This celebrated agriculturist was born at Celle, in Hanover, in 1752; he received his education and degrees at the University of Göttingen; and afterwards followed the practice of medicine, and was named Physician in Ordinary to the King of Great Britain. This profession, however, was not altogether suited to his taste or his manners; and, following the bent of a stronger inclination, he devoted his moments of leisure to the study of flowers, from which he was led to the more extensive one of agriculture. Having read all that was to be found in German on the subject of rural economy, and little satisfied with the doctrines of the writers among his countrymen, he had recourse to the English works on the same subject, and there found all that he desired. In 1794 he published an *Essay on English Agriculture*, and, by that work, excited in Germany a zeal for agriculture which far exceeded even his own expectations. He gradually renounced the practice of medicine, and devoted his whole attention to the management of a small estate which he possessed near Celle. He published the *Annals of the Agriculture of Lower Saxony*, and founded an institution for the instruction of young farmers. When the French took possession of Hanover, in 1803, he accepted an invitation to retire into the Prussian dominions, where he was elected a member of the Academy of Sciences of Berlin. He persevered in the work he had commenced at Celle, under the title of *Annals of Agriculture*, which continued to be published in his name until the year 1824, when the Academy of Agriculture of Berlin undertook the superintendence of it. That Thaer might have the opportunity of uniting practice with theory, and to encourage him to form an institution such as that which he had established at Celle, the King of Prussia presented him with a farn, forming part of the bailiwick of Wollup on the Oder; but as the soil of that district was fertile, and therefore not calculated for an establishment which was

at once to serve for experiments and for a model, he sold it, and with the purchase-money bought an estate at Mùgelin. Here he devoted himself to the formation of his Agricultural Institution, which was opened in 1806, notwithstanding the difficult circumstances in which the country was then placed. In 1810, on the formation of the University of Berlin, he was named Professor of Agriculture in that institution, and reporter on subjects connected with agriculture to the Minister of the Interior. In the same year he published his *Principles of Agriculture*, a work of which the merit has been universally acknowledged, and which has been translated into most of the European languages. In 1815 he was named General Superintendent of the Flocks of the King, and in 1817 he was invested with the Order of the Red Eagle of the third class. In 1824 a jubilee was celebrated in his honour, to commemorate his taking the degree of Doctor, which he had then held for half a century. On this occasion, the Kings of Great Britain, Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurtemberg sent him orders of knighthood, and letters full of expressions of favour. His numerous friends and pupils were zealous in their congratulations, and the agriculturists of the kingdom sent him a deputation to express the sense of that body for the services he had rendered them. After this epoch he lived principally in the bosom of his family. The Prussian General State Gazette, from which this notice is abstracted, represents him as a man of exalted principles, and as the zealous advocate of the cause of liberty, were it freedom of commerce, of property, or of speech. He was of unimpeachable integrity. As a writer, conciseness and clearness distinguished his style; as a professor, his cheerful manners, and his lessons, at once instructive and amusing, made him beloved by all. He died on the 26th of October last, at Mùgelin, in his 77th year.

§ 5.—HORTICULTURE.

Pine-apples and Melons.—The Horticultural Society of Edinburgh have lately awarded a prize to Colonel Patterson's gardener at Cumnoquhie, for some fine fruit of this description produced by means of steam. The pit in which they were raised is contrived in a very ingenious manner to obviate the inconvenience of too rapid changes of temperature, which are sometimes felt when steam is applied in hot-houses. In this case, the chamber, in which the vapour is collected for supplying the bottom heat, instead of being empty, and on that account quickly heated and quickly cooled, is filled with small round stones, which absorb the heat as it is produced, giving it out gradually and retaining it long; producing, by application of the steam for an hour and a half in the evening, an equable heat through the whole of the night and next day. The steam is distributed through this chamber by means of a cast-metal tube, perforated at certain distances; and it may also be admitted at pleasure amongst the plants above, by means of tubes with movable caps communicating with the same receptacle. The idea is, we believe, due to Mr. John Hay, of Edinburgh; but Colonel Patterson is the first amateur who has carried it into practice. The beauty of the fruit, and the neatness of the whole apparatus (so different from the usual appearance of melon frames), seem to point it out as one of the most eligible modes yet discovered for securing to this country the productions of the tropics.—*Pife Herald.*

Food of Lapwings.—The notion that lapwings are of use in gardens to destroy slugs, seems erroneous. Observations shew on the contrary, that the food they most relish is the common earth worm, and that they refuse both the black and the white slug.

Propagation of Potatoes by Plantation of the Germ.—Several German periodicals give an account of experiments made by a German curate

named Grebel, of Ringleben, near Erfurth, on the growth of potatoes by planting the germ. These experiments were made in 1826, notwithstanding the dryness of the season, and succeeded beyond expectation. Each plant produced from three to four pounds of potatoes; and some of the roots weighed nearly a pound each. According to Herr Grebel, the potatoe, called, by Putsche, the *Hernkartoffel*, is the best suited for propagating in this manner. A single germ has sometimes produced between six and seven pounds of potatoes.

§ 6.—DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Method of clearing Feathers of their Animal Oil.—A lady (Mrs. Richardsoh) has received a premium of twenty guineas from the Society of Arts, for the following recipe for cleaning feathers:—"Take for every gallon of clean water one pound of quick lime, mix them well together, and, when the undissolved lime is precipitated in fine powder, pour off the clear lime-water for use. Put the feathers to be cleaned in another tub, and add to them a quantity of the clear lime-water, sufficient to cover the feathers about three inches, when well immersed and stirred about therein. The feathers when thoroughly moistened will sink down, and should remain in the lime-water three or four days; after which the foul liquor should be separated from them by laying them in a sieve. The feathers should be afterwards well washed in clean water, and dried upon nets, the meshes of which may be about the fineness of cabbage-nets. The feathers must be from time to time shaken on the nets, and as they dry will fall through the meshes, and are to be collected for use. The admission of air will be serviceable in the drying; the whole process will be completed in about three weeks: after being prepared as above mentioned, they will only require beating, to get rid of the dust, previous to use."—*Reg. of Arts.*

Distinction between Potatoe Flour and Arrow-root Flour.—The Editor of the 'Register of Arts,' in a note to an article extracted from the 'New Monthly Magazine,' in praise of the use of potatoe flour, says, 'Potatoe flour may be known from arrow root-flour, by rubbing a little of it between the finger and thumb, when it will be observed that the potatoe flour is softer to the touch, and more shining to the sight, than that from the arrow root. The mucilage or jelly formed with boiling water, is in both cases alike, though some good women make serious charges against one or the other, namely, that they "turn to water." This effect we can tell them does not take place unless sugar is put to the solution; for although water has a great affection for starch, it likes sugar better, and if left alone will gradually steal away to the latter.'—*Ed. Reg.*

Use of Rice.—Among the most useful and nutritious substitutes for wheat, and which has the advantage of correcting the unwholesome properties of bad flour, is rice. During the scarcity of wheat in July, 1795, one of the measures adopted at the Foundling Hospital, with a view of lessening the consumption of flour, was the substitution of rice puddings for those of flour; which, by the table of diet, were used for the children's dinner twice a-week. The flour puddings, for each day, had taken about 161 lb. weight of flour; the rice puddings, substituted in their place, required only 21 lb. of rice, to make the same quantity of pudding; the result of the experiment being that, in a baked pudding made with milk, one pound of rice will go very nearly as far as eight pounds of flour.

Rice contains a great deal of nutriment in a small compass, and does not pass so quickly off the stomach, as some other substitutes for wheat-flour do. It is a good ingredient in bread. Boil a quarter of a pound of rice till it is quite soft; then put it on the back part of a sieve to drain it; and

when it is cold mix it with three-quarters of a pound of flour, a tea-cupful of yeast, a tea-cupful of milk, and a small table-spoonful of salt. Let it stand for three hours; then knead it up; and roll it in about a handful of flour, so as to make the outside dry enough to put into the oven. About an hour and a quarter will bake it; and it will produce one pound fourteen ounces of very good white bread. It should not be eaten till it is two days old.—*Comp. to B. Almanac.*

§ 7. MECHANICAL AND USEFUL ARTS.

Vessels impelled against Stream by force of the Stream itself.—A French engineer and mechanic, M. Tourasse, in a work recently published on the application of steam-boats to river navigation, gives a topographical statement of the principal rivers of Europe in which steam navigation may be employed with success. The work concludes with an explanation of the theory of water-impelled boats, *bateaux aqua-moteurs*, a name given to a system of navigation which derives from the current itself an impulse capable of driving the vessel against the stream. This impulse communicated to a capstan, winds up a rope fastened by its extremity to the shore, and thus drags the vessel forward, as if by towage.—*Revue Encyclopédique.*

National Repository.—This collection of ingenious works in mechanics and manufactures has been open for some weeks past. Although it does not appear to obtain general support from artisans and manufacturers, it contains many inventions and contrivances well worth the trouble of inspection. The process of working off lithographic prints seems the most attractive part of the exhibition to the generality of visitors. The new invented alarum watch is ingenious and perfect for its purpose. The alarum is in a separate instrument from the watch, and therefore the latter, when in the fob, is free from the incumbrance.

Pipe-heads of the Americans.—On the waters of the Little Lioux of the Missouri, and on a branch of the St. Peter's of the Upper Mississippi, is found a beautiful species of indurated clay, constituting a stone of the most singular appearance, commonly called pipe stone, from the circumstance that the savages in all these regions, quite to the Western Sea, make their pipes, and sometimes other ornaments, of it. It is said to be cut from the quarry almost with the ease of wood. It hardens in the air, and receives an exquisite polish of impalpable smoothness. It is nearly of the colour of blood, and is a beautiful article for monumental slabs, vases, and requirements of that sort. If it be as abundant and as easily procured as has been said, it will one day become an article of extensive use through the country. For, although marble abounds, this is a more beautiful material than any marble that we have seen. It has been generally asserted, that an imaginary line of truce extends round the places where this stone is found, within which the most hostile tribes pursue their business of cutting out stones for pipes in peace.—*Platt's Geography, &c. of the Western States.*

Watchman's Check-clock.—Mr. Knight, of Ann-street, Birmingham, has invented a simple contrivance as a check on a watchman or other person, of whose presence at a particular spot and on a given time proof is required. This machine is a clock, of which the dial-plate revolves while the index remains fixed. The stationary index is placed over the dial-circle, and the hours, as they successively come under it, denote present time. This index forms part of a bended lever, the fulcrum of which is in the interior or back of the clock, and the other extremity of it is attached to a bell wire, with suitable cranks to carry the line of communication to the required place, where a handle is connected to it, for the individual who is upon duty or gaurd to pull at stated times; this operation raises the power end of the

lever, and depresses the index, which makes a mark upon a temporary scale of hours fixed to the dial-plate, and indicates the precise time at which each mark was made. To enable the lever to make a *stroke*, there is a spring-joint where the lever is bent to a right angle, which allows the extremity of the index to move in a right line over the plate. The clock-face has two concentric circles of hours, the outer permanent and of a full size, the inner temporary, and of small dimensions. The latter is an engraved print, the divisions upon which correspond radially with those on the outer circle, and it is intended that a fresh card should be put on the dial-plate every day; it is contrived so as to enable them to be put on with accuracy and expedition; the card taken off forming a register of the duty performed.—*Reg. of Arts.*

To destroy Bugs in Canadian Pine Timber.—The Technological Repository recommends those who have occasion to employ the Canadian pine timber in flooring, to season it by steaming, as the most effectual measure that can possibly be taken to destroy, not only the bugs in the timber, but their eggs also, as the heat of steam or boiling-water is inevitably fatal to animal life. The Editor of the Repository learnt this secret from Mr. Bevan, the engineer, who, on being told of the great annoyance caused by the new species of bug imported with this timber, stated that he had built a house, the floors of which consisted of Canadian pine, but had never heard of any complaint of a similar nature being made in consequence thereof. However, upon recollection, he said, that, in order to season the planks, he had *steamed* them.

Hydraulic Cement.—M. Pasch, in the Annals of the Iron Board (Jern Kontoret's Annaler) of Sweden, gives the result of various experiments made by him during the progress of the canal at Grethu in Sweden, and previously on the best ingredients for hydraulic cements. He tried various species of lime found in Sweden; these he successively mixed with aluminous slate, or schistus, burnt clay, manganese, trapp, grunstein, pulverised granite, and ochre. He gives the preference to the aluminous schistus (*alunskiffer*). He found it difficult, he says, to mix it with any species of lime, without improving the quality of the lime. In order to do this, he burnt it, and reduced it to powder. And thus he produced cements possessed of the necessary qualities of quickly drying, and a great tenacity. The author allows that, on account of carriage, this substance is rather costly; but he nevertheless thinks, that the great advantages which it produces, will well compensate for the expense of it. The opinion of the experimenter is unfavourable to the use of manganese, so greatly recommended, and he could not find that much good was obtained from the use of trapp, grunstein, the powder of burnt granite, and ochre; nevertheless, he thinks that the last-mentioned substance did a little contribute to the improvement of the cement.—*Tech. Rep.*

Fire-proof Dress.—The Austrian government of Milan have rewarded the Chevalier Giovanni Aldini with a gold medal, for an invention by which the qualities of metallic gauzes, of being impermeable to flame, are applied with advantage in the forming a dress for firemen. This dress is made in the fashion of the armour of the knights of the chivalrous ages, and consists of a tissue of asbestos covered with a metallic gauze. It is represented to be at once incombustible, a non-conductor of heat, so light as to be no impediment to the most prompt agility, and no hinderance to efforts of strength. Specimen dresses of the kind, with directions for making them, will be forwarded on reasonable terms to foreign states, on application to the inventor at Milan, free of postage.—*Revue Encyclopédique.*

To make Gold or Silver Ink.—Take leaves of gold or silver, and reduce them to a fine powder by grinding them with white or refined sugar in a dry

state upon a stone with a muller, which very soon tears or reduces them to powder; after this put the paste so formed into a large glass vessel, and mix it with water. The gold or silver, by its weight, falls to the bottom of the vessel, and the sugar dissolves in the water; then decant it, and wash it with more water, until the sugar is entirely removed. Then dry the powder which remains at the bottom, and is exceedingly brilliant. When it is to be used for writing or painting with, grind it up with a solution of gum-arabic, and the ink is made. When dry, polish with a dog's tooth.—*Technological Repository.*

§ 8.—FINE ARTS.

Exhibition of Groups of Sculpture.—The room in the King's Mews, Charing-cross, in which Mr. Lane's great painting of the Vision of Joseph was shown last year, is this season devoted to the exhibition of three groups of sculpture, executed by Mr. Crew for the Earl of Egremont, and, by the permission of that generous patron of artists, removed from Petworth, in order that they may be displayed in London. These groups represent, 1st. Venus and Vulcan; 2nd. the nymph Arethusa fleeing from the pursuit of Alpheus; and 3rd. Adonis seized by the wild boar. The largest of the three performances is the Venus and Vulcan. The goddess of love is represented returning to her angry spouse, in full confidence of charming away his ill humour, notwithstanding the ungracious reception she meets with on her first approach—she is attended by Cupid, who, on the other side of the stern deity, archly watches to catch his eye, and divert his ire, as he turns away from his faithless mate. The countenance of the goddess is expressive of any thing rather than contrition. The Arethusa is a single figure draped, with a dog by her side. The Adonis is also a single human figure, in an erect attitude, represented at the moment when he is assailed by the furious animal. A bar placed across the exhibition room keeps the spectator at a respectable distance from the sculpture, and prevents undue examination of the execution of these works. For the same reason they can only be viewed in one or two, perhaps the most favourable, points of view. At the private view a blind moreover, drawn beneath the window which is in the roof of the building, intercepted the full light of day, and placed further difficulties in the way of forming a judgment of the merit of the performances. This, however, has been since removed. Opinions differ as to the claims to admiration of these works; some critics laud them to the skies, but the sounder judgment seems to be, that they do not possess any extraordinary excellence.

Loss of a Picture by Raphael.—It is said to have been recently discovered that the celebrated painting by Raphael, known as Christ and a Disciple, but considered by some persons to be the painter himself and his fencing-master, has been furtively removed from the Gallery of the Louvre, and a copy substituted. The picture has been valued at £20,000.

Sculpture in France.—A notice in the French Journals invites the sculptors of the kingdom to a competition for the honour of executing the works destined to ornament the splendid new church of the Magdalene, which is at length near its completion. This church is in the form of a Roman Greek temple, in the style of the Vitruvian deific, and, in the time of the Emperor Napoleon, was destined to be the Temple of the Legion of Honour. The paper from which we derive our information does not specify whether the sculptures are intended to ornament the metopes, or, as is most probable, the pediments only. The subjects represented are to be events in the life of the saintly penitent.

Berlin Medals.—The coinage of medals in commemoration of important occurrences seems to be more in fashion in Berlin than in any other city of Europe. The mint of Von Loos is represented to be continually occupied in sending forth valuable medals, either on private commission, or in celebration of public events. A medal, successfully executed, in honour of the meeting of naturalists in Berlin in the month of September last, has been lately published, and since that was struck, the fall of Varna has furnished the subject of a similar production. This medal was brought out with great dispatch. The intelligence of the capture of the fortress reached Berlin on the 22nd of October, and the medal made its appearance on the 1st of November. On the obverse is a fine well-executed head of the Emperor Nicolas—from the same die, however, it should seem, as had been used for a former medal struck on occasion of the declaration of war against the Turks. The reverse contains, encircled by a wreath of laurel, the inscription—‘Varna a Russorum fortissimo exercitu capta d. XI Octobr. MDCCCXXVIII.’—*Abend Zeitung*.

Death of the Composer Von Esch.—The celebrated musical composer, Louis Von Esch, died the beginning of last month, at the Palace Visconti, in Milan, after an illness of three days. This distinguished and elegant composer was of an ancient and noble German family, and came over to this country with many other persons of consideration at the commencement of the French revolution. Here he laudably availed himself of a peculiar native talent as a composer and teacher of music, in which profession he so eminently excelled. At the general peace of 1814 he left England to prosecute his claims for the recovery of the family property. His works, which are original, have long been considered as the standard of fine expression, united with good taste.

§ 9.—ANTIQUITIES.

Historical Correspondence between Egyptian Bas-reliefs and the Bible.—According to M. Champollion the younger, the identity between the Egyptian Scheschonk, the Scoschichis of Manetho, and the Sesac or Schishak of the Bible, is fully established by some bas-reliefs still ornamenting the walls of the palace of Karnac in Thebes of Egypt. The fourteenth chapter of the first book of Kings relates the arrival of Schishak at Jerusalem and his success; and one of the subjects represented by the bas-reliefs of the palace of Karnac, is Sesonchis dragging to the feet of the Theban Trinity, Ammon, Morith, and Khous, the chiefs of thirty conquered nations, among which is found written, in letters at full length, Joudahamalek, the kingdom of the Jews or of Judah.

Egyptian Bas-reliefs.—The chef-d'œuvre of the historical bas-reliefs of Thebes, says M. Lenormant in his seventh letter from Egypt, is the return of Mandane after his conquests, sculptured on the outward inclosure of the palace of Karnac. The king in his chariot, drawn by two magnificent horses, is followed by the principal officers of his army; he is preceded by the princes of the vanquished nations in chains. He advances towards Egypt, designated by a transverse representation of the Nile. On the other side of the river the priests and military chiefs are advancing in two lines, the first inclining before the king, holding up to him long bunches of lotus, the others throwing up their arms in token of rejoicing. The bas-relief is upwards of twenty feet high. The result of the observations hitherto made by M. Lenormant, leads him to the conclusion that art in Egypt reached its highest degree of splendour under the pacific princes, liberators of the territory, and that it became corrupted under the conquerors.

Ancient Egyptian Ciphering.—The professor Seyffarth, who has been lately engaged in examining the precious collection of papyri and other Egyptian Antiquities in the Royal Museum of Turin, among other important discoveries asserts that he has found a great number of papyri with both Greek and Egyptian writing, in which the figures in both texts corresponded with each other. He had also seen papyri with calculations in which the figures are all written in red, and partly ranged according to their order. The most important document of this kind found by the professor is a large account in which the total sums are marked between each column of figures. This has placed him in possession of the Egyptian system of ciphering, from one to a million, in the demotic as well as in the hieratic and hieroglyphic characters. Among other things are discovered, that the Egyptians employed the Decimal system, and that they used one sort of figures for common calculations or accounts, another for denoting the months, and a third for numbering days. Another circumstance, still more curious, is, that the Arabic figures are found among those of the Egyptians, which render it probable that the Arabians did not invent, but merely borrowed their ciphers. The Egyptians wrote as we do, 1, 2, 3, &c. Even their fractions resemble ours; their fractional figures being written above and below a small horizontal line.—*Weekly Review*.

Raising of the Soil in Egypt.—Such has been the increased height of the surface of the valley of the Nile, that a depth of upwards of eight feet of vegetable soil covers the summits of statues still in their original position.—*Levenant*.

Armour of Pyrrhus.—A recent number of the *Athenæum*, in noticing the lectures on sculpture at the Royal Academy, alludes to some interesting bronzes discovered, in the year 1826, on the shores of the Sirus in Italy, and now in the possession of the Chevalier Bronsted. These bronzes are considered by the possessor to be the parts of the armour of Pyrrhus, lost in the first battle in which he encountered the Romans. Pyrrhus is recorded by Plutarch to have lost his armour on that occasion, and the pieces found are of a splendour both in material and workmanship, which could not be supposed to have belonged to any inferior personage. They are of bronze gilt, and represent Ajax and Teucer combating with Amazons. These subjects are considered as corroborating the opinion that the armour belonged to Pyrrhus, since those heroes were of the family of the Æacides, to which he belonged. It is suggested that other and more important members of the armour may have represented the victory over Penthesilea by Achilles, another of the Æacides, and from whom Pyrrhus claimed a direct descent.

Celtic Antiquities in France.—A monument not hitherto known is described by M. A. Maugin, a member of the Committee of Antiquities of the department of the Vosges. At a league north-west of the town of Darney, in a secluded spot shaded by forests, there rises a mountain, the crest of which is crowned with a vast rampart, which neither storms nor the encroachments of ages of vegetation have been able to destroy. This inclosure, known in the country by the name of *Châtelet Gaulois*, is in form of a tolerably regular ellipse, of a cord of 240 feet, with a width of 270 feet. Within are elevated *tumuli*, some oblong, forming collective sepultures of private soldiers, the others, in the shape of coffins, erected to chiefs; these tombs, however, being on a dry soil, and subjected during a succession of ages to the action of the sun, wind, and rain, have been almost entirely destroyed. Two masses of stone are standing on the highest part of the platform, and appear to have served for supports to an upper block now thrown down, and to have formed part of one of those monuments in rough stone commonly called

Dolmen, and which are so frequent in countries formerly inhabited by Celtic races.—*Bull. Univ.*

Site of the Landing in France of Henry II. of England.—At a recent meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of Rouen, M. Gerville announced that he had discovered the real site of the landing of Henry II., king of France, in 1177. This place, mentioned in the 13th volume of the French historians by the name of Kapplevic, still bears that of Cap Levic, and is at Fermanville, the point of the coast nearest to Portsmouth, whence Henry embarked for Normandy. M. de Gerville discovered a great number of Roman tiles on the same spot, a circumstance by which he was led to conclude that there formerly existed there a Roman *vicus*, whence may have proceeded the name of Cappelevic (*caput vici*).

§ 10.—GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION.

Hebrew Metre.—A German author, J. J. Saalschuetz, in a work on the subject of Hebrew poetry, discusses the point, never yet satisfactorily settled, although many attempts have been made to determine it, of the structure of Hebrew poetry. After examining the four principal opinions relative to the question, whether the Hebrews followed a metrical method in their verse, a question often agitated since the age of the fathers of the church, he passes to a critical examination of the works which may serve to confirm or impeach the existence of a system of metre in the Hebrew poetry, and he concludes that the Jews made use of three sorts of feet in the construction of their verses, the trochee, the spondee, and the dactyle.

Spartan Letters in the Maccabees.—On occasion of the last annual examinations at the gymnasium of Darmstadt, a German author, H. Palmer, put forth a dissertation in Latin, in defence of the authenticity of the letters contained in the first book of the Maccabees, which passed between Areus or Darius, king of Sparta, and Onias and Jonathan, the chiefs of the Jewish nation. M. Palmer maintains that the objections raised against the authenticity of these letters are not of sufficient weight to justify the rejection of the letters as interpolations. In answer to the objection that the first letter of the Spartans is written in the Alexandrian, and not in the Doric dialect, M. Palmer replies that the books of Maccabees were written originally in Hebrew, and that the translation into Greek having been made in the Alexandrian dialect, the letter from Sparta would necessarily appear in that idiom, as well as the rest of the book. The author of the dissertation conjectures that this letter was written by Areus, king of Lacedæmon, to Onias, at the period when Demetrius Poliorcetes, conqueror of Athens, threatened the Peloponnesus, and when it was the interest of the inhabitants of that peninsula to raise against him as many enemies as possible in Asia.

Universal Language.—M. Bürger, of Heidelberg, well known by his mathematical works, has announced a system of universal language, by which a correspondence may be kept up, on easy and certain principles, by individuals of all nations, although totally unacquainted with each other's native language. The acquisition of the system will scarcely require two days.—*Foreign Review.*

Russian Literary Works in preparation.—Messrs. Bludoff and Stroeff have undertaken the editing of the unfinished historical works of Karamsin, of which the twelfth volume will appear in a short time, with an analytical review of the entire work. The commission charged with the getting up of the 'Akten des Reiches,' 'Annals of the Empire,' are about to commence editing the fourth volume of this important work. From the Historical and Archaeological Society, among other interesting productions shortly expected to

appear, is a Russian translation, enriched with notes of the Travels of Herbersten, written in Latin. M. S. Glinka, the author of a history of Russia, much esteemed in that country, is employed in a history of the life and reign of the late Emperor Alexander. The first volume has already appeared in Moscow, the second will be speedily published. A tragedy, under the title Boris Godunoff, is announced from the pen of a poet celebrated in his own country, Alexander Puschkin. The entire works of the promising poet Venerikinoff, prematurely deceased, are about to appear in Moscow as one collection. Besides his original productions, Venerikinoff is known as the translator of several of the works of Goethe. Two translations of Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered' have appeared at the same time. The author of the one is M. Raitsch, of the other M. Merzliakoff. A. M. Vrontzensko has translated 'Hamlet' into his native tongue. Translations are also in a state of progress of the historical works of Thucydides, of the History of Poland by Leleval, and of the History of Slavohian Literature by Schaffank. Say's 'Economie Politique,' and Degerando's 'Visteur du Pauvre,' are also translating in Moscow.—*Blätter für Literarische Unterhaltung*.

Relations between France and Turkey.—There has ever existed a great uncertainty as to the precise epoch, and the nature of the relations which were established in the reign of Francis the First between Turkey and France. No writers on the subject have ever yet been able to cite authentic original documents. M. Hammer, in a memoir entitled 'Mémoire sur les premières relations diplomatiques entre la France et la Porte,' maintains that the first overtures were made after the battle of Pavia, in 1525, by the queen mother, who governed France during the captivity of her son. M. de Hammer shows in the sequel, that this connection was never interrupted, and that in 1540 there had been at least six embassies sent by France to the sultan. On this subject he cites the testimony of both Ottoman and Christian historians. He has more especially had recourse to the memoirs written at the time by a Venetian nobleman, which are now at Vienna, and which form fifty-eight folio volumes.—*Bull. Univ.*

Cherokee Newspaper.—'The Literary Gazette' of the 28th. of February gives an account of an interesting document, a newspaper of one of the native nations of North America. 'The Cherokee Phoenix,' published at New Echota, printed in English and Cherokee, No. 34, (October 22, 1828) contains a report of the general council of the Cherokee nation, which appears to be the Cherokee congress. This report commences with the message of the principal chiefs, which appears to be equivalent to the senate of the United States. The general council or congress consists of twenty-four members, three for each of the eight districts composing the Cherokee nation. These districts are Chickamanga, Chattooga, Coosewatee, High Tower, Hickory, Log, Tahquohee, Aquohee, and A-mo-hee. It met, according to a newly organised constitution, on the 15th of October, when *Going Snake* was appointed speaker. Among other names of members, English and Scotch patronymics, are the following: Sleeping Rabbit, Teu Nung-gee, Bark, Laughing Mush, White Path, Da-ye-ske, Ne-gah-we, Walking Stick, Turtle, Chuleo, Slim Fellow, Matoy, Cricket, Nah-hoolah, Si-too-wa-gee, De-geh-le-loo-gee, Robert Musk Rat, and Deer-in-the-water!

Besides the report above mentioned, the paper contains a letter from a Captain Rodgers, an address of Washington to the Cherokees in June 1724, extracts (foreign news) from English newspapers of August, and extracts from United States Journals relative to Turkey, Greece, literary matters, quotations from books, reviews, &c.: altogether, a very judiciously selected miscellany. Two advertisements close the third page, and the fourth opens with Poets' Corner, the rest being filled with

further selections. The paper is about nineteen inches long, and twelve wide, in five columns, and correctly printed in a good type. About a column and a half is in the Cherokee character.

History of Russia in French.—The Count de Segur, author of the celebrated work on the Russian campaign, has just completed and published a History of Russia and of Peter the Great. This work has been in hand fifteen years, it is principally occupied with the reign of Peter the Great; the history of the empire previous to that period is traced in a rapid and summary prologue.

French History.—Among the works recently published at Paris, is the History of the life of Philip Augustus, by Capefigue, after the manner of the work of M. de Barante on the dukes of Burgundy. The author has taken the chronicles for his text, at the same time elucidating their recitals by examinations of original manuscripts and documents, popular poetry, legends, and fables. The work consists chiefly of simple narration without any intermixture of reflection. The moral and political deductions, the result of the researches of the author, are reserved for separate chapters. The work is described as likely to prove popular.

Lancastre. New French Tragedy.—A new tragedy by M. d'Epagny, entitled Lancastre, has been recently brought out at the theatre of the Odeon, at Paris. The deposition of Richard II. forms the subject of the plot, but, as will be seen from the following account, abstracted from *Le Globe*, the author has not incommoded himself by adherence to historical facts. Lancastre (Henry IV.) has succeeded in exciting a general disaffection towards Richard, and under the pretext of espousing the cause of the queen, from whom Richard had been estranged by his arts, invades the kingdom with an armed force. Richard, alarmed at the clamours of the populace, had shut himself up in the Tower, but his queen gains admission to him, and an explanation and reconciliation takes place, by which all pretence for revolt is removed. Lancastre, however, in an interview with Richard, represents to the pusillanimous monarch that, although he may have power sufficient to put down the rebellion, yet that he (Lancastre) was in a situation to oppose him, and was determined not to submit without a struggle; that a civil war and consequent slaughter of the subjects of Richard must ensue. The king is moved at this representation, and at the instigation of his ambitious cousin promises to abdicate. The queen, however, has more spirit than her consort, she appeals to the nobles of the kingdom, who rise in her favour. Lancastre is frightened in his turn; shows himself as spiritless as Richard; despairs of his cause, and writes a letter to the king, declaring his resolution to poignard himself. This determination, however, he does not execute, but, in the mean time, a treacherous valet about the person of Richard, but in the interest of Lancaster, stabs the king. In this event Lancastre finds a new cause for real or affected despair; he desires the throne, but not the life of his antagonist. The nobles, however, are assembled to receive the abdication of Richard. Henry is puzzled how to announce to them the murder. The grand marshal is about to speak, when the king, supposed to be dead, makes his appearance, pale and bloody, and totters to the foot of the throne. Lancastre, with reason, seems himself ruined, but no; Richard, in his tender love for his people, collects his strength, and avails himself of the last moments of life left to him, not to accuse Henry, but to name him his successor. A mad scene is introduced in the last act, in which the queen makes her appearance in a state of delirium covered with a long veil stained with the blood of her husband. Besides these obvious absurdities, *Le Globe* objects, that the author in representing Richard II. in the Tower of London, has shown that he had in view Louis XVI. in the Tower of the Temple, and this by allusions not

possible to be mistaken, and by putting in the mouth of the former the very expressions made use of by the latter.

History of the Gauls.—A recent number of *Le Globe* contains a review of the History of the Gauls by M. Amedée Thierry. The object of this work is to trace the history of the Gaulish nation from its origin through its successive changes. M. Thierry assigns the Gauls a triple origin according to three different languages. The first in use at the foot of the French Alps, and on the other side of that chain of mountains in the Peninsula of Iberia: the basque now spoken is a remnant of it. The second, that of the Gaelic Gauls. It was the language of the east-south-east and centre of the Gauls: it was also the language of the northern part of Britain, and of all Ireland: in modern times it is the national idiom of the north of Scotland and Ireland. The third was the language of the western and northern people of Gaul, and of the inhabitants of the Island of Great Britain to the Frith of Solway and the mouth of the Tweed; the sounds of this dialect being those still preserved in Basse Bretagne, and the mountains of Wales, the kymric or kimrique language. According to M. Thierry the Gauls, called improperly the Celts, appear the first possessors of the country of the Gauls. These, sixteen centuries before the Christian æra, invading and conquering the Iberian republic, drove back the Iberian race, the basque, into Gaul; nine or ten centuries later the Kimric race, the Cimmerians of Greek antiquity, under their leader Hesus, arrive from the Euxine and the Bosphorus, press the Gallic nation to the east and south of the territory, and introduce the Kimic dialect. Lastly, after three more centuries, the Kimric Belgians, pouring from the forests bordering on the Rhine, still further extend the dominion of that language. Having assigned this origin to the Gauls, the author afterwards traces them through times and circumstances more known, from the Cimmerian Bosphorus to the shores of the Adriatic, from the coasts of Northern Gaul to the foot of Mount Taurus, and down to the times when they come in contact with the Romans in the north of Italy, and thence through their struggles with the conquerors of the world until the subjugation of Britain by Julius Cæsar. The work is extolled for its simplicity, for the absence of dissertation, while a sufficient display of philosophy is made in the general arrangement and plan.

Translation of English Works.—Among the most recent translations from the English into the French tongue is the second series of Sir Walter Scott's 'Tales of a Grandfather;' the 'Elements of Moral Philosophy' of Dugald Stewart, from the fourth edition, by M. H. Jouffroy, with an introduction by the translator, being the substance of a course of lectures delivered at the Sorbonne; Beattie's 'Minstrel,' and the 'Tom Jones' of Fielding.

Africans educated in France.—It has been announced to the Geographical Society of Paris, by M. Jomard, that M. Drovetti, the French Consul-General in Egypt, has begun to realise the philanthropic project devised by him, of sending young Africans to Europe for education. Six young Africans from the most distant parts of Ethiopia have been embarked for France to be educated and made familiar with the sciences and civilization of Europe. The education of the young Egyptians now studying in Paris was alluded to by M. Jomard on the same occasion, and represented by him to be proceeding most satisfactorily.

Education in Silesia.—The statistical report of the schools (gymnasien) in Silesia for the scholastic half-year 1826-27, enumerates to the number of twenty establishments of that description. This amount includes the gymnasium of Breslau and the riding-school in Liegnitz. Of these twenty schools thirteen were of the protestant religion. The number of teachers amounted to two hundred and twenty-eight, that of pupils to five thousand six hundred and ninety-four.—*Abend Zeitung.*

Education in Greece.—A commission has been appointed by the President of Greece for inquiring into the state of the schools in the islands. According to the Sanitary laws, however, which have been necessitated by the apprehension of the plague in several places, this commission has been obliged to confine its investigations to Ægina, Hydra, Kimilo, Naxos, Paros, Poros, Santorin, Scopelo, Seryphos, Siphanto, Sikino, Skialtro, Skiro, Spezzia, Thermia, and Zea. These islands possess ninety-three schools, in which 2333 youth receive instruction; of these twenty-three schools with 969 pupils are on the Lancasterian plan. Thirteen schools with 296 pupils, in which the ancient system of instruction is followed, existed under the Turkish government: fifty-seven with 1386, of which fourteen with 557 on the new, and forty-three with 829 on the old system were founded between the 1st March, 1822, and 1st January, 1828; twenty-two with 651, of which nine with 412 after the new plan, and thirteen with 239 on the old system, were instituted between the arrival of the President and the 1st May 1828. The principal objects of instruction are reading, writing, ancient and modern Greek, ciphering, geography, and the history of ancient Greece; in some, French, Italian, and English, in others, Latin and geometry; in many theology, metaphysics, and chemistry are taught. Of the thirteen schools of the first period, principally attended by children between five and fifteen years of age, five teach arithmetic; geography is taught in two, ancient Greek language and history in four, French and Italian in two. Of the fifty-seven schools of the second period, (the number of adults who partake the instruction of the schools of this period, as also of the next, increase daily) arithmetic is taught in forty, geometry in twenty, ancient Greek language and history in thirty-seven, French and Italian in seven. In all the twenty-two of the third period arithmetic is taught, in fifteen of them geography, in seventeen ancient Greek language and history, in four French and Italian, in two English. It is remarkable that the schools established since the revolution have done no injury to those existing in the time of the Turks; the latter thrive and increase on a par with the former.

French Journal in the Morea.—A new paper in the French language, the *Courier d'Orient*, has lately been established at Patras. It embraces subjects of politics, commerce, and literature, and appears once a week on days not fixed, under the direction of M. Raybaud, a French Philhellene. The price in Greece is 40 francs a year, or 20 francs for six months; for the Mediterranean and Ionian Islands 50 francs and 25 francs.

§ 11.—NAVAL AND MILITARY ECONOMY.

Russian Recruiting System.—The government ascertains, by surveys made every fifteen years, the number of male serfs of every age and profession, and according to the returns made for every district regulates the impost and the number of recruits required from each. The government takes no concern in the moral condition of the individuals subject to the service, provided they possess the physical qualities requisite to support the fatigues of it. This mode suits well the nobles, who avail themselves of it to get rid of their drunken, idle, or thievish slaves: at the same time it is a handle for the cupidity and an instrument of the vengeance of some masters. A noble in need of money chooses one of his slaves who is endowed with the qualities requisite for the service, and presents him to the council of recruitment, which immediately hands him over a receipt. This receipt is equivalent to a bill of exchange, and is readily discounted by any one indisposed to furnish his man. The slave who has been the victim of this speculation is forthwith torn from his home and almost ever from a numerous family.—*Nielson Gilbert, Coup d'œil, &c.*

Exercises of the Russian Soldier.—The Russian guard is divided into young and old. All are of a tall stature and extremely robust. The present emperor has relieved their uniform of all incumbrances. The troops are strictly disciplined and perfectly trained. To acquire the due precision in their movements, if the author above cited, M. Niellon Gilbert in his 'Coup d'œil of the Russian Empire,' is to be credited, the soldiers are manoeuvred naked, in order that their action may be better observed, and one of their colonels accustoms the men under him to carry a glass of water on the head while exercising, to habituate them to a perfect equilibrium. The mutiny of the regiment Semenovsky, in 1826, is attributed to the tactician tortures to which it was subjected.

Bavarian Army.—The Bavarian army consists of sixteen regiments of Infantry, four battalions of Chasseurs, two regiments of Carabineers, six regiments of Light-horse, two regiments of Artillery, and five companies of Artificers, forming an effective force of—

	In Peace	In War
Infantry	40,608 men	41,688 men
Cavalry	9,216	9,360
Artillery	3,120	3,156
Artificers	650	720
	53,594	55,224

In peace there are constantly 16,440 men on furlough, who are neither clothed nor paid; it follows, therefore, that the government only maintains 37,154 men.—*Bull. Univ.*

Maritime Schools in Sweden.—By order of the king of Sweden, there are established in all the Swedish ports, schools for teaching navigation and practical seamanship. Their chief object is to furnish the merchant service with a sufficient supply of qualified captains and mates, who, in the event of a war, may also form excellent officers for the national military marine. The pupils are divided into two classes, the instruction in one of which is chiefly devoted to the navigation of the Baltic, an accurate knowledge of which sea is highly important both to the commerce and the naval prosperity of Sweden; the education of the other class is of a more general nature. As an incitement to improvement, it has been thought advisable to unite civil privilege with professional rank. It is therefore ordered, that from the first Jan. 1829, no captain of a ship shall enjoy the rights of a Swedish citizen, who has not previously received from the superintendent of the said schools, or from a naval officer duly authorized, a certificate of his having been examined and found in every respect duly qualified.—*Unit. Serv. Jour.*

Fortress of Ecluse.—The works of the Fortress of Ecluse, on the road from Lyons to Geneva, are carried on with a rapidity which gives reason to expect that they will be soon completed. Independently of the principal fort which commands the defile between the foot of the Jura Mountains and the Rhone, there have been constructed on the steep declivity of the mountain a succession of smaller forts, connected with each other by covered ways. These are adapted for the reception of heavy artillery, and would be able to dismount whatever batteries might be established on the opposite shore of the river, where the territory belongs to Savoy. To whatever extent these works may be carried, it is calculated that a garrison of 300 men will be sufficient to arrest for weeks the progress of any army that should attempt to force the passage.—*Bull. Univ.*

Kings Ships lost in the Year 1828.—The March number of the *United Service Journal* gives a list of vessels belonging to the royal navy lost

since his Majesty's accession. We extract those lost in the course of the last year. *Cumbrian*, 46 guns, 1086 tons, Capt. G. W. Hamilton, wrecked off Candia, 31st January. *Union*, schooner, 4 guns, 90 tons, Lieut. C. C. Dent, wrecked off Napau, N. A. 21st March. *Acorn*, ship-sloop, 18 guns, 455 tons, Com. E. Gordon, built by Sir Robert Sepping, at Chatham, launched 16th November, 1826, foundered on passage from Halifax to Bermuda, in April. *Contest*, brig, 12 guns, 250 tons, Lieut. C. Plaggenborg, foundered in company with *Acorn*. *Parthian*, brig, 10 guns, 235 tons, Com. G. F. Hotham, wrecked off Scio, 16th May. *Redpole*, packet-brig, 10 guns, 235 tons, Bullock, Master, built in 1811, and rebuilt 1824, left Rio de Janeiro in August with the mails, and has not been heard of since. *Jasper*, 10 guns, 235 tons, Com. L. C. Rooke, wrecked on the island of Santa Maura, in the Mediterranean, 13th October. *Kangaroo*, ship-sloop, surveying vessel, Mr. Anthony de Mayne, (who had commanded her for above ten years) was wrecked on the Hogstie, West Indies, 13th December.

§ 12. GEOGRAPHY, STATISTICS, &c.

New Northern Expedition.—An expedition, on private speculation, but countenanced it is said by the Admiralty, is about to be made to the polar sea under the command of Captain Ross. The expedition is projected by that officer, and will be undertaken at the private expense of himself and his friends. The whole plan is his own, and the outfit, the mode of proceeding, the length of time employed, the remaining or returning, will be decided on his own knowledge and responsibility. Captain Ross will go out in the *Victory*, a steam-vessel of 200 tons burden; and accompanied by the *John*, a ship of 320 tons, laden with fuel, provisions, and stores. The *Victory* is fortified on principles that must render her capable of withstanding all injuries from the ice. The paddles are upon a construction quite new; and the build is such that a severe pressure of ice would raise the vessel instead of crushing her: should she fail as a steamer, the paddles can readily be taken off, and she is immediately rigged and navigable as a sailing vessel. Captain Ross, it is said, will, in the first instance, proceed to Lancaster's Sound, and examine Prince Regent's Inlet, which, it will be remembered, afforded the fairest prospect of an approach to the northern land. Having ultimately, either by this channel or any other, reached the American coast, it will be the object of the expedition to complete its examination, and especially to inspect that portion which was left unexplored between the efforts of Captains Franklin and Beechey. The *Victory* and *John* are to be manned with a crew of 60,—20 in one, and 40 in the other vessel; and when we mention that Captain Ross (the nephew of the commander, and the companion of Parry, &c.) is to accompany his uncle, we give an assurance that every thing which science,—astronomy, botany, natural history,—may look for, will be amply fulfilled.

Provisions for three years are to be taken out; and the expedition will be ready to start by the middle of next month.

It should be observed that there is now no pecuniary reward to tempt to the exploit. All that Captain Ross can look for, is the assistance of instruments from the Admiralty, the Royal Society, and other public bodies; and these are liberally offered.—*Literary Gazette*.

Pension to M. Caillé.—At a late meeting of the Geographical Society of Paris, it was announced that a sum of 3000 francs for each of the years 1829 and 1830 had been ordered to be paid to M. Caillé, the Timbuctoo traveller, from the treasury of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to afford him the means of acquiring from the public lectures information necessary to qualify him to return with all possible profit to Africa.

French Traveller in the Levant.—M. Honoré Vidal, at a meeting of the Geographical Society of Paris on the 6th of March, gave an account of a great number of journeys made by him in Asia and Egypt, between the years 1807 and 1827. He had, it seems, four times crossed Arabia Deserta, in seasons and under circumstances the most unfavourable: he had traversed Mesopotamia and Chaldæa in every direction. He had made two journeys from Bagdad to Constantinople, and from Constantinople to Bagdad by sea and land. He had also gone over the greater part of Syria, Anatolia, Turkey in Asia, Persia, a part of Armenia, the shores of the Black Sea, and Egypt. The greater part of these journeys was made by M. Vidal at his own expense, and with a view to his own instruction, and to the acquisition more especially of knowledge interesting to the science of geography. His familiarity with the language and manners of the Turks, and, above all, his knowledge of the various Arabic dialects, gained him ready admission to all quarters, and afforded him the opportunity of making highly interesting observations. In his travels it was his constant endeavour to determine the distance and direction of places and the courses of rivers, and to acquire accurate geographical knowledge. He purposes arranging his notes, and submitting them to the society.

Geography of Nubia—New Map.—A splendid map of Nubia—the result of the travels and labours of two of our countrymen, Mr. Parke and Mr. Scoles, architects,—has just appeared. It has been delineated after a survey made in 1824, and comprises the course of the Nile, between the first and second cataract, and the country on each shore of the river. On it are indicated the situations of all the celebrated monuments: and this part of the work is performed with such care and minuteness, that their character, nature, and even the description of materials used in their construction, are noted. The well-authenticated sites of other places, and even the non-existence of remains in supposed sites, are also marked. Information useful for the navigation of the river is given, as to the state of the stream at different seasons: and the cataracts themselves are described. On the same plate are a plan and perspective view, admirably drawn, of the island of Philoe, in itself so beautiful as a picture—so rich also in ancient monuments. The scale of the map is about ten miles to a degree. The work altogether shows great research, and bespeaks the authors to have been inquiring travellers: its getting up is most creditable to their industry, skill, and enterprising spirit as artists.

The River Dourga in New Guinea.—At a recent meeting of the Geographical Society of Paris, a letter was read from the Baron de Capellen, offering, in the name of M. de Koff, an officer of the Royal Navy of the Netherlands,—the narration of a voyage made by that officer in the eastern part of the Indian Archipelago, and the environs of New Guinea. The work is accompanied by a map, on which the author has traced a river, the Dourga, the mouth of which, of great width, has been recently discovered in the eastern part of New Guinea.—*Le Globe.*

Teflis under the Russians.—The capital of the whole of Georgia and Imiretta is Teflis, formerly the residence of the Czar, situate on the river Kur, in a delightful plain surrounded by vineyards and fruit-gardens, and the gayest scenery. The town itself is badly built, yet it is large; although since it was sacked by the Persians in 1796 but sparingly populous. It is surrounded with walls, but in parts the streets still remain unpaved. It is the seat of a Greek bishop, has a citadel, a castle, about 4000 dwelling-houses, 15 Greek and 20 Armenian churches, a catholic convent with a chapel, and three Mahometan mosques, and about 30,000 inhabitants, who carry on all kinds of arts, especially weaving, as well as some foreign commerce. They

consist mostly of Armenians, Georgians, and Tartars, with a few Russians. Teflis has also a mint. In the neighbourhood are warm baths, and mines of rock-salt. Since it has been possessed by the Russians, a new school has been established for the young Georgian nobility and gentry, to which the emperor contributes yearly 10,000 rubles from the produce of the silk cultivation. The most promising youths are sent at the expense of the state to Moscow, or St. Petersburg, to complete their studies.

From its situation on the Kur, by which a communication is kept up with the Caspian Sea, and from its vicinity to the Black Sea, this city may, in time, under the favourable government of Russia, become one of the largest and richest towns of the empire, and serve for the emporium of the products of central Asia, destined for Europe. Already many Mahomedan families resort to it from Persia and Armenia as new settlers, to partake the advantages of the more enlightened government of the Christian Russians. A great recent increase in the population has been the consequence. New dwellings have been built, and are still in progress. The inhabitants duly appreciate the advantage of living under a government by which person and property are respected, and which is capable of protecting them from foreign molestation.—*Morgenblatt*.

Religious Toleration in Russia.—Besides the professors of the orthodox religion of the country, Russia contains Roman Catholics, Unitarians, Lutherans, Calvinists, Armenians, Mennonists, Mahometans, Jews, Adorers of the Great Lama and Idolaters. The number of Roman Catholics is estimated at seven millions, and that of the Christians of other persuasions at two millions and a half. The Mahometans of Kasan, Astrakhan, Siberia, Orenbourg, the Crimea, the Caucasus and Lithuania, and others, have mosques in the places where they have fixed their sojourn; their number amounts to more than three millions. Synagogues exist in the districts and towns where, for a considerable time, Jews have dwelt: the number of that nation in Russia is estimated at about 500,000. As to paganism, to idolatrous wanderers in the deserts of Siberia and in the wild plains of Kirguis Kaissaks, must be added the worshippers of the Great Lama, and those of the Fetiches and the Schamans. Heretics and schismatics of different sects, whose religion seems confined to vain prejudices and superstitious practices, are also abundant.

In the midst, however, of these different sects, religious toleration is constantly the same in Russia. For six centuries, during which the empire has existed, not a single example of persecution by the government on account of religion is to be found in history.—*Bull. Univ.*

Statistics of Russia.—According to the statements contained in a work published in Russia, entitled 'Délits commis en Russie pendant l'année 1827,' during the whole year 1827 there were only 189 thefts committed in all Russia!—the number of persons apprehended as criminals, deserters, or vagabonds, amounted to 2739, of whom 27 had made their escape: the number of deaths by accidents was 14,826; the assassinations 1226; the suicides 1176. There happened 3295 accidental fires, 192 the work of incendiaries, and 166 occasioned by gunpowder explosions. The 'Télégraphe de Moscou,' after making this enumeration, indulges in comparative reflections on the morality of the Russian people and that of the French and English. But it is very doubtful, as will be suspected from the statements above given, whether the sources whence the conclusions are respectively drawn are all equally authentic. The official statement now, and for two years past, annually made in France, entitled 'Compte rendu de l'Administration de la Justice Criminelle,' is, as yet, says the 'Bulletin Universel,' unique in its kind.

Population of Russia in 1825.—There were born in Russia in 1825, of the Greek or national religion 890,641 male, and 814,976 female infants, making a total of 1,705,615. There died in the same year, males 541,996, females 526,210, total 1,071,206, whence an increase of 634,409. This is somewhat less than the augmentation in 1823, which was 663,343, still more considerably below the increase of 1824, which amounted to 713,285 individuals. The ordinary duration of life appears to have been from 60 to 65 years; but in the year mentioned, 27,556 individuals had exceeded the age of 70, 13,869 had attained 80 years, 2742, 90 years, 1144, 95 years, 568, 100 years, 154, 105 years, 56, 110 years, 30, 115 years, 23, 120 years, 4, 125 years, and 4 likewise 130 years.—*Bull. Univ.*

Population of Sweden and Norway.—The population of the kingdom of Sweden increased between the years 1820 and 1825 by 69,212 inhabitants. In 1825 it was 2,771,252 souls, of whom 20,499 nobles, 13,977 clergy, 66,601 of the middle class, and the rest belonging to the class of peasants. The persons in office in the civil service amounted to 9,271. The army and navy consisted of 2199 officers, and 40,159 soldiers and sailors.

Norway, according to the census of 1826, contains 1,050,132 individuals, of whom 105,021 inhabit the cities, 10,697 the frontier-towns, and 934,414 the country. The two most populous towns are Bergen, with 20,844 inhabitants, and Christiania with 20,581. In 1845 the whole population was reckoned at 886,470. Bergen then contained only 18,111, and Christiania 10,638.

Prosperity of the Port of Dunkirk.—At the sitting of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, of the 23rd of February, much commendation was bestowed by the reporter, M. Heron de Villefosse, on a work of M. Charles Durosioir, entitled 'Voyage pittoresque de S. M. Charles X. dans le Département du Nord,' which was pronounced to contain important statistical information. From the details given relative to the prosperity of the town of Dunkirk, it appears that the number of vessels frequenting that port had more than doubled within the last ten years. The prosperity of the port had exceeded of late years the point it had reached at the end of the last century.

Operation of the Law of Arrest.—According to papers laid before Parliament, pursuant to the motion of Mr. Hume on the subject of the law of arrest, the number of debtors committed to the five principal prisons in the metropolis, during the year 1827, was as follows: to the King's Bench, the total number of commitments was 1591: of these 1397 were on Mesne Process, and 194 after Judgment entered. To the Fleet, number of commitments 683. M. P. 623. J. R. 60. Whitecross Street, total number 1893. M. P. 1483. J. R. 410. Marshalsea, total 630. M. P. 392. J. R. 238. Horsemonger Lane, total 1172. M. P. 275. J. R. 897. The result is, that there were 5969 persons committed to those five prisons during the year 1827, of which number there were 4170 committed on Mesne Process, and only 1799 on Judgment entered. In the three prisons first mentioned 3503 were committed before proof, and 664 after proof; and 4150 for debts under 50l. The total number in custody in the respective prisons on the 1st Jan. 1828, was as follows. In the King's Bench 674. Fleet 253. Whitecross Street 378. Marshalsea 102. Horsemonger Lane 108. Total 1515.

Unclaimed Dividends.—The amount of dividends due and not demanded, remaining in the Bank of England on the 5th Jan. 1829, was 1,206,878l. 3s. 7d., and the amount of lottery prizes not claimed at the same date, was 2510l. making together 1,209,388l. 3s. 7d. The advances made to Government out of the above sum, pursuant to the 31st, 48th, and 56th of George III., amount to 1,112,468l. 0s. 4d. The balance is therefore 96,920l. 3s. 3d.—*Parliamentary Paper.*

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL,

From February 21, 1829, to March 20, 1829.

51° 32' 30" N. 8° 30" W.

Feb. and Mar.	Luna- tions.	Ther- mome- ter. Mean Alt.	Baro- meter. hour.	Winds		Atmospheric Variations.				Prevailing Modification of Cloud.
				A.M.	P.M.	9 h. A.M.	0 hour.	8 h. P.M.	During Night.	
21		46	28.84	S.	S.	Rain	Rain	Rain	Rain	Cirrostr. Cum.
22		41.5	.74	N.W.	N.W.	—	Moist	Fair, Cl.	Fair	—
23		32.5	29.17	E.	E.	Fair, Cl.	Fair, Cl.	—	—	—
24		35	.17	S.E.	S.E.	—	—	—	—	—
25	h. 8 20PM	37	.69	—	—	—	—	Sleet	—	—
26		38.5	.85	E.	E.	Foggy	Rain	Rain	Rain	—
27		39	.94	N.E.	N.	Moist	—	Fair, Cl.	Frost	—
28		30	30.22	E.	E.	Fair, Cl.	Clear	Clear	—	— Cumulus
1		31	.15	N.E.	N.E. II.	Clear	Fair, Cl.	Fair, Cl.	—	—
2		33	.09	N.E.	—	Fair, Cl.	—	—	—	—
3		35.5	.15	E.	N.E.	—	—	—	Moist	—
4	h. 0 36PM	37.5	.12	N.	N.	Rain	—	—	Fair	— Nimbus
5		37	.10	E.	N.E.	Fair, Cl.	—	—	—	Cirrostr. Cum.
6		40	.04	N.E.	N.	—	—	—	—	— Cumulus.
7		41.75	29.87	—	N.E.	—	—	—	—	Cumulostratus.
8		44	.86	—	N.	—	—	Rain	—	Cirros. Nimbus.
9		44	.75	W.	N.W.	Moist	—	Fair, Cl.	—	Cumulostratus.
10		37.5	.67	N.E.	N.E.	Fair, Cl.	—	—	Frost	— Cumulus
11	h. 9 49AM	31.5	.67	—	E.	—	—	Clear	—	— Cumulus
12		35.5	.55	E.	N.E.	—	—	Fair, Cl.	—	Cirros. Cumulus
13		37.5	.45	N.E. II	N.E.	—	—	—	—	—
14		35.5	.62	N.W.	N.W.	—	—	—	—	— Cumulus.
15		32	.63	N.E.	N.	Clear	Clear	Clear	—	Cumulus.
16		33	.57	E.	E.	—	—	—	—	—
17		36	.28	W.	W.	—	—	—	—	—
18		46	.41	S.	S.	Fog	Fair, Cl.	Moist	Moist	Cymoid Cirrostr.
19	h. 1 51AM	53	.30	—	S.W.	Fair, Cl.	—	Fair, Cl.	Fair	Cirrostratus.
20		57	.42	S.W. H.	—	Clear, W.	—	—	—	Cirrostr. Cum.

THE JOURNAL OF FACTS.

MAY, 1829.

§ 1.—NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

Dr. Brewster's Opinion as to Motion in the Molecules of Bodies.—The last number of the Edinburgh Journal of Science contains an article by Dr. Brewster on the motion of the molecules of bodies, as observed by Mr. Brown. Dr. Brewster says, that in examining the motions of granules of pollen suspended in water, he had recognised movements which he was satisfied were entirely the result of the position of unstable equilibrium which they occupied in the fluid medium. Dr. Brewster adds, that if these motions resisted every method of explanation, it is the last supposition in philosophy that they are owing to animal life. He asks, moreover, what, indeed, are all the motions of the planets,—what are their progressions, their stations, their retrogradations, their revolutions, their mutations, but so many movements in the larger molecules of the universe? Why, then, need we wonder that the microscopic molecules of this lower world should exhibit their attractions, their rotations, their combinations, their dilatations, and their contractions? We are disposed, indeed, to go much farther, and to ask, Why should not the molecules of the hardest solids have their orbits, their centres of attraction, and the same varied movements which are observed in planetary and nebulous matter? The existence of such movements has already been recognised in mineral and other bodies. A piece of sugar melted by heat, and without any regular arrangement of its particles, will in process of time gradually change its character, and convert itself into regular crystals, possessing a mathematical regularity of structure, and displaying all the wonderful phenomena of double refraction. A mineral body will, in the course of time, part with some of its ingredients, or take in others, till it has become a new mineral, and has entirely lost its personal identity;—and (as has recently been discovered) a regular crystal may, by the mere introduction of heat, have the whole arrangement of its molecules converted into an opposite arrangement, developing new physical properties which it did not before possess. In these changes the molecules must have turned round their axes, and taken up new positions within the solid, while its external form has suffered no apparent change, and while its general properties of solidity and transparency have remained unaltered.

Difference on a Scientific Hypothesis between the Baron Cuvier and M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire.—A difference of opinion exists between M. Cuvier and M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, on the question of the principle of unity in the organic composition throughout the animal kingdom. M. Cuvier, in a recent work on the natural history of fishes, has treated this notion maintained by M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire as poetical and imaginary. On the other side, M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, in an introductory discourse to his lectures as professor at the Jardin du Roi, has defended his own doctrine, and discussed and refuted, says the 'Revue Encyclopédique,' the opinions of those who deny the principle of unity in organic composition.

Opinions of M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire on the Connexion between antediluvian and existing Animals.—At the sitting of the French Royal Academy of Sciences of the 23rd March, M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire read the first of a

series of memoirs on the connexion in organic construction and parentage which may exist between animals of the historical ages and now existing, and the antediluvian and lost races. M. Geoffroy asks, whether the animals of which the remains are to be found buried in the bosom of the earth, and which belong almost all to species, or to genera not now to be found in the living state, should be considered as the progenitors of such as now inhabit the globe, under the supposition that the latter have undergone a modification from the influence of time, and the changes which have occurred in the state of the globe. Or, should the contrary opinion be adopted: are we to believe, that after great deluges new beings have been produced by new creations? or, in short, as M. Geoffroy expresses it, that the six days' work has been repeated? The author of the memoirs avows himself favourable to the former view of the question, and the object of his work is to show the grounds of his opinion.—*Le Globe*.

Human Fossils.—The discovery by M. (Journal of an intermixture of human remains with those of animals considered antediluvian in the black marl of the caverns of Bize, continue to engage the attention of the French naturalists. The subject has been referred by the academy to the investigation of a commission composed of the Baron Cuvier and MM. Brongniart and Cordier. The discoverers do not infer that the human bones appertain to subjects existing earlier than the assigned period of the creation of man, but conclude that certain animals, the species of which are now extinct, had their existence prolonged beyond the period at which mankind first appeared on the globe.

Dr. Wollaston's Elementary Galvanic Battery.—Mr. Dakin, in a lecture on galvanism, delivered at the Mechanics' Institution, as reported in 'The Manual of Science and Literature,' explained a curious apparatus invented by Dr. Wollaston, which he called an *elementary galvanic battery*, and which consisted of a silver thimble with its top cut off. It was then partially flattened, and a small plate of zinc being introduced into it, the apparatus was immersed in a weak solution of sulphuric acid. With this minute battery, he was able to fuse a wire of platinum, one three-thousandth of an inch in diameter, a degree of tenacity to which no one had ever before succeeded in drawing it. Upon the same principle (that of introducing a plate of zinc between two plates of another metal, Mr. Children constructed his immense battery, the plates of which measured six feet by two feet eight inches; each plate of zinc being placed between two of copper, and each triad of plates being inclosed in a separate cell. With this powerful apparatus, a wire of platinum, one-tenth of an inch in diameter, and upwards of five feet long, was raised to a red heat, visible even in the broad glare of daylight.

Construction and Use of Conductors of Lightning.—On the 30th of March M. Gay Lussac, in the name of the physical branch of the Académie des Sciences, read a report on various questions, put by the minister of war concerning the construction of lightning conductors, and their application to powder magazines. The questions were put by the minister in consequence of an injury sustained by a powder magazine at Bayonne, to which the conductor had appeared to contribute, instead of serving as a protection. The report states, that the accident at Bayonne was to be ascribed to the imperfect construction of the conductor, which, instead of being made to enter the ground at the foot of the wall of the magazine, either to a sufficient depth, or into a pool of water, was carried off horizontally to a distance of thirty-six feet by five wooden uprights, thirty-two inches high, and then made to take a perpendicular direction downwards, but for only six feet, into a hole six feet square, built up on every side with masonry, but having at the bottom of every side two arches to give a greater surface of contact between the earth

and the charcoal with which the hole was filled. The using the charcoal in its natural state, and not calcined, is noted as another source of imperfection. The points of contact, which were four rays of iron at three feet from the extremity of the conductor, each one foot and a half long, and having three points and four other rays lower down, and one and a half feet from the extremity, each seven and a half inches long, were also pronounced insufficient. The report concludes that a conductor well constructed would have preserved the powder magazine at Bayonne from all injury; but that such magazines, when properly constructed, and bomb proof, having nothing to fear from lightning, they are more likely to be affected by the electric fluid, especially when the risk of imperfect construction is taken into consideration, if provided with a conductor, than if left without one.

Expected Comet of 1832.—The following are the calculations of M. Damoiseau as to the orbits of the comet of 1772, 1806, and 1826, on its expected reappearance in 1832.

Passage of its perihelion, in November 1832, period 27.4808th day.

Paris mean time, counting from midnight.

Longitude of the perihelion	109°56'45"
Longitude of the ascending node	248 12 24
Inclination	13 13 13
Eccentricity	0.7517481
Demi-grand axe	3.53683

Bull. Univ.

Length of Pendulum.—The following table gives the result of the observations made during the voyage of the French corvette *La Coquille*, of the length of the pendulum vibrating seconds in a vacuum, and at the level of the sea, in divers latitudes.

	Latitude.	Pendulum.
Toulon	43°07.20 N.	0.99950585
Port Jackson	33 51.40 S.	0.99871430
Isle of France	20 09.23 S.	0.99789022
— Ascension	7 55.48 S.	0.99729881

At Paris, latitude 48°50'14", the length of pendulum 1.00000000.

Difference in Degrees of Temperature in the Old and New World.—Pursuant to a government order to that effect, the surgeons at the military posts of the United States' army, furnish annual returns of their observations of the state of the thermometer at their respective stations. From these returns, and the ascertained temperature of places on our side of the Atlantic, the following comparative table of respective latitudes and longitudes, and mean temperatures has been prepared, and is given in the last number of the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, from a copy of the printed report brought from America by Captain Basil Hall.

Places.	North Latitude.	Longitude.	Mean Temperature.
Petersburg	59°56'	30°24' E.	38°80
Stockholm	59 20	18 00 E.	42 39
Edinburgh	55 57	3 00 W.	47 70
Berlin	52 32	13 31 E.	49 00
Leyden	52 10	4 32 E.	52 25
London	51 31	—	51 90
Rouen	49 26	1 00 W.	51 00
Paris	48 50	2 25 E.	52 00
Vienna	48 12	16 22 E.	51 53
Nantes	47 13	1 28 E.	55 58

Places.	North Latitude.	Longitude.	Mean Temperature.
Poitiers	46°39'	0°30' E.	53°80
Fort Brady	46 39	84 43 W.	41 37
Padua	45 23	12 00 E.	52 20
Fort Snelling	44 53	93 08 W.	45 00
Bordeaux	44 50	0 26 W.	57 60
Fort Sullivan	44 44	67 04 W.	42 44
Fort Howard	44 40	87 00 W.	44 50
Marseilles	43 19	5 27 E.	61 80
Fort Crawford	43 03	90 53 W.	45 52
Fort Wolcott	41 30	71 18 W.	51 02
Council Bluffs	41 25	95 43 W.	50 82
Pekin	39 54	116 29 W.	55 50
Washington	38 53	76 55 W.	56 56
Algiers	36 49	2 17 E.	72 00
Fort Johnston	34 00	78 05 W.	66 68
Cantonment Clinch	30 24	87 14 W.	68 77
Grand Cairo	30 00	31 23 E.	73 00
St. Augustine	29 50	81 27 W.	72 23

From this it appears, that in the higher latitudes, the average difference for the same degree of mean temperature is $14^{\circ} 30'$, and in the lower ones $7^{\circ} 30'$, the mean of which is 11° . Thus the mean temperature at Stockholm, in latitude $59^{\circ} 20'$, is about the same as at Fort Sullivan, in latitude $44^{\circ} 44'$; while that at Rouen, in latitude $49^{\circ} 26'$, is about the same as at Fort Wolcott, in latitude $41^{\circ} 20'$; and at St. Augustine, in latitude $29^{\circ} 50'$ it is but 0.77 lower than at Grand Cairo, in latitude 30° .

Measurement of High Temperatures.—M. Pouillet has lately read to the French Academy of Sciences a memoir on the measurement of high temperatures in degrees of the common thermometer; in which he detailed a process for the examination of high temperatures, which, he considers, give results perfectly accurate. The means adopted by M. Pouillet bear some analogy to all those which are founded on the expansion of the air, and more especially with that used in the East Indies by M. Prinsep, director of the mint at Bannares, published in the first number of the 'Philosophical Transactions of 1828.' M. Pouillet's apparatus was finished, he avers, before he was acquainted with the labours of M. Prinsep. The following are some of the results given by M. Pouillet. The temperature of dull and red heat scarcely perceptible from 850° to 950° . The temperature of bright red 1004° .

Silver melting 1677° .

Melting of an alloy of 1 part gold to 3 of silver 1803° .

The temperature of the fusion of pure gold 2096° .

The average results found by M. Prinsep are as follows:—

Full red heat	1200° Fahr.
Orange heat	1650
Silver melting	1830
Silver with one-tenth gold	1920
Silver with one-tenth gold	2050

Mr. Wedgewood made the melting point of silver so high as 4717° and Mr. Daniell 2233° .

Diminution of the Dip of the Needle.—In the month of January a paper by Captain Sabine was read to the Royal Society, detailing the result of observations made by him in August last, in the horticultural gardens at Chiswick, on the dip of the magnetic needle in London, compared with the

determination of the dip in the Regent's Park in August 1821, published in the "Philosophical Transactions for 1822." The result obtained is the average of observations made with five different instruments. A decrease is found in the dip in London of 17'.5 in seven years, or an annual decrease of 2'.5.

The average annual decrease for the century preceding 1821 appears, from the most authentic observations, to have exceeded 3'. On examining the series of observations made on the dip in Paris since 1798, by MM. Humboldt, Gay Lussac, and Arago, the author had a corresponding indication of a recent diminution in the yearly decrease of the dip; it appearing, by those observations, that the average yearly decrease in the first half of the period between 1798 and 1828 exceeded 4'.75, and in the second half fell short of 3'.

Effect of Oxygen Gas on the Animal Economy.—At a meeting of the Royal Society on the 26th of March, a paper was read, giving an account of several experiments made by Mr. Broughton, surgeon in the guards, on inferior animals, with a view to ascertain the effect of pure oxygen gas on the animal economy. These experiments, to the number of eleven, were principally performed on rabbits from three weeks old, and upwards, which invariably died after exposure for some time to an atmosphere of unmixed oxygen. After death Mr. Broughton found that the heart continued to act for some minutes; and that, in one instance, even the circulation proceeded uninterruptedly: for, on pricking the aorta, the blood spurted out in the same manner as during life. In the course of the inhalation of oxygen, the whole blood of the animal becomes arterial, that is, of a bright scarlet—appears to be thinner and more transparent—and is more readily coagulable. The surface of the lungs and the pleurae are strongly injected at the same time, and seem in that state of congestion which must lead to suffocation. If, after the death of the animal in oxygen gas, there be a sufficient movement perceptible in the diaphragm, Mr. Broughton says that inflation of the lungs with common atmospheric air will restore the animal to life.

Coloured Flame of Spirits of Wine.—The professor Vogel, in a memoir read to the Assembly of Naturalists at Munich, in 1827, gave the following rules for colouring the flame of spirits of wine, either yellow, red, or green. A yellow flame is produced by setting fire to the spirits over salt, of which the bases may be either ammoniac or soda, manganese, iron, mercury, platinum, gold, nickel, cobalt, or bismuth. A red flame is obtained by making use of salts, the base of which is either lime, or strontian, or lithine, or magnesia. If the spirits be burnt over salts of copper, uranium, or alumine, a green flame is obtained. All the salts made use of should be soluble in alcohol. A green flame is also to be procured by dissolving in the alcohol boric acid, or weak hydrochloric ether. It follows, from the experiments of M. Vogel, that the oxide of copper is reduced by burning alcohol, to protoxide and metallic copper, and that the green flame itself contains copper.

Comparative Strength of Iron and Steel.—The following statement of the comparative force of iron and steel is to be found in a work on the relative cohesion of iron and the different kinds of steel, by M. Mitis, as noticed in Kastner's Archiv, viz. a rod of good iron of Stiria, an inch thick, required a weight of 400 quintals to break it; a rod of equal thickness of Stirian steel, not immersed, took a weight of 749 quintals 53 lbs. to break it, while a rod of the same dimensions of meteoric steel was not broken, except by a weight of 1130 quintals.

Increase of Bulk in Cast-Iron by successive Heatings.—In the course of the experiments made by M. Prynsep on high temperatures, he discovered the very remarkable fact, that cast-iron acquires a permanent increase of

bulk by each successive heating. This point is determined by measuring the cubic extent of an iron retort, as ascertained by the weight of pure mercury which it contained at the temperature of 80°. The actual contents were as follows:—

Before the first experiment . . .	9.13 cubic inches.
After the first fire, . . .	9.64 ———
After three fires . . .	10.16 ———

But what is more remarkable still, *the augmentation of the bulk of the retort exceeds the dilatation due to the temperature to which it was exposed.* For as iron expands 0.0105 by 180° of Fahrenheit, the increase of bulk upon 10 cubic inches should be $0.105 \times 8 = 0.84$ at 1800° of Fahrenheit, or even the melting heat of silver. Hence it is to be concluded that the dilatation of iron is not equable, a result formerly obtained by Messrs. Dulong and Petit. —*Edin. Jour. of Science.*

New Associate of the French Académie des Sciences.—Mr. Olbers of Bremen, the distinguished astronomer, who discovered the planets Ceres and Pallas in the year 1802, has been nominated Foreign Associate of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, in the room of Dr. Wollaston.

§ 2. NATURAL HISTORY.

The Chameleon—its manner of preying, and change of colour.—Mr. Robert Spittal, in a communication to the 'Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal,' details some interesting observations made by him of the habits of the Chameleon, and the probable cause of its change of colour. The animals in the possession of Mr. Spittal were five inches in length, exclusive of their tail. They lived entirely upon insects. On observing one—the method of attack pursued was to the following effect. They slowly moved towards their prey, as if afraid to disturb it; at the same time keeping their eyes firmly fixed upon the insect until within a few inches of it, then on a sudden darting forth the tongue, and as suddenly withdrawing it, they secured their prey, which very voracious mastication and deglutition soon disposed of.

The greatest distance to which the tongue protruded was about five inches, generally less, never more. This organ, protruded by strong muscular power, is chiefly returned to the mouth by an apparatus attached to its base, which acts by its resiliency, in a somewhat similar way to the elasticity of a silk purse, when drawn out, and suddenly let go. The better to enable the animal to seize its prey, the extremity of the tongue folds up to a slight extent, somewhat like the extremity of the proboscis of an elephant; and moreover the organ is coated with an adhesive matter.

The result of Mr. Spittal's experiments on the changes of colour in this animal, leads him to conclude, that the existing opinions which attribute the change of colour to the action of the lungs as the chief cause is correct. This state of the lungs, as remarked by Cuvier, is produced by the ~~action~~ and passions of the animal, renders the body more or less transparent, and forces the blood more or less to flow towards the skin, that fluid being coloured more or less brightly, according to the quantity of air taken into the lungs. With regard to the transparent property of the body of the Chameleon, Mr. Spittal says, that on one occasion, he and a companion were tolerably sure that they observed the shadow of the wires of the cage, during the bright sunshine, through the body of one of them, while in a compressed state.

Attachments of Animals.—A correspondent of the 'Magazine of Natural History' relates the following. 'There were two remarkably fine ostriches, male and female, kept in the Rotunda of the Jardin du Roi. The daylight over their heads having been broken, the glaziers proceeded to repair it.

and, in the course of their work, let fall a triangular piece of glass. Not long after this, the female ostrich was taken ill, and died after an hour or two of great agony. The body was opened, and the throat and stomach were found to have been dreadfully lacerated by the sharp corners of the glass which she had swallowed. From the moment his companion was taken from him, the male bird had no rest; he appeared to be incessantly searching for something, and daily wasted away. He was moved from the spot, in the hope that he would forget his grief; he was even allowed more liberty, but naught availed, and he literally pined himself to death. The same contributor, although on the authority of other persons, tells a tale which many of our readers will probably think is not to be too implicitly received, of a crane being cured of its grief for the loss of its mate by the placing of a looking-glass in the aviary, the reflection from which is said to have deluded the bird to the recovery of its health and spirits which were rapidly declining.

Birds forsaking their Nests.—Another correspondent of the same Magazine gives the following, as the result of his observations on the attachment of birds to their nests. 'The redbreast will sit on any egg substituted for its own, even a blackbird or thrush's, and will breed up the young ones; a hedge-sparrow will do the same, and most probably any soft-billed bird. Later in the season, after a bird has made one or two nests, it will not forsake its nest when sitting, drive it out as often as you please; some will even suffer themselves to be taken out and put back again without leaving the nest. Nightingales might be made to frequent any place where there was a good cover of underwood for them, and plenty of insects, if hatched under any of the tribe to which they are most nearly related. A redstart would prove the best parent.'

Fishes travelling on Land.—The *Doras costata*, or Hassar, is one of those species of fishes which possess the singular property of deserting the water, and travelling over land. In those terrestrial excursions, large droves of the species are frequently met with during very dry seasons. When the water is leaving the pools in which they commonly reside, while most other fishes perish for want of their natural element, or are picked up by rapacious birds, the flat-headed hassars, on the contrary, simultaneously quit the place, and march over land in search of water, travelling for a whole night, as is asserted by the Indians, in search of their object. Mr. Campbell, of Sparta Estate, Essequibo, and his family, in an excursion to the sand-reets, fell in with a drove of these animals, which were on their march over land to a branch of the Pomeroon. They were so numerous that the negroes filled several baskets with those they picked up. Their motion over land is described to be somewhat like that of the two-footed lizard. They project themselves forward on their bony arms, by the elastic spring of the tail exerted sidewise. Their progress is nearly as fast as a man will leisurely walk. The strong scuta or bands which envelope their body, must greatly facilitate their march, in the manner of the plates under the belly of serpents, which are raised and depressed by a voluntary power, in some measure performing the office of feet. The Indians say that these fishes carry water within them for a supply on their journey. There appears to be some truth in this statement; for it has been observed that the bodies of the hassars do not get dry like those of other fishes when taken out of the water; and if the moisture be absorbed, or they are wiped dry with a cloth, they have such a power of secretion, that they became instantly moist again. It is scarcely possible to dry the surface while the fish is living.—*Dr. Hancock. Zool. Jour.*

Fishes' Nests.—The hassars of both species, flat-headed, and round-

headed, make a regular nest, in which they lay their eggs in a flattened cluster and cover them over most carefully. They remain by the side of the nest till the spawn is hatched, with as much solicitude as a hen guards her eggs; both the male and female hassar (a species of Doras), for they are monogamous, steadily watching the spawn, and courageously attacking the assailant. Hence the negroes frequently take them by putting their hands into the water close to the nest; on agitating which the male hassar springs furiously at them, and is thus captured. The round-head forms its nest of grass, the flat-head of leaves. Both at certain seasons burrow in the bank. They lay their eggs only in wet weather. In a morning after rain occurs, numerous nests appear, the spot being indicated by a bunch of froth, which shows itself on the surface of the water, over the nest. Below this are the eggs, placed on a bunch of fallen leaves or grass, if it be the littoral species, which they cut and collect together—by what means seems rather mysterious, as the species are destitute of cutting teeth. It may possibly be by the use of their serrated arms, which form the first ray of the pectoral fins.—*lb.*

Reanimation of Frozen Fish.—In winter, the Canadian fishermen erect huts on the ice of the lakes and rivers, and, cutting a hole in the ice, enclose it with a screen of straw, &c. to shelter themselves from the cold wind. Sitting inside the screen, they sink their hooks through the hole made in the ice. Amongst the other fish so caught are perch in abundance. After hauling them up, if thrown aside on the ice, they speedily become frozen quite hard. They then take them home, and place them in water near a fire; in a short time they began to exhibit symptoms of reanimation,—the fins first quiver, the gills open, the fish gradually turns itself on its belly, moves at first slowly about the basin, and at last completely revives and swims briskly about.—*Edin. N. Phil. Jour.*

Supposed Identity of the Whitebait and Shad.—The whitebait have hitherto been generally considered as the young of the shad, but in an article of the 'Zoological Journal,' No. XIV. this doctrine is combated by Mr. William Yarrell, F.L.S., who was led to investigate this subject by observing the early appearance (March) of whitebait in a fishmonger's shop; and, knowing that shads, which they were supposed to be, did not make their appearance till much later (May), he took up and persevered in a course of investigation which lasted from March to August, 1828. The specific distinction between the two fishes, on which he relies as of the greatest value, is the difference of their anatomical character, and especially in their number of vertebræ. 'The number of vertebræ in the shad,' he says, 'of whatever size the specimen may be, is invariably fifty-five; the number in the whitebait is uniformly fifty-six; and even in a fish of two inches, with the assistance of a lens, this exact number may be distinctly made out.'

Electrifying Mollusca.—A singular species of mollusca, found on the coast of Ceylon, has been presented to the Asiatic Society. It is reported by the natives of the island, and is much dreaded by them on that account, to have the power of benumbing or destroying the use of the hand of a person who touches it, resembling in that respect the Torpedo Raia and Gymnotus electricus. As no mention has been made of an animal of this description by any of the authors who have written on the natural productions of Ceylon, the account given by the natives of its properties is considered to require confirmation. From several circumstances in its anatomical structure, the species would appear to rank among the Asterias; but it differs materially in other respects from the species described by systematic writers, and is said to present a peculiarity of external form that does not belong to any of the mollusca.

Habits of the Leaf-insect.—The mantis, or leaf-insect, is one of the most remarkable for its external form of all the insect tribes in India. When alive and fresh it presents a striking resemblance to a blade of grass, differing in colour according to the season, being green and succulent in the rains, and in the dry weather so much like a withered straw, that they can with difficulty be distinguished. Dr. Adams, who has given an interesting account of the habits of these animals, says that this insect lies in wait for flies, which form his prey, with as much design as a cat or tiger. When a fly is sufficiently within his reach, he projects rapidly his armed paw; and, with unerring aim transfixing his victim, lodges it in the toothed hollow of the thigh, destined for its reception. After the fly is in his power, no time is lost in devouring it, commencing with the trunk, and in a few minutes swallowing the whole, the head and wings constituting the finishing morsel. In this manner he will destroy at a meal five or six large flies, which, in point of bulk, nearly double his own body. The structure of the forelimb is remarkably adapted for the purpose it has to serve. It is strong and muscular, provided with a claw at its extremity, likewise strong, horny, and sharp as a needle, and the groove in the last joints, with the double row of teeth or spurs on the margin, corresponding and locking closely into each other, like the fangs of the alligator. By means of these formidable weapons, the insect not only becomes destructive to others, but is employed to attack its own species; and in China, we are told, fighting the mantis forms the favourite amusement of boys, who carry them about in cages for the purpose.

On the autumnal Colouring of Leaves.—M. Machire Prinsep has an interesting article on this subject in the fourth volume of the *Mémoires de la Société de Physique et d'Histoire Naturelle de Genève*. Having observed that in the leaves which naturally cover each other in part, the uncovered portion is always the more quickly and more deeply coloured, he felt anxious to determine if the change of colour took place in darkness. On sheltering from the action of light, either the whole branches, or parts of leaves, he always found that all change of colour was prevented. If the entire leaf was placed in the dark, it fell off green; if only a part, the rest of the parenchyma changed colour, and the covered portion retained its original colour. If he placed in the dark leaves or portions of leaves which were yellow before reddening, the leaf fell off yellow, or the covered part retained that colour, while the rest became red; thus demonstrating the necessity of the action of light in all the stages of colouring. The colouring principle of leaves, M. Prinsep ascertains to be a resinous substance common to the leaf in its green and yellow state, with modifications of colour only. Having obtained a quantity of this substance from both green and yellow leaves, he observed that the difference which the two matters present were the solubility in the fat and essential oils of the green matter, and the insolubility of the yellow resin in these same menstrua, and the action of acids and alkalis. In fact, a prolonged abode, even in the cold state, of the yellow resin in the alkalis, brings it back to a beautiful green colour, and the action of heat accelerates this effect. It is then in all respects similar to the green substance, and becomes, like it, soluble in oils. On the other hand, all bodies capable of yielding their oxygen, as acids, or the employment of means which facilitate the combination of that gas, as the exposure to the air of the alcoholic solution, heat, &c. make the green substance pass to the yellow or red colour; so that the resin of the leaves which have undergone the autumnal colouring, seems to be nothing but green resin oxygenated, or having undergone a kind of acidification. M. Prinsep also observed, that if a yellow leaf of any tree whatever is allowed to remain some time in potash, it becomes of a beautiful green, without experiencing any sensible alteration. Ammonia, and all the alkalis, produce the same effect. On the other

hand, when a green leaf is left in an acid, it becomes yellow or red, and potash restores the green colour, &c. M. Prinsep, following M. De Candolle, gives the name of *chromule* to this substance. MM. Pelletier and Cavan-
 tou, who were the first to observe the green substance, had given it the name of *chlorophyle*, which became inapplicable as a name for a substance common to the colouring principle both of green and yellow leaves. M. Prinsep draws the following general conclusions from his investigations of this subject: 1st. All the coloured parts of vegetables appear to contain a particular substance (the *chromule*), capable of changing colour by slight modifications; 2dly. It is to the fixation of oxygen, and to a sort of acidification of the *chromule*, that the autumnal change of the colour of leaves is owing.

The Nopal, or Cochineal Plant.—Mr. Thompson, in his work entitled 'Official Visit to Guatemala,' gives the following account of the plant. The *nopal* is a plant consisting of little stem, but expanding itself into wide thick leaves, more or less prickly according to its different kind: one or two of these leaves being set as one plant, at the distance of two or three feet square from each other, are inoculated with the *cochineal*, which, I scarcely need say, is an insect: it is the same as if you would take the blight off an apple or other common tree, and rub a small portion of it on another tree free from the contagion, when the consequence would be that the tree so inoculated would become covered with the blight: a small quantity of the insects in question is sufficient for each plant, which, in proportion as it increases its leaves, is sure to be covered with the costly parasite. When the plant is perfectly saturated, the *cochineal* is scraped off with great care. The plants are not very valuable for the first year, but they may be estimated as yielding after the second year, from a dollar to a dollar and a half profit on each plant.

§ 3.—MEDICAL SCIENCE.

Functions of Digestion.—A paper read to the Royal Society during its present session, by Dr. Philip, contains the following view of the digestive functions. Digestion requires for its due performance, both a proper supply of gastric secretion, and a certain muscular action in the stomach; the latter circumstance being needful for the expulsion of that portion of food which has been acted upon by the gastric juice. Nervous power is necessary for secretion; but the muscular action of the stomach being excited by the mechanical stimulus of the contents of that organ, is independent of the nervous power. After the removal of a portion of the eighth pair of nerves, the galvanic influence directed through these nerves will restore the secretion of gastric juice. But Messrs. Breschet and H. Milne Edwards have lately endeavoured to prove that the same effect results also from mechanical irritation of the lower portions of the divided nerves. Several circumstances which appear to have been overlooked by these gentlemen, invalidate the conclusions they have deduced from their experiments, namely, that a certain quantity of digested food will always be found in the stomach of the animal for five or six hours after the operation, and even after the lapse of ten or twelve hours, from its being less completely changed, and therefore expelled more slowly than in the natural state. The paper concludes with the recital of experiments made for the author by Mr. Cutler, in which the contents of the stomach of a rabbit, whose eighth pair of nerves, after excision, had been kept mechanically irritated, were compared with those of another rabbit in which the nerves had not been irritated, and of a third which had been left undisturbed. All those who witnessed the result of this experiment, among whom was Mr. Brodie, were convinced that the irritation of the nerves had no effect whatever in promoting the digestion of the food.

neither did it, at all contribute to relieve the difficulty of breathing consequent upon the section of the nerves.

Microscopic Observations of the Blood.—The globules of the human blood observed under highly magnifying powers are discovered to congeal into flat circular bodies, and arrange themselves in rows, one body being placed partly underneath another, and in like manner as a pile of similar coins, when thrown gently down, would be found to arrange themselves. This curious effect is attributed to the vitality yet remaining in the blood, during the act of congealing. In order to make the experiment, it is necessary that the blood, as freshly drawn, be slightly and thinly smeared over the surface of a slip of crown, or window-glass, and be covered with a very thin slip of Bohemian plate-glass; and thus some slight inequalities in the thickness of the layer of blood between them will be produced, and which are necessary to succeed in producing the very curious appearances above mentioned. Highly magnifying powers are absolutely necessary to be employed in exhibiting this object.—*Tech. Rep.*

Method of stopping Hæmorrhage from Leech-bites.—Occasionally leech-bites, left to themselves, bleed excessively, even so much as to endanger life; and cases have occurred where all the usual means of stopping the issue of blood, when tried, have failed. The Marquis Ridolfi then says, that the application of the cupping-glass to the point from which the blood escapes is always successful. He uses a very small glass when the hæmorrhage proceeds from a single bite, and a larger one when it issues from several near to each other. Almost immediately on the application of the glass the blood forms a clot over the bite, which suspends the hæmorrhage. The formation of this clot takes place with great facility, even in subjects in whom the blood is very thin and aqueous. The glass is allowed to remain on for a few minutes, until the integuments become tumefied. Care must be taken in removing it not to disturb the coagulum, as only the fluid part of the blood should be emptied, and the glass is to be applied again and again, until the hæmorrhage has completely ceased.—*Med. Rep.*

Vaccination in London.—According to the last report of the National Vaccine Establishment, dated the 2nd of March, the number of persons who have died of small pox in the course of the last year, within the bills of mortality, amounts to 598; and the report states, that there is no reason to think that this distemper has abated any thing of its virulence, or that it is more controllable by the expedients of medical art than it was in the times of its more general prevalence; for that it still proves fatal to one out of three of those who take it in the natural way. The report further states, that more than 10,000 of the poor have been vaccinated in London and its neighbourhood since last year's report; and that from the records of the last year's experience of the Small Pox Hospital, it appears that no patient admitted there under small pox, after vaccination, had been vaccinated by any officer of the national establishment, whence it is presumed that when the operation has been performed with due care and intelligence, it is much less liable to be followed by small pox. The correspondence of the establishment with various parts of the world, which is represented as having become more extensive than ever, is stated to warrant the conclusion, that there is no increase in the proportion of cases of small pox after vaccination, and that the efficacy of the vaccine lymph is not weakened or deteriorated by transmission through any number of subjects in the course of any number of years.

Vaccination in Hungary.—According to official reports on the state of the cow pox in Hungary, it appears that there were vaccinated in the course of

the seven years preceding 1826, 1,144,539 persons: the expense of inoculation, reckoning for every child operated on with success, of poor parents, from whom a forced contribution is exacted, 15 kreutzers, would amount, in the same term, to 280,052 fl. 30 kr.

Cow Pox a degree of Small Pox.—A note communicated to the French journal 'Le Globe,' treats vaccination as the inoculation of a malady of the same nature, but of a different degree of intensity, as the small pox. The latter disorder is divided by the writer of the note alluded to into four degrees, to which he gives the names of *La Variole*, *La Varioloïde*, *La Varicelle*, and *La Vaccine*. The vaccine he treats as a small pox of the lowest degree. Persons who are liable to take the small pox a second time, he says, have it in greater or less degree, according as their first attack was strong or weak: thus vaccination affords a degree of security according to the proportion in intensity which it bears to the small pox. This theory, he observes, gets rid of the strange anomaly presented in the view generally taken of this disorder by the fact of an affection of one kind acting as a preservative against an affection of a different nature. In support of his opinion on this subject, the author notices a curious fact communicated some years since to the School of Medicine at Paris, from a doctor of one of the western departments. This doctor, while the small pox was raging in his neighbourhood, having no vaccine virus at hand, thought of inoculating with virus drawn from the pustules of the varicelle. His experiment, many times repeated in the hospitals, even in the presence of magistrates, always and fully succeeded. The inoculation produced a local eruption of pustules, and all who were thus operated on escaped the small pox. In conclusion it is observed, that the varicelle and vaccination are similar in the two respects, that they are not transmitted by emanation, and that they produce only local eruptions.

Anatomical Experiments on the Ears of Birds.—The following curious facts are given in a number of the 'Revue Encyclopédique' as the results of the experiments of a French physiologist, M. Flourens, on the organization of the ears of birds. They were read to the Academy of Sciences of Paris in the course of last autumn. He ascertained that the membrane of the tympanum might be removed without affecting hearing; that taking the *stapes* out of the groove which forms the *fenestra ovalis* weakens sensation; and that the destruction of the pulp of the interior of the vestibule annihilates it. The section of the semicircular canals produced effects altogether unexpected. It did not appear to weaken the sensibility to sounds, but only to render it painful; while the movements of the animal, occasioned by the separation of the parts, were truly surprising. The section of the horizontal canal constantly produces a motion of the head from right to left, and *vice versa*, and when the two horizontal canals are divided, this motion becomes so rapid and impetuous, that the animal loses its balance, and rolls over and over without the power of raising itself. If the semicircular vertical external canals be cut, a violent motion upwards and downwards takes place; the animal does not turn round, or roll over and over, but falls, often in spite of exertions to the contrary, on its back; and lastly, the section of the semicircular vertical internal canal produces violent motions upwards and downwards, but the animal in this case always falls forward on its bill, and tumbles round in that direction. These motions cease when the bird remains at rest; but as soon as it attempts to change its place they are renewed, and flight or walking is rendered totally impracticable. The section of all these canals induces violent and surprising motions of the head in every direction. These phenomena do not take place on simple destruction of the osseous envelope of the canals, unless the membranous canal and the pulp with which it is filled be also divided.

An extraordinary circumstance attending these experiments is, that the involuntary motions do not prevent the healing up of the wound, the animal from feeding as usual, and even getting fat. Still, however, the motions are continued, and M. Flourens has seen pigeons upon which he had operated, and afterwards fed with care, for many months, and even upwards of a year, fall into the peculiar motions and tumblings corresponding to the divided canal, whenever they attempted to change their position. In other respects the birds exercised all their functions, hearing and seeing, eating and drinking as usual.

Analysis of the Bath Waters.—According to experiments lately made by Mr. Walcker, and communicated to the 'Quarterly Journal of Science,' the component ingredients of the Bath waters are not precisely such as have been hitherto stated. They are chlorine, sulphuric acid, carbonic acid, potassa, soda, lime, magnesia, oxide of iron, alumina, and silica. Besides these, the mineral water contains some extractive matter: its residue, when evaporated, being coloured, and containing an admixture of carbon, after ignition.

The following are the relative proportions of the ingredients first named, contained in 1000 grains:—

	Grains.
Potassa	0.02256
Soda	0.23591
Lime	0.56894
Magnesia	0.08175
Protoxide of Iron	0.00213
Alumina	0.00215
Silica	0.04610
Carbonic Acid	0.08609
Sulphuric Acid	0.85471
Chlorine	0.27017
	<hr/>
	2.17051
From which are to be deducted	0.06104
	<hr/>
As the equivalent of oxygen for 0.27017 of chlorine leaving	2.10947 gr.

§ 4. AGRICULTURE AND RURAL ECONOMY.

Necessity of Water to the Vegetation of Seeds.—Seeds, says an article in the 'Gardener's Magazine,' if kept perfectly dry, will never vegetate. They require, therefore, some kind of moisture, and that moisture must be supplied by water. Beans and peas may be kept moistened by olive oil and alcohol only, but otherwise under circumstances favourable to vegetation, without their showing the least symptom of germinating. Water, then, is an essential; the most appropriate quantity varies with the species of plant. If in excess it is more prejudicial than a total deficiency, since in the first case it excites decay, in the latter event the seed remains unaltered. That the first case ever occurs in practice, arises from the faulty cultivation of the soil; for, if properly drained, however retentive it may be, no natural deposition of moisture is ever too abundant or continuous.

Option as to Sex in Produce, in Breeding Stock.—A French agriculturist maintains, in the 'Annales de l'Agriculture Française,' that in breeding stock a greater number of one sex than of the other may be obtained at the option of the breeder. The principle is, when most males are wanted, to strengthen the power of the male parents relatively to the strength of the females; and

when most females are wanted the contrary. The application to a flock of sheep is thus given. The farmer wishing a greater number of female lambs, is recommended to put very young rams to the ewes; and also, that during the season that the rams are with the ewes, the ewes should have more abundant pasture than the rams. When male lambs are chiefly to be obtained, strong and vigorous rams, four or five years old, are to be put to the ewes.

Green Crop System on the Continent.—On comparing the agriculture of the continent with this country, we are struck with the miserable manner in which the operations of the plough and harrow are conducted; but the great deficiency is a total ignorance of what we call green cropping on the large scale. It is true, that both potatoes and turnips are made use of in different countries, but they are never properly cultivated, and, consequently, never approaching to a full crop. In Flanders, Prussia, Germany, and in the Swiss cantons, there is no one who holds land but grows a portion of potatoes; but they are planted either by the hand on a flat surface, or put in with a spade, so close, that, instead of horse-hoeing, it is wonderful how they can get them hand-hoed; the consequence of which is, that the potatoes never reach the size of a common egg. Turnips are also cultivated, but in such a way, as to make a heavy or good crop out of the question. But the measure of bad farming is filled up by the slovenly rude method by which they thrash out the corn, still making use of cattle or horses (at least in all the southern parts of Europe) to tread it out, as we read in the Scriptures.—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.*

Rewards by Agricultural Societies.—The Lincolnshire Agricultural Society, on the 27th of August last, among other premiums, awarded the following. To William Jacklin (lived with J. S. Bennett, of Appleby, and his father-in-law, 23 years; had 24 children, and brought up 18): as the labourer in husbandry who has brought up the largest family without parochial relief, character being particularly attended to; 10 guineas. To William Sentence, of Barrowby (had 17 children, and 16 living): as the second labourer in husbandry who has brought up the largest family without parochial relief, character being particularly attended to; 5 guineas.

§ 5. HORTICULTURE.

Proper time for sowing.—The time at which any ground may be raked with the greatest facility, is a good practical criterion to judge when it is most fit for sowing. In general, if clay does not predominate in its constitution, a soil rakes best just after it has been turned up with the spade. If clay does predominate, it usually rakes with most facility after it has been dug two or three days, and then immediately after a gentle rain. But it is certain that the sooner seed is sown after the soil is dug for its reception, the earlier it germinates. In the droughts of summer, water is often required to newly sown beds. Such application must not be very limited or transitory; for, if the soil is only moistened at the immediate time of sowing, it induces the projection of the radicle, which, in very parching weather, and in clayey caking soil, withers away, and the crop is consequently lost from the want of a continued supply of moisture.

Proper depth for sowing.—Every kind of seed has a particular depth below the surface, at which it germinates most vigorously, and securing to it the most appropriate degree of moisture, of oxygen gas, and of warmth. From a quarter of an inch to two inches beneath the surface, appears to be the limits for the seeds of plants usually the objects of cultivation; these, however, must vary for the same seeds in different grounds and countries. It must be the least in aluminous soils, and dry climates.—*Gard. Mag.*

Cultivation of Dahlias.—A correspondent of the Magazine just quoted gives the following rules for the cultivation of this root:—It should be planted about the time of planting early potatoes for a first crop, but no sooner. It grows well in a rich light soil of almost any kind. In dividing the root, it is advisable to leave, at least, two eyes to each plant, cutting through the neck or crown; the spring is the most preferable time for dividing them, although some do it on taking them up in the autumn. Those who possess a hot-house should put each part into a pot of six or eight inches in diameter, with some good rich mould, so as the crown may just appear at the top of the pot; then place them in the green-house, where they will soon make good plants; and, when all danger from frost is over, they may be turned out into holes prepared for them. A common cucumber frame may be successfully used where there is no hot-house.

Preservation of Plants from Slugs.—A gardener, in a communication to the same Magazine, recommends for preserving cabbages and cauliflowers from slugs, the spreading well cut chaff round the young plants under hand-glasses, and some round the outside of the glasses. The slugs in their attempt to reach the plant, find themselves immediately enveloped in the chaff, which prevents their moving, so that in the morning hundreds of disabled slugs may be found round the outside of the glasses, and be destroyed.

The Tamarind Tree.—This tree is common in almost every part of India and the West Indies, and grows most luxuriantly in all the eastern islands. The soil of Java is said to bring the fruit to very high perfection; and those of the dependent island of Madura are reported to be the best. It is considered dangerous by the natives of India to sleep under this tree, and its presence has a deteriorating effect on grass and herbs. Its thick and lofty stem is terminated by spreading branches, bearing tufts of alternate, smooth, bright green leaves, abruptly pinnate; the short lateral branches are terminated by flowers which are in simple clusters; the calyx is divided into four straw-coloured segments, and the petals are three, rather yellow, and beautifully variegated with red veins; the seeds are roundish, somewhat angular, flattened, hard, polished, with a central circumscribed disk at each side, and lodged in a quantity of a soft pulp. The fruit is cooling and laxative; but while it gratefully allays the thirst of ardent fever, it must be taken in large quantities to ensure the latter effect, and is then apt to produce flatulence. The stones of the fruit are prescribed by the physicians in dysenteric complaints, and for menorrhagia. It is very much adulterated in commerce, and the deceit is very difficult to find out.

English Poison.—The Water Hemlock.—*Cicuta viridisa*; Umbelliferæ. This plant, commonly called the Long-leaved Water Hemlock, is said to be by far the most active of the poisonous plants of Great Britain, but it is, fortunately, rather scarce. The root is perennial, the stem is very large, hollow, leafy, and branched; and the leaves are biternate, and of a bright green colour; the flowers are in large, many-rayed umbels, and are very small. It is supposed by Haller and many others to have yielded the celebrated Athenian poison.—*Gard. Mag.*

Iron Hot-houses—Heating by hot water.—The heating of hot-houses and fruit-walls by means of hot water conveyed through tubes, instead of smoke flues, appears to be coming into fashion. The principal advantage is a more equable temperature, dispersed through the whole range of the influence of the heating process. At Woburn Abbey are iron hot-houses, heated by hot water. From observations on a pine stove of this description, as to what it would lose in heat between 8 o'clock in the evening and 8 o'clock in the morning, in one of the coldest nights in January last (the 25th),

it was ascertained, that at 8 o'clock in the evening the thermometer in the open air stood at 13° , that in the pine stove after the fire was made up for the night at 65° , and next morning at 55° . The temperature of the atmosphere in a wooden house, as compared with that of an iron house, in neither of which there was any artificial heat, was ascertained, when that of the iron house was 3° higher than the other, owing, as it was conjectured, to the laps of the glass being putted in the iron house. At any rate the loss of heat, by the conducting qualities of iron is but small. Not a single pane had been broken in these iron houses, either by contraction or expansion.

§ 6. DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Cream Gauge.—A cream gauge is a glass tube, exactly cylindrical, of about 1 inch in diameter, and $10\frac{1}{4}$ inches long. On its outside is a graduated scale, 3 inches long, and each inch is divided into ten equal parts. The scale commences at exactly the height of 16 inches from the bottom of the tube, it is numbered, and counts downwards. Being filled up to 10 inches high with new milk, of a proper temperature, it is set by in the dairy for 12 hours, in which time the cream will all of it have risen to the top of the tube, if the cow be a proper one from which to make butter.—*Waistell on Agr. Build.*

Indications of Wholesomeness in Mushrooms.—Whenever a fungus is pleasant in flavour and odour, it may be considered wholesome; if, on the contrary, it have an offensive smell, a bitter, astringent, or styptic taste, or even if it leave an unpleasant flavour in the mouth, it should not be considered fit for food. The colour, figure, and texture of these vegetables do not afford any characters on which we can safely rely; yet it may be remarked, that in colour, the pure yellow, gold colour, bluish pale, dark or lustre brown, wine red, or the violet, belong to many that are esculent; whilst the pale or sulphur yellow, bright or blood red, and the greenish, belong to few but the poisonous. The safe kinds have most frequently a compact, brittle texture; the flesh is white; they grow more readily in open places, such as dry pastures and waste lands, than in places humid or shaded by wood. In general, those should be suspected which grow in caverns and subterraneous passages, on animal matter undergoing putrefaction, as well as those whose flesh is soft or watery.—*Brande's Jour.*

To make Kitchen Vegetables Tender.—When peas, French beans, and similar productions do not boil easily, it has usually been imputed to the coolness of the season, or to the rains. This popular notion is erroneous. The difficulty of boiling them soft arises from a superabundant quantity of gypsum imbibed during their growth. To correct this, throw a small quantity of subcarbonate of soda into the pot along with the vegetables, the carbonic acid of which will seize upon the lime in the gypsum, and free the legumes from its influence.—*Bulletin des Sciences.*

To Improve Dried Figs.—These fruits, when they are brought to table, are commonly covered with a scurf, composed of a mealy, sugary substance, very disagreeable to the teeth. A correspondent says that the way to get rid of this scurf, and render the figs as plump and clear-skinned as when they are newly gathered from the tree, is, first to keep them in a cool and rather moist cellar, for twenty-four hours before using; and, secondly, just before presenting them at table, to put them into a receiver, and exhaust the air. After remaining there two minutes, they should be taken out, and gently brushed, when they will be found perfectly plump and clear-skinned.—*Gard. Mag.*

Dinner Food for Invalids.—Roast beef and roast mutton is the most eligible of all food for dinner. The proper time of the day for the dinner of

invalids should be early—at all events, not later than two o'clock in the afternoon. Veal and lamb are both of them improper for the valudinarian state, upon this principle—they are more indigestible, and not easily assimilated to nourishment. It is most true, that young animals, not yet arrived at perfection, are unwholesome; and although some people in health have stomachs so strong that they can digest any food, yet to an invalid it is very hurtful. Food in which the nourishing properties are highly concentrated, is not proper for the stomach of an invalid. Fish, in order to be preserved fresh for the market, are allowed to linger and die, instead of being put to death in health, as every living thing intended for food ought to be; and this circumstance very much alters its nature and properties as food; and, probably, is one cause why, with some people, fish is said to disagree, by exciting disturbance in the alimentary canal. It is less nutritive than the flesh of warm-blooded animals, and, of course, is less stimulant to the circulation. Where the complaint is attended with febrile excitement, fish is more proper than flesh; and in all cases where the digestive powers are sunk, it is proper, as being easily converted into chyle. Fish, in proportion to its bulk, may be said to be almost all muscle; and it is readily known if it be in high perfection, by the layer of curdy matter interposed between its flakes. It often happens that those parts of fish, viz. the pulpy, gelatinous, or glutinous, which are considered the most delicious, are the most indigestible, and unfit for the stomach of an invalid. Lobster sauce is a very bad addendum; the best accompaniment is vinegar. Most shell-fish are very indigestible, and, from the indisposition caused occasionally by eating them, the idea of their being poisonous has been created. Oysters, when eaten in large quantities, often cause great disturbance: shrimps and muscles have produced death; but whether from their indigestibility or poisonous quality, is doubtful.—*Manual for Invalids.*

Wholesomeness of Coffee.—The general effect of coffee upon the nervous coat of the stomach is, unquestionably, a gentle stimulant; and, as most substances of that class, has, to a certain extent, a tonic power, it is not hesitated to be recommended to invalids, whose powers of digestion have been debilitated by stimulants of a more powerful character, such as fermented liquors, wine, spirits, &c. The custom of taking coffee after a late dinner, and just before retirement to rest, is bad; because its stimulant property upon the nerves of the stomach exerts a power destructive to sleep—it promotes an activity to the mind, and gives a range to the imagination which prevents self-forgetfulness, that sure harbinger of repose.—*Id.*

§ 7.—MECHANICAL AND USEFUL ARTS.

Escape from Fire.—Dr. Birkbeck, in a recent lecture on fire-escapes delivered at the London Mechanics' Institution, noticed the difficulty which lies in the way of escape on occasion of fire, from the circumstance that the smoke renders the air completely suffocating, and the combustion deprives it of the power of supporting life; and individuals are therefore occasionally rendered incapable of making their escape even when there is no fire to obstruct them. He recommended among the means of escape which inhabitants of houses may always have in readiness for themselves, an apparatus, invented by Lieut. Cook, consisting of a cylindrical canvass bag, which is kept in its proper form by a circular wooden bottom, and a strong ring of iron at the top. This bag is suspended by a rope, which passes over a pulley, hooked to an iron bolt previously fixed to the brick-work; and the end of the rope being thrown into the street, is seized by the persons below, who lower the bag with the individuals it may contain through a circular hole in the bottom of a balcony which is attached to the window. Even

without assistance from below a person may lower himself in safety by winding the rope round the balcony; and as the whole apparatus lies in a small compass, it may be kept in a room without inconvenience. In treating of the various inventions intended for facilitating escape in cases of fire, and mentioning with applause the contrivances of many ingenious individuals, Dr. Birkbeck said, that the rope-machines of Mr. Rider and Mr. David Davies were admirable contrivances of the kind, and, with slight exceptions, were nearly perfect. That of Mr. Rider consisted of a strong hempen rope, sewed with worsted, like a common bell-rope, and having at its upper end a swivel ring, with a spring catch, which might be instantly fixed to a bed-post, a chest of drawers, &c. By means of this machine, a person descended in perfect safety from the gallery to the platform, holding by the rope, and standing upon a kind of iron stirrup, with three rings through which the rope passed. These rings were not placed perpendicularly above each other, but stood in such directions as to cause a considerable degree of friction, and to prevent the too rapid descent of the person using the apparatus. A contrivance was connected with it, for instantly fixing a secure noose under the arms, to be used when the friction-seat attached to the machine (by which a person might even descend, holding another in his lap) was not employed. Another appendage to the apparatus was a ramp iron (to be fixed into the sill of the window), with a fork over which the rope was intended to pass, to prevent it from receiving injury while in use.—*Manual of Science and Literature.*

Quantity of soft Metals raised in England. Duty performed by Steam-Engines.—According to the tables of the produce of the soft metals raised in Great Britain, as given in a new work entitled 'Records of Mining,' the quantity raised in a year is as follows:—copper 12,635 tons; lead 47,000 tons; and tin 5,316 tons. The same paper, in examining the question of the amount of improvement which has taken place at various times in steam-engines, shows that as much power is now obtained from one bushel of coal, as in the earliest periods was to be had from seventeen bushels.

The following extract from a table, showing the average duty reported in each year of all the engines working, and the average duty of the best engines at each period, gives the improved results after an interval of 15 years:—

Years.	Engines working.	Average duty of the whole	Average duty of the best Engines.
1813.	24	19,456,000	26,400,000 tons.
1828.	54	37,100,000	76,763,000

Best form for Steam-Vessels.—According to the results of inquiries recently made in America, into the prow of least resistance for steam-boats, it appears that the greatest velocity, fourteen miles an hour, was acquired by a boat 'modelled nearly like the bowl of a spoon, with a very raking cut-water rising up in a uniform curve, and all the curves upon the bottom regular, and without abrupt angles.' But 'other forms had superior properties at lower velocities:' in other words the prow of least resistance at a high velocity, was not that of least resistance at a low one.—*Edin. New Jour. of Science.*

Proportion of Power to Velocity in Steam-Boats.—The following table of the power necessary to give a steam-boat different velocities, has been published by Mr. Tredgold.

3 miles per hour,	5½ horses' power.	7 miles per hour,	69 horses' power.
4	13	8	102
5	25	9	146
6	43	10	200

Model of newly-invented Suspension Bridge.—In the National Repository now exhibiting, is a model of a Suspension Bridge, adapted for situations where the water is too deep for the erection of piers, and where the expanse of water is too great to be passed over by single chains, without other support than is afforded at the abutments.

The piers are supported upon rows of properly constructed boats, whose buoyancy is sufficient to bear the weight; that is, without their being submerged by the pressure when the tide falls to its lowest point, and the boats are confined in this situation by the mooring chains, which are attached to the heads of the piles sunk perpendicularly into the earth. By this arrangement, when the tide rises, the piers cannot ascend and lift the bridge, which would be the case were the boats not tied down to the extreme point of low water, while the bridge is supported by their buoyancy in either case. It is likewise deserving of notice, that the mooring chains being fixed in an oblique direction to the piles, cause a lateral pressure of the piles against the earth, and consequently enable them to resist a much greater strain than has heretofore been obtained in similar works under water. [What is to prevent the sinking of the boats, piers and all, under the additional pressure of high water?]

French Stones suited for Lithography.—At a recent sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, MM. Chevalier and Langlumé presented a fragment of flinty stone, containing a drawing from which the presenters took impressions by a process only known to themselves. Other fragments of stone proper for lithography have been found at Chaville near Versailles, and in the environs of Vermanton (department of the Yonne). MM. Chevalier and Langlumé expressed their opinion, that these stones, and others to be found in France, especially in the departments of the Ain, of the Aisne, of the Arrige, and the Aube, would serve as well for the purpose of lithography as the materials brought from Germany. They announced their readiness to make experiments, and give their opinions gratuitously on any specimens that might be sent to them.

Vapour Baths of American Indians.—The vapour bath was in use among the Beothuks, or Red Indians of Newfoundland, a race now almost, if not quite, extinct in that island. M. Cormack, in a fruitless journey in search of these Red Indians, found the remains of one of these baths. The method used to raise the steam was by pouring water on large stones made very hot for the purpose, in the open air, by burning a quantity of wood around them; after this process, the ashes were removed, and a hemispherical frame-work closely covered with skins, to exclude the external air, was fixed over the stones. The patient then crept in under the skins, taking with him a birch-rind-bucket of water, and a small bark-dish to dip it out, which, by pouring on the stones, enabled him to raise the steam at pleasure. The vapour-bath was chiefly used among them by old people, and for rheumatic affections.—*Edin. New Phil. Jour.*

Substitute for Locks in Chinese Canals.—Locks are unknown in China, although some of the canals in that country are constructed on different levels; and their method of passing boats from one level to another is worthy of attention. The levels are connected by inclined planes constructed of hewn stone. These inclined planes, in some instances, connect levels differing fifteen feet in elevation. In passing from the upper to the lower canal, the boat is raised out of the water, and launched over the inclined plane, the last part of the operation, of course, requiring no great labour, as the friction over the plane retards the descent of the boat. But in passing from the inferior to the superior canal powerful engines are required. These consist of capstans, from which ropes are passed round the stern of the boat. The efforts of a hundred men are sometimes required to effect the elevation of a loaded boat.—*Boston Journal of Science.*

§ 8. ANTIQUITIES.

Egyptian Manuscript History.—Among the papyri in the museum of Turin, the professor Seyffarth asserts that he has found Manetho's original History of Egypt. The papyrus, he says, according to the writing, belongs to the time of the first Ptolemies, and Egypt had no earlier and no later historian than Manetho. The papyrus in question is the sketch for a more complete history of Egypt, and contains many corrections, small pieces of papyrus being fastened over the writing in some places, with altered passages written upon them. It forms a complete sketch of the history of Egypt, on a papyrus, measuring from fourteen to eighteen feet long, and two feet high, closely written on both sides, in hieratic characters. According to the common chronological reckoning, the narrative commences with the reigns of the gods, Ammon and Vulcanus, first ruled Egypt; and they were succeeded by Ammon Sol, and so on to Osiris, Typhon, Horus, Thouth, Anubis, and Horus II., during an interval of 13,917 years, as stated by Manetho. Thouth alone is stated to have reigned 3936 years, while a reign of only three centuries is ascribed to Horus. Then follow the heroes, and other sovereigns of Memphis, which, with the former reigns, make out a period of 23,200 years. After this fabulous history, the real dynasties commence with Menes, the first king. The manuscript states from what city each dynasty sprang; of how many kings it consisted; the number of years they reigned; and these enumerations are followed by a list of the names of all the kings, accompanied by short historical remarks. The number of years, months, and even days, to which the reigns of each of the Pharaohs extended, is set down.—*Weekly Review*.

Egyptian Pen-and-Ink Drawing.—Among the curiosities examined by professor Seyffarth, in the museum of Turin, he found a papyrus, which he represents as a perfect master-piece of pen-and-ink drawing. The subject is a high priest in full costume, followed by a boy carrying a parasol. This picture, among its other claims to the attention of the curious, is the earliest specimen of art in which shoes are represented; for the sandals, which project in front, and turn up at the points, exactly resemble the shoes of the Chinese. He also found the drawing of an Egyptian ram, which, he says, shows that the breed differed from ours; and that the kind of sheep still common in Egypt, of which there is a specimen in the royal menagerie at Stupinici, is the same that was indigenous in that country under the Pharaohs.

Mr. Seyffarth also describes a papyrus of a curious character, and which, with that above-mentioned, he says, shows that the Egyptians had attained greater perfection in the art of design than is generally imagined. This papyrus measures from sixteen to twenty feet in length, and one foot in height, and is full of curious drawings and caricatures, with hieratic inscriptions round them. The drawing, the colouring, the actions of the figures, the comic humour displayed both in the pictures and inscriptions,—all is extraordinary and masterly. One of these caricatures represents, in a series of drawings, a conflict between apes and cats. The apes, who appear to have given the enemy battle, are all armed. Their left wing consists of archers, and on their right are the heavy infantry, with shields and lances. In the back-ground, their commander is seen advancing in a war chariot, drawn by two dogs. The cats take to flight, leaving the field strewn with their killed and wounded. Having retired to their fortress, they bravely defend themselves with their claws. The apes, however, procure ladders, and storm the fortress, which throws the poor cats into dismay. Mr. Seyffarth affirms, that the greater portion of these pictures are in the Grecian style of execution, and excel any thing of the kind that antiquity has transmitted to us.—*Id.*

Destruction of Egyptian Monuments.—The magnificent antiquities of Egypt suffer constant demolition from the wantonness and negligence of the government and people. The letters of the members of the French scientific expedition, now engaged in exploring that country, have enumerated eleven ancient monuments which have recently disappeared. In one instance M. Champollion, making a deviation from his route to visit the temple of Contralato, arrived on the spot ten days after its total destruction. A similar disappointment was experienced by him shortly afterwards with regard to the temple of Elythia;—a loss the more regretted, as that edifice was a monument of the time of Sesostris. Of two temples in Elephentis which are now entirely lost, one, the larger of the two, is considered to have been the most perfect monument of ancient Egypt: besides these, the greater part of the small temple of Ombos has been recently carried away by the Nile.—*Le Normant's Letters.*

Deification of Cleopatra and Cæsarion by the Egyptians.—At Hiermonthis, on the Nile, is a temple which affords an example of the state of debasement into which the Egyptian worship had fallen previously to the subjugation of the country by the Romans. A small chamber behind the sanctuary of this temple is discovered, by a hieroglyphic legend never before interpreted, and now deciphered by M. Champollion, to be the *accouchement chamber*. Cleopatra, under the name and form of the Egyptian Venus, is there represented in the act of giving birth to a new *Horus*, who is no other than Cæsarion, the son of the Egyptian queen by Julius Cæsar. At the door of this chamber is represented the *accouchée*, with Ammon advancing towards her: the young mother, still weak, and in pain, is supported by the goddess *Swan*, the Egyptian Lucina. The father of the gods salutes the newly-born infant. In another part, the latter, now full grown, visits the principal deities, and is invested by all of them with their respective attributes. These visits terminated, the new *Horus* becomes the Sun-Ammon himself. He is seated as master on the symbolical lotuses, and Typhon, the emblem of evil, or of matter, acts as his guard, and appears in the act of keeping off the profane by his hideous aspect, and by the brandishing of the knives with which he is armed. The sculptures were executed in a feeble manner. The temple was never finished, and both in its construction and ornament it bears evident marks of precipitation.

Newly-discovered Mosaics.—The collection of antiquities at Munich has recently received an addition in an ancient work in Mosaic, presented to the king of Bavaria by the duchess of Leuchtenberg, on one of whose Italian estates it was discovered. The part as yet to be seen is $7\frac{1}{2}$ square feet, and represents, as in a painting, the sun as a god, standing in the zodiac, and the earth as a female figure, lying down surrounded by her various attributes.—*Zeitung für die Elegante Welt.*

§ 9. FINE ARTS.

Ancient Ornaments.—An elegant and very useful work has been recently published by Carpenter and Son, under the title of a 'Selection of Architectural and other Ornaments, Greek, Roman, and Italian; drawn from the Originals in various Museums and Buildings in Italy.' The work consists of five parts, each part containing five impressions from lithographic drawings. The collection of ornaments embraces specimens of the most esteemed nations and ages—the Greek, the Roman, and Italian of the fifteenth century. They are greatly varied, most of them are extremely elegant, and many display a playfulness and fancy which render them well calculated for adoption in articles of gold, silver, or bronze, or even of household furniture. A few pages of introduction and explanations of the plates in English and French constitute the letter-press. The authors are Mr. Jenkins and Mr.

Hosking, architects, who have taken the pains to make the drawings on stone themselves. Hence what may be lost in boldness and freedom of delineation is gained in fidelity.

Bust of the Emperor Alexander by Thorwaldsen.—A landowner of the district of the town of Kharkof, in Russia, M. Sherbinine, has the good fortune to possess a bust of the Emperor Alexander, executed in Rome by the first sculptor of Europe, the celebrated Thorwaldsen. The resemblance is said to be very strong, and was made after three sittings, which the emperor gave to the artist at Warsaw in 1820. The bust is executed in Carrara marble, and has been recently brought home to the residence of the owner.

Academy of Fine Arts at Mexico.—An academy for gratuitous instruction in the fine arts exists at Mexico. Some hundreds of young people of all ranks, colours, and races of men—the Indian and the mongrel sitting by the side of the white man; the son of the artisan rivaling the children of the great men of the country—assemble every evening in large halls well lighted with Argand lamps. The instruction is not confined to the drawing of landscape and the figure, but the means of improving the national industry, and of diffusing among the artisans a taste for elegance and beauty of form have been studied; and while some are engaged in drawing from models and living figures, others are employed in copying designs of furniture, candelabras, and other ornamental articles in bronze, &c.—*Humboldt.*

§ 10.—GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION.

Itinerating Library in Scotland.—Many of our readers are probably unacquainted with the fact of the existence of an institution in Scotland for the establishment of itinerating libraries, of which some account is contained in the number for April of the 'Gardener's Magazine,' in the shape of extracts from the fifth report, for 1826 and 1827, of the East Lothian Institution. The object of this institution, as appears by the report, is to furnish all the towns and villages of the county with libraries of useful books. The books are arranged into divisions of fifty volumes, which are stationed in one place for two years, where they are issued gratuitously to all persons above twelve years of age, who agree to take care of them; after this period they are removed, or exchanged with other divisions. The institution is supported by the subscriptions and donations of benevolent individuals, societies, and annual reading subscribers of three shillings and upwards, to whom is reserved for a certain time the use of the new books. On the first establishment of the institution no such reservation as this was made, and the greatest number of annual subscribers then was 8: the number after that arrangement, was, in 1822, 64; 1823, 61; 1824, 54; 1825, 99; 1826, 110; 1827, 135. The principal stations for new books are at Haddington and North Berwick. These exchange publications, and thus the subscribers to each are furnished with the use of a much greater number of recent publications than could have been procured by any other arrangement. A branch of the Haddington library is especially devoted to books on agriculture and rural economy, for the use of which an additional subscription of two shillings is required. This entitles the subscribers to the use of the new books on such subjects for two years; after which the same books are to be issued gratuitously to farm servants, grooms, foresters, and smiths and wrights engaged in the construction of implements of husbandry, and others interested in agriculture. The prisons, Sunday-schools, and merchant vessels on going to sea, are supplied with books by this society. 'The principle,' says the report, 'has already been adopted by various seamen's societies; it is a part of the plans of the Committee of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland for improving the Highlands, and also of the Liverpool Association for

promoting Education in the Highlands. A society was formed in 1826, in Edinburgh, for supplying Mid-Lothian with such libraries. It has been introduced into Ireland, British America, and the United States, and its supporters may reasonably hope that its economy and efficiency will recommend its adoption wherever it is known.

Manual of Science and Literature.—A new weekly publication, to which we have referred for several facts in our journal, has lately appeared, under the title of 'Manual of Science and Literature,' having for its principal object to give abstracts of the lectures delivered at the London Mechanics' Institution. Accordingly, in the first six numbers we find accounts of the interesting lectures of Dr. Birkbeck on fire escapes, and on the application of animal power; of Mr. Dakin on galvanism; and of Mr. Hemming on pneumatics.

Besides these principal characters of the new periodical, the work is not wanting in interesting original communications on subjects of science, literature, and the useful and fine arts. Among these may be mentioned a notice of the improvements now going on in London, and a particular account of the London Bridge. The work is very creditably got up.

Education of Spanish Refugees—An institution, highly honourable to all parties concerned in promoting and establishing it, has been recently formed in London for the instruction of the children of the unfortunate Spanish refugees now in this country. The idea of forming this kind of college originated with the Señor Nuñez de Arenas, who, having volunteered to instruct a class of his young countrymen in mathematics at his own residence, found his lessons attended not only by the youths whose education was in progress, but by many emigrants of maturer years, who, while they refreshed their knowledge of the sciences, found an agreeable diversion to the melancholy reflections engendered by their situation. This circumstance being communicated to the other refugees in town distinguished by their acquirements, a plan was devised for extending the advantages derived from the lessons of M. Arenas to the other branches of knowledge, and the refugee committee having come forward with necessary assistance to set the project on foot, and the trustees of the Mechanics' Institution having generously volunteered the use of their establishment, a Spanish college has been actually instituted, and upwards of two hundred names of students are enregistered. The institution is gratuitous to refugees and their children, and to the members of the Mechanics' Institution. But the classes are open to other students on payment for the respective courses.

Diffusion of Knowledge in Spain.—By a decree dated the 18th of December, the king of Spain grants permission to the directors of the Royal Cloth Manufactory at Alcoy, to establish in that town, at their own expense, schools for the sciences and mechanical arts, in which the pupils might be instructed in those branches of knowledge which would tend to make them perfect in their profession. The objects of instruction to be divided into four classes, viz. 1st. Castilian grammar, orthography, writing, and elements of arithmetic, and mercantile letter-writing; 2ndly, arithmetic and the principles of algebra, as applied to commerce, and geography; 3dly, pure and descriptive geometry, mechanics, physics, and geometrical drawing, as applied to the useful arts; 4thly, chemistry, as applied to the same arts. The motives which influence king Ferdinand to grant this indulgence, as they are set forth in the decree, are more enlightened than the principles by which the conduct of his majesty is generally influenced. The document concludes with an assurance 'that his majesty has pleasure in giving to the industrious inhabitants of Alcoy such a proof of the esteem which they merit, and in granting the protection they request for the encouragement of their art.'

dustry, the advancement and prosperity of which depends on the propagation of useful knowledge, which this majesty is desirous of effectually promoting, not only in the town the immediate object of his decree, but throughout the whole extent of his dominions.—*Gaceta de Bayona*.

Universities of Germany. Number of Students.—The number of names entered as students in the University of Munich for the late winter half-year amounted to 1716, over and above 60 in the ecclesiastical seminary, making together 1776; of whom 1589 are natives and 187 foreigners.

In Heidelberg, for the winter half-year, the number of students inscribed was 727, (289 natives, 468 foreigners.) In Freiburg (Brisgau,) 628, (natives 528, foreigners 108.) The University of Dorpat has at present 507 students. In Kiel, in the summer half-year 1828, the number of students was 370.

In the scholastic year 1826-7, the number of doctors' degrees conferred by the University of Vienna was 27, viz. 23 in medicine, and four in chemistry.

Education in Silesia.—The number of pupils in different gymnasia of Silesia, in the scholastic year 1826, was, in Breslaw 670; in Glatz 325; in Gleiwitz 310; and in Leobschütz 404.

History of Alfred the Great.—There was published in Hamburg, in 1828, a 'History of Alfred the Great,' taken and translated from Turner's 'History of the Anglo-Saxons,' by Dr. Fred. Lorentz, together with the 'Lodbrokar-Quida,' in the original Islandish text, with a translation in verse.

German Translation of the Loves of the Angels.—The 'Loves of the Angels,' by Mr. Moore, has been translated into German by Balduin, and published in Berlin. The verse, says the 'Zeitung für die elegante Welt,' is flowing, and the book is prettily got up.

Persian Library of Ardebil.—Among other trophies which the Russian arms obtained in the last war with Persia, was one highly interesting to the learned; namely, the library of Ardebil, the town in which the Persian schahs used to be crowned. This treasure fell into the hands of the count Suchtelen, on the taking of Ardebil. It was founded in the year 1013 of the Hegira, when the schah then reigning, Abbas I., deposited the manuscripts collected by him in a mausoleum, which he erected to the memory of his grandfather Scheikh Sophi, on the very spot in which that founder of the dynasty of the Sophis was buried. This rare biblical treasure was escorted to St. Petersburg by the body guards of the emperor, at the command of his majesty, and in due time will be open to the public.—*Leipsiger Literatur Zeitung*.

French Poetess.—A new 18mo. volume, by Mademoiselle Delphine Gay, has lately made its appearance in Paris. 'Le dernier Jour de Pompeii' is the principal poem. Mademoiselle Gay, it appears, has made the tour of Italy in search of fresh inspiration from the country of Corinne. 'In this land of enthusiasm and genius, however,' says 'Le Globe,' 'she has not sought for inspirations too vigorous, nor has she fallen into that dreaming mistificity, which is inhaled on the shores of lakes, and on the summits of mountains. Beauty and her own heart, happily for us, have every where engaged her.' 'It is true,' we are assured, 'that when she touched her lyre near some ancient temple, the venerable monument was forgotten for the priestess; and that her improvisations at Tivoli had all the solitude of a Chaussée d'Antin Soirée. Yet she has remained what she was and what she should be, simple, sensible, and graceful; she has even made some improvement, her verse is more correct, and her metre more harmonious.'

The French paper above quoted prefers the occasional poems in this volume to the 'Last day of Pompeii.' It quotes one of much feeling and simplicity, *Le Malheur d'être l'Inde*. 'The last day of Pompeii,' says the critic, 'is a composition sufficiently cold;' but he quotes the following passage, and points out the second line as a very happy verse.

Tandis qu'un orphelin, dès long-temps sans appui
 Malheureux de n'avoir à trembler que pour lui,
 Et jaloux de cacher son effroi solitaire,
 Aidait une inconnue à sauver son vieux père.

Some of our readers may not join in the admiration of the critic for this second line, which we deem a mere laboured conceit.

Education in the Milbank Penitentiary.—In the general report of the committee for the management of this establishment, it is stated that from the reports of those members of the committee who have attended the quarterly examinations of the prisoners in their respective schools, it appears that the male prisoners, such as came into confinement without any knowledge of letters, have on the average acquired, under the system of instruction now pursued, the ability to read and write with ease, and a perfect knowledge of the Church Catechism, with its explanations, in about two years. The females have advanced at a somewhat slower rate, owing to a less perfect state of discipline, which, from peculiar circumstances, had been maintained in that department.

§ 11. NAVAL AND MILITARY ECONOMY.

Revolving Masts for Ships.—Dr. Birkbeck, at a lecture on the application of animal power, delivered at the Mechanics' Institution, exhibited a model of an invention by Lieut. Shuldhām, of a method of adjusting the sails of a ship, not by connecting numerous pulleys with the masts and yards, but by causing the masts themselves to revolve in any required direction, and to carry the sails along with them. This novel plan has not yet been reduced to practice by the inventor; except in small craft for his own amusement; but the Admiralty have consented to place a vessel under his directions, in order that the experiment may be tried on a larger scale.—*Manual of Science and Literature.*

Improvement in the fixing of the Mariner's Compass.—A patent has been granted in the United States to Mr. Lemuel Langley, for an improved mode of fixing the mariner's compass. This mode consists in setting the compass-box within the planking of the deck of a vessel. The hole is cut through into the cabin, and is made with a glass top and bottom, so that the card can be seen as perfectly in the cabin as upon deck. This is one of the advantages which the inventor had in view. Another consists in placing the instrument out of the reach of shot. The compass-box is made translucent, or semi-transparent, in consequence of which it may always be lighted from below, and will be much more plainly seen at night than when lighted in the ordinary way.—*Franklin Journal.*

King's Ships launched during 1828.—Bombay, 84 guns, in India early in the year; Hotspur, 46 guns, at Pembroke in October; Speedy, 8 guns, cutter, at ditto in summer; Nimrod, 20 guns, at Deptford, in ditto; Pearl, 20 guns, at Colchester, in ditto; Sparrow, 10 guns, cutter, at Pembroke, in ditto; Comet, 18 guns, at ditto, in ditto; Snipe, 8 guns, cutter, at ditto, in ditto; Royal Adelaide, 116 guns, at Plymouth, in July; Clyde 46 guns, at Woolwich, in October.—*United Service Jour.*

King's Ships at present Building.—In the various dock-yards the ships above 50 guns, at present building, are as follows:—Deptford.—Worcester,

52 guns:—*Woolwich*.—*Trafalgar*, 120; *Thunderer*, 84; *Boscawen*, 80; *Chichester*, 52:—*Chatham*.—*Waterloo*, 120; *London*, 92; *Monarch*, 84:—*Portsmouth*.—*Royal Frederick*, 120; *Neptune*, 120; *Indus*, 80; *President*, 52:—*Plymouth*.—*St. George*, 120; *Nile*, 92; *Hindustan*, 80; *Valiant*, 76; *Liverpool*, 52; *Jamaica*, 52:—*Pembroke*.—*Royal William*, 120; *Rodney*, 92:—*Baybay*.—*Calcutta*, 84:—*Kingston, Canada*.—*Canada*, 104;—*Wolfe*, 104. There are, besides, 75 vessels of various sizes in different states of progress in the several dock-yards. Of these 14 are of 46 guns.—*Unit. Serv. Jour.*

Coast Light on a new Principle.—In a paper published in the last number of 'The United Service Journal,' Mr. Martin, the celebrated painter, details the particulars of a method invented by him, of guiding vessels by night as well as by day, through the shoals which beset the English coast, by means of suspended light-towers. Mr. Martin recommends that, after ascertaining by boring the depth of the sand, a broad triangular foundation shall be laid in the following manner, as described by himself:—The material of the foundation, to be hollow metal boxes, each furnished at one end with two projecting portions, and at the other with two corresponding holes, so that each box may be firmly locked into that on either side of it; the boxes are hollow, that they may be more easily managed by the workmen, and are less expensive, but they will be sufficiently heavy, because each box, as it sinks, will be immediately filled with sand.

One hollow triangular layer of these boxes, thus inseparably locked in each other, must, in the interval of one low tide, be deposited upon the sand: this layer will have sunk to a certain depth at the ebbing of the next tide, when another triangular layer of these boxes must be dropped upon the first; this additional weight would cause the first layer to sink still deeper: and over these, at a very low tide, fresh layers of boxes must be sunk, until the lowest has reached the firm sand, or other substance, and will sink no farther.

Into every hollow box as it descended the sand would enter; it would also completely fill the hollow triangular foundation, and being protected by it from any external influence, would add to its stability. When so many layers of boxes have been sunken that the upper layer lies within three or four feet of the surface of the sand, and will not sink farther, the foundation would be completed. A light-tower, circular in form, as that least likely to be affected by the influence of the winds and waves, about ten feet in diameter, might then be suspended from the junction of three wrought iron legs, inserted into the foundation, and strongly united at their apex, thus assuming the form of a pyramid, with an equilateral triangular base.

Upon rocks lying beneath the water, the hanging tower could be adopted with still greater advantage: in such a situation, the triangular frame, or foundation, would not be necessary, as the legs of the triangle could be fixed firmly into the rock.

§ 12.—GEOGRAPHY, STATISTICS, &c.

Austrian Empire.—The eleventh part of a new 'Atlas of Europe,' published at Leipsick, is devoted to the geography of the Austrian empire, which it describes as comprised within the $41^{\circ} 20'$ and $53^{\circ} 2'$ N. lat. and extending over $18^{\circ} 21'$ of longitude, containing 12153.622 geographical square miles, and a population of 31,624,888. It enumerates nine chains of mountains, the Adriatic sea, with four bays, several lakes, eight great rivers with their tributary streams, 19 canals, and 12 different nations and languages.

Tobacco Monopoly in France.—In France, as in most countries of the continent, both of the ancient and new world, the manufacture and sale of

tobacco is monopolised by the government. Their agents purchase the plant, and manufacture it, and it is dispensed to the public from shops appointed by the government, which thus obtains by this arrangement no less patronage than profit. The produce of this monopoly to the French government amounts to 45,000,000 fr. or nearly 1,800,000*l*.

Proportion of male and female Births in France.—From the best founded calculations, says M. Poisson, in a memoir read to the French Academy of Sciences it appears that in France the proportion of male to female births, formerly stated to be as 22 to 21, is more justly reckoned as 16 to 17. It is mentioned as a circumstance worthy of remark that in the births of natural children the proportion is different. From 1817 to 1822 the number of these births throughout France amounted to 198,955 boys, and 199,242 girls, which gave a proportion of about 20½ to 19½, from which it would appear that in births of this class the number of girls is nearer that of boys than in births in wedlock. The only circumstances to which any influence of this nature can be traced, besides that of legitimacy, is the residence in great towns, which has also the tendency to diminish the number of male births.

Quantity of Woods in France—According to M. Moreau de Jonnes, the author of an essay which obtained a prize offered by the Royal Philosophical Society of Brussels, on the question of the alterations produced in the physical state of countries by the destruction of forests, the woods in France amounted, in 1750, to more than a fourth of the surface of the whole country, in 1788, to a seventh and in 1814, to not quite a twelfth of that surface. Thus, within sixty four years, 5000 square miles of the woods of France must have disappeared. In England, according to the author's estimate, the woods amount to only one twenty-third of the surface.

Revenue of Spain—A controversy has arisen between a Spanish writer in the 'Constitutionnel Paris Journal, and the 'Gaceta de Bayona, a Spanish paper, published in Bayonne, on the amount of the revenue of the Spanish monarchy. The 'Constitutionnel' states the total at 291,38,227 reals, (£291,382). The 'Gaceta' above mentioned asserts that the revenue amounts at the least to 572,298,227 reals, or £5,722,982.

Charitable Society in Spain.—A charitable society for succouring the inmates of the prisons has been re-established in Pampelona. This charity was founded in 1505, but on the breaking out of the war in 1508, its beneficent labours were interrupted, and had not since been resumed. The object of the society was to give employment to the prisoners, to ameliorate their allowance of provision, and to furnish clothing and religious and moral instruction. It is represented to have produced during its short existence most beneficial effects. Instances are referred to, in which prisoners who, in the heat of passion, had subjected themselves to the pain of confinement, by their industry contributed to the maintenance of their families, and many were restored to the path of virtue, and on their release became industrious and useful citizens. The governor and commander-in-chief of the province has been the chief promoter of the re-establishment of the society, to which the bishop of the diocese has also contributed 17,000 reales vellon (£170.)

Population of Cologne and Bonn. Eau de Cologne.—Dr Jacob, in a recent work on Cologne and Bonn, and their environs, states the amount of the population of the former place, in 1827, at 57,022, including a garrison of 4523 men. In the same year, the number of manufactories of Eau de Cologne amounted to 14, which exported 500,000 bottles, by water carriage, besides a vast quantity, not ascertained, by land. Bonn, according to Dr

Jacob, contains 1,110 houses, besides churches and public buildings, and 11,387 inhabitants, including 697 soldiers of the garrison; and in the summer of 1828, 886 university students.—*Allgemeines Repertorium*, 1829.

Catholic Clergy of Switzerland.—In the beginning of 1827, the catholic clergy throughout the different cantons of Switzerland consisted of four bishops, 17 collegiate churches, with a corresponding number of provosts, (nine of which belonged to the canton of the Tessino,) 120 monasteries—59 for monks and friars, and 61 for nuns, and seven capuchin convents. These religious houses are all contained within 16 cantons, exclusive of Neuchâtel, which has only a capuchin convent, that at Landeron. Berne, the largest canton of all, has only a single monastery.—*Hertha*.

Proportion of Population to Clergy in various Cantons of Switzerland.—The canton of Freybourg, to a population of 83,700 souls, has 279 monks, 231 nuns, and 247 members of the secular clergy; total 757, or one in 110½ inhabitants. Deducting from the total population of the canton that of the district of Morat, which contains 5100 protestants, with 5 pastors, or one clergyman to 1020 souls, the proportion in the part of the canton purely catholic would be one ecclesiastic to 103 inhabitants. In the town of Freybourg there are, to a population of 6460 souls, 45 secular clergy, 141 monks, and 149 nuns, giving a total of 335, or one to every 18 inhabitants. Of the monks 87 are jesuits, 21 Franciscans or cordeliers, 20 capuchins, and 13 Austin friars. There are 202 parish priests.

In Soleure, to a population of 52,930 souls, there are 98 monks, 123 nuns, and 127 secular clergy; total 348, or one in 152. In the town of Soleure, to a population of 4000 souls, there are 65 clergy, or one in 61½ inhabitants. In this canton, where there are no jesuits, the Benedictines are the most numerous order of monks—they amount to 31, belonging to the monastery of Maria Stein. The number of parish priests within the canton is 72. The heads of schools amount to 114, or one to 429 inhabitants.

The canton of Zug, with a population of 14,800, contains 38 monks, 63 nuns, and 99 secular clergy; total 210 or one in 70½ inhabitants. In the town of Zug, of which the population is 2810, the number of ecclesiastics is 54, or one to 51½. The parish priests are to the number of 34.

The population of the canton St. Gall amounts to 157,700, of whom 99,300 are catholics, and 58,400 protestants. The catholic secular clergy consist of 187 individuals, or one to 609 inhabitants. The monks, of whom 26 are Benedictines, amount to 49, or one in 2027. The number of nuns is 124, or one to 801 inhabitants. Total of the catholic clergy, 370 individuals, or one to 276 inhabitants. The protestant clergy is composed of 70 persons, or one in 833 protestant inhabitants.

The canton of Geneva had, at the end of 1827, a population of 53,560 inhabitants, of whom 37,720 were protestants, and 15,840 catholics. The protestant clergy consists of the venerable company of pastors of the church of Geneva, composed of the bench of pastors of the city, 26 members, and of that of the country 24 members, making a total of 50 individuals, of whom 32 only perform pastoral functions, the rest are lay professors or are abroad. The dissenters or mummors, to the number of about 280, have 3 ministers, or one to 93 persons; the German protestant church has one minister; the German Lutheran church one; the Anglican church one; making altogether a total of 38 protestant clergy, or one in 1019 inhabitants. There are four catholic priests in the city of Geneva, and 20 in the various parishes of the canton; total 24, or one to 666 catholic inhabitants.

The population of the canton of Vaud, at the end of 1827, consisted of 178,883 souls. There were 3032 catholics at Lausanne and other places, with four parish priests, or one clergyman to 758 catholic laymen. The

protestant clergy consisted of 170 members, or one minister to 1034½ protestant inhabitants.—*Bibliothek der neuesten Weltkunde.*

General Protestant Consistory of Warsaw.—Pursuant to an imperial ordinance, of the date of the 28th of February, 1828, an evangelical general consistory for the churches and schools of the Augsburg and reformed religion has been established at Warsaw in lieu of the two—the evangelical Augsburg, and the evangelical reformed consistory—formerly existing. The decree was published on the 26th of April of last year, and the general consistory was solemnly installed on the 2nd of July following.—*Allgemeines Repert.*

Asylum for the Blind in Denmark.—Seventeen years since a benevolent society established in Denmark an institution for the cure of the blind; the funds at that period amounted to 1500 bank dollars. An appeal to the public soon produced a sum of 7200 dollars. At first the establishment received only 12 young people; the number increased by degrees; and at present the inmates amount to 80, and the government gives yearly a considerable aid to the funds. The capital of the institution has moreover been augmented by charitable contributions to the sum of 54,000 dollars, so that now, together with the assistance received from the government, the income is sufficient to answer the current expenses.—*Blätter für Literarische Unterhaltung.*

Recovery of Health in India.—A paper in the last number of the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal urges the advantage of a residence in the hill districts of the Himalayah, for recovering the health of individuals injured by the climate of Bengal. The district of the mountain to be resorted to is the elevated range of the Himalayah mountains, which rises above the Deyrah Doon. The centre part of this range, called Mussooree Tibi and Landour, has for some years been resorted to by invalids: houses were erected there by them, and an experimental physic garden for rhubarb, &c. established. It enjoys a delightful climate, presenting as great a degree of equability of temperature from summer to winter, and from day to night, as can be desirable. In summer, the temperature is low, and all accumulation of heat is prevented by the coolness of the breeze which ascends from the valleys. The transition to the rains makes hardly any difference in the temperature; and though the weather is gloomy occasionally, it is pleasant and healthy. In the month of October, or at the conclusion of the rains, the sky is so clear, the air so mild and still, that the climate is said to be perfectly delightful. This clearness and purity of the atmosphere continues throughout the months of October and November. The approach of the cold is so gradual, and its degree so moderate, as to be well calculated to brace the system, when improved by a previous residence among the hills. The hills have been visited for several years for the recovery of health, and the Mussooree range has been resorted to for the last four years, during which time individuals of both sexes have resided there during the hot season and rains, and the recovery of invalids was general. Dr. Burke, the author of the article alluded to, which is addressed to the director-general of the army medical department, recommends an establishment at the same spot of an invalid depot for the king's troops in India. A district equally favourable for the recovery of health, says the editor of the journal above mentioned, has been discovered in the Madras presidency. It is on a table-land thirty miles in extent, in the Neelgherry hills, between the Malabar and Coromandel coasts. To this district, those invalids formerly sent home to Europe are now removed for the recovery of their health. A similar favourably situated spot has been lately met with to the northward of the Bombay presidency, whither invalids are to be sent.

Population of South America.—The following table of the relative population of the new republics, with regard to the number of inhabitants to the square league, is given in a recently published work, Thomson's 'Official Visit to Guatemala.'

	Square leagues.	Population.	Inhabitants to the square league.
New Spain . . .	75,830 . .	6,800,000 . .	89
Guatemala . . .	16,740 . .	2,000,000 . .	119
Venezuela . . .	33,700 . .	900,000 . .	29
Granada . . .	58,250 . .	1,800,000 . .	115
Peru . . .	12,150 . .	1,400,000 . .	77
Chile . . .	14,240 . .	1,100,000 . .	15
Buenos Ayres . .	126,770 . .	2,000,000 . .	

The Cataract of the Niagara.—The falls of the Niagara are the great point of attraction to travellers and idlers in North America. They are annually visited by several thousand strangers of all nations; for whose accommodation three large hotels have been built in the immediate neighbourhood, with every facility for the full enjoyment of the stupendous spectacle.

The superiority of this Fall consists principally in the immense volume of water it discharges. In a picture, it is tame and formal; but in nature these qualities are lost in the general effect. The best approach, for effect, is from Lake Erie, and in that case the rapid transition from the placid lake-like character of the river above, to the vehemence and reverberating roar of the Falls, makes a remarkable impression on the spectator.

The Falls are twenty-one miles from Lake Erie, where the river issues. In that distance it varies in width from three quarters of a mile to upwards of seven miles; this, however, is an extraordinary breadth, and only exists in one spot: in general the width exceeds but little a mile. The number of islands between the head of the river and the Fall are twenty-eight. The most considerable of these is Grand Island, five miles from Lake Erie: its dimensions are seven miles and a half long and six and a half broad. The rest are mere islets, no one of them exceeding one mile and a quarter in length, and several of them less than a quarter of a mile long. At Chipewewa, two miles and a quarter from the Falls, a change in the stream is perceptible. It becomes sensibly diminished in breadth. On the British shore, a ripple in the accelerated current is perceived; and at Bridgewater, one mile lower down, it dashes and foams over a succession of ledges. Below this, the water moves with equal swiftness, but smoothly, over pebbly shallows, until it precipitates itself into the great chasm of the cataract. On the American shore, the rapids begin at a point nearly corresponding with those on the Canadian side. As they approach the brink of the Falls, they leap from ledge to ledge with great fury. On the Canadian shore lofty steeps, 150 feet high, overlook the cataract. The American banks have no steeps, but ascend along the river side in a richly wooded swell.

At the cataract the Niagara plunges at once into a rocky chasm, 156½ feet deep, 960 yards broad at this place, and prolonged east-north-east, almost at right angles with the former course of the river, for seven miles. This descent takes place obliquely to the direction of the river, and is divided into three distinct falls by Iris Island, and the islet on its right. These are named the 'Horse-shoe Fall,' 'Ribbon, or Montmorenci,' and the 'American, or Schlosser' Falls, respectively. The whole line of subsidence is 1200 yards long; but the chord of this, joining its extremities, is 960 yards long. The Horse-shoe Fall occupies about one half of the brink, and the base of Iris Island, and the American Fall, each about a quarter. The Ribbon Fall, and an islet adjoining, take up each ten yards of the same line.

The American Fall is 162 feet high. Stairs have been constructed a little

below the Falls on both sides of the river, to facilitate the descent of visitors down the sides of the chasm.—*Quar. Jour. of Science.*

Lakes of the United States of America.—The dimensions and depths of the six principal lakes of the United States are as follows:—

Lakes.	Length	Breadth.	Depth.
Ontario . .	180 miles . .	40 miles . .	500 fathoms.
Erie	270	60	200. . . .
Huron . . .	250	100	900. . . .
Michigan . .	400	50	Unknown.
Green Bay . .	105	20	Unknown.
Superior . .	480	109	960.

Milbank Penitentiary.—From the annual Report of this establishment for the last year, it appears, that on the 31st December, 1827, there were 471 male prisoners, and that 177 had been received during the year. Of the whole of these, 12 had died, and 63 had been discharged, leaving a total number remaining on the 31st December, 1828, of 553; of female prisoners there were 113 in the establishment at the close of 1827, 74 had been received during 1828, three had died, 40 had been discharged, and one had been sent to Bethlehem, making a total number of females remaining in the Penitentiary at the beginning of this year, 143. The earnings of the prisoners during the year are valued at 419*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; viz. of the males, in manufacturing, 310*l.* 15*s.*, of the same as wardsmen, cooks, and bakers, 347*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, of the females in needle-work 311*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.*, as wardswomen, cooks, and laundry-women 429*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*. After deducting allowances to prisoners, 1*th* on manufactures, 2*ths* on wages, and to officers 3*th* on manufactures, the profit arising to the establishment, and employed towards defraying its expenses, amounted to 256*l.* 0*s.* 10*d.* on the manufactures, and 582*l.* 15*s.* 9*d.* on the wages. The net prison expense amounted to 19,194*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.*, to which is added 5,180*l.* 9*s.* 7*d.*, the cost of a new lodge erected under the direction of Mr. Smirke. Out of 83 convicts, viz., 62 males and 21 females who had received his majesty's pardon, between the re-opening of the prison and the 31st of December, 1827, the prisoners who have actually received gratuities for one year's good conduct, after they quitted the prison, under the regulations contained in the rules of the Penitentiary on that head, are 43; viz. 33 males, and 10 females; and there are eight others, viz. seven males and one female, who are ascertained to be in respectable situations, and going on well, though they have not claimed the reward. Two males have died since their release from the prison. Three males and four females have committed fresh offences, and three males are believed to be leading a disorderly or disreputable life; 13 males and six females are considered as doubtful characters; and one male, who is gone to sea, makes up the 83.

Number of Lawyers in England and Wales.—The new law list contains the names of 1034 barristers, 138 counsel under the bar, conveyancers, and special-pleaders. There are 283 pages of names of London attorneys, and on an average, 32 names on each page, making 9056 total amount. There are 25½ pages of names of Country attorneys in England and Wales. Taking the average number of names in each page at 106, which will be found to be pretty correct, we get 2667. Thus we arrive at rather a curious fact, viz. that the attorneys in the metropolis alone bear a proportion of 7 to 2, when compared with the gross amount of attorneys in England and Wales, London excepted. The whole amount of lawyers in England and Wales, according to the foregoing statement, is 12,895.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL,

From March 21, 1829, to April 20, 1829.

51° 32' 30" N. 8' 30" W.

Mar. and April.	Lunations.	Thermometer.	Barometer.	Winds		Atmospheric Variations.				Prevailing Modification of Cloud.
		Mean Alt.	Hour.	A.M.	P.M.	9h. A.M.	Hour.	8h. P.M.	During Night.	
21		44.5	29.8	E.	E.	Fair, Cl.	Fair, Cl.	Clear	Fair	Cumulus.
22		43.5	.74	—	—	—	—	Fair, Cl.	—	Cirrostr. Cum.
23		42.5	.59	E. H.	E. H.	—	Clear	—	—	—
24		37.75	.64	E.	E.	—	—	Clear	Frost	Cumulus
25		35.5	.64	—	—	Clear	—	—	—	—
26		41.5	.68	S.E.	S.W.	Fair, Cl.	Fair, Cl.	Fair, Cl.	—	Cirrostratus.
27	h. 7 19AM	43.5	.68	E.	E.	—	—	Clear	—	— Cumulus
28		41.5	.40	S.	S.E.	Clear	Clear	Fair, Cl.	Rain	—
29		44	.60	N.E.	N.E.	Rain	Fair, Cl.	Moist	Moist	—
30		44	28.91	—	—	Moist	—	—	Fair	—
31		38.5	.90	—	—	—	—	Rain	—	—
1		34	29.00	N.	S.W.	Fair, Cl.	—	Snow	—	Cumulus.
2	h. 10 21PM	33	.14	N.	N.W.	Snow	—	Fair, Cl.	—	—
3		37	.36	N.W.	W.	Fair, Cl.	—	—	—	—
4		45.5	.40	S.W.	S.W.	—	—	Rain	—	Cum. Nimbus.
5		48.5	.02	—	—	—	Shrs.	—	Rain	— Cirrostr.
6		47.5	28.84	—	—	—	—	Shrs.	Fair.	— Nimbus.
7		44.5	.80	W.	W.	Rain	Fair, Cl.	Rain	—	—
8		43.75	.98	—	—	—	—	Shrs.	Rain	Cumulus.
9		41.75	.84	—	—	—	Rain	Fair, Cl.	—	— Cirrostr.
10	h. 2 7 AM	45.75	29.04	S.W.	S.W.	Fair, Cl.	Fair, Cl.	Shrs.	Fair	Cumulostr. Num
11		49	.25	—	S.	Clear	—	Rain	Rain	Cumulus. —
12		50	28.90	S.W.H.	S.W.H.	Rain	—	Fair, Cl.	—	—
13		56	.74	S.	S.	—	Shrs.	—	Fair	— Cirrostr.
14		51.5	.82	—	S.W.	—	Fair, Cl.	Rain	—	—
15		50.75	.65	S.W.H.	S.W.H.	Shrs.	Shrs.	Fair, Cl.	—	—
16		43.75	.84	E.	S.W.	Rain	Rain	Rain	—	Cirrostratus.
17		50	29.84	S.W.	—	Fair, Cl.	Fair, Cl.	Fair	—	Cum. Nim.
18	h. 6 22PM	51.5	.50	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
19		45.75	.45	W.	W.	—	—	Shrs.	—	—
20		46	.45	N.W.	N.W.	—	—	Fair, Cl.	—	—

Highest temperature at noon since March 20, 57°. Mean Temperature, 42°. Mean Atmospheric pressure, 29.33.

* Strong S.W. wind on the 19th and 13th inst. Tempestuous from 11½ hour P.M. of the 14th to 5 hour P.M. of the following day.

THE JOURNAL OF FACTS.

JUNE, 1829. *

§ 1.—NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

M. Raspail's Opinion as to Active Molecules.—In a note to the 'Magazine of Natural History' of last month, Mr. Bakewell, on the subject of the molecules of organic bodies, quotes the opinion of M. Raspail, a French naturalist, who has taken much interest in the inquiry respecting the active molecules in the grains of pollen, and who will not admit that these granules are organized bodies. He says they are minute, resinous concretions formed in the fluid ejected from the pollen: when the drop is evaporated they do not change their form; whereas, after evaporation, all animalcules collapse. These resinous granules were almost instantly dissolved when a drop of alcohol was applied to them. Respecting the spontaneous motion supposed to be found in all inorganic substances, M. Raspail says he has never discovered the smallest trace of it.

Mr. Bakewell, in alluding to the opinion of Dr. Brewster, as given in the 'Edinburgh Journal of Science,' and which we recorded in abstract in the last number of our Magazine, says, that it would have been more satisfactory if Dr. Brewster had also stated the result of his own observations. On the motions of inorganic molecules, the Doctor considers the question decided by the antecedent improbability of their existence. Mr. Bakewell says, he concurs in that opinion with Dr. Brewster, from having attentively examined various mineral substances, but, he observes, that a naturalist so eminent as Mr. Brown should be answered by facts, and not by conjectures; and the more so, he observes, as Dr. Brewster's opinion, in the same paper, respecting a planetary motion of the molecules, will by many be deemed as improbable as Mr. Brown's opinion of their possessing spontaneous motion.

Comparison of the Light of the Sun with that of the fixed Stars.—In the 'Philosophical Transactions' for the year 1767, a suggestion is thrown out by Mr. Michell, that a comparison between the light received from the sun and any of the fixed stars might furnish data for estimating their relative distances; but no such direct comparison had been attempted before the time of Dr. Wollaston, whose observations on the subject were communicated to the Royal Society in a paper read on the 11th of December. Dr. Wollaston was led to infer, from some observations which he made in the year 1799, that the direct light of the sun is about one million times more intense than that of the full moon, and, therefore, very many million times greater than that of all the fixed stars taken collectively. In order to compare the light of the sun with that of a star, he took as an intermediate object of comparison the light of a candle reflected from a small bulb about a quarter of an inch in diameter, filled with quicksilver, and seen by one eye through a lens of two inches focus, at the same time that the star or the sun's image, placed at a proper distance, was viewed by the other eye through a telescope. The mean of various trials seemed to show that the light of Sirius is equal to that of the sun seen in a glass bulb, one-tenth of an inch in diameter, at the distance of 210 feet; or that they are in the proportion of one to ten thousand millions; but as nearly one half of the light is lost by reflection, the

real proportion between the light from Sirius and the sun is not greater than that of one to twenty thousand millions. If the annual parallax of Sirius be half a second, corresponding to a distance of 525,481 times that of the sun from the earth, its diameter would be 3.7 times that of the sun, and its light 13.8 times as great. The distance at which the sun would require to be viewed so that its brightness might be only equal to that of Sirius, would be 141,421 times its present distance; and, if still in the ecliptic, its annual parallax in longitude would be nearly 3"; but if situated at the same angular distance from the ecliptic as Sirius is, it would have an annual parallax in latitude of 1.8".—*Phil. Mag.*

Indications of Spring.—The following table of the indications of Spring has been communicated to the 'Magazine of Natural History.' The table is the register of sixty years' observations, made by Robert Marsham, Esq., at Stratton-Hall, situated nearly in the centre of Norfolk. The earliest date recorded is the year 1735, and the latest observation appears in 1800. The *least* variations are in the time of the appearance of the migratory birds, and the hatching of young rooks. The *greatest* range is in the blossoming of the turnip, the appearance of the yellow butterfly, and the singing of the thrush.

	Earliest.	Latest.	Greatest Difference observed in
Thrush sings	1735, Dec. 4.	1766, Feb. 13.	56 years—81 days.
Nightingale sings	1752, April 7.	1792, May 19.	59 years—42 days.
Churn Owl sings	1781, April 29.	1792, June 26.	46 years—58 days.
Cuckoo sings	1752, April 9.	1767, May 7.	51 years—29 days.
Ring Dove's 'coo	1751, Dec. 27.	1761, Mar. 20.	47 years—83 days.
Rooks build	1800, Feb. 2.	1757, Mar. 14.	53 years—40 days.
Young Rooks f.	1747, Mar. 26.	1764, April 24.	52 years—29 days.
Swallows appear	1736, Mar. 30.	1797, April 26.	62 years—27 days.
Frogs and Toads croak	1750, Feb. 20.	1771, May 4.	57 years—73 days.
Yellow Butterfly appears	1790, Jan. 14.	1783, April 17.	36 years—93 days.
Snowdrop appears	1778, Dec. 24.	1795, Feb. 10.	65 years—48 days.
Turnip flowers	1796, Jan. 10.	1790, June 18.	56 years—129 days.
Wood Anemone blows	1790, Mar. 16.	1784, April 22.	30 years—37 days.
Hawthorn leaf	1759, Feb. 11.	1784, April 22.	59 years—70 days.
Hawthorn flowers	1750, April 13.	1799, June 2.	59 years—50 days.
Sycamore leaf	1750, Feb. 22.	1771, May 4.	57 years—71 days.
Birch leaf	1750, Feb. 21.	1771, May 4.	52 years—72 days.
Elm leaf	1779, Mar. 4.	1784, May 6.	47 years—63 days.
Mountain Ash leaf	1779, Mar. 5.	1771, May 2.	43 years—57 days.
Oak leaf	1750, Mar. 31.	1799, May 20.	54 years—50 days.
Beech leaf	1779, April 5.	1771, May 10.	53 years—35 days.
Horsechestnut leaf	1763, Mar. 10.	1771, May 2.	47 years—52 days.
Spanish Chestnut leaf	1794, Mar. 28.	1770, May 12.	36 years—45 days.
Hornbeam leaf	1794, Mar. 7.	1771, May 7.	40 years—61 days.
Ash leaf	1779, April 2.	1772, May 26.	36 years—54 days.
Lime leaf	1794, Mar. 19.	1756, May 7.	43 years—49 days.
Maple leaf	1794, Mar. 15.	1771, May 7.	34 years—53 days.

Action of the Pressure of Fluids.—Mr. Downes, in a recent lecture on hydrostatics and hydrodynamics at the London Mechanics Institution, after alluding to the many proofs extant which show the error of supposing that the Romans were ignorant of the fact that fluids always rise to the level of their source, enforced the necessity of attention to the strength of the pipes used for conveying water from a great distance over irregular surfaces, a purpose for which the proper materials, not the knowledge of the principle, were wanting to the Romans. Mr. Downes showed that the pressure of fluids increases according to the depth, and consequently a much greater pressure must be exerted on the interior surface of a pipe situated in a valley, than

on one which passes over a hill. The lower pipes should therefore be made strong enough to resist this increased pressure. but if the more elevated ones should be of equal strength, a great waste of material would take place, while on the contrary, if the whole of the pipes should be only just strong enough to resist the pressure on those which occupy the highest place, the lower pipes would be inevitably burst. For the same reason a vessel intended to contain a large quantity of fluid should be made of a somewhat conical form, its thickness gradually increasing from top to bottom, in proportion to the increased pressure which its sides have to resist. Mr. Downes, in the same lecture, corrected the popular error which prevails respecting the pressure sustained by flood gates, which is supposed to increase with the quantity of water lying against them, while, in reality, the pressure depends solely on the *depth* of the water with which they are in contact, without any reference to *quantity*.—*Manual of Science and Literature.*

Temperature of Wire connecting the opposite Poles of a Galvanic Pile.—In a paper communicated to the French Academy of Sciences in December last, and since published, M Becquerel announces the result of experiments made by him with a view to determine the temperature of divers points of a wire traversed by an electric current. It is a well-known fact, that when the two poles of a voltaic pile are connected by a short wire, a proper charge will make the wire red hot in the middle. In explaining this phenomenon, it has been admitted that the temperature was equal at all points, but that the extremities being the first to feel the effects of refrigeration in consequence of their contact with the battery, the middle would show symptoms of a higher temperature. M Becquerel, in his experiments, in order that the cooling of the extremities by their contact with the battery might have as little effect as possible, used a long wire. The result proved that the temperature increases progressively from each end towards the middle, and consequently, that the cause which gives rise to an electric current, of which the intensity is constant at each point of the wire, acts as an accelerating power in the development of heat.—*Bull. Univ.*

Expansion of Substances by Heat.—The *Manual of Science and Literature*, in an article on the expansion of bodies by heat, gives the following Table, to show the absolute dilatation in length of several generally used substances, by being heated from 32° to 212° Fahrenheit.

Glass Tube0008613	Silver0019086
Platina0008842	Tin0021729
Iron0011820	Lead0028483
Steel0012395	Zinc0029420
Gold0014660	Glass from 32 to 2120008613
Copper0017182	— 212 — 3920009182
Brass0018667	— 392 — 5720010111

Expansion of Liquids in bulk.

Alcohol11	Water saturated with com-	
Nitric Acid (sp. gr. 1.4)11	mon salt05
Fixed Oils08	Water046
Oil of Turpentine07	Mercury018
Sulphuric Ether07	— apparent expansion	
— Acid (sp. gr. 1.85)06	in glass015132
Muriatic Acid (sp. gr. 1.137)06		

Cause of the unvarying degree of Saltness in the Waters of the Mediterranean.—On examining the contents of three bottles of water, taken up at about fifty miles within the Straits of Gibraltar, and from a depth of 670

fathoms, it was found to have a density exceeding that of distilled water by more than four times the usual excess; and accordingly it left upon evaporation more than four times the usual quantity of saline residuum. The result of the examination of this specimen has been stated by Dr. Wollaston to accord completely with the anticipation that a counter-current of denser water might exist at great depths in the neighbourhood of the Straits, capable of carrying westward into the Atlantic as much salt as enters into the Mediterranean with the eastern current near the surface. If the two currents were of equal breadth and depth, the velocity of the lower current need only be one-fourth of that of the upper current, in order to prevent any increase of saltness in the Mediterranean.—*Phil. Mag.*

Means of obtaining Nitrate of Tin, or the Protonitrate.—This substance is successfully employed in some dye-houses in dyeing scarlet. It may also, says M. Chevreul, be used with advantage in the preparation of the purple precipitate of Cassius. 'The Dictionnaire Technologique,' after observing that this salt has such an avidity for oxygen, that it is difficult to unite its protoxide with the nitric acid, and also to maintain the combination of the two bodies, gives the following methods of obtaining it. Bring the acid into contact with the tin in a laminated state, or in the form of ribands, the acid being previously diluted with water until it marks about 4° or 5° of the areometer. Having carefully enclosed it in a well-stopped vessel, leave it to act for several days. By degrees the metal passes into a protoxide, which dissolves without the extrication of much gas; nitrate of ammonia is afterwards found in the liquid, and which is supposed to be formed thus:—Part of the oxygen has been furnished by the water, and another part by the nitric acid, when completely decomposed; this afterwards becomes mixed with azote, and which finally unites with the hydrogen, to form the ammonia.

The protonitrate of tin can be obtained more pure and concentrated, by bringing the protoxide into immediate contact with the nitric acid, largely diluted; but this process requires that the protoxide be previously prepared, which complicates the operation. In employing this mode, the ordinary salt of tin (the protochlorate of tin) is dissolved in water; then filter it, and add ammonia in a slight excess to it: thus is formed an abundant white precipitate, which is the hydrate of the protoxide; then submit the mixture to ebullition. The precipitate changes its colour; it becomes at first gray, and then black; it acquires more cohesion, and is deposited more readily: it is now deprived of the water of combination which it contained. Suffer it to cool, wash it by decantation, and leave it to dry.

No more of the protonitrate of tin should be prepared at once than is required for use, as it readily decomposes. At the end of a short time, it forms a gelatinous deposit, which is nothing else than the sub-protonitrate.

Potato Sugar obtained Crystallized.—M. J. B. Mollerat, of Pouilly-sur-Saône, the proprietor of a manufacture of chemical products, has lately shown to strangers and merchants who have visited his establishment, potato sugar in crystals, decidedly formed, and perfectly resembling very white sugarcandy.—*Bull. Univ.*

Analogy between Chloride of Azote and Chloride of Ammonia.—M. Sérullas announced to the Académie des Sciences, on the 12th April, that he had tried on the chloride of azote the experiments which he had formerly made on the iodide of azote. From this compound he had obtained results analogous to his former experiments: he had ascertained that the chloride of azote was a chloride of ammonia. This analogy led M. Sérullas to examine also fulminating silver, which Berthollet, who was the discoverer of it, considered as an ammonide of silver, while other chemists considered it

as an *arside*. M. Sérullas has satisfied himself that this compound was actually formed by an oxide of silver and ammonia.

Chemical Analysis of the Balm of Mecca.—M. Trommsdorff, a German chemist, has enjoyed the opportunity of analyzing a quantity of balm of Mecca, perfectly pure, and of the first quality. The results of his experiments he announces to be as follows:—1. The principal ingredients of balm of Mecca are volatile oil and resins. 2. This balm does not contain benzoic acid, nor does it furnish any. According to the definition of the French chemists, therefore, the balm of Mecca should be erased from the list of balms; but that definition has not been adopted in Germany. 3. Five hundred parts of balm of Mecca contain,

Volatile oil	150 grains.
Neutral resin, not soluble in alcohol	20
— — — soluble in alcohol	320
Extractive matter, colouring and bitter	2
Waste	8
	<hr/> 500

4. The volatile oil probably gives to the balm the extremely pleasant odour, and the aromatic and sharp taste which distinguish it. 5. The resin soluble in alcohol is to be considered as neutral, since it shows no affinity with the alkaline bases, and does not act as a base towards the acids. 6. The insoluble resin is neutral for similar reasons. It had already been found in the balm by M. Vauquelin. 7. The extractive colouring matter is probably, considering its small quantity, an accidental ingredient. 8. The balm of Mecca cannot be the produce of a cucurbitaceous plant (of the water melon kind) as the traveller Burckhardt represents it. The plant which furnishes it must be of the terebinthaceous (turpentine) family.

New Hall of the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg.—A new large and magnificent building has been erected at St. Petersburg for the Academy of Sciences. The edifice is just finished. The great Gottorp globe has been brought from the former building, which served for the purposes of the Academy, and placed in a rotunda in the new building.

§ 2.—NATURAL HISTORY.

Cuvier's Subdivision of Vertebrated Animals.—The Baron Cuvier, in his system of zoology, divides vertebrated animals, considered as one of the four grand divisions of the animal kingdom, into subdivisions or classes, characterised by the kind or strength of their motions, as dependent on the quantity of their respiration; since it is from the respiration that the muscular fibres derive their energy and their irritability. The quantity of respiration depends on two conditions: the first is the relative proportion of blood which is presented to the respiratory organs in a given time; the second, the relative proportion of oxygen which enters into the composition of the fluid in which the animal lives, whether water or air. The quantity of blood which is acted on by respiration, depends on the structure and disposition of the organs of respiration and circulation. The organs of circulation may be double, so that all the blood which is returned by the veins is obliged to circulate through the respiratory organs, before it is carried again to different parts by the arteries; or these organs may be simple, so that only a portion of the blood returned from the body to the heart is obliged to pass through the respiratory organs, and the rest circulates again through the body without having been subjected to the effects of respiration. The latter is the case with reptiles; their quantity of respiration, and all the qualities that depend on it, vary according to the proportion of blood which

enters the lungs at each pulsation. From these characters Cuvier forms the four subdivisions or classes of vertebrated animals, which are,—Class 1. *Mammiferous Animals*, which bring forth their young alive and suckle them, being provided with teats (Lat. *mammæ*), whence the name is derived. Class 2. *Birds*. Class 3. *Reptiles*. Class 4. *Fish*.

In mammiferous quadrupeds the quantity of respiration is less than that of birds; but it is greater than that of reptiles, on account of the structure of the respiratory organs; and exceeds that of fishes, on account of the different elements in which they live. Hence result the four kinds of movements, which the four classes of vertebrated animals are particularly destined to exert. Mammiferous animals, in which the quantity of respiration is moderate, are generally formed to develope their strength in walking or running. Birds, which have a larger quantity of respiration, have the activity and strength of muscles necessary for flying. Reptiles, in which respiration is more feeble, are condemned to crawl; and many of them pass a part of their lives in a kind of torpor. Fishes require to be supported in an element nearly as heavy as themselves, in order to exert their proper motions in swimming.—*Mag. of Nat. History*.

New Species of Tapir.—In the sitting of the Académie des Sciences, of the 12th of April, M. G. Cuvier read a report or the memoir of M. Roulin on the natural history of the tapir, and especially on that of a new species discovered by the author of the memoir in the elevated regions of the Cordilleras of the Andes. The reporter concluded that the animal described by M. Roulin is a new species of tapir, and compliments the author of the memoir on the enterprising and enlightened spirit which has directed his labours, and on his success in adding to the catalogue of known animals an important quadruped belonging to a genus of which hitherto one species only has been recognised. In his report M. Cuvier addressed himself particularly to mark the anatomical characters which distinguished the new race of tapir, as well from the ancient one of America as from that of Sumatra. He insists that the new species resembles much more the antediluvian palæotherium than either of the two heretofore known; but he protests against admitting the suspicion of a metamorphose of the palæotherium of the ancient world into the tapir species of the existing races. The difference in their osteology he says is very great; the cheek-teeth are not at all alike, and the tapirs have to the fore-legs a toe more than the palæotheriums. M. Roulin suggests that the mé of the Chinese is no other than the young tapir. He also refers the griffin of the ancients to the tapir, asserting that this animal, viewed at a distance, and sitting in a posture of repose, calls to mind the images given of griffins, with the exception of wings, and these he treats as an addition of subsequent times, and not mentioned by Herodotus in his description of this mythological animal. These ideas, says the reporter, are ingenious, and may appear of value to the learned who give their attention to antiquities.

Emigration of Snipes.—A Norfolk sportsman gives the following result of his observations on the arrival of snipes in the district of the country in which he resides. They are regulated, he observes, in their emigration by the state of the temperature and the quarter whence the wind blows. Their arrival, towards the beginning of February, is delayed by the prevalence of east and north-easterly winds; but should warm genial air, accompanied with south-west winds, prevail, they will arrive in greater numbers, and at an earlier period. Their return is much regulated by the state of the atmospheric temperature, inasmuch as that return is consistent with the flowering of certain wild plants, which is retarded or forwarded precisely as the spring happens to be cold or warm. For instance, in the latter part of the month of February the little *Draba verna* is seen opening its flowers on old

walls and banks with a southern exposure; at that time a few snipes (the advanced guard of the main body) are invariably to be found in the marshes. When (about the second week in March) the *Ranunculus Ficaria* is noticed, and the *Viola odorata* is seen in blossom, diversion in the pursuit of snipe-shooting is sure to be found. The return of snipes has been noticed, in some years (as in 1825), as early as the last week in February; and, in some years (as in 1826), the arrival of the greater body has been as late as the last week in March. The usual time, however, for their principal remigration may be stated to take place from about the 14th of March to the end of the month.

Value of European Singing Birds in India.—The following prices at which European singing birds were valued in the East Indies in 1782 has been communicated to the *Magazine of Natural History*, and extracted from an account-book of the late James Graham, Esq. of Rickenby, near Carlisle, who resided in India above twenty years: 11 goldfinches, 66 *Racary* rupees (rather more than 2s. per rupee); 1 blackbird, 40 *rup.*; 1 thrush, 30 *rup.*; 1 nightingale, 26 *rup.*; 1 lark, 25 *rup.*; 3 goolsarabs, 24 *rup.*

Spermaceti Whale taken off Whitstable.—The same periodical has collected various accounts of the cachalot or spermaceti whale taken off Whitstable in February last. The following is a summary of the particulars:—The whale was left by the tide in only 8 ft. of water on the Essex coast, in which situation he was seen by the master of a French ship, who immediately put off to attack him. He was then so much exhausted by beating about in shallow water, as quietly to suffer a small cable to be attached to his tail, and thus promised to become an easily-conquered prize. He was forthwith fastened to the vessel and taken in tow. In about half an hour, however, the deep water having by that time so much renovated his power, it was soon apparent that he was the stronger swimmer of the two, as he actually towed the ship stern foremost a considerable distance. This trial of strength broke the cable, and he regained his liberty. The animal was afterwards stranded on the opposite coast, off which he was attacked by fishermen of Whitstable, who went in quest of him; and, after a short but perilous hunt, drove him within half-a-mile of the shore, where the wearied animal, having in vain attempted to escape, rolled himself on his side, and expired. Two harpoons were found sticking in his back, which seemed to be very much bruised, owing, probably, to the shallowness of the water in which he had been so long confined. The stench arising from the dead body was almost intolerable, and was smelt at three miles' distance from the sea. The noise of his floundering upon the shingles was compared to that of all his bones being broken, which, added to his bellowing, was as terrible to the ear as the sight of so vast an animal, exerting his utmost power in a struggle for existence, was to the eye. His death was promptly effected by a seaman in the preventive service, who had served on board a whaler, thrusting a spear in a proper direction, and putting an instantaneous stop to his sufferings.

This animal was a male, nearly full grown, being nearly 63 ft. in length and 36 ft. in circumference. He yielded 9 tons of oil and a considerable quantity of spermaceti; much of both was, however, unfortunately lost, by oozing out of the wounds, in the interval between its death and flensing, as the cutting-up is termed by the whale fishermen. The value of the oil is stated to be 80*l.* per ton, making the animal worth 720*l.*, exclusive of the spermaceti. As soon as the prize was secured, the fortunate men despatched one of their comrades to town, to offer it for sale for 200*l.* It is said that he succeeded in his mission, but, by some accident, not returning at the time expected, it was sold to Messrs. Enderby and Sturge, of Thames-street, for 60 guineas, the first purchaser relinquishing his claim; and coppers being

erected on the beach by Mr. Sturge's men, the operation of cutting up and boiling the blubber commenced five days after its death: but, even in that short interval, the internal parts had become so insufferably putrid, that the intestines, which were three cart-loads, were carried away and spread on the fields as manure. These exuviae were afterwards examined, in the hope of discovering ambergris, but without success.

The purchasers liberally gave the men 40 guineas in addition to the original bargain, and they also realised 40*l.* by exhibiting the whale on the beach; so that the crews of the boats were eventually well recompensed for their trouble and risk. The skeleton was presented by those gentlemen to the museum of the Zoological Society; but government having put in a claim to the 'royal fish,' the whole proceeds of it are under arrest, and the bones now lie whitening on the shore.

Effects of Fresh Water on Marine Animals.—The 'Magazine of Natural History,' of May, opens with a curious and interesting paper on the remarkable effects produced by fresh water on certain marine animals and plants, which has been lately read to the Belfast Society of Natural History by Dr. Drummond. Among other objects, the experiments on which were detailed by Dr. Drummond, was the white-worm, or lurg, or lurgan, the *Nereis cerulea* of Linnaeus. A number of specimens of this animal lay on a plate and were motionless. The doctor dipped his hand in fresh water, and with a jerk sprinkled some drops of it over the plate, and the specimens on it. In about two seconds the worms were all in violent agitation, rolling round on the longitudinal axis of their bodies, and writhing together in apparent agonies. After a few minutes the agitation ceased, and they again lay motionless. He then tried the effect of touching an individual with a small drop of fresh water. The part to which the latter was applied, almost immediately contracted in the manner that a leech contracts at the place where a little salt is applied to it, and then the whole animal became agitated, and dashed violently about the plate, frequently, at the same time, protruding and contracting its proboscis. Other trials were made, and followed by similar effects; it mattered not what part of the animal was touched: the smallest drop of water from the point of a probe produced the partial contraction at the part, and then the general convulsive writhing and agitation of the whole body. Even fragments of the worm were similarly affected. It appeared, however, that the mouth extremely was more sensible to the touch of the poison than any other part; as the convulsive efforts which followed seemed more violent, and longer continued than when the water was applied elsewhere. As the most striking way of exemplifying the virulent effects of fresh water, Dr. Drummond recommends, when the worm is at rest, to apply consecutively from the point of a probe ten or a dozen small drops of sea water to any part of it; this causes no alteration; the animal continues motionless. If we then change the drop to be applied from salt to fresh, the very first application of the latter immediately produces the phenomena above described.

Respiration of Crustacea.—According to a memoir by MM. Audouin and Milne Edwards, read to the Academy of Sciences, and reported on by MM. Cuvier and Duméril, and the experiments therein detailed, it appears that in all crustacea the gills (branchiae) are adapted to perform the functions of respiratory organs in atmospheric air as well as in water; that the death, more or less rapid, of all the aquatic races when exposed to the air, depends on several causes, of which one of the most direct is the evaporation which takes place on the gills, and which causes them to dry up; that consequently, one of the requisites for the support of life in animals having gills, and which exists in air, is to have those organs secured from drying up; and lastly, that these indispensable arrangements

are found provided for in the divers kinds of hard crabs, all of which possess various organs destined to absorb and keep in reserve a quantity of water sufficient to keep up a suitable degree of humidity around the gills.

Manifold Properties of the Elder Tree.—The elder tree, says Miss Kent, in an article in the 'Magazine of Natural History,' does as much good by its noxious as by its agreeable qualities. If corn or other vegetables be smartly whipped with the branches, they will communicate a sufficient portion of this scent to keep off the insects by which so many plants are frequently blighted. An infusion of the leaves, poured over plants, will preserve them from caterpillars also. The wine, made from the berries is well known; but, perhaps, it may not be so generally known that the buds make an excellent pickle. A water distilled from the flowers rivals butter-milk itself as a rural cosmetic. In some remote country places it supplies the place both of the surgeon and the druggist; it furnishes ointments, infusions, and decoctions, for all ailments, cuts, or bruises. Every part of it serves some useful purpose; the wood, pith, bark, leaves, buds, flowers, and fruit. Its narcotic scent makes it unwholesome to sleep under its shade.

Growth of Dangerous Plants with Watercresses.—A dangerous plant of the order Umbelliferae is the water parsnip, (*Sium nodiflorum*), which grows in close companionship with the watercress; and, when not in flower, so nearly resembles that plant, as to have been frequently mistaken for it. The watercress is of a darker green, and sometimes dashed with brown; the leaflets are of a rounder form, more especially the odd one at the end, which is larger than the rest, and their edges are irregularly waved. The water parsnip is of a uniform light green, without any tinge of brown; the leaflets are longer and narrower than those of the watercress, tapering at each end, and serrated at their edges. The best way to become acquainted with the difference, and to obtain a confident knowledge of them, is to examine them in the month of July, when the flowers of both are present to decide between them.—*Magazine of Natural History.*

Preservation of Specimens of Plants.—The directors of the French Museum of Natural History, in their report on the specimens of plants collected in 1827, in Senegal, after observing that the plants collected by M. Lepricr, apothecary to the Navy, had arrived in a very bad state of preservation, recommend travellers, if they would not lose the valuable objects they had gathered, to steep all plants in an alcoholic solution of corrosive sublimate.

Recommendation to convert the Regent's Park into a Botanical Garden.—The 'Magazine of Natural History' very justly observes, that it is to be regretted that those who first designed the plantations of the Regent's Park seem to have had little or no taste for, or knowledge of, hardy trees and shrubs; or this park might have been the first arboretum in the world. Instead of the (about) 50 sorts of trees and shrubs which it now exhibits, there might have been all the 3000 sorts. The same paper suggests, that it is not yet too late to supply this defect, and the expense to government would be a mere bagatelle. The Zoological Society, in the mean time, might receive contributions of herbaceous plants, and be at the expense of planting and naming them.

§ 3.—MEDICAL SCIENCE.

Caution necessary in Inflation, as a Remedy for Drowning and Suffocation.—At the meeting of the Académie des Sciences, on the 20th of April, a report was read on the memoirs of M. Leroy d'Etoiles, relative to the dangers

of inflation, considered as succour to persons drowned or suffocated. The reporters had repeated the experiments related by M. Leroy d'Etoiles, and had satisfied themselves, that in many animals, such as sheep, rabbits, goats, foxes, an inflation, in any degree strong, of air, into the lungs was sufficient to cause instantaneous death. Other animals, such as dogs, resisted the sudden inflation, and though they suffered from the effects of it for some days, they finally recovered. The question then follows, in which of these two cases is man? The experiment of course could not be tried on living subjects. But it was reported, that by accident, a man having, in joke, blown into the mouth of his wife, holding her nose at the same time, a painful sensation of suffocation was the immediate consequence; this lasted several days, and caused great alarm to the parties. In experiments on dead bodies of adults and old men, the inflation, by means of a tube, introduced by incision, into the carotid artery, had caused the rupture of the coat of the lungs, and a rush of air between the costal and pulmonary pleura. It was to be concluded then, that the same experiment, had the subjects been living, would have occasioned instantaneous death. Similar experiments had been tried on newly born infants and embryos, but in these cases the strongest inflation produced no diffusion of air in the cavity of the pleura. An infiltration, however, sometimes observed under the pulmonary pleura in the latter experiments, showed that the inflation of the lungs of infants was not exempt from danger. On the whole, however, the reporters, taking into consideration the number of instances in which inflation had been adopted with happy results in cases of drowning and suffocation, conclude, that although there is danger in the remedy, it is not to be condemned; but, that it must be applied with every care and caution, and that, notwithstanding the advantage of purity of air, supposed to attend the making, the experiments by means of a bellows, inflation from the mouth of a living person is better.

The reporters, in the course of their address, observe, as a singular coincidence well worthy of attention, that since the system of inflation has been introduced at Paris, the attempts to restore life have been less efficacious than formerly. From a table furnished by the Préfet de police, it appears that in the six years, from 1820 to 1826, 1835 persons had been taken out of the water at Paris; of this number, 368 only had been in a situation to receive any aid, and 283 had been restored to life. From 1772 to 1778 the échevin (sheriff) of Paris, Pia, the founder and director of the establishments for succouring the drowned, restored to life 813 drowned or suffocated persons, out of a number of 934, to whom succour was given; that is to say, he saved eight-ninths; while at this day, according to the official documents, not more than two-thirds of the individuals who receive help are restored.

M. Leroy d'Etoiles has invented and modified instruments to be used in the process of inflating drowned persons; he suggests also the simultaneous application of galvanism to the diaphragm, in order to encourage its movement of contraction. Of this, experiments had been made before the commissioners, and attended with happy results. He also recommends a practice much used in England formerly, the simple one of gentle pressure on the abdomen and thorax, in order to bring into play the elasticity of the ribs, their cartilages, and the sides of the abdomen.

Surgical Operations performed during a State of Insensibility of the Patient.—The French journal 'Le Globe' has several times taken occasion to maintain the insensibility of persons in convulsions, or different kind of trances, and to urge the advantage that might be taken of that insensibility to perform operations in surgical cases. Some time since it gave the details of a wonderful instance, in which a young girl, who, in a state of insensibility, extirpated, by cutting it several times with a scissors, a cancerous tumour in the mouth, which had been dreadfully painful, and which the most skilful sur-

geons considered incurable, absolutely beyond the resources of the art. They had refused to operate on the part not removed by the scissors, and this also the young patient, still in a state of insensibility, fought with her nails. A fact of a similar kind, but somewhat less marvellous, is recounted by the 'Globe,' as having been announced to the Academy of Medicine of Paris, by M Jules Cloquet, one of the most distinguished surgeons of that city. This was an operation for a cancer, performed on a lady sixty four years of age, when in a state of trance, and during which she gave no signs whatever of sensibility. The operation lasted from ten to twelve minutes. Yet when the wound came to be washed with a sponge steeped in water, the patient must have experienced sensations similar to such as are produced by tickling, and without recovering from her state of trance, cried out, 'Have done—don't tickle me.' The patient did not come to herself for forty-eight hours afterwards. The removal of the first dressing was effected in that interval, and this second operation was not more painful than the first. Her senses at length recovered, she perceived, to her astonishment, that the operation to which she had not been able to bring herself to consent had been successfully performed. The relation of this fact was received, said the 'Globe,' by the audience with the highest degree of wonder, and immediately a celebrated surgeon, well known for his talents and honourable character, exclaimed that it was all a trick, and the woman must have pretended not to feel.

The alleged absurdity of this assertion is exposed in an article in a subsequent number of the same journal. The patient, it seems, had died in about fifteen days after the operation, not, however, before she had recovered sufficiently to take a long walk, nor before the wound had become almost healed. The surgeon had from the beginning expressed and recorded his opinion that the case was such that the patient could not survive long. The state of insensibility was produced by magnetism, and was renewed by the same means, and with equal effect, on every occasion of dressing the wound.

Phlebotomy among the Tribes of Siberia and Asiatic Russia.—The principal surgical operation among the nations of Russia is bleeding. This is practised with a blunt lancet, a scalpel, a bistoury, a two edged needle, or a small peculiar kind of knife with three points. The Kalmucks make use of a kind of fleam, the cutting blade of which opens the vein, by means of an iron hammer employed to strike the blow. Among the Asiatic races, a kind of small cross-bow is used, the arrow being a kind of lancet, which is driven into the vein on pulling the string. In Kamtschatka it is the usage to open a vein near the ankles, with a small knife, a punch, a needle, or an awl. Dr Henri de Martius, physician at Nossen, in Saxony who has had opportunities of observing the usages of these people, has published a little work on the state of surgery among the nomadic races of Siberia and Russia.

Breslaw Collection of Anatomical Preparations.—The anatomical collection of Breslaw ranks among the richest in Germany, it contains 3052 preparations in physiological anatomy, 2474 in pathological anatomy, and 2171 in comparative anatomy, in all, 8000 preparations, of which 6395 have been collected by the present professor Otto, who has published a catalogue of them.

Effect of cutting the Auricular Canals in Beasts.—In our last number we noticed the memoir submitted to the Academy of Sciences by M. Flourens, and reported on by MM. Cuvier and Dumeril, on the effect of the section of the semicircular canals of the ears in birds. A second memoir of M. Flourens, on which the report of MM. Cuvier and Dumeril was equally

favourable, treats on the effect of cutting the same canals in ruminiferous animals. It appears, that besides the motion of the head in a vertical direction, occasioned in birds by such section, in animals another motion is sometimes added, as the consequence of the same operation, the whole body turns on its back, but in some cases the efforts of the animal replaces it in its proper position.

Dentition in an Old Man, and Death in consequence.—An old man of the age of 75 years, consulting Dr. Jahn, at Meiningen, told him that he was about to cut a new tooth, which was already bursting through the gum, and that this late dentition was hereditary in his family. On examining the mouth, the Doctor perceived an enlargement of the gum at the place of the last molar tooth, on the left side of the lower jaw, and further back a protuberance formed by the new tooth. A short time after, the old man was attacked with a violent affection of the brain, under which he died. On examination after death, an inundation of waterish liquid was found on the brain; the new tooth was extracted from the jaw: it was perfectly formed, but small, and had very short roots.

Cure for Ringworm and Tetters.—Dr. Reinhardt, of Mullhausen, recommends the use of a solution of borax in water, as a cure for scurfy tetters. He affirms that he has adopted this remedy with great success in the course of his practice. He first used it in his own case, having a complaint of the kind on his hands. The application produced at first a burning sensation with redness; and it was discontinued for some days and resumed, and the disorder gradually disappeared. In three similar cases the same cure was adopted with equal success: in one instance, on an old man 60 years of age, who had been suffering the inconvenience for several years.—*Journal der prakt. Heilkunde.*

Second Attack of Scarlet Fever in the same Subject.—A German surgeon, Reinhard Sterrmung, in a work on the Nature of Scarlet Fever and its Treatment, mentions, as a case of very rare occurrence, the fact of a girl of nine years old being twice attacked with the scarlet fever within a short period, viz. on the 29th of December, 1824, and on the 9th of February, 1825.

Eruption of the Measles on one Side only of the Body.—A child, from the time of its birth until it was a year old, had perspired on only one side of his body: this singular anomaly had disappeared under the application of continual warm baths. In an epidemic of measles, the child was attacked with that disorder, but the eruption only showed itself on that side of the body, which, from the beginning, had enjoyed the greatest share of vital activity.—*Rust's Magazine.*

Vaccination in Denmark.—According to the Report of the Danish College of Health, the number of persons vaccinated during the last year within the kingdom, exclusive of Greenland, the Faro Isles, or the colonies out of Europe, amounted to 28,419.

New mode of Vaccinating.—In the hope of rendering vaccination a more certain preservative against the attacks of small pox, M. Jahn vaccinates his patients on the thighs as well as the arms, in such a manner as to produce from 24 to 36 pustules. The fever which succeeds to this operation is represented as very strong, but as never having been attended with grave or dangerous symptoms.—*Archiv für medicin. Erfahrung.*

Method of distinguishing Rhubarb of Muscovy from Rhubarb of China.—The test proposed for this purpose is hydriodique acid; the rub-

barb of Muscovy brought into contact with this acid, assumes a fine green tint; that of China, submitted to the same test, becomes brownish; the English, or pseudo-Russian rhubarb, takes a deep red; the French passes nearly to blue. The author who suggests this test, hesitates to pronounce positively as to its efficacy to decide in all cases between the rhubarb of Muscovy and that of China; but he thinks that, by the aid of the iodine, it may be determined if a rhubarb will keep a long time or not. This depends on the greater or less quantity of amylaceous fecula which it contains: the rhubarb will keep a less time when the quantity of fecula is considerable.—*Magazin für Pharmacie.*

§ 4. AGRICULTURE AND RURAL ECONOMY.

Renovation of Grass Lands.—The following is a plan adopted in Roxburghshire for the renovation of grass land, and is recommended instead of the usual practice of letting the land for a rotation of crops, a practice, the frequent results of which are found to be that the field is laid down foul, and in bad condition; the land is slightly ploughed and *ill worked*; the green crop starved of manure, and not *well cleaned*; and the ground is impoverished, not improved; moreover, there is much waste of vegetable matter, which is not effectually rotted. The method adopted by the Roxburgh experimenter is as follows:—A field of seventeen acres was selected, which had been fourteen years in grass. The soil was thin, the subsoil cold and retentive. The grass had gradually got weaker, and much infected with moss or fog. The rent was about 18s. the English acre. Towards the end of last May, the turf was ploughed two inches and a half deep, and gathered into long heaps, three and a half or four feet high by six feet broad, on the top of each ridge. The field was then ploughed as deep as a plough with a pair of horses could go (from nine to twelve inches), and left to lie all summer. Soon after Martinmas, the heaps were turned, and cast upon new ground along side of each, for the threefold purpose of facilitating the process of rotting the turf, of putting lime into the heaps, and of permitting the ground to be ploughed on which they were first laid, which was done immediately. From eight to ten double cart loads of lime per acre were given, according to the quality of the soil. The turf heaps were then spread. They were found entirely decomposed, excepting only a remnant of the green fog, and are said to promise to afford a much richer covering of vegetable mould than before. The quantity will not be less than from 340 to 360 cubic yards per acre, and will give from 2½ to 2¾ inches of soil over the whole field. The field has been cross ploughed, and seed furrowed and sown with oats and grass seeds. The result of this experiment is promised in a future number of the 'Quarterly Journal of Agriculture,' from which this account has been taken.

Preservation of Turnips in Spring.—A Berwickshire farmer recommends the following method, practised by him with success for six years, of preserving turnips from the alternations of frost and thaw in the spring. When the turnips, in the month of November, appear to have ceased growing, or when the first check to their growth has taken place from a gentle frost, and, if possible, when the land is dry, the plan is to take a common plough, and cover the turnips completely up, leaving only the tops of the leaves above ground. In this state they will keep in any kind of weather, and for a great length of time; and when required for use, one man will pick up in a day a quantity sufficient to serve eight score of sheep; or, if the land is dry, the turnips can be ploughed up in the same manner as potatoes are. In the case of yellow and Swedish turnips, this plan has the advantage of keeping

them from the wood-pigeons and crows, so destructive to the roots, particularly during a frost, when these animals have no other food.—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.*

Cultivation of Beet-root for the Manufacture of Sugar.—The manufacture of sugar from beet-root, which was introduced into France by Napoleon in 1811 and 1812, has never been abandoned, notwithstanding the many disadvantages under which it has laboured, and especially that of competition with West India sugar on the return to the market of that commodity, after the termination of the war. Several patriotic men of science, and noblemen, have continued to carry it on and promote it under the most unfavourable circumstances, and without regard to profit,—from the persuasion that it would ultimately prove beneficial to their country. Among these may be mentioned Count Chaptal, the Duke of Ragusa, General Preval, Count Dauvemont, Count Moncalm, M. de Serilly, M. de Dombasle, M. Crespel Delisse. M. Dubrunfaut, in his examination before a committee appointed to report on the manufactures and commerce of France, estimates the number of sugar manufactories in France at nearly one hundred, and the quantity of sugar made yearly at five millions of kilogrammes, or 4921 tons 11 cwt. 1 qr. While the price of refined sugar at Paris is about 2 francs 40 centimes per kilogramme, or 11½d. sterling per English avoirdupois pound weight, the manufacture of beet-root sugar is profitable, it is rapidly increasing, occupies above five-and-twenty large sugar manufactories in Picardy alone, besides others in the Netherlands, and in various parts of the Continent; and it is estimated, by well-informed French people, that one-half of all the sugar consumed at present in the city of Paris, and one-eleventh of the total quantity consumed in France, is home-made beet-root sugar. In the departments of the Somme and of the Pas de Calais alone, there are above twenty establishments on a large scale making sugar. The cultivation of beet-root by the small proprietors of land, for sale to the sugar-makers, is a regular and common branch of husbandry; and, in those departments, it is asserted, sugar is not only made on the large scale by the manufacturers, but by the housewife of the farm-house, as a matter of domestic economy, requiring not more skill or trouble than cheese-making or brewing. The beet-root sugar-makers on the large scale refine their sugars, therefore, and produce sugar which, for whiteness and beauty, is unequalled by the refined sugar we produce from West India raw or Muscavado sugar. Bulk for bulk, however, the refined West India sugar is sweeter than the refined beet-root sugar; but, weight for weight, the two are equally sweet. From five to seven per cent. of raw or Muscavado sugar appears to be the usual produce from a given weight of beet-roots. From a given weight of this raw sugar, forty per cent. of the finest white refined sugar, with fifteen per cent. of inferior refined sugar, appear to be the quantities produced; making about two pounds and four-fifths of a pound weight of the finest white refined sugar from each hundred pounds weight of raw beet-roots. The pulp from which the juice is extracted, and the other residue of the manufacture, are used for feeding cattle, and form a very important item in the returns of profit. According to M. Chaptal, the value of the molasses, pulp, &c. is sufficient to cover one-fourth of the expense of the manufacture. It is not the least promising feature of the manufacture, in the eyes of those who promise themselves great and extraordinary results from it ultimately, that it is thus linked with the ordinary business of husbandry,—that it offers no excessive rate of profit,—that it operates upon a known root cultivated for feeding cattle,—and that the farmer, whether he raises beet-root for feeding cattle, or for sale to the sugar-maker, is cultivating a green crop, which, in his ordinary rotation of crops, he would at any rate raise on a part of his farm. The discovery of sugar in the roots and plants of the beet tribe, was discovered

by the eminent German chemist Margrave, and by him announced in a memoir read before the Academy of Sciences of Berlin in 1747. From the want, probably, of experience and practical knowledge, the operations he proposed for extracting and crystallizing the saccharine matter of beet-root, were too expensive and dilatory to be successful. M. Achard of Berlin resumed the experiments of Margrave and was the first who showed that beet-root sugar might be manufactured on a large scale with advantage.

An interesting article in the last number (May) of the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture examines this subject in detail, and gives statements of the expense of the manufacture as practised in France. The account the writer concludes with the following observations:—“From all these estimates and accounts it is impossible not to come to the conclusion that this manufacture must be looked upon as a new and most important branch of agricultural business in Europe. It is yet but in its infancy, but it is an infancy which gives promise of very extraordinary results. Sixteen or eighteen years ago, beet-root sugar was a lump handed about in the laboratory of M. Chaptal, as a proof of a specimen of the possibility of extracting saccharine matter from beet-root by chemical process, and now M. De Cramont in his evidence before the committee for inquiring into the state of the manufactures and commerce of France, estimates the weight of beet-root sugar made in France in 1828 at 5,000,000 of kilograms, or about 4,120 tons weight. We doubt if the manufacture of sugar from sugar-cane increased more rapidly in the West Indies at its first introduction.”

Swiss Method of procuring Liquid Manure.—The farmers of German Switzerland give the name of *Gülle*, in French *lizer*, to the liquid manure obtained from their stalls and stables, and collected into underground pits or reservoirs, in which it is allowed to ferment in a mucous or slimy state. The manner of collecting it adopted by the agriculturists of Zurich is as follows:—The floor on which the cattle are stalled is formed of boards with an inclination of four inches from the head to the hinder part of the animal, and so managed that the excrement may fall into a trench running along the stable or shed; the depth of this trench is 10 inches, its width 10 inches. It should be so formed as to be capable of receiving it pleasantly, it to be supplied by a reservoir near it, it communicates with five pits by holes, which are opened for the passage of the slime or closed as occasion requires. The pits or reservoirs of manure are covered over with a floor of boarding placed a little below that on which the animals stand. This covering is important as facilitating the fermentation. The pits or reservoirs are made in masonry, well cemented, and should be bottomed in clay, well beaten in order to avoid infiltration. They should be five in order that the liquid may not be disturbed during the fermentation which lasts about four weeks. Their dimensions should be calculated according to the number of animals the stable holds, so that each may be filled in a week. The reservoirs are emptied by means of portable pumps. In the evening the keeper of the stables lets a proper quantity of water into the gutter, and on returning to the stable in the morning, he carefully mixes with the water the excrement that had fallen into it, breaking up the more compact parts, so as to form of the whole an equal and flowing liquid. On the perfect manner in which this process is done the quality of the manure mainly depends. The liquid ought neither to be thick, for then the fermentation would be difficult, nor too thin, for in that case it would not contain sufficient nutritive matter. When the mixture is made, it is allowed to run off into the pit beneath, and the stable keeper again lets water into the trench. During the day, whenever he comes into the stable, he sweeps whatever excrement may be found under the cattle into the trench, which may be emptied as often as the liquid it contains is found to be of a due thickness. The best proportion

of the mixture is three-fourths of water to one-fourth of excrement, if the cattle be fed on corn; if in a course of fattening, one-fifth of excrement to four-fifths of water will be sufficient.—*Bull. du Comité d'Agr. de la Soc. des Arts de Genève.*

Utility of Moles.—An article from the pen of Mr. Hogg, in the 'Quarterly Journal of Agriculture,' advocates the cause of moles, and insists that they are of the greatest benefit, instead of being prejudicial to the ground. The mould they throw up serves, says Mr. Hogg, as top dressing, and is of great advantage to grass lands. Even should the farmer neglect to spread the mole-hills, the crow and the lambs will do it for him. The writer also contends against the notion, which he treats as an unfounded prejudice, that the moles destroy the drains. In support of his defence of the moles, Mr. Hogg refers to the consequences of their destruction on the estates of the Duke of Buccleugh. He maintains, that on all the farms that were most overrun with moles the stock has become reduced at least one-sixth, in some instances one-fifth, and not only that, but two exterminating diseases have been introduced, the pining and the foot-rot, which, in some seasons, have nearly annihilated the stocks on these farms, as well as the substance of the men who possess them. The tenants of the duke, it appears, are so sensible of the detriment done to these soft lands and to their stocks by the extirpation of the moles, that two bodies of them have joined in a head, one in Ettrick Forest, and one in Tiviotdale, in order to petition their young chief to spare the remnant of their old friends the *mouldies*, and suffer them to breed again.

Clearing Water-Courses.—W. Farish, professor at the University of Cambridge, specified, on the 4th March, his improved method of *clearing water-courses*, which consists in detaining the water which is to pass through any course or drain, in a tank or other appropriate vessel, until it accumulates and rises to a certain elevation, when it is made to disengage itself by opening a sluice or other contrivance, and empty itself instantaneously, and thus wash away any deposit which may have been left in the drain or course. The patentee describes two methods of effecting the instantaneous discharge of the water; but he does not claim either, as any method of discharge most suited to the localities of the drain may be used.

Growth of Wine in Wurtemberg.—The number of vineyards in the kingdom of Wurtemberg is 595. The land destined to the cultivation of the vine is 82,729 acres, of which 61,514 acres are exclusively devoted to that cultivation. The total wine produce in 1826 was 184,380 kilderkins. The value of that produce 3,990,831 florins. According to Balbi the surface of the kingdom of Wurtemberg contains 5,720 square miles.

Forester's French Manual.—A little work on the art of lopping trees, under the title of 'Manuel de l'Elargueur,' and which the 'Bulletin Universel' designates as the most complete book on the subject known, has been lately published in Paris by M. Hotton, a forester and lopper by profession, who details the results of a long experience. He treats methodically and successively of the various cares required by timber trees from the moment of planting them; he discusses the advantages and inconveniences of the preservation or cutting off of the heads of trees at that time; he prescribes the period most favourable for lopping the branches; which at early periods of growth should be retained or removed, or propped & tied up, in order to have well-grown trees; the proportion to be preserved between the trunk and the mass of branches; and what is required to re-establish as well as possible the forms of trees which have been neglected. The work besides contains rules for the management and training of trees destined for the ornament of roads, and of public gardens, squares, &c.

Assurances against Hailstorms.—The injury sustained from violent hailstorms by the agriculturists of France, and more particularly by the cultivators of the vine, are so frequent and so serious as to induce them to have recourse to societies of assurance, similar to the original institutions for assurance against loss by fire in England. An association of this kind has accordingly been formed in Paris for mutual protection against damage done by hailstorms in the 14 departments around the capital.

§ 5.—HORTICULTURE.

Preservation of Grapes for Winter Consumption.—The vine to be grown in hothouses, but without fires, except in the autumn, when the damp season begins. At that period the flues should be heated at about nine or ten o'clock in the morning, admitting air at the same time. After twelve o'clock no more fire should be lighted, and the glasses should be closed air tight. These proceedings should be continued as long as any grapes remain. The simultaneous action, during the day, of the fire and the air prevents the entrance of any humidity. Should the flues be heated during the night, when it is required to keep the hothouse closed, the vapour would produce dampness. In this manner grapes have been kept in good preservation until the beginning of February.—*Magas. d'Hort. de Weimar.*

Mode of making the Heads of Artichokes grow large.—An excellent method of increasing the size of artichokes, is to split the stalk at the top in four parts, and to introduce through the cuts two small stakes of wood placed across. This operation has been long practised in the south of France; several gardeners in the neighbourhood of Brussels have adopted the same custom for some years past, and have obtained much larger artichokes than formerly. Care should be taken not to perform the operation until after the stalk of the artichoke has acquired its full height. *Jour. d'Agri. des Pays Bas.*

Leaves of Scorza Nera as Food for Silk-worms.—The leaves of the Scorza nera have been used with success in the nouriture of silk-worms by Mademoiselle Coge, of Epinal. The silk gathered from worms fed on this leaf is represented to be in no respect inferior to the material furnished by worms fed on mulberry leaves.—*Bull Univ.*

Culture of the Nopal in France.—At the meeting of the Royal Central Society of Agriculture of France, on the 18th February, M. Robert, director of the botanical garden of Toulon, made some communications on the cultivation of the Nopal, to which he has devoted himself. From these it appears that this plant is successfully cultivated at Toulon, and in several districts on the shores of the Mediterranean, but that it is very difficult to multiply and preserve the best race of cochineal. M. Robert has in his possession several individuals which he finds it an arduous task to preserve; some proprietors of lands in Corsica have a few likewise, and in the kingdom of Grenada, in Spain, the insect has multiplied greatly. On this occasion, a fellow of the Society, M. de Hasteyrie, announced, that being in Spain, he had ascertained that incision of the leaves of the Nopal will produce gum dragon; the incision to be made in the months of July or August. He suggested that the high price of this kind of gum, and the number of purposes for which it is used in the arts, would give a great importance to the cultivation of this plant. Another member, M. Henry, expressed doubts whether the gum so procured was analogous with the gum-dragon produced by the *Astragalus gummiferus*, and added that the gum of Bassora, which resembled the latter, was not the same, and was now rejected in commerce. M. Bonafous announced that the cochineal had been introduced into Sardinia, and that the

principal obstacles to its cultivation arose from the ravages committed by the birds.

§ 6. DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Provision for Widows and Children.—Dr. Mitchell concluded a lecture on savings' banks, lately delivered at the Mechanics' Institution, and reported in the 'Manual of Science and Literature,' with the following hints and reflections relative to the mode of leaving money by will, instancing the case of a man possessed of 2000*l.* in the four per cents., and leaving behind him a widow and two grown-up children. Anxious to secure the interest of the money to his widow, he appoints trustees to pay her the half-yearly dividends during her life, and at her decease to divide the principal between the two children. By this arrangement the widow gets her 80*l.* a year, while the children get nothing but the knowledge that they will be entitled to 1000*l.* each when she dies; and the evident tendency of this disposition of the property is to excite in their minds a wish for the death of their mother, particularly if they should be involved in pecuniary difficulties. Even if no such thought is indulged by the son or the daughter, the wife of the former or the husband of the latter may be less scrupulous, and when contemplating the wants of their own children, may think it no sin to wish the old lady out of the way. All these unnatural feelings would be prevented, if the testator were to direct the trustees to purchase an annuity of 80*l.* for the widow, which would perhaps cost 700*l.*, and to put the two children at once in possession of 650*l.* each. There are few persons, indeed, who would not prefer 650*l.* in ready money, to 1000*l.* payable in ten or fifteen years.

Spine Supporter.—A specimen of an elastic spine supporter, invented by Skoolbred, Jermyn-street, is among the articles exhibiting in the National Repository. It is intended to restore the proper position of the shoulders and open the chest, when a vicious habit of stooping has been contracted. It is formed of a broad plate of back piece of silk or jean, padded and rendered elastic by the fine wire helical springs; this back is kept in its place by a belt and straps round the shoulders. If, therefore, the wearer stoops or inclines forward, the springs dilate, and allow of that motion, but the pressure thus thrown upon the shoulders by the elasticity of the spring-back becomes inconvenient when long-continued, and the wearer is gently constrained to keep the shoulders back, and accommodate the body to that attitude, which, while it gives ease, confers a more elegant carriage to it, and, it may perhaps be added, promotes the health.

French Society of Domestic Economy and Mechanical Arts.—A society is proposed to be formed in Paris, under the title of Society of Domestic and Manufacturing Economy, with a view to encourage experiments, to collect facts and proceedings relating to domestic economy and the mechanical arts, and to publish them in a journal. The price of the subscription to be twenty-five francs a year, and every one of the subscribers will receive the journal, to appear every three months, without any further demand. Persons of both sexes are invited to contribute the aid of their talents and purses.—*Bull. Univ.*

Mutton Hams.—The 'Journal des Connaissances Utiles' gives the following instructions for curing mutton hams. The mutton for the purpose should be very fat. Mix two ounces of raw sugar with an ounce of common salt pounded, and half a table spoonful of saltpetre; rub the ham with this mixture and place it in a pan. Beat it and turn it twice a day for three successive days, at each time throwing away the brine which exudes from the meat. Then wipe it, and rub it again with the mixture as before; on the

morrow beat and turn and wipe it as before, performing these operations until ten days have elapsed, taking care on leaving it after each new salting to have that side uppermost which was undermost before. Let it be then smoked for about ten days.

Curious Fact in the Economy of Bees.—M. de Jonas de Gelieu, pastor of the churches of Colombier and Auvernier in the principality of Neuchâtel, Switzerland, in a work translated into English, under the title of 'The Bee-Preserver; or, Practical Directions for Preserving and Renewing Hives,' affirms a very important and singular fact with regard to the economy of bees. It is, *that when two or three distinct hives are united in autumn, they are found to consume together scarcely more honey during the winter than each of them would have consumed singly if left separate.* In proof of this remarkable result, the author states a variety of experiments to which he had recourse, and all of which led uniformly to the same conclusion. And, indeed, he shows positively, by a reference to upwards of thirty hives, six of which had their population thus doubled, that the latter do not consume more provisions during winter than a single hive does, and that, so far from the bees suffering from this, the doubled hives generally send forth the earliest and best swarms.

The translator, says the 'Quarterly Journal of Agriculture,' who is a lady of great accomplishments, and habits of correct observation, has practised in Scotland most of the plans recommended in the original work, with the same results as the author.

On the Common Fowl and Pheasant.—The following fact we give from the 'Quarterly Journal of Agriculture,' not, however, as an unique case. In the autumn of 1826, a wanderer of the pheasant tribe made his appearance in a small valley of the Grampians, the first of his family who had ventured so far north in that particular district. For some time he was only occasionally observed, and the actual presence of this *rara avis* was disputed by many; wintery wants, however, brought him more frequently into notice; and, in due season, proofs still more unequivocal became rife. When the chicken broods came forth, and began to assume a shape and form, no small admiration was excited by certain stately, long-tailed, game-looking birds, standing forth amongst them, and continuing to grow in size and beauty, until all doubts of the stranger's interference with the rights of *chantecler* effectually vanished. These hybrids partake largely of the pheasant character; and, as they are of a goodly size and hardy constitution, a useful and agreeable variety, for poultry yards, may be secured in a very simple and economical manner.

Mechanical Chimney Sweeping.—The Society for the Suppression of the Practice of Sweeping Chimneys by Climbing Boys, are again applying to parliament for a bill, under the auspices of Mr. Peel. The following summary of the progress made in the use of machines for the purpose of sweeping chimneys, is extracted from the 'Manual of Science and Literature.' In March 1818, Colonel Stephenson, the surveyor-general of his Majesty's works, was directed by Lord Sidmouth to ascertain by experiment how far it was safe and practicable to supersede the practice of climbing boys in sweeping chimneys by the use of machinery. After encountering many difficulties, he succeeded in sweeping one hundred and fifty chimneys at Kensington Palace, Buckingham House, Windsor Castle, the Royal Mint, the Speaker's house, and those of Messrs. Huskisson, Nash, and Lord Liverpool. The machinery used in these experiments, and which perfectly succeeded, was that of Mr. Smart.

Colonel Stephenson also wrote to the three attached architects of the

board of works, Mr. Nash, Mr. Soane, and Mr. Smirke, for their opinions on this subject; who all gave the most decided testimony in favour of the use of machinery.

Since the above, Mr. Hiert the architect, who holds the office of chief examiner in his Majesty's office of works and public buildings, has obtained a patent for an improved chimney flue or tunnel, on a circular plan, which is peculiarly well adapted for machine sweeping.

Among other public bodies, besides those before mentioned, who have done themselves honour by ordering their chimneys to be swept by machinery, are the board of excise, the Ironmongers' company, the corporation of London, the London University, the offices under the control of Mr. Peel and the Lord Chamberlain, and all the police establishments.

§ 7.—MECHANICAL AND USEFUL ARTS.

Straw Plait for Huts in Scotland.—The Highland Society offered several premiums in 1825 and 1826 for encouraging the home manufacture of straw plait, in imitation of Leghorn straw; four communications were sent to them on the subject, which they have thought worth publishing, and which are accordingly given in the last number of the 'Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.' The first communication is from Messrs. J. and A. Muir, of Greenock, who, after experiments on various kinds of straw, had confined themselves to the use of rye straw, as plaited in the Orkney Isles. The straw is procured and prepared in the following manner. Not being able to procure seed in Orkney, rye not attaining maturity there, they send annually from Leith from 40 to 45 bolls, which are sown on about 12 English acres of sandy soil, manured with sea-weed. Several acres of heath for bleaching the straw, and water for steeping it, are required in the neighbourhood of the rye fields. The rye is cut when the seed is beginning to form, and it is necessary to attend to the precise time, for ten days too early or too late produce a considerable difference in the look of the straw. When the rye is cut, women are employed to tie it at the lower extremity in handfuls; it is then put into boxes, and covered with boiling water, in which it remains for half an hour. After this it is spread out upon the heath in a fan form, and turned twice daily, until the bleaching, which takes about ten days, is completed. If exposed to much rain while bleaching, the straw is injured in colour, and rendered very liable to take mildew. It is of great importance to have the crop well housed. From information obtained by Messrs. Muir from the London Custom-house, it appears that there are imported to London alone, exclusive of those to Liverpool and Dublin, upwards of 20,000 dozen of hats annually, a quantity which, if made in this country, would give employment to more than 20,000 females, besides those already engaged in making the different kinds of straw hats. A straw plait manufactory, established at Strontion, on the estate, and by the exertions, of Sir James Riddell, has been in operation two years. The establishment for instruction was commenced in May 1827, with about twenty girls. The scholars soon became more numerous, and in November 1828 they amounted to sixty, of which fifty were employed in plaiting, and the rest in preparing the straw, in knitting, or making up the plait into bonnets, hat-bodies, &c. The children are admitted when about seven years of age, but they seldom receive payment before ten or twelve months after; the first 10s. they make going for an apprentice-fee, and the next 10s. for clothing, with which they are furnished by the managers. As they are confined to certain branches, they soon attain to such proficiency in these, that a dexterous plaiter can earn from 5d. to 8d. a-day, and a good knitter from 8d. to 1s. They are also allowed to take to their houses materials for working, which, independent of the zest it must necessarily give to cleanliness at home, holds out a

strong incentive to those who have a desire to be industrious. The establishment is represented as having produced a great change in the character and deportment of the natives of the place, (the male population of which is chiefly engaged in working of lead mines,) exciting a taste for cleanliness and neatness, which has been produced, not only upon those employed, but also upon the general appearance of the whole neighbourhood. A third communication was that of the proceedings of a Miss Graham, who, about four years ago, procured a book of Cobbett's 'Cottage Economy, from a farmer in that district, and finding there some instruction about the plaiting of Leghorn bonnets, immediately set about turning it to advantage. By means of Cobbett's figures and descriptions, she succeeded in discovering the proper sorts of grass in the fields, and then in bleaching, cleaning, and plaiting it, as he prescribed. Further trials gave her more insight, and in this branch of the business she was soon perfect. The sewing of the plait together cost her more trouble, but this also, by examining several pieces of real Leghorn, she at last accomplished to her satisfaction. The art of pressing, smoothing, and trimming the plait, was next learned, and, before long, various Leghorns of her manufacture were to be seen, in actual wear, in that quarter, indeed, as many as she could make were willingly bought by the shopkeepers of Dumfries. A fourth communication details the process adopted by Mr. David Strang, teacher of the subscription school of the village of Loanhead, who found the winkle-straea, the *Holcus lanatus* of botanists, or soft meadow-grass, common in all parts of the country, well adapted for the purpose.

New Bark for Tanning.—A tanner of Bern-Castel, on the Moselle, named Rapedius, has discovered a new species of tan, adapted for the preparation of leather: this is no other than the myrtle (*Vaccinium myrtillus*). It is to be gathered in the spring, rather than at any other season, because it then dries sooner, and is more easily ground. Three pounds and a half of this tan is sufficient to tan the same quantity of leather which it would require six pounds of oak tan to produce. By the new process it is said tanners may gain four months on the time necessary for the manufacture of strong leathers. A commission appointed at Treves for the examination of leather so tanned have reported that they never before saw any article equal to it, that a pair of shoes made from it would last two months longer than those in which common leather was used, that the skin of the neck, which is generally difficult to be worked, when dressed with this tan becomes at the same time as strong and elastic as the other parts. The myrtle should not be torn up by the roots, but cut with a bill, in order to obtain the reproduction of the plant in the following year. When cut, damp does no injury to the tan, which is not the case of the tan of oak, which loses ten per cent of its value by being wetted.—*Kunst und Gewerbeblatt*.

New Patent for Spinning.—J. Rhodes, jun., of Alverthorp, Wakefield, specified, on the 18th March, his patent for improvements in the machinery for spinning and twisting worsted yarn, and other fibrous substances, consisting of an ingraments connected with a heart motion by which the bobbins are made to traverse on their spindles, that the thread may be evenly wound upon them, and by which, when the bobbins are full, the tram of levers can be detached from the heart, and the bobbins permitted to descend, clear of the spindles, which are placed with their points downwards, removed and replaced by empty ones with great facility.—*Register of Arts*.

New Patent Cartridge.—E. F. Orson, of Princes-square, Finsbury, specified, on the 18th March, his patent for an improved cartridge for sporting purposes, consisting of a cylinder for containing the charge of shot in the fowling piece, made of card or strong paper, with longitudinal slots through which the shot is prevented from passing: the piece is discharged by a cover-

ing of thin paper pasted on the exterior, and by a circular wadding of card, placed in each end of the cylinder. The intention of this patent is to prevent the shot from being too much scattered, or thrown in clusters, before they reach their destination.—*Register of Arts.*

Curious Sun-Dial.—Mr. John Abram, of Canterbury, teacher of the mathematics, and author of the 'Kentish Tide Tables,' has constructed a curious sun-dial, which is to be fixed in the front of the Droit-house, Margate, below the transparent clock. The following are the curious properties of this dial. On the upper part is the hour circle, to show the true solar time. Below the hour circle is the torrid zone on a large scale, with the parallels of the sun's declination (hyperbolic curves), corresponding to every half hour of the sun's rising and setting. These half hours are again subdivided into quarters of an hour. The time of the sun's rising and setting for the day is indicated by the extreme point of the shadow of the gnomon traversing the corresponding parallel of declination, which by its diurnal progress over the surface of the dial, also shows, at any given instant, the true bearing of the sun by the compass, indicated by vertical straight lines, marked with different points of the compass. There are, likewise, other parallels of declination, corresponding to the entrance of the sun into each sign of the Zodiac. In short, the dial points out the hour of the day, the sun's place in the Ecliptic, the time of the sun's rising and setting, the length of the natural day and night, and the sun's true azimuth or bearing by the compass.—*Id.*

Mode of discovering if Stones will resist Frost.—M. Brard, in the 'Annales de Chimie et de Physique,' recommends a process for quickly discovering whether stones will support frost. This process consists of boiling in water, saturated cold with sulphate of soda, samples cut into cubes of the stones which are required to be proved; after half-an-hour's boiling, the cubes are to be taken out of the water, and suspended separately over small vases filled with the solution in which they have been boiled, and which should not contain in suspension any foreign matter. At the expiration of 24 hours the cubes will be covered with a saline efflorescence; they should then be dipped in the liquid several times. The stones liable to be injured by frost experience a very sensible alteration; they leave fragments behind them in the liquid; the cubes lose their angles and sharp edges. In this way a comparison may be made of divers descriptions of stones. The operation is entirely effected in the course of five days.

Exchange at Paris heated by Steam.—The new Exchange at Paris is heated by steam, by means of apparatus furnished by Messrs. Manby and Wilson, directors of the foundries of Charenton. The expense of fitting up the apparatus amounted to 86,094 fr. 52 cent., of which whitesmiths' and plumbers' work amounted to 4973 fr., the masonry to 9500 fr. There were consumed in the construction 70,084.90 kil. * of iron plates, cast iron, wrought iron pipes, and coaling, including all incidental expenses. 71,576 fr. 52 cent. The grand hall of the Exchange, including the galleries, contains 18,336 cubic metres of air. The expense of heating this amounted, during the years 1826-7, to 5711 fr. 66 cent. for 160 days, during which there were consumed 67,000 kilograms of coal of Mons, at 75 fr. the 100 kil., or an expense of 419 kil. of coal, or of 31 fr. 43 c. per day of 8 hours 44 cents heating. During the year 1827-8, 68,000 kil. (at 62 fr. for 100 kil.) were consumed in 149 days' duration of heating; making a sum of 4896 fr. expended on the total heating, or 32 fr. 83 cent. per day of 6 hours 16 c. during which there was burnt 456 kilograms of coal. The difference of expense in the two winters

* Kilogramme, 2½ lbs. av.

† Mètre, 3¼ feet.

was occasioned by the circumstance that during the first the great hall only was heated, while in the second all parts of the apparatus were put in operation. The expense of heating the Exchange was originally estimated at 400 francs a year!

Contrivance for passing Rivers on Foot.—M. Charles de Mayevy Hunyagan, before celebrated for many ingenious inventions, has brought to perfection an apparatus, by means of which the most rapid rivers may be passed on foot. In the month of March 1828, M. Mayevy, in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators, made an effort to cross the Danube, near the Lagerspital of Pesth. Provided with boots of tin, the soles of which were furnished at the top with a sort of table, he traversed the river in an oblique direction in perfect safety, taking a line of 1,000 yards in length. He amused the spectators with various feats during his singular promenade. *Allg. Handlung's Zeitung.*

Economy in Gas Burners.—Mr. Lowry, of Greenock, in a communication to the 'Philosophical Magazine,' gives the following accounts of his experiments to ascertain the best means of combining economy in the consumption of gas with the obtaining the greatest brilliancy of flame:—Burners whose circle of holes were $5\frac{8}{10}$ ths of an inch in diameter were tried with from five to fifteen holes in the circle, and the consumption was always the least with the greatest number of holes; though no great difference was observed when the holes were so near each other as to allow the jets to be perfectly united. An enlargement of the holes also produced a saving. When the central aperture was stopped, or partially so, the flame rose considerably, but was conical and dull; but when the central and outer apertures were proportionally reduced, the flame became bright and cylindrical. On shortening the glass chimney, more light was obtained from a given quantity of gas; and on taking off the glass altogether, less gas was consumed in proportion to the light given out.

A perforated plate was laid on the top of the glass chimney, and the quantity of light was increased; and the same effect took place by using a glass whose diameter at top was equal to the openings found most advantageous in the perforated plate.

On doubling the height of the glass chimney, the flame fell to about one-half of its former height.

From the trials made by Mr. Lowry, he drew the conclusion that the greatest effect was produced when the holes were numerous, and rather large than small, the central aperture narrow, and the glass near the flame; the outer aperture being in such proportion to the inner as to keep the flame cylindrical. This construction, however, when carried to the extreme, being attended with the practical disadvantages that, burners being often placed in exposed situations, the least motion of the air brings the flame in contact with the glass, in such a way as to produce smoke; and the glass being intensely heated, is more liable to be broken. He found it answered the purpose fully as well to enlarge the air aperture, making the glass chimney rather wider and shorter, reducing in this manner the speed of the air through it.

Experience, concludes Mr. Lowry, has shown that burners made on the plan last above described, answer the purpose of requiring less gas than other burners, and giving at the same time as brilliant, and perhaps a more beautiful flame.

Improvement in Microscopes.—The Editor of the 'Technological Repository' speaks with commendation of a microscope constructed by Mr. Banks, jun. of the Strand, with lenses of his own grinding, of the sixtieth, and even of the eightieth of an inch focus. The performance of this instru-

ment is mentioned as highly satisfactory, when employed in viewing several of the most difficult test objects. Mr. Bancks had likewise availed himself of a *bronzing process*, in giving a dark hue to the brass-work of his magnifiers, instead of blackening them as usual with varnish.

Method of forming Red Glass.—A Dr. Engelhardt has received from the Prussian Society for the Encouragement of Arts a gold medal for his communication of a mode of manufacturing red and flame coloured glass by *flashing* white glass, a process, observes the Editor of the 'Technological Repository,' which has long been used in this country; and particularly by the late Mr. Honeybourne, of Brierly Hill, near Stourbridge, who was celebrated for his skill in making coloured glass. The small red glass lamps, used in public illuminations, are thus formed. The process may not, however, it is added, have been practised in modern times in Prussia; and the communication will, therefore, no doubt, prove highly useful there, as well as in other countries also.

§ 2.—ANTIQUITIES.

Research of Antiquities in France.—In order to encourage the research after national antiquities, the French government places at the disposal of the Academy of Sciences three gold medals, to be distributed annually to the authors of the best antiquarian works produced in the course of the year. The Minister of 1825 had suspended this donation, but it was renewed last spring by the administration which now governs France, and the three medals of the year were awarded to the Count d'Allouville, préfet of the Meurthe, for a memoir on the Roman camps of the department of the Meurthe; to M. Jouanet, for a memoir on the remains of antiquity at Bordeaux; and to M. Réver, for a memoir on a number of small statues in terra cotta, found in 1825 in the forest of Evreux, department of the Eure.—*Bull. Univ.*

Roman Theatre at Orange in France.—A plan is in agitation for repairing and preserving the Theatre at Orange, and converting it to modern uses not incompatible with the preservation of the ancient form of the construction. This is known to be one of the most important of the Roman monuments remaining, not only in France but even in Italy. In dimensions it exceeded the theatre of Marcellus at Rome, and, like that monument, has been used for domestic purposes, and converted into dwellings. The northern side is still in a fine state of preservation, and is composed of arcades ornamented with pilasters. Many of the stairs and dormitories, and of the chambers called by the ancients *hospitalia* are still existing. It is proposed, if a slight aid can be procured from the government, by the contributions of the rich of the department, to lay open the orchestra, a labour which it is expected will be remunerated by the antiquities and articles of value to be found there. When the repairs are finished, the edifice will be assigned as a site for holding the fairs and markets of the town.—*Bull. Univ.*

Excavations at Frejus.—The Minister of the Interior has placed a sum of 4000 francs at the disposition of the local authorities of Frejus, to be employed in making excavations in the amphitheatre of Frejus. Several discoveries have already been made, such as seats well preserved, a broken shaft of a column in white marble, a bronze coin, bearing the effigy of Adrian, and several fragments of marble finely worked, which appear to have formed part of a frieze.

Antiquities of Bavai.—The ancient remains of Roman constructions are so

numerous in Bayai, department du Nord, that the inhabitants, who want building material, have only to dig to a certain depth in a garden or field, and they are sure to find as much as they require, ready cut and worked. A short time since, a man at work in his garden, discovered a tall skeleton lying in a position from east to west, having between the legs a two-edged sword of which the blade only was three feet and a half in length. The feet touched a helmet of bronze, without crest, and having the form of a large skull-piece with vizor. Near the head was a small vase of gray earth, in which was a Roman medal of the age of Antoninus Pius.

Catalogue of Cardinal Mazarin's Furniture.—The Royal Society of Antiquarians of France have published in their 'Transactions,' vol. vii. p. 334, an extract from the inventory or procès verbal of sale of the goods of Cardinal Mazarin, sold under a decree of confiscation of the parliament in 1649. The extract was made from the draft itself of the inventory; the articles chosen are to the number of 129, and comprise a quantity of objects more or less precious; and which prove that the furniture of the cardinal was of a character fully corresponding in variety and magnificence to the high dignities with which he was invested. The inventory shows to what an extreme the luxury of this prince of the Church, and first minister of France, was carried.

French and Scotch Antiquarian Societies.—At a sitting of the Society of Antiquaries of Normandy on Jan. 10., Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Thompson, Esq., Dr. Brunton, Dr. Brewster, and Dr. Drummond Hay, members of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, were admitted corresponding members of the Society of Antiquaries of Normandy, by the desire of the Scotch Society, which gave notice of the intention to admit five of the Society of Normandy as corresponding members.

Saxon Antiquarian Society.—A society has been formed in Saxony for the discovery and preservation of ancient national monuments, under the title of Thuringian and Saxon Society for the discovery of Antiquities, and has lately published three numbers of 'Transactions.' In the second, one of the most interesting articles is the description of Sorbenwendischen tombs near Pulnitz, in Upper Lusatia. The tombs, which are of blocks of granite, are arranged in radii, departing from a round piece of walling, built in the form of an altar, which seems as a sort of centre, and round which the rays of tombs are placed in a half circle. Every tomb contains a funeral urn, and near it a smaller vase. The disposition of these tombs, observes the *Anzeigen* of Gottingen, is particularly remarkable, and since much anxiety has been lately manifested to find some characteristic distinction between German and Wendish tombs, antiquaries might here find a point whence to start from in their further inquiries. But this cemetery is a fresh proof that no conclusion as to the origin of a people can ever be justly formed from their mode of sepulture.

Study of National Antiquities in Russia.—The Russian Imperial Academy of Sciences has set on foot an archaeological tour of exploration throughout Russia, under the direction of M. Stoeff.

CONTINUED

§ 9. FINE ARTS.

Freund, Pupil of Thorwaldsen.—The Danish sculptor, Hermann Freund, well known at Rome, and to all visitors of that capital, as the principal assistant of the celebrated Thorwaldsen, is returned to Copenhagen after eleven years' absence, in ten of which he worked uninterruptedly with Thorwaldsen, and is supposed to have done the principal part of the chisel work to the productions of his master, the skill of the latter, it is said, in handling

he chisel not being equal to his power of modelling. A colossal statue of St. Luke, already executed by him, has raised great expectations in his native country. The first work in which he engages after his return is a bas-relief, on a subject taken from the Northern theogony.

§ 10—GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION

The Petrarch Library.—The King of France, by the advice of the Baron de Bouillier, the Intendant General of his household, has made the acquisition of the valuable collection of various editions of the works of Petrarch, forced during a number of years by Professor Maisand, of the University of Padua. This collection, of which a descriptive catalogue has been published at Milan, under the title of *Biblioteca Petrarcesca*, in one vol. 1to, is composed of 900 volumes, and is divided into three parts. The first comprises a complete series of the editions which have been published of the poetical works of Petrarch, from the year 1470 to our days. The second consists of all the Latin, French, Spanish, German, and English translations which have been made of those poems, all the commentaries which have been written on them, and all the notices which have been published regarding the life of Petrarch. The third is composed of a collection of ancient and precious manuscripts on vellum or paper, with miniatures, having reference to the poetry of Petrarch. This library is to be deposited in one of the cabinets of the private library of the king, and of the Council of State at the Louvre.—*Bull. Univ.*

MS Description of Argolis by M Barbier de Bocage.—Among the papers left by M Barbier de Bocage, at his death in 1825, was a manuscript entitled *Argolide*, in which all that part of the Morea is described in minute detail, on the authority of ancient and modern authors, up to 1810. A topographical map accompanies the manuscript. Measures are taken for the publication of this work, and the French government is stated to have expressed a desire to encourage it.—*Id.*

Memoirs of Madame Dubarry.—The secret and unedited memoirs on the courts of France in the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries—the memoirs of the Countess Dubarry—has had great success in Paris, and become quite a fashion. The authoress of the memoirs, says 'Le Globe,' has sought her retrospections even in the pamphlets which the public indignation gave birth to in France during her reign. The work is founded on anonymous writings, on public notoriety and on the journals and squibs of the day. The book must be therefore considered as a fiction—and has succeeded, *grace* to the talent of the editor. He has felt that Madame Dubarry was not the principal personage, but he has introduced his readers to her boudoir, to commune with the principal personages of the period—there it was that the fall of Choiseul was prepared, there it was that, in sporting with the black slave of Madame la Comtesse, Maupeou caused the banishment of the parliaments, &c &c. The characters, says the same journal, are sketched with ability, and the conversations of the personages are amusing. The editor has taken much pains to connect her series of anecdotes together, the book is interesting, amusing, and presents a lively picture of the vices of the court of Louis XV. It is diverting to see the jesuits making use of the presentation of Madame Dubarry, and negotiating with her as equal with equal.

French Statutes of Archery.—A little pamphlet has lately appeared in France, containing the statutes and general rules for all companies of the noble sport of the bow, and confraternities of Saint Sebastian, in the kingdom of France. These ancient statutes consist of 70 articles. The Abbé de

Saint Médard les Soissons is the grand master of the order of archery; and in his absence the reverend father the grand prior of the same abbey acts as his deputy, with the title of vicar general. The statutes are obligatory throughout France. They are the charter of the knights of the noble sciences; nobody could be admitted knight unless he were *catholique apostolique romain*.

Austrian Censorship.—A Vienna correspondent of a German periodical, speaking of the rigid censorship in Austria, laments that it seeks every where for significations and allusions never intended; and even in poetry looks for every thing but poetry. For three years past, says the same letter, has Grillparzer completed two national tragedies, 'The Death of the Emperor Albert,' and the 'Fraternal Strife of Rudolf and Matthis,' masterpieces of the poet's talents. There is not the slightest hope, however, that the printing, or even the representation, of either of these pieces will be permitted. His last piece was bought up after the third or fourth time of acting, and every copy of it has disappeared, so that the Hungarian gentry of either sex can derive no bad example from it. 'Ottaker' remains on the memory of the censors unforgiven. An account of this tragedy, and of Grillparzer and his style and writings, will be found in No. V. of the 'Foreign Review,' in which he is treated as a very harmless writer, in another sense perhaps than that in which the Austrian censorship might interpret the term.

Hungarian Literature.—A collection of Hungarian poems, translated into German, with a sketch of the history of Hungarian literature, has been lately published at Vienna. According to this work, the earliest production in poetry of the Hungarians is so be dated much about the time of King Johan. It is a poem on King Ladislaus, 1195, and appears to be a church song or hymn in celebration of a festival in honour of that king. The second is thought to be one of those heroic songs, which were sung by the old Hungarians at their repasts. Opinions have been long divided on the antiquity of this monument. But since three new concluding strophes have been discovered, it is concluded to have been composed about the period of the unfortunate battle near Varna, in 1444; the more, as in those times these sort of table songs were much in use. The third and fourth poems, both from manuscripts, are ascribed to 1503 and to between 1454 and 1526. Timodi Sebestyén Déah (Sebastianus Literatus de Timod) was one of the most prolific writers of the 16th century, and flourished between 1540 and 1554. He probably, as a writer, came after the celebrated hero, Valentine Torok, governor of Ofen, under the government of King Johan. When, after the king's death, the capital was taken by Soliman, and Torok was sent prisoner to the Seven Towers, Timodi left Torok's castle, Sziget, and often changed his abode from town to town, gaining his livelihood by the exercise of his poetical talents, celebrating several battles in verses which he sung to melodies composed for them. A collection of his writings was made by himself, and published at Klausenburg in two small quarto volumes in 1554. The first Hungarian poet of renown, Count Balassa, was born in his father's castle, Kekko, in 1550, and was brought up to a military life. He still enjoys a reputation, considerable for the time in which he lived.

Publication of Ruppell's Travels.—Mr. Edward Ruppell, of Frankfort-on-Mayne, is about to publish a narrative of his travels in Arabia Petrea, Dongola, and Kordofan. The work will be accompanied with maps and plates, and brought out at the expense of Frederick Wilmans.—*Leipziger Literatur Zeitung.*

New School of Oriental Languages in Odessa.—The Emperor of Russia has approved a project for the formation of a scholastic establishment for

teaching the oriental languages in Odessa, and has assigned a sum of 10,000 rubles from the imperial treasury towards the undertaking. The governor-general is, besides, authorized to levy from the income of the city of Odessa and of Bessarabia a sum of 4000 rubles, to be applied in support of the establishment. The school will soon be opened, says the '*Leipsiger Literatur Gazette*,' and it is to be hoped that in a short time the want of interpreters for the oriental languages will be less than it is at present.

State of Religion and Education in Sweden.—A new edition of the Scriptures is preparing in Sweden, under the direction of a commission. Bible societies continue to distribute the Bible; the Catechism has been translated into the languages of Finland and Lapland. The division and classification of the curacies, the separation of the glebes, and the construction of new churches proceed. Measures have been taken for the diffusion of education in Lapland and other provinces. The king, convinced of the great advantages of mutual instruction, encourages it in every way. A decree has been issued containing a digested project for the establishment of primary schools throughout the country parishes. School-rooms have been erected, an aid having been granted towards the expense by the king from his private purse, and 2000 rix dollars (460*l.*) have been contributed by a society at Stockholm for the propagation of mutual instruction. New colleges (gymnasies) have been founded at Stockholm, in the island of Gottland, and at Soolvitzberg, in the diocese of Lund. The academy of the last-mentioned place had been made first object of especial financial provisions in its favour; but the sum of 5000 rix dollars (1150*l.*), granted to the university there, and to that of Upsal, for the medical and theological foundations, had been reduced to 2000 rix dollars, in compliance with the desire of the states-general. Aids had been granted for the promotion of scientific travels in foreign countries. Preparatory arrangements have been made for the discussion of a plan for a general change or modification in the system of public education.—*State Paper presented to the Diet on the part of the King.*—*Bull. U. in.*

University of Göttingen.—In the late winter half-year 1386 students frequented the university of Göttingen; this was 15 more than in the summer half-year. Of this number, of whom 759 were natives of the country and 627 foreigners, 377 studied theology, 573 law, 283 medicine, and 153 other sciences and arts.—*Leipsiger Lit. Zeit.*

University of Breslau.—In the university of Breslau there are at present 1112 matriculated students, besides 106 youths studying medicine and surgery. Thus the whole number is 1208. In the former year, at the same period, the number did not exceed 1094; an increase, therefore, has taken place of 124 students.

Death of the Chevalier von Arnot.—A Russian author of considerable note, Christian Gottlieb von Arnot, died at Heidelberg in January last, at the age of 85 years. The deceased at one time stood high in favour with the empress Catherine, of whose cabinet he was a member, and whom he assisted greatly in her literary pursuits. He was also held in much esteem by the emperor Alexander, and acquired for himself considerable fame by writings which bespeak a highly-cultivated mind, and display great acuteness and extensive information. His last work but one, on the origin and various affinities of European languages, has extended his fame even to America. His memoir on the Russian language is ranked by Russians, even on the score of diction, as a classical work.—*Leipsiger Literatur Zeitung.*

§ 11.—MILITARY AND NAVAL ECONOMY.

Swedish Army.—Funds have been assigned by the Swedish government

for extending in the Swedish army the custom of gymnastic exercises. The artillery has been increased by the funds formerly appropriated to the regiment of the king, which has been dissolved.

At Stockholm, kitchens have been established for the troops, a regulation which has been attended with advantageous consequences to the health, comfort, order, and discipline of the soldiers. The manufacture of arms of *Carl Gustaf* has been increased, and the construction of the fortresses of *Wanar* and *Carlkrona* proceed.—*Exposé of the King to the Diet.*—*Bull*

Swedish Artillery.—In Sweden there is no foot-artillery for field-service, but only two batteries of horse artillery; the rest is formed, half of horse artillery, half of flying artillery. For the service of a six-pounder there are six cannoneers seated on the chest, and three others mounted on horseback. The subaltern commanding the piece stands near the left of the first horses of the train; on the right of which there is another cannoneer who has the charge of the horse of the subaltern, and whose horse at the same time is a reserve horse. Thus the piece, when in motion, has the width of 4 horses abreast. The cannoneers are furnished with sabres, which, to prevent their incommoding the men in the service of the piece, are fixed to the horses and to the front of the chest, so as to be readily seized in case of need. Each battery of six pieces, including officers and trumpeters, presents a front of 28 or 30 persons, and resembles a small squadron of cavalry, capable, by its arrangement and slight depth, of executing every manœuvre with the greatest rapidity, it can stop suddenly to give the horses time to breathe.—*Milit. Mittheilungen.*

§ 12.—GEOGRAPHY, STATISTICS, AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Gold Medal of the French Geographical Society presented to Captain Franklin—The Geographical Society of Paris have presented their annual gold medal, of the value of one thousand francs, to Captain Franklin, as a testimony of their sense of the importance of his second expedition to the shores of the Polar Sea. The letter announcing this honour is expressed in terms calculated to be highly gratifying to Captain Franklin, as may be gathered from the following extract — *Les dernières années ont été fécondes en découvertes d'une haute importance; mais parmi toutes les conquêtes faites à la science par les voyageurs de toutes les nations, et achevées pendant le cours de l'année 1827, la Société a distingué sur tout votre seconde expédition vers la Mer Polaire. Ce voyage est connu de toute l'Europe; son mérite et ses résultats sont justement appréciés et honorés de l'approbation générale, depuis la publication savante qui les a fait connaître.* The letter also makes known to Captain Franklin that he is inscribed on the list of foreign correspondents of the Society. Among the individuals signing the letter, as officers of the society, are the Baron Cuvier, president; MM. Jomard, president of the central committee; and Simeon vice-president.

Number of Jews in different Countries.—The number of Jews scattered throughout the world, amounted in 1825 to about 3,065,800 individuals, exclusive of 15,000 Samaritans, and 500 Ishmaelites, making a total of 3,181,300. The following is a calculation of their dispersion and of their numbers in the various states.—

EUROPE.—In Russia and Poland 558,809; Austria 453,524; European Turkey 321,000; States of the German Confederation 138,000; Prussia 131,000; Netherlands 30,000; France 60,000; Italy 36,000; Great Britain 12,000; Cracow 7300; Roman Isles 7000; Denmark 6000; Switzerland 1970; Sweden 150. Total number of Jews in Europe, 1,948,951, or a proportion of 110,000 of the population calculated at 122 millions.

ASIA.—Asiatic Turkey 300,000; Arabias 200,000; Hindostan 100,000; China 60,000; Turkistan 40,000; Province of Iran 35,000; Russia in Asia 3000. Total 738,000.

AFRICA.—Morocco and Fez 300,000; Tunis 130,000; Algiers 30,000; Gabès or Habesch 20,000; Tripoli 12,000; Egypt 12,000. Total 504,000.

AMERICA.—North America 5000; Netherlandish Colonies 500; Demerara and Essequibo 200. Total 5700. New Holland 50.—*Weimar, Geogr. Ephemeris.*

Commerce between Great Britain and France.—In a small work entitled 'Questions Commerciales,' M. Rodet gives the following statement of the interchange of commodities between this country and France. Importations from Great Britain to France in 1823, 22,352,085 francs; in 1824, 28,499,988. Exportation from France to England in 1823, 43,457,075 francs. In 1824, 53,900,573 francs.

French Cotton Trade in 1828.—The supply of cotton in France on the 1st January, 1829, was about 15,000 bales; of which 27,000 bales at Havre, 23,800 at Marseilles, 5200 in the other ports. Of this quantity 27,551 bales was cotton of the United States of America; 3045 Brazilian; 18,500 Egyptian; 6904 from other countries. On the 1st January, 1828, the supply amounted to 84,700 bales of the various growths; on the 1st January, 1827, 75,000 bales; and on the 1st January, 1826, 35,000. The actual consumption in France, in 1826, was 4000 bales, or 72,000,000 of pounds, besides about 2000 bales of manufactured articles exported. In 1827, the actual consumption was 24,000 bales. In 1828, the cotton consumed is estimated at 230,000 bales, or 60,900,000 pounds. The exportations of manufactured articles, between 2000 and 3000 bales. The re-transport in transit of the raw material from France diminished greatly in 1828.

Compared Produce of the Indirect Taxes in France in 1825 and 1828.—The following is a result of a table of the comparative produce of the indirect taxes, during the first nine months of the years 1825 and 1828, made use of in forming the budget of last year.

	1825. francs	1828. francs
Register duty, stamps, &c.	128,759,000	136,540,000
Customs, navigation, &c.	70,828,000	83,377,000
Salt made on the coast	36,973,000	36,808,000
Salt made in the interior	4,790,000	4,447,000
Wine and other beverages	74,601,000	76,182,000
Public carriages and navigation	19,669,000	19,671,000
Produce of sale of tobacco	49,758,000	50,284,000
Produce of sale of powder	2,877,000	2,849,000
Produce of tax on letters and per centage on re- mittance of money	19,192,000	21,178,000
Passage money, mails and packets	1,253,000	1,614,000
Lottery	12,697,000	10,641,000
Total augmentation	22,194,000 francs.	

Trade in Coffee at Antwerp.—In 1828, Antwerp received 362,373 bales, and 5008 rundlets and hogsheads of coffee; the sales amounted to 341,120 bales, and 3330 hogsheads and rundlets. The supply at the beginning of the present year was 145,000 bales, and 300 hogsheads; on the 31st of December, 1827, the town possessed 140,000 bales, and 500 hogsheads.—*Journal du Commerce.*

Navigation and Commerce of the Netherlands.—The following statements show the progressive increase of the navigation and commerce of the Netherlands during the last five years.

	1824.	1825.	1826.	1827.	1828.
Vessels entered in					
The port of Antwerp	691	800	928	899	955
Amsterdam	1729	1806	1887	1962	2132
The Netze and Gorée	1373	1395	1587	1731	2085
Ostend	400	436	182	501	574

The bales of Coffee imported in the last four years were as follows:—

	1825.	1826.	1827.	1828.
In Antwerp	270,000	11,000	379,000	167,000
Amsterdam	102,000	150,000	113,000	169,000
Rotterdam	—	134,000	98,000	113,000

Gazette and Messenger.

Population of Sweden.—According to official documents, the population of Sweden increased 119,621 in the interval between 1816 and 1820, or 23,925 a year. At the end of 1820, the total amounted to 2,548,690. From 1820 to 1825, the total increase was 186,562, or about 37,312 a year. It amounted at the end of 1825 to a total of 2,771,252 souls. The increase of 43,550 souls in 1825, was, until then, without example. For the end of 1828, the population is to be estimated at 2,860,000; so that the population increases, in a short time, to equal the amount at which it was reckoned before the cession of Finland.—*Exposé and Bull Univ.*

Improved Administration of Affairs in Sweden.—The *Bulletin Universel* of February, in an abstract of an *exposé*, submitted by the king of Sweden to the Diet, publishes some interesting particulars of the important improvements and modifications which are in a course of adoption in the government of that country. Commercial treaties on the system of reciprocity have been concluded with Great Britain, Denmark, Prussia, the Porte, the United States of America, the Netherlands, and the State of the Church. Religion and education are encouraged. A civil and criminal code are in preparation; and arrangements are making for an improved organization of the hospitals. New houses of correction have been constructed; the formation of a corps of pioneers, to consist of 300 convicts, has been ordered by the king, with a view to their reclamation, through the effect of a suitable employment, military discipline, and a system of correction. Agriculture is promoted by the division of lands, by facilities afforded to alienation and colonization. Licenses have been granted for new furnaces for the manufacturing of iron, to the amount of 12,800 skeppunds of bar iron, and 4000 of raw iron. (100 lbs. the skeppund,) the former produce did not exceed 3000 skeppunds.

Budget of Sweden.—From the years 1816 to 1823 inclusive, there was a surplus revenue of 501,039 rix dollars (115,238*l.*) towards paying off the debt, from 1823 to 1827 inclusive, the revenue is estimated at 1,000,000 rix dollars, (920,000*l.*) and the net surplus to more than 2,000,000. The statement of the produce of the customs after the reduction of the duties shows the following progressive increase; 1823, 110,679 rix dollars; 1824, 117,784 rix dollars; 1825, 111,906 rix dollars; 1826, 120,130 rix dollars; 1827, about 939,000.

Savings Banks in Sweden.—The savings banks in Sweden have gone on increasing since their first establishment. They now amount to seventeen, with a total capital of nearly 600,000 rix dollars, (138,000*l.*)

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL,

From April 21, 1829, to May 20, 1829.

51° 32' 30" N. 8° 30' W.

April and May	Lunations.	Thermometer. Mean Alt	Barometer. Hour	Winds.		Atmospheric Variations.				Prevailing Modification of Cloud.
				A M.	P. M.	9h A.M	0 hour.	3h. P.M	During Night	
21		47.5	29.46	E.	E.	Fair, Cl	Clear	Fair, Cl	Rain	Cirrostratus.
22		45.75	.17	—	—	Rain	Rain	—	—	Cumulus Nim
23		50	.39	—	—	—	Fair, Cl	—	—	—
24		45.5	.42	—	—	—	—	Rain	—	Cirrostr. Cum
25	h. 2 55 PM	40.5	stat.	N.E.H.	N.E.	—	Sleet	Fair, Cl	Fair	— —
26		41.5	.85	E.	E.	Clear	Fair, Cl	—	—	—
27		43.75	.50	S.W.	S.W.	Rain	—	—	—	—
28		42.5	.24	S.W.	N.W.H	Fair, Cl	—	—	—	—
29		41	.37	N.	N.	—	—	Clear	—	—
30		44	.60	N.W.	W.	—	—	Fair, Cl	—	—
1		51	.44	W	—	—	—	—	—	Cumulus
2	7 57 AM	55	stat	—	S.W.	—	Clear	—	—	— Cirrostr
3		54	stat	S.W.	—	—	Fair, Cl.	—	—	Cirrostratus
4		53.5	.55	N.W.	—	Clear	Clear	Clear	—	Cumulus.
5		57.5	.77	S.W.	—	—	Fair, Cl	Fair, Cl	—	Cirrostr.
6		55.75	.76	—	—	Rain	—	—	—	—
7		53.5	stat	—	N.W.	Fair, Cl.	Shrs.	Shrs.	—	— Cum
8		58	.93	W.	S.W.	Clear	Fair, Cl	Fair, Cl	—	—
9	h. 7 36 PM	58.5	stat	—	W.	Fair, Cl	Fair, Cl	Clear	—	—
10		54	stat.	N.	E.	Serene	Serene	Serene	—	—
11		58.5	.90	E.	—	—	—	—	—	—
12		57.5	.84	—	—	—	—	—	—	Cirrostr
13		56	.81	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
14		62	stat.	W.	W.	—	—	Fair, Cl	—	Cumulus.
15		63	.80	S.W.	E.	—	—	—	—	Cum. Cirrostr
16		56	.85	N.E.	N.E.	Fair, Cl	Fair, Cl	—	—	—
17		57.5	.89	—	—	—	Serene	Serene	—	—
18	h. 7 48 PM	58.5	stat	—	—	—	—	—	—	Cloudless
19		58.5	.77	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
20		—	stat.	—	—	—	—	—	—	Cirro cumulus

Mean Temperature, 50°. Mean Atmospheric pressure, 29.55. Highest temperature at noon, 70°.

Tempestuous N.W. wind on April 28.

